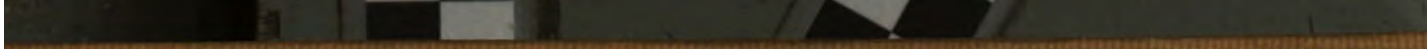

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FRANCIS JOSEPH I., AND THE AUSTRIA-HUNGARY EMPIRE.

BY GEORGE MAKEPEACE TOWLE.

THE revival of the everlasting Eastern Question, brought about by the recent stirring events in Bulgaria, places in a conspicuous light the relative and rival attitude toward each other of the Empires of Russia and of Austria-Hungary. These two Empires stand, as it were, face to face, armed *cap-à-pie;* each narrowly

THE EMPEROR FRANCIS JOSEPH.

watching the other lest that other should pounce upon the prey that both covet; and each resolved that the other shall not obtain that prey without a deadly struggle. Amid all the many European rivalries and contentions—the fears of England for her gorgeous Indian dependency, the burning desire of France to avenge herself upon Germany and recover Alsace and Lorraine, the aggrandizing ambition of Italy, the armed reserve of Germany regarding a possible, colossal enemy on either side—the probabilities of a great European war, also include the prospect of a desperate conflict between the armies of the Czar and of the Austrian Kaiser.

In the light of passing events, it is important and interesting to know something of the great Powers who may, any day, be engaged in a deadly struggle. Of Russia, very much is already known, through the medium of English and American writers who have studied or sojourned in that vast and despotic Empire. But concerning Austria-Hungary, the general public information is vague. The Empire of Francis Joseph has, somehow, escaped the minute attention of readers. The wonderful changes which have come over it in the past twenty years—changes involving one of the most interesting and suggestive peaceful revolutions which has ever taken place in the history of nationalities — has occurred, as far as American observation is concerned, quietly and almost without comment.

It is the purpose of this article to give some account of the past and present of that strange conglomeration of diverse, restive, and mutually jealous races which are ruled over by Francis Joseph, and are known to the world at large as the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

And, at the very first glance, one remarkable fact as to Austria-Hungary obtrudes itself upon our view; one striking respect in which that Empire differs absolutely from any other European state. Alone among the six Great Powers of Europe, Austria-Hungary cannot be called, in any correct sense of the name, a nation. There is an English, a German, a Russian, a French, an Italian nation. Each of these has its dominant race, its prevailing language, its common customs, its distinctive national spirit and traits. But an Austrian nation, or race, or language, or character, there is none. Of nations in Austria-Hungary, revealing all the marks of nationality, there are at least four. There are the Germans of Upper and Lower Austria, Suabia, the Tyrol, and Istria. There are the Magyars of Hungary. There are the Slaves of Bohemia, Moravia, Galicia, Croatia, and Dalmatia. There are the Italians of Trieste. Neither one of these nationalities prevails in the Empire of Francis Joseph, either by numbers, or by national force. There are more Slaves in the German half of the Empire than there are Germans. There are more Slaves, Serbs and Roumans in the Hungarian half of the Empire than there are Hungarians. The German minority in the one case, the Magyar minority in the other, dominate and rule the inferior and divided Slavonic majority. Of the four nations in Austria-Hungary, the Germans are compact and united, and so are the Magyars; the Slaves, on the other hand, who form a large plurality, at least, of the whole Empire, are distracted and divided in a hundred ways. The Slavic Czech of Bohemia differs as completely from the Slavic Pole of Galicia, or the Slavic Croat or Dalmatian of the Adriatic, as he does from his German or Magyar neighbors. He speaks a Slavic dialect which they cannot understand; his political aspirations are as wide apart from theirs as the poles are asunder; his manners and customs are as removed from them as from those of the Londoner or the Parisian. The Bohemian is a highly civilized European; the Croat is a semi-barbarous semi-Oriental.

Not only is the Austro-Hungarian Empire rent by these strongly defined racial divisions, but, correspondingly it is distracted by their utterly diverse political aims and desires. The Hungarian and the German are well satisfied with the dual kingdom which exists. They, between them, control, each, one independent half of the Empire. They are resolved upon a Centralized Government, a concentrated Power; upon binding close the different members of the Empire, and making a great, strong, united state. Not so the Slavic kingdoms and provinces. Bohemia, Moravia, Galicia demand a federation only. They are the centrifugal forces of the pudding-stone Empire. They desire local autonomy; what the Irish would call "Home Rule." They claim to be independent kingdoms, and clamor for Parliaments of their own. So intensely do the Bohemians feel their nationality, that the refusal to grant them autonomy has resulted in their abstention from taking any part in the government of the Austrian Kingdom, to which they belong. For many years the Bohemian deputies have obstinately absented themselves from the sessions of the Cis-Leithan Parliament.

Thus Austria is not a nation, but a group of nations, which are connected with each other by a purely dynastic bond. They are the dominions of the House of Hapsburg. Their only point of contact is the fact that, in one way or another, they have come under the rule of the same sovereign. How they chanced to come under that rule is an interesting phase of history. Some of them became appanages of the double-headed black eagle by inheritance; some, by marriage; some, by election; some, by treaty agreement; some, by forcible partition; some, by sheer conquest of superior and relentless military strength. The nucleus of the Empire was the little Duchy of "Oesterreich," or Austria, which Charlemagne marked out on the south bank of the Danube, as a rampart of defense for his Empire against the incursions of the fierce and semi-barbarous Magyars. Rudolph of Hapsburg, the first of the name who became German Emperor, granted the little duchy to his son Albert, who was thus the first Duke of Austria. After a while another duchy, on the north bank of the Danube, was added to the first, and the whole became an archduchy. Albert brought with him his hereditary domain of Styria, and thus his state gradually grew. Later, the Kingdom of Bohemia and the Kingdom of Hungary got into the habit of electing the Hapsburg Princes as their Kings; and so, after a while, those Crowns began to descend in the Hapsburg House by inheritance. But it should always be borne in mind that the three Crowns—Austria, Bohemia, Hungary—were never united into one; but have always remained separate Crowns, though worn by the same potentate, from the earliest time to this. Bohemia and Hungary claim, to-day, to be, and to have always been, independent Kingdoms. Croatia, Transylvania, Dalmatia, were conquered by Austrian and Hungarian arms. Galicia, or Austrian Poland, came into the hands of the Hapsburgs as the result of that monstrous crime of the last century, the partition of the ancient Polish Kingdom between Russia, Austria and Prussia.

The only circumstance which saved the Hapsburg Empire from going to pieces long ago, was the elevation of its Princes to the august dignity of German Emperor, and the fact that, for several centuries, that dignity remained, without interruption, in the Austrian House. A power built up by an accidental combination of so many racial atoms needed, for very existence sake,

some sort of historic glamour, a lofty title, a symbolic honor, to bind it together. A happy chance supplied to the Austrian sovereign just what was wanted to fulfill this need. "The thing lacking," as a recent writer has said, "was found in the long connection between the Ducal and Archducal House of Austria with the Roman Empire and the Kingdom of Germany. The majesty of a long line of Cæsars was gradually spread over the Austrian dukes and their motley territories."

The office of German Emperor was elective; but, from the beginning of the XVth Century down to the beginning of the XIXth, the Austrian prince was as regularly chosen to it as he succeeded to his hereditary dominion. This Imperial dignity, however, had attached to it but very little real power. It was a showy but empty bauble. The Emperor derived little or no revenue from the Empire. His executive authority over the kingdoms and duchies of Germany was almost nothing. Again and again the Emperor's own vassals waged war against him. Once, at least, the Protestant princes of Germany combined to oppose him who was in name, at least, their supreme lord. But yet the imposing title, the historic dignity of the Imperial Crown, gave the Austrian princes that prestige in their own territories which was indispensable to prevent the various nationalities under their rule from breaking loose and shattering the conglomerated state they had built up stone by stone.

It was the great Napoleon who, after his splendid victory over the Austrians on the field of Austerlitz, deprived the Hapsburg princes of their Imperial Crown. He abolished the German Empire altogether, with the idea of erecting a French Empire on its ruins. Then Francis of Austria arbitrarily assumed an entirely new title—a title wholly without reason, authority or political logic—that of "Emperor of Austria." Since there is no "Austrian" nation, as has been shown, that title is wholly anomalous and unmeaning. But Francis, by this course, wished to show the world that the House of Hapsburg was not to be outdone, in the matter of titular dignity, by the House of Bonaparte.

In place of the German Empire a German Confederation was created; and this Confederation existed, with Prussia and Austria as its leading members, down to the decisive defeat of Austria at Sadowa in 1866. Gradually the influence of Austria became predominant in the Confederation, and for many years the German Diet acted very much as Vienna willed. But the battle of Sadowa changed all that. Austria was dethroned from her dominant position in the Confederation, and was then excluded from Germany altogether, and thus ceased to be a German State; and Prussia rose to the chief place in Germany.

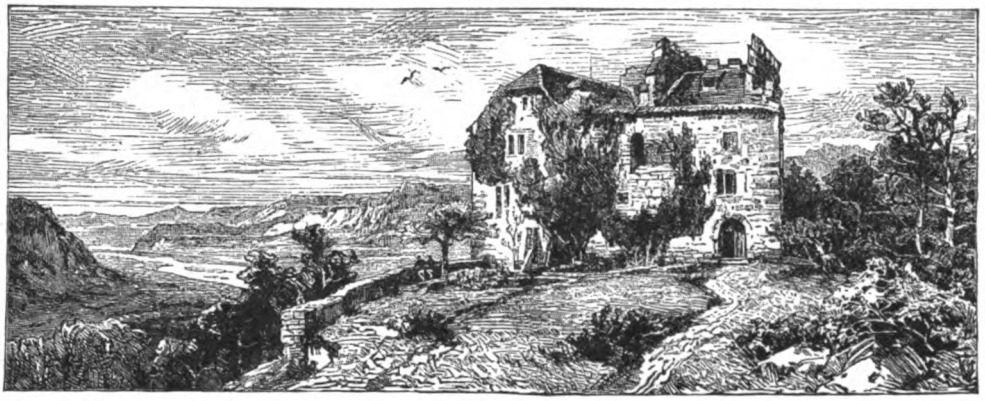
Up to 1866 the name of Austria was identified for centuries with the ideas of absolute despotism, unfettered personal power, kingship by divine right, the oppression of peoples, the refusal of all liberty, selfish conquest, and the iron dominion of military force. The Emperor believed himself to have absolute authority over the lives and property of all his subjects, not only those of his dominions proper, but also those who came under his rule by conquest. Everywhere through the Austrian dominions extended the sway of an omnipresent police, which obeyed the Imperial nod, and kept the people under a rigid and perpetual surveillance. Attached to the police was a system of espionage, secretly spread through the Empire, to detect any symptom of disloyalty or incipient revolt. A vast and rapacious bureaucracy was another powerful engine in the hands of the Austrian despot. The Church was his faithful ally, and prelates and priests served his cause and his power, receiving in their turn his protection in imposing their authority upon the people. Education, the Press and marriage were as much under the control of the priesthood as was religion itself.

But a momentous change swept over the Austro-Hungarian Empire after the crushing defeat of Sadowa. That defeat excluded Austria from Germany, and forced the Emperor to rely for the safety of his crown upon winning the loyalty and bringing about the content of the subjects of his now discordant realm. After Sadowa it seemed as if the Austrian Empire were about to collapse and separate into a dozen parts. The Czechs and Magyars were alike restive and discontented. Hungary was now the most important and formidable member of the Anstrian dominions. As Bismarck said, Sadowa had transferred the centre of gravity of the Empire from Vienna to Pesth.

The Emperor Francis Joseph was wise and shrewd enough to perceive the only method by which he could save his realm from disintegration. He saw that he must abandon the despotic ideas and powers of the past, and put Austria in harmony with the progressive spirit of the age. Political liberty must be granted to his subjects. In place of a purely personal authority, irresponsible and unlimited, a constitution, involving representative institutions and responsible Ministers, must be established. First of all it was necessary to appease Hungary. Hungary, disaffected and rebellious, now inevitably meant ruin to the Empire. Deprived of German support, the Empire could not hope to successfully resist another Hungarian revolt. Francis Joseph, therefore, resolved frankly to yield to Hungary's demand to be made an independent Kingdom, with a Parliament and an Executive of her own. At the same time he made up his mind to grant a real Parliament to Cis-Leithan Austria.

He chose as the chief agent to carry out his new scheme a Saxon statesman, who was also a Protestant, Baron von Beust, and time proved that this choice was a very wise one. Von Beust soon showed that he had ample capacity to perform one of the most difficult and perplexing tasks ever committed to any statesman's hands. In order to effect the transformation of an ancient, traditional, absolute monarchy, into a dual, constitutional Empire, Von Beust constructed the complex system which still survives in Austria. His system involved the creation of two Kingdoms—Cis-Leithan Austria and Hungary—each with its own Ministry and Parliament, and each independent of the other. The Emperor was to be King of each, wearing the two crowns separate, The two Parliaments were to consist of two Houses, the Lower elected upon a broad basis of popular suffrage, and the Upper to comprise a certain quota of hereditary nobles, the archbishops and bishops, and a certain number of members appointed by the Emperor for life. Each Parliament was to be supreme in the management of the local affairs of the Kingdom to which it pertained. Each Kingdom, moreover, was to have its own Ministers, supreme in their sphere, who were to be responsible to the respective Parliaments alone. Then Von Beust caused the two Kingdoms to be subdivided into provinces, twenty-one in all. These provinces were accorded each its local Legislature or Diet, elected respectively by the great landed proprietors, the citizens of the towns, the small farmers and peasants of the rural districts, and the trade guilds. The Diets were invested with the power to make local laws, and to deal with education, public works and other local matters relating to the provinces.

Above all these Parliaments and Legislatures Von



THE HABSBURG, ARGOVIE, SWITZERLAND, CRADLE OF THE HAPSBURGS.

Beust erected a supreme legislative body to manage the common interests of the whole Empire. This body he called the "Delegations." It was composed of sixty members elected by the Cis-Leithan Parliament, and sixty elected by the Hungarian Parliament. To the Delegations were given supreme power over the Imperial Finances, Foreign Affairs and War. They met alternately at Vienna and at Pesth. Attached to them were three Imperial Ministers of Foreign Affairs, War and Finance, who composed the Executive, and who were made responsible to the Delegations alone. Such is a brief outline of the executive and legislative machinery which Von Beust constructed to replace the old autocracy. It was a very complicated machinery, the parts of which fitted ill, and which has not always worked smoothly or effectively. But it at least accomplished the main purpose for which it was constructed, which was to make the political liberties of the Austrian peoples a substantial reality. It placed Hungary in the position for which she had long clamored in vain, sometimes with arms in her hands. Hungary was now indeed a practically independent Kingdom, satisfying the aspirations and conciliating the proud spirit of her people, and enabling her to become the mistress of her own destiny. A marvelous change very soon came over the attitude of Hungary toward their King, the Emperor and his dynasty. Francis Joseph repaired to Presburg, in Hungary, and there, amid an imposing ceremony, and in presence of a throng of the haughty Magyar nobles, was solemnly crowned with the ancient crown of St. Stephen. Hungary, from being the most disloyal and turbulent of his states, became the strong support and bulwark of his throne. The Magyars were soon the most ardently loyal of his subjects, and in a few years the strange phenomenon appeared, of a Magyar rebel of 1848, who had had a price set upon his head, rising to the highest post in the Emperor's gift. When Count Andrassy was made Archchancellor of the Empire, it was then clear the reconciliation between Hungary and the Hapsburg Crown was complete.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA IN COSTUME AS KING OF HUNGARY ON THE DAY OF HIS CORONATION.

This great change from an absolute despotism to a constitutional dual monarchy was followed by a magical transformation of the peoples ruled by Francis Joseph, from a community of slaves into a land of free men. The gates of the Temple of Liberty were thrown wide open to the

AUSTRIANS DEFEATED BY THE PRUSSIANS AT SADOWA.

Austrian millions. The Emperor's power to dispense with the laws passed by his Parliaments was taken from him. Civil marriages were now allowed by law. Before, no one could be legally married, except by a priest. For the first time Austrian, Magyar and Slave were permitted to assemble in free meetings for political, as well as other purposes. The Press was delivered from the degrading censorship to which it had formerly been subjected. The police came under the control of a Minister responsible to the representatives of the people. The system of spies was to a very large degree done away with. Education had always been a monopoly of the Church. "Study in foreign universities," says Müller, "was forbidden. The entrance into Austrian schools of foreign teachers, and of scholars over ten years of age, was forbidden, and even for younger children, special permission had to be obtained. The imparting of private instruction was made very difficult, permission being granted by the police only under oppressive conditions. The object of the Austrian schools was, not to produce men of learning, but subjects and officials trained to blind obedience."

With the new Constitution, all this was changed. Every person was now allowed to teach, whether priest or layman. Children of every creed were admitted into the public schools. School boards were established in every province of the Empire; and so education became free and untrammeled. More important still, the freedom of the citizen was amply secured by a series of wise and liberal laws. The *habeas corpus* was for the first time introduced into once despotic Austria. It was declared that, thenceforth, "every citizen should be free in person and in his house." No house could be searched without a special warrant issued by a judge. No private letter could be opened without the special order of a magistrate, except in case of war. No citizen could be kept in confinement more than forty-eight hours on mere suspicion. Every creed was declared entitled to absolute freedom of worship. Besides, every nationality in the Empire was asserted to have equal rights — the right to its own language and its own national customs. "The State recognizes all languages spoken in a given province as equal in the public schools, the public offices and generally in public life. Where more than one language is spoken, the authorities are to provide that each citizen shall receive State aid for education in his own tongue without being forced to learn any other."

Such, in general, is the wonderful transformation which was the result of tremendous defeats in war, and which has taken place in Austria-Hungary within thirty years. That Empire to-day is thoroughly constitutional; the old despotism has vanished for ever. It could not, by any accident or combination of circumstances, be restored. "The lovers of freedom," once exclaimed Burke, "will be free." A great people which has once tasted liberty can never be wholly weaned from it again. No doubt, all the difficulties of the Emperor, all the dangers to his Empire, did not vanish when he threw aside the mantle of a Cæsar, and assumed the rule of a constitutional ruler. The Slaves are still restive, and still demand "autonomy." That is, Bohemia, Galicia, Dalmatia, desire each a Parliament of its own, just as Austria proper has its Parliament, and Hungary its Parliament. Political agitation is constantly rife in the Slavic provinces; and this creates a constant, though it can scarcely be called a deadly, peril to the Crown. The weakness of the Empire — its diversity in race, creed, language, and custom — is inveterate and incurable. The best that can be said for the new system of constitutional events is, that it saved the Empire from immediate and inevitable collapse, and has so held its various and naturally conflicting parts together.

That Austria-Hungary should thus have been saved, by a heroic political remedy, from the certain collapse which once threatened it, was in no small degree owing to the character of the particular Hapsburg who was ruling over the Empire in the period of its deadly danger. Francis Joseph I. is no common man, and no common sovereign. In his long and almost continuous troublous reign, he has proved himself a wise and far-seeing prince. If it cannot be said of him, any more than of the Bourbons, that he forgets nothing, it can, at least, be asserted that, unlike the Bourbons, he can learn something. There is much that is worthy of high admiration and respect in a potentate, who has not only cast aside the garb of despotism which he inherited, but who has done so graciously, promptly, at the right moment, and in obedience to the interests of the subjects who were once practically his slaves. Francis Joseph is the oldest sovereign in Europe, in length of reign, Queen Victoria of England excepted. He has presided over the destinies of his realm for thirty-eight years. He entered upon the Hapsburg inheritance before he was of age; and he has not yet long passed the period of middle life. No one ever looked upon Francis Joseph as a brilliant man, or as a ruler capable of great statestrokes or unusual administrative talents. His qualities are rather solid and substantial than shining. But he has, at least, the great merit, in a man used from youth up to a despotic sceptre, of reading the signs of the times, and bending to the inevitable; of sincere abnegation and abdication of powers once limitless; of the shrewd choice of the right men to undertake the complex task which events forced upon him; and of honestly carrying out the scheme of constitutional form and liberty, when once that scheme had been devised and put in operation. There are other respects in which Francis Joseph is worthy of high praise. In personal character, he is temperate, upright, manly, and of a kindly disposition. He is, moreover, scrupulously faithful to the duties which, even under a constitutional system, his Imperial office imposes upon him. Once he was, perhaps, the worst-hated man in the Austrian dominions. This was in the early days of his reign, when he seemed to be blindly and obstinately clinging to the traditional absolutism of his Hapsburg predecessors. But he speedily won the good opinion of his subjects, when he was seen to devote himself, with hardworking perseverance and stubborn energy, to the arduous work of solving the problem of his Government, and at last accomplished it in spite of every obstacle. His life has, ever since, been one of regular, constant, and unremitting labor. Probably there is no Austrian, above the laboring class, who works more indefatigably. Francis Joseph rises at six every morning; and, as he takes his coffee, reads the morning papers. Then he walks for half an hour through the luxuriant Park of Schonbrunn; and as he strolls, a secretary, walking by his side, gives him an abstract of the letters which have come by the morning mail. Returning to his study, the Emperor dictates answers to such letters and petitions as have any importance in his eyes. It is worthy of note that these answers are given in seven different languages, according to their destination in different parts of the Empire; for Francis Joseph is easily the master of the languages of his many-tongued subjects. It is said that he thus disposes of 200 letters and petitions every day before nine o'clock. Next, he receives his Ministers, who report daily to the Emperor on subjects connected with their several departments. The

ministerial interviewers occupy two hours, after which the Emperor takes a frugal lunch, usually of eggs, bread and butter, with a single glass of rich Hungarian wine. At noon, the doors are thrown open, and Francis Joseph receives his subjects without distinction of rank or social standing. At this hour, he appears as the kindly and gracious father of his people.

"The utmost care is taken," writes one who has been a witness of this patriarchal scene, "not to slight any of those who wish to speak to the Emperor, on account of their poverty or humble station in life. The Emperor himself often looks into the anteroom; and when he sees some old persons there, he motions them to step up to him, at the same time asking the younger applicants to wait, even though they belong to the highest circles of society." This general reception lasts an hour. At one, the Emperor for the first time joins his family circle. The Empress, that superb Elizabeth of Bavaria, who, in middle age, preserves, only in a riper maturity, that beauty which, in her youth, dazzled all Europe with its refulgence, is there to greet him. She is still the finest-looking female sovereign in Europe. People still talk of her lustrous dark eyes, her rich brunette complexion, her abundant, shining black hair, her handsome, firm mouth, and her chin of such perfect mold that the Greek sculptors might envy it; her haughty, but not arrogant carriage, and her magnificently full, well-rounded, straight and supple form. Surely never was there a more dazzling, more anomalous, grandmother in the world!

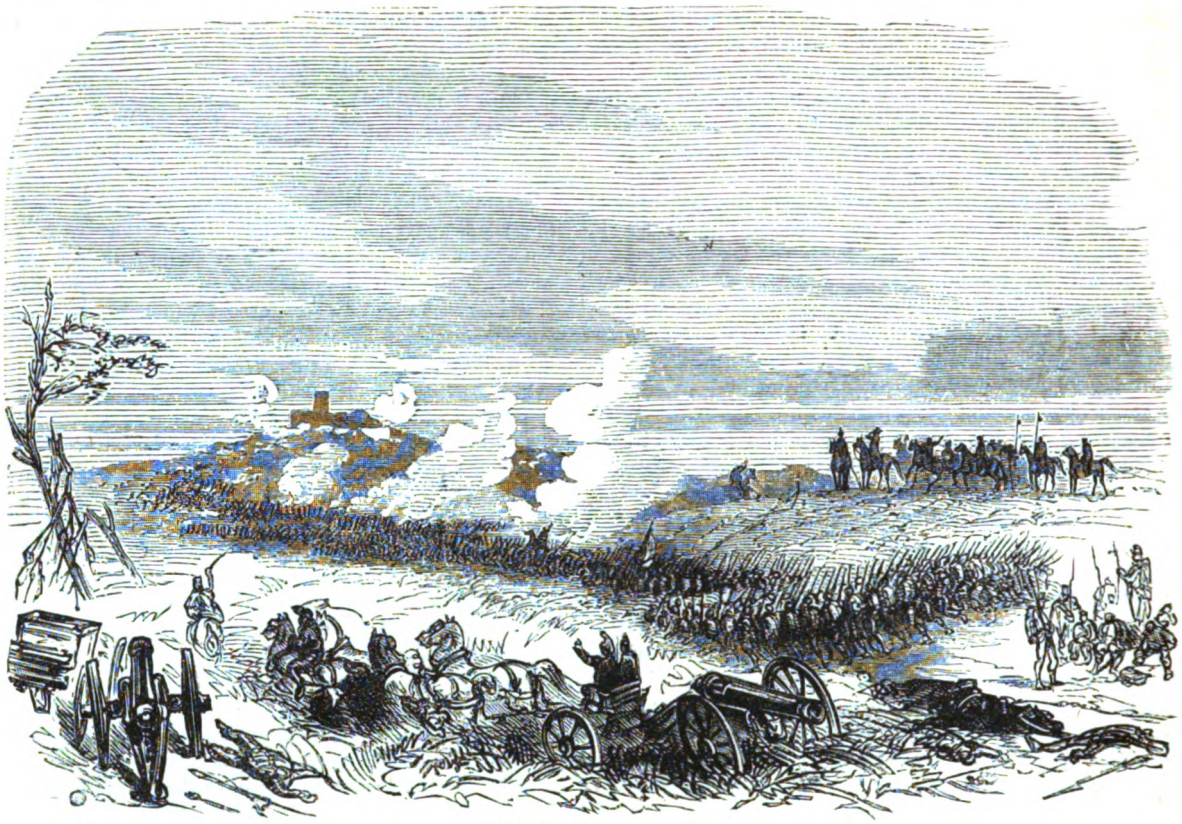
A brief ride on horseback occupies Francis Joseph after the domestic reunion; and at two he is back in his small reception-room, receiving ambassadors or state officials. He dines at five; but for the pleasures of the table he cares little. His favorite dish is roast chicken, taken with a few sips of Tokay. He dispatches his meal in a brief twenty minutes, and once more returns to his cabinet, where he finishes off for the day whatever business remains for him to do. Later, he attends the Empress to the opera, or to a concert; but he rarely stays through either performance. The late evening finds him reading; for one of his favorite recreations is to run over the latest publications, which are brought and laid on his table as soon as they are issued. He retires at midnight, unless he is kept up on some important business; for, early and late, Francis Joseph is always accessible to his Ministers; and, indeed, to all who have matters of moment to lay before him.

The habits of the Austrian Emperor are temperate, correct and regular. He enjoys the work of his Imperial office, and has few amusements besides those which belong to it. He has no taste for that wasteful sort of prodigality which is called magnificence. He is thought to be wealthy; but he has never been accused of rapacity, and his personal wants are few. He escapes the state and ceremony demanded by his position as quickly and as often as he properly can. His household is carefully, almost parsimoniously, managed. He is not at all fond of military parades and show, and shirks the task of reviewing his troops whenever he decently can. The only recreation in which Francis Joseph seems still to delight is the chase. He is fond of chamois-hunting in the beautiful Tyrolese Alps, and is said to look forward with boyish glee to the prospect of a week's rambling over the glaciers, with his short rifle slung across his back. He is a daring hunter, and has more than once risked his life among the Tyrolese gorges and precipices. Such are some of the features of the life of the remarkable sovereign in whose reign, and to a large degree by whose aid, Austria-Hungary has become a constitutional state.

As a great power of Europe, the position of Austria-Hungary has entirely shifted since the despotism was exchanged for a constitutional system. Before the battle of Sadowa the Empire was intimately connected with Germany and German policy. For many years it was the controlling power in the Germanic confederation. It was always in rivalry with Prussia for the chief influence in that body. Once expelled from Germany, however, Austria-Hungary ceased to bear high interests in Western Europe. It became rather an eastern than a western power. Just as the centre of gravity of the Empire shifted from Vienna to Pesth, so the locality of its international interests shifted from the arena of Germany to that of Southeastern Europe. Hungary now held the key to Austrian policy. Hungary must, above all, be heeded and appeased; her fears must be allayed, and, as far as possible, her ambitions satisfied. Now Hungary has always feared a union of the Slavic races in Eastern Europe. She has dreaded the possibility of the erection of a great Slavic state on her own borders, which might win away from her Crown the Slavic provinces now subject to it. Besides, Hungary has a deep interest in the control of the Danube and its mouths. The Danube is the great main artery of Hungarian commerce; it is the natural outlet to Hungarian products and enterprise. Foremost of all, Hungary has regarded with the deepest apprehension the ambition southward revealed by the Russian Empire. With the encroachment of Russia toward or to the Bosphorus, pan-Slavism—the aspiration for a union of the Slavic races, perhaps under the Russian Crown—could not but receive a tremendous impetus. It would destroy the balance of power in Southeastern Europe, make Russia supreme from the Neva to the water frontier of Asia, and put Hungary in deadly peril of a great loss of territory and strength.

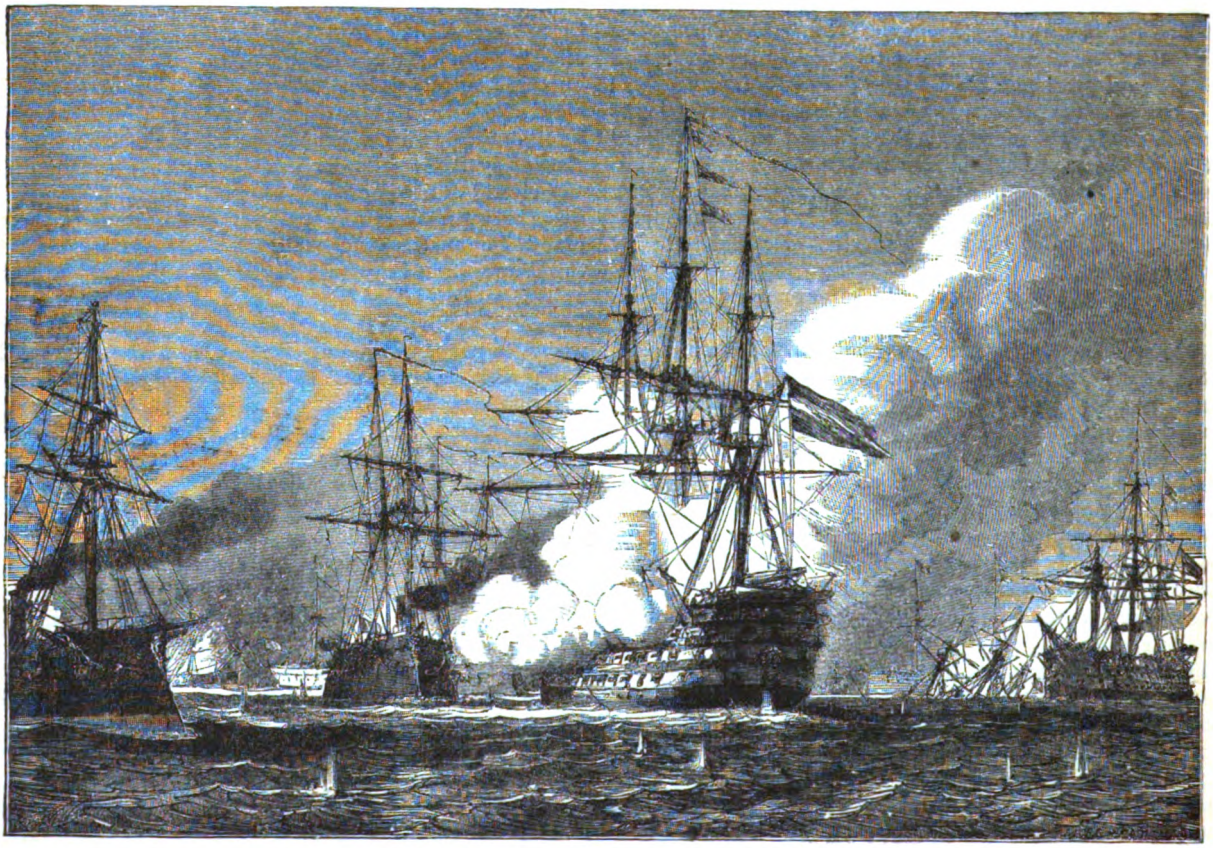
In this fact lies the secret of the policy of Austria-Hungary as a great European power. For two centuries Austria's chief rival and antagonist was Prussia. Not only has this ceased to be the fact since the Hapsburg was expelled from Germany, but the once inveterate rivals have become close allies and friends. The interests of the two Empires, after having been for so long absolutely irreconcilable, have come to coincide. The one strong and established alliance to-day in Europe is that between Germany and Austria-Hungary. It is founded upon the circumstance that the interests of the two Powers are harmonious. Germany desires a great, united, unassailable Empire, and to this the realm of Francis Joseph no longer objects. Austria-Hungary wishes to preserve the dual Empire, and to extend itself, if anywhither, eastward and southeastward. Both are anxious to restrain Russia from growing too great and strong. The chief rival of Austria-Hungary in Europe, therefore, is no longer Prussia or Germany—it is Russia. It is the task of Francis Joseph to check any encroachment of Russia southward of the banks of the Pruth. It will be for Austria, if for any power, to go to war with Russia in case the Czar once more undertakes to march on Constantinople.

By the Treaty of Berlin, and by the combined influence of England and Germany, the two once Turkish provinces of Bosnia and the Herzegovina, lying south of Hungary and west of Croatia, were placed under the protection of the Austrian Empire. These two provinces have ever since been ruled by Austrian governors, and garrisoned by Austrian soldiers. It is altogether likely that at a favorable moment they will be formally incorporated as a part of the Austrian realm. Thus Austria-Hungary has taken, already, an important step eastward.



THE BATTLE OF CUSTOZZA.

It is probable that Austria-Hungary's ambition, moreover, does not stop at the Servian or the Greek frontier. There is little doubt that, divorced for ever as is the Austrian Empire, from all hope of aggrandizement in other parts of Europe, it does aspire and aim at further acquisitions of territory in the southeast. In the natural



AUSTRIANS DEFEATING ITALIANS IN THE NAVAL FIGHT AT LISSA.

course of events it seems likely that, when the Turkish Empire in Europe suffers the final collapse which has long been threatened—when the Turks are really driven "bag and baggage" out of Europe—one or other of the Great Powers will inherit the dominions of the Sultan. It is perfectly clear that Russia is desperately resolved to become his heir; to reign in Constantinople; to enthrone and consecrate the Czar in the ancient Greek Cathedral of St. Sophia; to dominate the Bosphorus, and to become navally supreme on the Ægean. The great general aim of Austria-Hungary is less clear. But who can doubt that the Hapsburg, with his gaze strained eastward, with his inherited love of conquest not yet, perhaps, extinguished, and with his fear of Russian aggrandizement excited to a most sensitive pitch—incited, too, by the seething turmoil of Hungarian dread and desire—does not dream of one day raising the Austrian instead of the Russian standard above the Golden Horn? If the Sultan's Empire must crumble and fall, why should not Austria, instead of Russia, enter upon the possession of his legacy? Austria, no less than Russia, craves an outlet on the sea for her navies and her commerce. Is it likely that the Austrian Emperor would be content with Salonica, and would willingly see the gigantic dominion of Russia extended to the southern seas lying along her eastern Hungarian frontier?

COUNT BEUST, PRIME MINISTER OF AUSTRIA.

It is thus probable, though not absolutely evident, that the mainsprings of the Austrian policy of to-day are twofold—that that policy has a defensive and an aggressive phase. It is defensive, inasmuch as the advance of Russia would imperil the position, and might disintegrate the dominion, of the kingdom of Hungary. It is probably aggressive, inasmuch as Austria-Hungary has seemingly conceived the ambition to be that dominant power in Southeastern Europe which everybody knows Russia has bent all her energies to be ever since the days of Peter the Great; and imagines that, while obstructing the advance of Russia, Austria might as well attempt to win the splendid prize herself.

In the event of the coming on of such a war as passing events render probable, with what strength and what prospect of success would Austria-Hungary be able to take the field? What are her military and financial resources? In common with all the great European powers, the Austrian Empire has felt it a necessity in recent years to maintain a great and very costly military armament. The Austrian law of conscription is as severe and universal in its application as is that of the neighboring German Empire. Every Austrian subject must enter the Army at the age of twenty, and must remain in some branch of the military service for twelve years. For three years he must serve in the active army, for seven in the reserve, and for two more in the Landwehr, corresponding to our militia. No man can in any way have a substitute, and very few exceptions are made exempting Austrian subjects from military duty. The army of the dual Empire is divided into four classes—the active forces, the reserves, the Landwehr and the Landsturm. The latter, however, only exists in time of war, and is a sort of volunteer auxiliary to the regular order. The total of the standing army on a peace footing, exclusive of the Austrian and Hungarian Landwehr and the military police, is about 255,000 men. On a war footing the numbers rise to over 770,000 men. If to these figures we add the Landwehr and gendarmerie, we find that the entire disposable force in the hands of Francis Joseph is 270,000 on a peace footing, and rather over a million on a war footing. This armament seems small, to be sure, when it is compared with those of the three other Great Continental Powers; for Russia has a war armament of about 2,000,000, Germany of more than 2,500,000, and France over 3,500,000. Never, indeed, has the world witnessed so prodigious a multitude of armed men as appear on to-day's European army rolls.

The Austrian Army, in time of war, is provided with 30,000 officers and 200,000 horses. It has forty regiments of cavalry, and twenty-five of artillary. Every year 100,000 young men are added to its ranks. The administration of the Army is a curious result of the dual character of the Empire. The active forces and the reserves are under the authority of the Imperial War Minister, who, as we have seen, is one of the three Ministers who are responsible to the "Delegations." But the force of the Landwehr is controlled in each of the two Kingdoms respectively by the "Ministers of the National Defense." who are responsible to the Austrian and the Hungarian Parliaments. In case of war, however, both Landwehrs come under the central command of Vienna. It is not easy to estimate the skill or courage of the Austrian soldiers of to-day. For twenty years they have not had a chance to show the world the character of their discipline or the metal of their bravery. But it is undoubtedly true that the Emperor's chief reliance, in the event of a great conflict, would be upon his Germans and Magyars. The Austrian Germans share those qualities of intelligence, coolness, endurance, amenity to discipline and precision which enabled their brethren of the north to carry their arms within the walls of Paris, and to achieve, by military power, the unification of Germany. The Magyar is traditionally a fighter of a more vehement and savage sort. On the battlefield he always displayed a fiery impetuosity and *élan* which caused his onset to be dreaded by the Turk on one side of him and the Teuton and Slave on the other. The Magyar has never yet been wholly conquered. Should a war with Russia break out, we may be confident that the brunt of the conflict will fall upon the Magyar, and that he will gladly and eagerly accept it. It is he who is chiefly interested to check Russian aggression southward, and it is he who is inspired with a special hatred of the Cossack, remembering well how it was that Hungary was restored to the iron rule of the Hapsburgs by Russian arms, in the memorable revolution of forty years ago.

The Austrian Navy is a small one, and cannot, of course, be compared with those of England, France, Germany, or even Russia. The seaboard of the Empire is small, and the good naval harbors are few. Still Austria finds it expedient to have a navy comprising thirteen large ironclads, twenty-six cruisers and coast vessels, twenty-two torpedo boats and other smaller naval craft, and about 14,000 marines on a war footing. The Navy is under the control of the Imperial Minister of War. The term of naval service is ten years—three in the active service and seven in the reserve. Austria finds no difficulty in filling her naval quota by voluntary enlistment. In order to keep up her military and naval armaments the Empire spends yearly about 110,000,000 florins, or, taking the florin to be worth about forty cents, nearly $50,000,000.

The geographical defects of the frontier of the Empire, devoid as it is on several sides of national ramparts and defenses, has been to some degree remedied by artificial fortification. It is a curious fact that Vienna itself is not fortified. But the frontiers of Bohemia and Moravia on the north have many citadels, intrenched camps and strengthened natural fortresses. Hungary is well defended by geographical supports, and the Alpine frontier of the Tyrol is well provided for in respect of fortification. But a land boundary 5,000 miles in extent cannot easily be covered with effectual artificial protection. In a word, Austria-Hungary lies more exposed to invasion than any other great country in Europe.

Finally, the involvement of Austria-Hungary in a great war would no doubt increase the peril to which she is always more or less subject, in spite of the change in her governmental system—that of disintegration by reason of the centrifugal tendencies of some of her states. A mighty convulsion, in which victory would be doubtful, would gravely shake the not very secure foundations of the liberalized Empire. After all is said, the dual Empire is a make-shift system, which is not likely to bear a heavy strain of expense or warlike exertion. We may at least hope that whatever destiny the future may have in store for the Empire, and for its many incongruous sections, the liberties given to the Austrian peoples by the wisdom of modern statesmanship may be permanently enjoyed by them.

"THE best romance," says Ruskin, "becomes dangerous if by its excitement it renders the ordinary course of life uninteresting, and increases the morbid thirst for scenes in which we shall never be called on to act." Further on he writes: "Whether novels or poetry or history be read, they should be chosen not for their freedom from evil, but for their possession of good." That is the very keynote to the whole problem of reading for rich and poor, young and old. It is the standard by which parents and guardians should judge any book they may wish to give their children. The duty and responsibility of making the choice is an onerous one, but must be faced. The young mind is a virgin soil, and whether weeds or rare flowers and beautiful trees are to spring up in it will, of course, depend upon the character of the seeds sown. You cannot scatter literary tares and reap mental corn. A good book is the consecrated essence of a holy genius, bringing new light to the brain and cultivating the heart for the inception of noble motives. Boys' literature of a sound kind ought to help to build up men. Girls' literature ought to help to build up women.

THE Bay of Galway is capacious in size, it has naturally many advantages, and few drawbacks to the making it into a shipping port. It is not so many acres of sea water, useless for all purposes except that of adding to the beauty of the scenery. On the contrary, it is deep all over, capable, at a comparatively small cost, of full utilization, and, being situated at the sea-board of a province rich in *un*developed materials in the waters, on the surface, in mines, in quarries, it is no exaggeration to say that, even at present, the making of Galway into a seaport for transatlantic and other foreign shipping is an enterprise so promising that, were there not ways of accounting for its neglect outside the regions of politico-economic matters, its present condition would be a spectacle of astonishment and a standing disgrace to the common sense, in industrial things, of the people of the United Kingdom.

WHEN Longfellow visited the Queen at Windsor the servants crowded on to the stairs and into the passages to get a view of him. On the Queen's asking them why they were so enthusiastic about the poet, she was told that they used to listen to Prince Albert reading "Evangeline" to his children, and, knowing the lines by heart, they longed to see the man who wrote them. The Queen is fond of telling this story.

IN this very busy and practical age, the best of thoughts clothed in the best of words find none too eager readers, and most eloquent preachers speak too often to half-empty pews.

HIS HAUNTED HOUSE.

By John Moran.

Somehow it will pursue him through the daytime,
And fill him with unquiet dreams by night;
O'ercloudingly life's few fleeting hours of playtime,
And bringing darkness where there should be light.

He had built a house to Love in pride and pleasure,
Where winged thoughts waited but to do the will
Of her who held his heart's eternal treasure,
In utterest trust of whom he feared no ill.

From the deep foundation to the topmost rafter,
He had deemed it firm and steadfast, and so great
That the storms and breakers of no vague Hereafter
Could make one breach or lower its lordly state.

He had fashioned walls in many a form and color,
With pictured fancy and with frescoed dream.
How could fate blur or any years make duller,
This labor of love conceived in faith supreme.

Yet it stands to day in dreariest isolation,
Untenanted, uncared for and untrod,
Save by a weird, phantasmal congregation,
That owns the sway of some demoniac god.

As the Hindoo leper nightly roams and wanders
About the village outskirts, shunned, apart,
Hearing the glad girls' laughter that but panders
To the hideous canker eating out his heart—

So he, around his desolate, haunted dwelling,
Is forced to wander till at length life fail;
Hearkening for echoes of old, glad songs swelling,
That always die in some most dolorous wail.

Ever he bows with lowliest genuflexion
Before Love's inner and most holy shrine,
Praying absolvement in deep introspection,
Humbly beseeching for some word or sign

Ever to listen vainly, oh, how vainly!
For any faintest token of reply;
The awful silence only uttering plainly,
"Your dream is dead, your heaven has passed you by."

Sometimes in wrath he wishes he could curse her,
From the deep despair where dreams and memories dwell;
But the Past forbids him; still his fond thoughts nurse her
In the heart she palsied by her cold "farewell."

It was said in such a cruel, callous fashion,
After all the nearness that their lives had known;
After solemn troth-plight made in warmth and passion,
After pledges held by Love and them alone.

And she left the place her presence warmed and gladdened,
With no least light turning of her small, sweet head;
With no throb of pity for the man half maddened,
Who was nowise conscious of what words he said.

She, only she, has had the power to blight him,
To make his life a most calamitous curse;
And none save she has any power to right him,
And none can make his future any worse.

For the lone house stands, and weeds grow rank around it,
Where once her little feet left daintiest track;
But, save Love himself within her heart should sound it,
He will never voice the cry, "My queen, come back!"

MEMORY, AND ITS CULTIVATION.

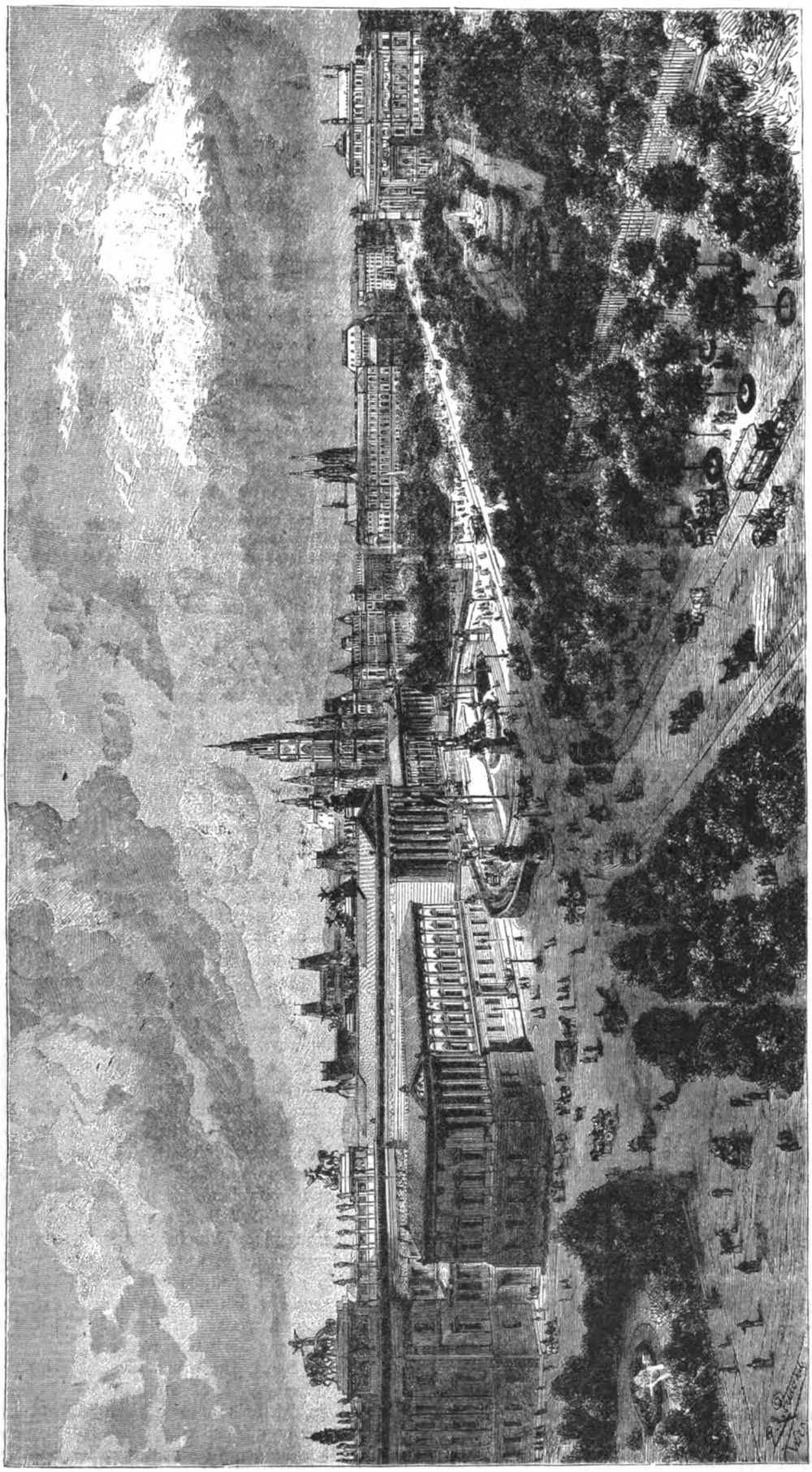
By Walter Edgar McCann.

Philosophers have written a great deal on the subject of memory, but it may be questioned whether any one has given more definitely the principles which govern the succession of thought than Aristotle, who says that they consist of three—viz., similarity, contrariety and co-adjacency. Things that are alike naturally come up in the mind closely together, as do those which have any species of contiguity, and, finally, contraries, have an associative connection; as, if we think of black, white is suggested; if of heat, cold; if of good, evil, and so on. Precisely what is the operation of memory in the brain is unknown, and probably in the nature of things must ever be; although many theories have been offered, particularly by those who have studied diseases of the mind. One of the most interesting articles written on the subject is that by Th. Ribot, published in a scientific magazine some years ago, and which may be described as not only curious and plausible, but exhaustive.

With the physiological and abstruse parts of the question the present paper has nothing to do, the design being rather to show some of the interesting peculiarities of the faculty of memory and of how by natural, as well as by certain mechanical, means it may be cultivated. Nothing is better established than that, with proper application and exercise, an inferior memory may be made good, and a good one still better. Many cases are known where, with some little zeal, a remarkable deficiency in this particular has been remedied, and Houdin, the prestidigitator, and others have shown how a naturally good memory nas by incessant practice been trained to the point of the marvelous. Nor is there, if the right method be used, any severe strain in this exertion. The discipline is of itself gentle, and the only point is to apply it rationally and without relaxation. Houdin and his assistant turned their tasks into a sort of amusement, as did Heller and the young lady who supported him in constructing their second-sight performance, and mnemonic feats of prodigious character were accomplished—incredible, indeed—but, through the method adopted, the rehearsals were but pastime. Perfection was acquired almost insensibly. The cardinal principle was, however, that the drill should be incessant.

Some astonishing stories, most of them very well known, have come down to us of the memories possessed by certain celebrated men, particularly among the ancients. The faculty has been pronounced by one of the Roman writers the test of the superior intellect, although such is really far from the truth. Jean Jacques Rousseau, for instance, was, as he relates, possessed of an exceedingly weak memory. His mind retained ideas vividly enough, but he could not master words by rote, and in the "Confessions" he tells several amusing stories of how this shortcoming placed him in awkward situations. The lively Montaigne confesses to a similar defect in his mental constitution and the multitude of illustrations used in his essays, and which seem to arise spontaneously from his argument, were carefully culled from his notebook, which he terms his paper memory.

But, on the other hand, there are extraordinary accounts, as we have remarked, of the gifts of memory owned by noted individuals among the ancients. A Greek philosopher is mentioned who, after delivering a long harangue extempore, could repeat it without losing a word. Seneca states that in his youth he could repeat



FRANCIS JOSEPH I., AND THE AUSTRIA-HUNGARY EMPIRE.— CITY HALL PLAZA, VIENNA.— SEE PAGE 1.

2,000 names exactly in the same order they were read to him. He could acquire 200 verses from hearing them read only once, and could give them backward or forward, as desired. This, however, seems to suggest that he used a system of mnemonics, by which such feats are comparatively easy. Cyrus knew the name and face of every soldier in his army, while Aristides could name every citizen in Athens. In modern times, Napoleon's memory had the strength of adamant; at least as respects those matters which interested him. Facts of a certain kind were chiseled ineffaceably in his mind, and from one hearing or reading. The player's faculty, however, of quickly committing indiscriminate prose or verse, he probably did not possess better than ordinary people.

Memory is, indeed, of various kinds, some having a special gift of remembering language, others ideas, others figures, and still others faces. Not seldom marvelous superiority in this way is associated with inferiority of the understanding. As we know, idiots are sometimes found to possess an extra-

FRANCIS JOSEPH I., AND THE AUSTRIA-HUNGARY EMPIRE.—A UHLAN CHARGE IN PRESENCE OF THE EMPEROR.—SEE PAGE 1.

ordinary memory, which renders the whole question of the endowment so puzzling a problem. This, at least, appears certain and a law—that all depends on the impression an idea makes. What we are interested in we do not forget; what is indifferent to us passes away as quickly as a portrait seen in a mirror. Age enfeebles all the powers of the brain as well as those of the body, and yet, as some one has shrewdly remarked, there was scarcely ever yet an old man, however forgetful he might be, who could not recall how much money he had, and where it was placed. Impressions are of course strongest early in life, and hence we forget easily recent events as we advance in years. The reason chiefly seems to be that we have become pretty well used to everything, and there are no surprises, which is one of the misfortunes of age. Few occurrences are so novel that they are accentuated sharply and deeply, and upon the vividness of the picture depends the strength of the impression it makes, and the length of its abiding.

Upon analysis we find, as a general principle, that memory depends upon association. One idea starts another in some way connected with it. A man, for instance, is going out and takes up his coat to put it on. In the pocket he notices a lead-pencil, which reminds him of a drawing he had promised to make for a friend of a house he had once seen, where a murder had recently happened. This recalls, by-the-way,

FRANCIS JOSEPH MEETING HUNGARIAN NOBLES.

that up-stairs he has a newspaper which contains an account of that old house which has a history. Here, as we perceive, there is a regular chain of ideas, one thought leading directly to another. The whole system of natural memory is founded upon simple links of this sort, and forms, accordingly, the basis of artificial memory or mnemonics. A spark fires the train in every direction. A subject arising, a man sits down to write an article. Instantly his recollection awakes, and a flood of ideas related to the matter issues forth. They separate and wander off in all directions, particularly with persons of discursive habits of thought. It is through this that with practice or custom persons who write for the Press are enabled to do very acceptable work in a great hurry. By the exercise of a little method and order it is possible to perform this sort of task with scarcely an instant's preparation. The usage of thinking in a rapid and concentrated way becomes easy, and by adherence to system it is possible to deal intelligently with any topic. The person who writes this has for years furnished matter for the editorial page of an afternoon paper, the necessity existing to take up subjects without any previous reflection, in order to have the copy in the hands of the printers by a certain hour; but by following a little formula the process of thinking is easy, and the article is made to possess the form and proportion of more elaborate compositions. Heads have been devised to suit almost any topic. For example: 1. Relate the circumstance or proposition. 2. Is it true? Is the common opinion correct? 3. Give the historical associations and like cases. Contrast the past and present. 4. Whom does it affect. Are the motives honest or the reverse? 5. Has clime or temperament any connection with the matter? What will be the general consequences, good or evil? 6. What are the causes? Is any one to blame? Is there any inconsistency? The explanations. Could the affair have been prevented? 7. What are the remedies? The conclusion to be drawn from it. The future.

There are few topics to which this simple formula may not be made to apply, and under expeditious circumstances it may be, and is, often found of great assistance. The idea is to stir recollection, and then deal with it in an orderly way.

There are many good memories which seem defective simply because there is no method used in employing the information stored up, or, as schoolmasters say of certain pupils, they are bright but cannot apply their knowledge. The proper course by which the treasure can be availed of is to exercise the will in laying it up, and this is one of the great uses to which mnemonics may be turned. There must be a clew. We know how children carry out the principle when they desire to recall anything, by tying a string to the forefinger. Some plan must be devised to suggest what it is desired to revive. There is, in reality, as all writers upon the nature of the mind agree, no such thing as a bad memory. Whether we attend to our impressions or not, they are all duly printed or registered, with the aid of the nervous system, in the brain. The senses all do their duty in this way—sound, sight, smell, touch and taste. Accident frequently calls the subject up afterward. The scent of a flower or the flavor of some dish will bring a whole scene back.

The great necessity, if the memory is to be properly availed of, is to give a clear impression. Glance over a landscape and you will obtain a general idea of it; but study its proportions and details and the whole will come back to you at will, piece by piece. Ruskin says that he has naturally only an ordinary memory, and yet what pictures he draws with a few strokes of the pen, simply because the order and proportions of everything he views are noted. And the same may be said of William Black. This, in fact, is the only way to truly enjoy natural scenery, and with due regard to it, anything impressive seen can be reproduced at any time without effort; and so it can be written of, and this is the secret of vivid word-painting. The trouble with most people is that they do not note closely. By careful observation and the arrangement of ideas, life may be made to furnish a thousandfold more pleasure and information. There is, particularly, the delight that may be extracted from small things. Two men, as experience frequently shows, may take an ordinary walk, and one could write a chapter on what he saw, extracting interest even from the most commonplace objects; while the other would have seen nothing, and his experience have proven a bore. The close observer need never have a dull moment.

Pictures are always easy to remember, and hence the use which has been made of "picturing" in all systems of mnemonics. In connection with this, theatrical memories furnish an interesting study. As a rule, the actor is very quick in committing his part, but not retentive, and some amazing stories are told in the various biographies of the stage of the rapidity with which performers have, in an emergency, absorbed long parts. John Kemble had a prodigious faculty of this kind, and Macready has recorded with pride a similar gift possessed by himself. The value of picturing is shown in connection with almost every theatrical production, as on the first night we generally find the actors more or less imperfect, and the action proceeding awkwardly; but a little later everything progresses with the greatest smoothness. The reason is that, before the first performance the players have been accustomed only to the rehearsals, without scenery, music or other guides. But after a night or two the picture of each scene is drawn in the minds of those who take part in it, the consecutive order of the story and of the dialogue is understood, and the whole has become like a chapter from real life. On this account some actors cannot get words by rote, or commit a part to mind in the usual shape given out by the prompter—that is, nothing but the lines and cues falling to their own share. They are obliged to read over the whole play, and must understand the course of the incidents and plot.

Simonides is said to have been the inventor of artificial memory or mnemonics, but even in the absence of historical record to the contrary, a little reflection shows that the art must have been much older. We only know that it was exceedingly popular among the Greeks. There are various versions of how Simonides came by his idea, but the one generally accepted is that on a certain day he was at a public dinner where the guests were all people he knew. During the progress of the entertainment the roof of the building suddenly fell in, and many were crushed. Simonides was among the few who escaped, and when the excitement was over and the wreck had been removed, as the bodies of the dead were about to be taken away, it became apparent that each had been so crushed that it was impossible to distinguish one from another. Simonides, however, remembered perfectly the order in which all had been seated at the table, and thus he was enabled to establish the identity of the unfortunates, one by one.

This is the usual account of the origin of mnemonics, but the arrangement of the constellations in the heavens proves that the principle was already understood by the

Egyptians and, perhaps, by people before them. How old the constellations are is uncertain, but they were known to Job, who, from the character of his book, must have almost certainly lived before the Hebrew exodus, before the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah and consequently before Abraham. In the primeval astronomy the clusters and groups of stars were divided up into forty-eight, comprising the various rough outlines of men, women, animals and other objects, and a great many more have been added since. They were added, we believe, for the very same purpose for which they were originally devised—to enable the mind to know, distinguish and remember these shining objects and the places they occupied. There was, too, doubtless some astrological connection with the matter.

The primitive peoples perceived that picturing, and the series of pictures held together by a thread, comprised the true mnemonic secret. Looking at the vast canopy overhead, with its multitude of twinkling lights, it was impossible to separate or recognize one from another. The mind was utterly at a loss. But by dividing them up into certain clusters or collections, and, for the purpose of knowing each, giving it the name of something in animated nature, even without a distinct resemblance existing, or, at best, only a rude and vague one, the difficulty was immediately removed. Order was established, and each collection of these resplendent bodies at once linked to the next, so that to pick out any single star was but the work of an instant, and in due course every star visible in the heavens found its name or designation. The same principle has been applied in geography, and the imaginary lines of latitude and longitude have been established; and it may be extended in every direction and made use of under every possible combination of circumstances. However bewildering a network may be presented to us, let us at once set to work to classify, and let there be order and arrangement, and we are no longer baffled. This is the foundation of the ingenious modern systems of learning languages quickly and comparatively without effort, such as the Meisterschaft. A sentence of three or four words is learned, which serves as a link or clew, and then one or two or more words are added, by which a second sentence can be formed, and then, with a few more, a third. These, again, can be varied, and in time, imperceptibly and with a little patience, we acquire thousands of words, and, with the same ease, the grammatical forms.

THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST.

It compels our very great respect that one evidently so ready as Newman with a trenchant blade, so fond of indulging even in the very jocularity of lively humor, should with such severity discriminate between things that differ. Perhaps our readers will remember his imaginary lecture on John Bullism, in which he shows, certainly by a most justifiable, and not altogether unastonishing *ad hominem*, in reply to those who are so ready to prove that Rome has the number of the beast in the Revelation, that, in reality, Queen Victoria has that number. Of course the whole thing is a joke. He said: "Gentlemen, can it surprise you to be told, after such an exposition of the blasphemies of England, that, astonishing to say, Queen Victoria is distinctly pointed out, in the Book of the Revelation, as having the number of the beast? You will recollect that that number is 666. Now she came to the throne in the year '37, at which date she was eighteen years old; multiply then 37 by 18, and you have the very number, 666, which is the mystical emblem of the lawless King."

A volume might be compiled upon the almost innumerable persons to whom has been attached the theory of the mystic number, 666. Edward Elliot, with cogent learning, fitted it on to the Papacy in his "Horæ Apocalyptica." Lord Macaulay, when in India, was suddenly attacked by an Englishman, to whom he had never spoken, and whom he did not know, exclaiming: "Pray, Mr. Macaulay, do you not think that Bonaparte was the beast?" "No, sir, I cannot say that I do." "Sir, he was the beast; I can prove it; I have found the number 666 in his name. Why, sir, if he was not the beast, who was?" "This was a puzzling question," says Macaulay, "and I am not a little vain of my answer. 'Sir,' said I, 'the House of Commons is the beast. There are 658 members of the House; and these, with their chief officers—the three clerks, the sergeant and his deputy, the chaplain, the doorkeeper and the librarian—make 666!'" His interlocutor, however, would pursue his demonstration, and Macaulay thought he regarded him as a very wicked fellow, and believed that he went away determined to write Macaulay's name in Tamul, leaving out T in Thomas, B in Babington, and M in Macaulay, which he says would give to himself the number of this unfortunate beast, and which was exactly the process by which he had fixed the number on Napoleon, spelling the name in Arabic, and leaving out two letters.

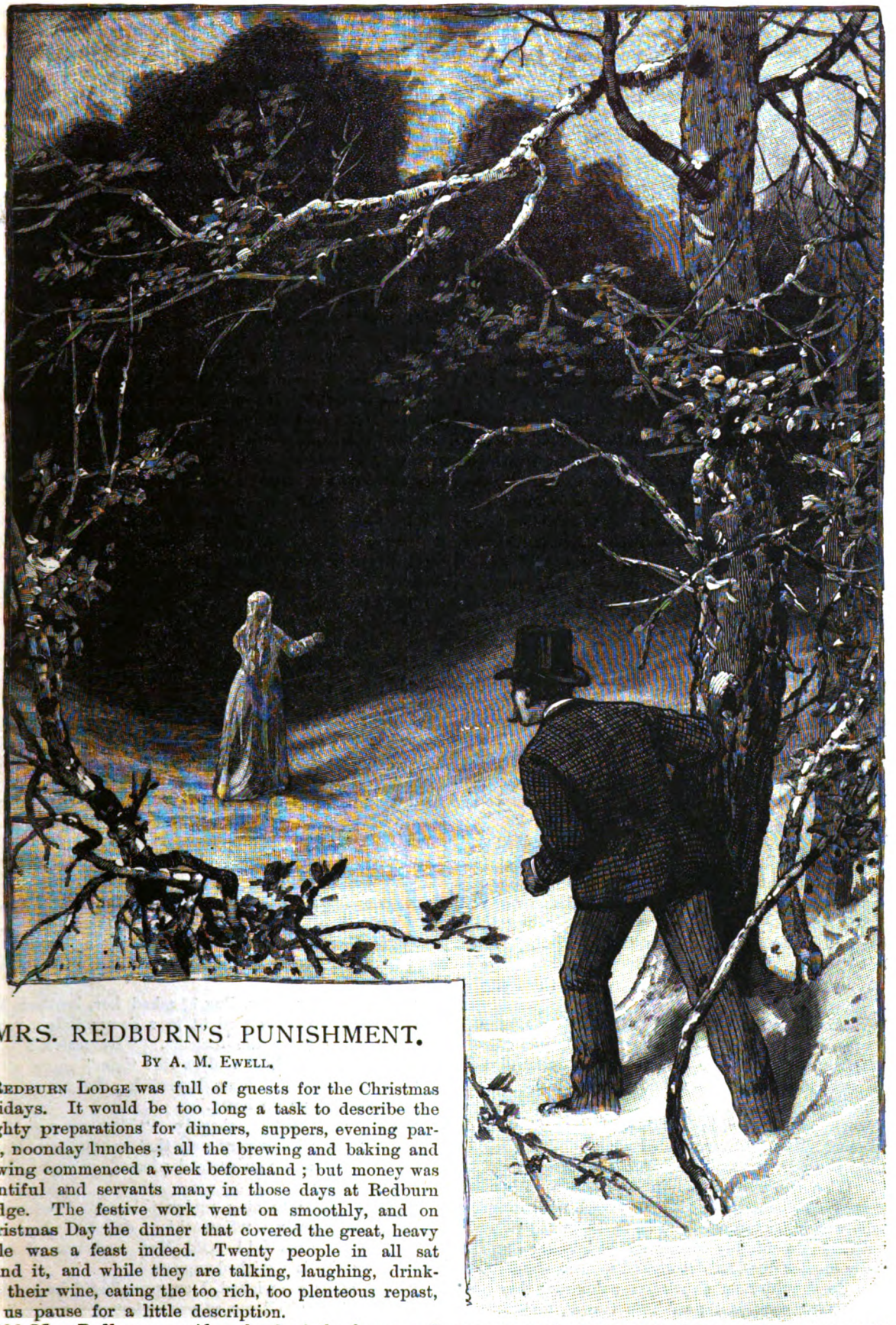
A TORPEDO CANNON-BALL.

The *Avenir Militaire* gives us some particulars concerning a torpedo cannon-ball invented by Captain Coudray, of the French Navy. Four years ago the captain presented his projectile to the authorities, who at once ordered experiments to be made with it at Gaves, near Lorient. We are told that for some time past the modest inventor has been engaged in manufacturing his projectiles under the supervision of a special commission named by the Minister of Marine. At first it was found that all the projectiles discharged at the mean velocity of 150 meters a second rebounded on striking the object at which they were fired. Time was afforded Captain Coudray to improve his invention, and it seems that in spite of much head-shaking on the part of the *savans*, he has succeeded in curing the defect complained of. The torpedo cannon-ball, we are assured, now travels at the rate of 300 meters a second, and instead of rebounding on striking a ship, glides along its side, and never loses contact until it explodes. The last cannon-balls constructed contain a charge of forty pounds of guncotton, although twenty-five pounds is said to be sufficient to blow up the biggest vessel. It is stated that these projectiles can be fired to a much greater distance than the Whitehead.

For a long time the custom was, in writing for the young, to make virtue triumphant in the end. Such a view of the relations of life is recognized by the most careless observer to be false. Virtue, far more frequently than otherwise, is found prostrate and helpless at the feet of vice. Virtue may bring its own reward; it may even have proved itself impervious to the onslaughts of the enemy, but it is the exception rather than the rule that honesty and uprightness of purpose should overthrow meanness and wickedness.

Self Love.—Thinking most highly of the individual who often least deserves our regard.

WHAT OF THE NIGHT?



MRS. REDBURN'S PUNISHMENT.

By A. M. Ewell.

Redburn Lodge was full of guests for the Christmas holidays. It would be too long a task to describe the mighty preparations for dinners, suppers, evening parties, noonday lunches; all the brewing and baking and stewing commenced a week beforehand; but money was plentiful and servants many in those days at Redburn Lodge. The festive work went on smoothly, and on Christmas Day the dinner that covered the great, heavy table was a feast indeed. Twenty people in all sat round it, and while they are talking, laughing, drinking their wine, eating the too rich, too plenteous repast, let us pause for a little description.

Old Mrs. Redburn, a widow, head of the house and owner of all the great Redburn plantations, proud, imperious—some say cruel withal—sat at the head of the

MRS. REDBURN'S PUNISHMENT.—"UP THIS HILL SHE TOOK HER WAY, WALKING STEADILY AND FAST, AND SEEMINGLY WITH A PURPOSE. 'GOOD HEAVENS, THIS IS HORRIBLE! WHERE IS SHE GOING?' SAID HAWKHURST, WITH A GROAN."

table, upright and splendid, in rich silk and lace. Her face was very handsome, though harsh-featured; dignified, had it not been wanting in the good-nature that belongs to all true dignity. Her eyes, looking from under heavy gray eyebrows, were hard, dark and piercing, and her mouth, even when smiling, as it was to-day, was not pleasant to look at. Her only daughter and heiress, Portia Redburn, sat half way down the long board. With her mother's fine features and presence, she united the kind eyes, the sweet smile, the frank, open manner that made her the belle of the whole county. Near her sat Mortimer Hawkhurst, to whom she was engaged, and who, with his sister, had come from Southern Virginia to make a visit at Redburn. Margaret Hawkhurst—or Peggy, as she was called—was a lovely girl, her small, delicate form and blonde beauty contrasting greatly with Portia Redburn's darker, more stately type. Some of the other guests were staying in the house, some only invited for the day. The parson, the doctor, a Judge Somebody, a sprinkling of colonels with some ladies, made up this number, and a lively party it was.

The dinner was almost over and early twilight setting in, the dessert half eaten, wine and talk and laughter circulating freely; the judge and the doctor had launched into their usual Christmas anecdotes, when Peggy Hawkhurst first noticed the presence of a skeleton at this feast. Half a dozen black servants were waiting at table, and one of them, a young woman, who stood behind Mrs. Redburn's own chair, rather in the shade, suddenly caught Peggy's attention. She was weeping fit to break her heart, in a suppressed, dumb, yet anguished way, the large tears pouring down her plump, brown cheeks. She wiped them away with her white apron, but they came streaming down again, as from an endless fountain of grief. The sight was curious and pitiful—the more so that the woman made never a sound.

Peggy looked at her, astonished and sorry, then around the table; but no one else seemed to have seen what troubled herself. The talk and merriment went on; the woman still stood there, quiet, humble, weeping behind Mrs. Redburn's shoulder—a strange contrast to her mistress's hard, haughty face and fixed smile.

Not another morsel could Miss Hawkhurst eat; half sated before, the dainty sweet things seemed to choke her now; she sat silent and impatient till the welcome signal for rising from table. Going up-stairs to her own room a few minutes later, she met the same young black woman coming down, and even in the gray twilight it was evident that she was still crying, though still making no sound. Peggy laid her hand impulsively on the woman's arm.

"What is the matter?" she asked. "Tell me, why do you cry so? and can I do anything to help you?"

"Oh, ma'am," said the other, with a dreadful sob, "you can't do nothing—nobody never kin. Missis—Missis Redburn has kilt my chile."

"What!" said Peggy, in breathless horror; "what do you mean? Mrs. Redburn killed your child!"

"Yes, she did, ma'am; jus' befo' dinner—my po' lill chile! W'en she went down in de kitchen in her fine frock an' gole chains ter see Mammy Lize dish dinner—and' she wuz in 'er temper from de fust—an' my po' chile wuz sittin' in de chimbly corner, an' he 'gin ter cry, like any baby creeter does, an' dat wicked woman, she ketched him by de shoulder an' shuck 'im an' knock his head agin dat hard rock jam'; an' 'fore Gawd', ma'am, he's dead and cole."

"But surely she didn't mean—it was a dreadful accident. Did she know what she had done?" asked the young girl, sickening as she thought of that scene at table and of Mrs. Redburn's unmoved, smiling face. Could this be true? and had the mistress sat down calmly to her dinner after such a deed?

"Know it? co'se she did, ma'am, an' much she keer. I don't say she mean it, but much she keer. You don' know her evil temper w'en you see her so smilin' an' gran'. Ax any of de people—ax Mammy Lize an' Uncle Sam'son an' big Pompey if w'at I've tole you isn't Gawd's truf. An' ter make me go in arterward an' wait on table, like nothin' done happen, dat wuz worser'n all. But Gawd'll pay her back at Judgment Day."

She went on sobbing down the steps, while Peggy Hawkhurst crept to her room, sick at heart and half stunned.

"Oh, horrible, horrible!" she whispered. "And to think that we are friends with this woman, and staying under her roof!"

No tale of blood and crime had ever so affected the girl as this. The woman's words, her pitiful grief, left no room for doubt. It must be true that not half an hour before that grand Christmas dinner the mistress had, through careless cruelty, killed a little human creature and then calmly sat down to eat. The most carefully planned, cunning murder would not have seemed so revolting, so dreadful as this utter scorn of a life.

Peggy sat in the dark for more than an hour thinking it over, then, with a racking headache and pale face, went down to the parlor. She wondered if any of the others knew what she did, and looked anxiously around; but they were talking gayly, and seemed in high spirits. Portia Redburn was pale, and her eyes glittered feverishly; but she talked more than usual, and laughed her clearest laugh. Mrs. Redburn was there, too, talking, smiling her hard, joyless laugh. She came up to Peggy to ask after her headache and make polite speeches; but the girl was silent and half repulsive, remembering what her hostess had so lately done.

"Some of the revengeful black wretches have been blabbing to her already, I expect," said Mrs. Redburn to her daughter, during a certain fierce discussion between them that night. "We must put a stop to that; and as for the rest, why, accidents happen to the best of us. And what matters a little whimpering negro brat?"

The next day there was more dainty eating and drinking, plans for a long drive, an early dinner, and a dance at night.

Peggy Hawkhurst was, however, not in a festive mood, and her pale face and dull spirits called forth many remarks.

"What's the matter, Peg?" asked her brother Mortimer, finding her that night in a deep window-recess, moping away from the dancers. "Homesick? This will never do, sis, here and at this time."

"I can't help it. I am homesick. Let us go away from here—let us go home."

"Nonsense," said he, sharply. "How can you be so childish? You know very well that we came to stay at least a month, and you seemed pleased enough. What freak is this?"

"I can't bear to stay under this roof," whispered Peggy, vehemently. "Something dreadful has happened here—dreadful! Old Mrs. Redburn, I never liked her; she is a wicked woman."

"Most of us are wicked, I suppose," said he, adding, quite sternly: "Tell me at once what you mean." In the next room violins were sounding merrily, flying feet kept time to their music, gay voices filled up every pause. They were dancing a Virginia reel, Portia, look-

ing her handsomest, at the head of it, her mother graciously smiling at the young people's fun; but the brother and sister were quite apart and alone in their shaded recess, when Peggy, shuddering, told him what she knew. He seemed shocked but incredulous. "She looks like she had a fearful temper," he said; "but, Peggy, this is a serious charge. How do you know but what the woman lied? It's past belief, my dear."

"No, no; not she. It's true, I know it's true. If you had seen her face, her manner, poor thing. It's true. And yet, just look there. See that cruel, wicked woman now, not caring a straw."

"Yes, not much trace of remorse," said Hawkhurst; 'but of course it was an accident—a horrid accident. She couldn't have meant to kill the child; and now, of course, there is nothing for it but to wear a brave front. We don't know how she feels. We must stay here and make the best of it."

"I wonder if Portia knows," said his sister.

"I hope not," he breathed, fervently. Then, glancing at her brilliant face, hearing her gay, easy laughter, he added: "No, surely she does not know." But still there remained some doubt, and the question recurred again and again: "Did she know?"

"Murder will out," is an old saying, often verified. In this case, perhaps, it was not strange that it was so.

Neither Mortimer Hawkhurst nor his sister breathed one word of what had been told Peggy; but others heard it in the same way, spite of Mrs. Redburn's threats and command of silence. In a few days strange whispers spread among the guests at Redburn Lodge. Sally Lee, the dead child's mother, buried it in the old, waste, brier-grown slaves' burying-ground hard by, and went about her work afterward with such a sullen, woful face that she was banished to the negro "quarter" with threats of a whipping; but the other house-servants found many a chance for dark whispers and hints concerning their mistress. The life of a little negro, more or less, was—alas for it!—of not much consequence in those days. Old slavery customs prevailed, and though deliberate and shameful cruelty was sometimes punished, in a case like this the owner always got the benefit of the doubt. That murder had been intended here no one believed; but what of the evil temper that had dashed a little crying child against a stone wall! It was hideous, and Mrs. Redburn's after behavior, and the hearty dinner she had eaten that day, told strongly against her.

Redburn Lodge was a lonely place—a great, heavy red brick house in a thick grove, with fields and woods stretching for miles around, and not another house in sight; just the place for a large party to spend merry Christmas in, if merrily disposed. But now, somehow, the loneliness asserted its power and prevailed. Dark, cloudy, gloomy weather came on; the guests staying in the house dropped off by one or two at a time, till only half a dozen, including Hawkhurst and Peggy, were left. To Peggy the time was dreary and hateful, and she longed to go away. Used all her life to slavery, she had yet always seen slaves treated with kindness, even tenderness, among her own people; indeed, it had been said that the Hawkhursts were foolish in this respect—slaves to their slaves. But this case of cruelty, so suddenly brought before her, set new thoughts, doubts as to right and wrong, pity, distrust, all moving and struggling in her honest heart. Her brother was gloomy and unhappy too, spite of his attempts to shake it off—the only one who did not wish himself away. He loved Portia Redburn, his first love and promised wife, as never before; but something had come between them. She was not unkind, not even reserved, in the usual sense of that word, but their old confidence was gone. Did she know of her mother's horrid act?—did she know? was the question that haunted him, and he could not find an answer. It was scarcely possible that she was still ignorant; but no look or word had betrayed her. Still the life of the party was she, never so brilliant, so beautiful; the only one who seemed to enjoy the dancing, the music, the walks and rides that palled on all the rest. Her laugh was louder, her raillery more ceaseless than ever before, and Hawkhurst, sharing in it, felt never so distant from her real self. Could nature or training have made her so hard, so indifferent to what had happened? He would not allow the thought that something was wanting in his future wife's moral nature, or speculate on what that want might some day lead to.

But what strange, fitful sound was that which made itself heard at night in and around Redburn Lodge? Was it the wind that wailed and cried among the many tall chimneys with a new, suggestive tone, or was it indeed the faint, pitiful, ghostly cry of a little child? The first night they heard it, one week after Christmas Eve, all seated around a glowing fire in the great parlor, when it came wailing under the windows, outside the doors, why did they all shiver and look nervously around? Mrs. Redburn sat as upright and undaunted as usual, but her face grew yellow-white, and her hands clutched convulsively together.

"How the wind screams around this old barn of a house. Ugh! it gives one the creeps!" said Portia, with a shrug, and going to the piano, began to play recklessly some of her gayest tunes; but through all that little faint wail—that strange voice—asserted itself at intervals again and again.

On the morning after this, as Hawkhurst was strolling, with his gun ready for any chance game, through a wood near the house, he saw Portia walking not far before him, alone. The scene was dreary all around them. Tall, gray, naked trees overhead seemed to uphold the low, heavy, dark sky. A skim of snow half covered the dead leaves underfoot. A cheerless, wintry world, through which she walked swiftly with erect head, in her crimson cloak, the picture of youth and beauty. A few long, quick strides and he was beside her. She was startled, paused a moment in silence, then laughed.

"Well, sir, is it you? Am I to thank you for not shooting me for a redbird? I came out to breathe. I can't get my breath indoors with people always looking at me."

He looked at her keenly, and noticed for the first time that she seemed worn and even broken, as if by anxiety, with a curious, strained look about the eyes and mouth.

"Why, poor child," he said, huskily, "I don't wonder that you are tired of us all. You can't hide from me any longer, Portia, that you are not well, not happy; something is wrong. I've felt for the last week that some change had come over you. It has been like an invisible wall between us. Why, dearest, if there's any secret, any trouble on your mind, can't you tell it all to me? Can't you trust me?"

"Secret—trouble! Nonsense! I am very well. Why should you talk of a change. Could you and I be all in all together with all these others here?"

"It wasn't that I meant," said Hawkhurst, very gravely, after which they walked on in silence, feeling, as he had said, an invisible wall between them, till she struck into some light strain of talk.

That night—for many nights after—came that strange wailing sound, the voice. It must be the wind, all said,

and yet how like a child's cry! The guests all heard it, and the servants heard it, too, and great was the whispered horror among them concerning the "ha'nt" that had come to punish old mistress. They told over their cabin-fires at night many old stories of the Redburn temper, which, according to tradition, was always cruel and bad; and as their present owner was a Redburn by birth as well as by marriage, she had her full share honestly. It must come out in Miss "Poshy" sooner or later, they all said, with ominous head-shakes. Yes, sooner or later it would. Mrs. Redburn held her head high; but one could see that even her iron nerve was failing, and as for Portia, her proud spirit sank visibly.

AN IDYL.— FROM THE PAINTING BY PAUL MARTIN.

One night Mr. Hawkhurst sat up later than usual in his own room, reading and smoking; reminded, at last, that it was bedtime by the hall-clock striking twelve, he had begun to undress when Mrs. Redburn's door, opening into the passage next his own, was unclosed,

and he heard some one step out and go down-stairs. Moved by a strong impulse, he opened his own door, went into the passage and looked down over the stair-railing. A swinging-lamp was burning in the lower hall, and there, full in its light, stood Mrs. Redburn herself. She was clad in dressing-gown and slippers, her gray hair uncovered and hanging down, her hands extended before her, her face pale and rigid, her eyes wide open and staring glassily; by which look, and by her whole manner, Hawkhurst saw, with a shudder and the feeling of fear that such a sight always brings, that she was walking in her sleep. She stood as if listening, uncertain, then going to the front door, unlocked, opened it and went out. Hawkhurst went down quietly, put on his hat and followed her.

Should he stop her, or should he let her go on? The former course was his duty, perhaps, but a sense of shrinking from her possible touch, and some strong curiosity as to her movements, bid him let her alone. The night was cold and cloudy, with promise of coming snow, but a full moon, though hidden, gave light enough to see by—a chill, gray light. He could see her cross the wide lawn, go through a little side gate, through the orchard, over a stile into the open field beyond, and he followed. Before them rose a long hillslope, a pasture-field slanting, gray and bleak, toward the gray horizon; and up this hill she took her way, walking steadily and fast, and seemingly with a purpose.

"Good heavens, this is horrible! Where is she going!" said Hawkhurst, with a groan, as he thought of Portia.

The woman was old and infirm. He could see that her thin garments were soon stiffened with the frost. Was it common humanity to let her go on so? He hastened forward till by her side, reached out his hand and would have touched her, when very near them arose a sound—a faint, wailing sound, like the crying of a child—the Voice!

With a feeling of strange fear, he drew back and looked around. It was certainly not the wind this time, for not a breeze stirred the solemn midnight chill all about them; but there was the cry—low, but distinct. Mrs. Redburn stopped, threw up her hands with a wild gesture, and seemed to listen. The sound came again from some distance in front of them, yet again further off, flitting on and on, faint but clear, as if to guide them, and they followed. At last, on the very top of the hill, they came to what seemed a large, inclosed thicket, a place that Hawkhurst had noticed before in the daytime. Some tall trees grew within the decaying rail-fence, a tangle of wild grapevines and sassafras-bushes, leafless brambles, dead weed-stalks—all matted together around their trunks. Not a pleasant place to be buried in, but a burying-ground it was, and had been for more than a century—that of the slaves at Redburn Plantation. There were few headstones here, but the graves were thick, so thick that the negroes said they could not dig a new one without breaking into the old. A little grave digged here two weeks before had disclosed several moldering bones. Here the Voice that had come before them seemed to pause and invite them into the black heart of the thicket—crying, crying, crying—a tone that, spite of his manly courage and nerve, sent the cold chills down

FOOTPRINTS OF WASHINGTON IN 1753.— WASHINGTON CROSSING LAKE LE BŒUF.— SEE PAGE 23.

Hawkhurst's spine. At the fence the lady stood still for a minute, then ran her hands along the topmost rail, lifted one foot to a lower one, and, with singular activity, was about to spring over, when he caught her by the arm and she awoke. For a moment she struggled and stared at him, in wild horror.

"What! what is this? Where am I?" she panted, shaking in his grasp.

Whereat he told her all that had passed—in as few words as possible.

"Let us go back," she said, trembling, but with a desperate effort to speak in her usual proud tone. "Do not be alarmed for me. Do not mention this to any one. It is no uncommon thing. Many people walk in their sleep. Come! let me go in front."

They started so; she, shaking and stumbling, in front, but declining to take his arm. The strange cry had ceased behind, but before they had gone twenty yards there came another voice through the darkness toward them, and one came running with wild, white face and streaming hair and wringing hands—Portia.

"Mother! mother!" she wailed. "What is this? why did you come here? Oh, God! I can't bear this any longer. I—— What, Mortimer! you, too!"

Mrs. Redburn shuddered and shook, but spoke with wonderful steadiness:

"I walked in my sleep to-night. I have done it before sometimes. Many people do when not well, and I am not well. Come back with us. Walk behind me with Hawkhurst, between me and that—let me go in front."

She passed on, but Portia stood still, confronting her lover with haggard eyes and wildly uplifted hands.

"She came here—here, in her sleep!" she cried. "Oh, dreadful, dreadful! What shall I do! It is killing me! I can't sleep all night—it hurts me all day! You thought me heartless; they all do, but I can't hide it from you now."

"My own, my own dearest," said Hawkhurst, with tenderest pity. "Why did you ever try to hide it from me?"

"Oh, Mortimer," she went on, passionately. "You know what happened on Christmas Day. My mother is a murderess. A ghost haunts her, crying for vengeance. She will die by inches, yet never say 'I am sorry' once. The evil temper is in our blood. I was brought up to pride myself on it, and I might do so, like she did, myself one day. Think of that! We are cursed, I tell you—cursed. Go you away with your good, innocent sister, and never think any more of marrying me."

"Give you up for this! Never!" he said. "Do you think that any trouble, any crime, will ever change my best hope, my dearest resolve in life?"

She began to sob as he put his arms around her.

"I would be a weak, bad creature to let you do it, my dear, my dear," she sighed, the tears raining down; but he knew what the words were worth, and spite of all that had passed that night, and of her pitiful grief, he was happier than for days before as he half led, half carried her home.

Mrs. Redburn was there before them, locked in her own room. At its threshold our thoughts shrink back, chilled and repugnant. Who can tell what remorse she felt, though, as Portia said, she would die and make no sign. I do not envy her sleep if she had any more that night.

"Take Peggy away from here," said Portia to Hawkhurst next morning. "The Norton girls and Dennis Taylor are going soon. Let me fight it out with my poor mother alone. When I want you I will let you know."

"You know where I would always like to be," he said; "but if you think best—yes, we'll go to-morrow; it is time." Mrs. Redburn came down to breakfast that day, pale, haggard, gaunt, yet undaunted. "A wonderful woman," thought Hawkhurst, not without admiration, remembering last night.

She was attending to her housekeeping as usual in the morning, at dinner heading a dull and mirthless party—the only one who talked—and at twilight took her seat with the young people around the parlor fire.

That evening was a sad and tiresome one, and the hours dragged slowly by. Portia made small pretense now at liveliness—the others tried to talk; but spite of these efforts dead silence seemed to settle on them like a dark, ominous foreboding; all longing, as they were, for to-morrow's parting. Yet the social air was chill with coming dread of they knew not what. In the midst of a long silence came at last, strangely unsuited to the bright light from many candles, the warmth, the early hour, that now familiar sound—the Voice. There was a high wind to-night, shaking the leafless trees outside, screaming, whistling around the house; but all felt, past mistaking, that this was not the wind. Mrs. Redburn's face might have been stone but for her terrible eyes; Portia grew white, and shuddered visibly; the rest looked at each other with scared glances, and Hawkhurst strove to say something—to start some talk—but could not. They sat and listened. From the outside tumult it seemed to come—that sound—through the wall of the house, adown the long hallway to the very door.

And now let all my readers who scoff at the supernatural turn away in contempt from this part of the story. We express no opinion thereon, simply telling the tale as told to us many years after the events happened. But this is certain, that seven competent witnesses saw, that night at Redburn, what I am about to relate.

The little whimpering cry staid for a moment outside the room-door, then the door slowly opened before them all, and it—the Voice—came through into the room, passed through their midst till it paused by Mrs. Redburn's chair. She stood up, and her face was like gray marble, her eyes a revelation of horror. She stood up, and reaching out her hand, seemed to meet the hold of some invisible fingers scarcely above her knee. That her fixed, downcast eyes saw something that the others could not see was certain. They sat dumb, staring awe-stricken, as she passed with her unseen guide—the Voice—beside her, through the open door. It closed as it had opened, without earthly touch, behind her—or them. Then the spell that had kept them silent and motionless was broken. All sprang to their feet but Portia Redburn, who lay back swooning in her chair. The young ladies screamed and clung together; Hawkhurst and Dennis Taylor opened the door and rushed out, to find Mrs. Redburn lying in a fit on the hall-floor. She never spoke again, and died that night. The story of her sin and its punishment is well known to this day in the neighborhood of Redburn Lodge, and has been told a thousand times around Winter fires in hall and cabin. It is more thrilling so told than I dare hope it will be on paper; but here it is, to the best of my telling. Portia married Hawkhurst not long after her mother's singular death; but they never lived at Redburn. And the Voice! I never found out that it was certainly heard after that memorable night; but many of the negroes thereabouts declare it has never ceased to haunt the old house on Christmas Day.

FOOTPRINTS OF WASHINGTON IN 1753.

A CONDENSED HISTORY OF THE JOURNEY FROM WILLIAMSBURG, VA., TO THE FRENCH FORT AT LE BŒUF LAKE, ERIE COUNTY, PA.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY MRS. C. INGERSOLL GARA.

INTELLIGENCE was received from time to time during the year 1753, by the authorities of Virginia, that the French were making encroachments on what was deemed British territory beyond the Alleghany Mountains. Messengers were sent out for observation and inquiry, who brought back various reports, particularly that a French army was approaching from Canada with a view to erecting fortifications on the Ohio River (including the present Alleghany River), and taking possession of the whole country in the name of the French King. As this region was supposed to be within the limits of Virginia, Governor Dinwiddie regarded it as his duty, in conformity with instructions, to watch the movements of the French and make preparations for defending the British claim. He resolved to send a messenger, duly authorized, to demand of the chief French officer his designs, ascertaining the facts, and making such observations as his opportunities would allow. Major George Washington was selected for this arduous undertaking. His knowledge of the Indians, his practical acquaintance with the modes of living and traveling in the woods, acquired in surveying expeditions, and the marked traits of character he had displayed, were, says Sparks's History, doubtless the qualities that recommended him for this delicate and important mission, although he had not then reached his twenty-second year.

Governor Dinwiddie's instructions expressed special trust and confidence in Major Washington's ability and fidelity, and directed him to proceed, at the earliest possible period, to the locality where the French had lately erected a fort or forts, or where the commandant of the French forces resided, and deliver to him the Governor's message ; and, after waiting not exceeding one week for an answer, take leave, and return with the fullest information he could obtain respecting the matter.

It appears, from Major Washington's journal of his tour, that he started from Williamsburg, the English seat of government in Virginia, by the most direct route, in the early part of November, 1753. He engaged a Mr. Gist and four others, including two Indian traders, as guides and protectors through the wilderness country. Excessive rains and vast quantities of snow obstructed his progress. Reaching Logstown, on the Ohio River, he called upon an Indian chief named Monakatoocha in the absence of his superior, Half King, and informed him, through his interpreter, that he was a messenger from the English Government to the French general, and had been ordered to see the Sachems of the Six Nations and apprise them of the fact. He gave him a string of wampum and a twist of tobacco, and requested him to send for Half King, which he promised to do by a runner in the morning, and for other sachems. Half King, who was considered a good friend of the English, came to Logstown about three o'clock the next day, being the 25th, and Washington invited him to his tent to meet him with his interpreter, John Davidson. Complying with his request, he desired Half King to relate some of the particulars of a journey to the French commandant and of his reception there, and also to communicate some of the ways and distances. Half King told Washington that the nearest and levelest way was then impassable by reason of many large miry savannas ; that he must go by Venango (now Franklin, in Venango County, Pa.), and could not get to the near fort in less than five or six days. He stated that he was received at the fort in a very stern manner by the commander, who asked him what he wanted, and to declare his business, which he said he did in the following speech : "Fathers, I am come to tell you your own speeches—what your own mouths have declared. Fathers, you in former days set a silver basin before us, wherein was the leg of a beaver, and desired all the nations to come and eat of it—to eat in peace and plenty—and not to be churlish to one another ; and that if any such person should be found to be a disturber, I here lay down by the edge of the dish a rod, which you must scourge them with. And if your father should get foolish in my old days, I desire you may use it upon me as well as others.

"Now, fathers, it is you who are disturbers in this land, by coming and building your towns and taking it away unknown to us, and by force.

"Fathers, we kindled a fire a long time ago at a place called Montreal, where we desired you to stay, and not to come and intrude upon our land. I now desire you may dispatch to that place, for, be it known to you, fathers, that this is our land and not yours.

"Fathers, I desire you may hear me in civilness ; if not, we must handle the rod which was laid down for the use of the obstreperous. If you had come in a peaceful manner like our brothers, the English, we would not have been against your trading with us as they do ; but to come, fathers, and build houses upon our land, and to take it by force, is what we cannot submit to.

"Fathers, both you and the English are white ; we live in a country between. Therefore, the land belongs neither to one nor the other. But the Great Being above allowed it to be a place of residence for us. So, fathers, I desire you to withdraw, as I have done our brothers, the English, for I will keep you at arm's-length. I lay this down as a trial for both, to see which will have the greatest regard to it, and that side we will stand by and make equal shares with us. Our brothers, the English, have heard this, and I come now to tell it to you, for I am not afraid to discharge you off this land."

The French general replied to this speech in a defiant spirit, expressing a determination to go down the river and build upon it according to his command, adding : "Child, you talk foolish. You say the land belongs to you ; but it is my land, and I will have it, let who will stand up for or say against it."

The French general also informed Half King that the French had built two forts, one on Lake Erie, at Presque Isle Bay, and another on French Creek, near a small lake, about fifteen miles asunder, and a large wagon-road between. They were both built after the same model, but different in size, that on the lake the largest.

The small lake referred to in connection with French Creek Fort is Lake Le Bœuf, just outside of Waterford, Erie County, Pa. It is a charming body of water about three miles long, dotted with islands, and a popular resort for pleasure and fishing parties. The citizens of Waterford cherish a just sense of pride in the consciousness that the immortal Washington once trod the earth within their borough limits ; and the influence of his

WASHINGTON'S FRIEND, "HALF KING."

teachings and example is seen in their loyalty to a government he materially helped to form and establish.

Associated with the old French fort is a legend, handed down from one generation to another, to the effect that a hostile band of Indians attacked it one dark night, and killed all within except two men, who escaped through an underground passage to the lake; but the citizens of Waterford gave it no credence. However, a few years ago some one, in digging for a cellar, discovered the buried and broken timbers which had covered the sluiceway, and on further examination many relics, such as articles for table use, spades, axes, and various implements of warfare, including a tailor's goose, were found, and are now carefully preserved by their possessors. Some of these are presented in the accompanying sketches, through the kind attention of William Judson and H. Ralston Vincent, old and honored residents of Waterford.

On the 26th, at a meeting in council, Major Washington spoke as follows: "Brothers, I have called you together in council, by order of your brother, the Governor of Virginia, to acquaint you that I am sent with all possible dispatch to visit and deliver a letter to the French commandant, of very great importance to your brothers, the English; and, I dare say, to you, their friends and allies.

"I was desired by the Governor, your brother, to call upon you, the Sachems of the Nations, to inform you of it, and to ask your advice and assistance to proceed by the nearest and best road to the French. You see, brothers, I have gotten thus far on my journey.

"His Honor likewise desired me to apply for some of your young men to conduct and provide provisions for us on our way, and be a safeguard against those French Indians who have taken up the hatchet against us. I have spoken thus particularly to you, brothers, because His Honor, our Governor, treats you as good friends and allies, and holds you in great esteem. To confirm what I have said, I give you this string of wampum."

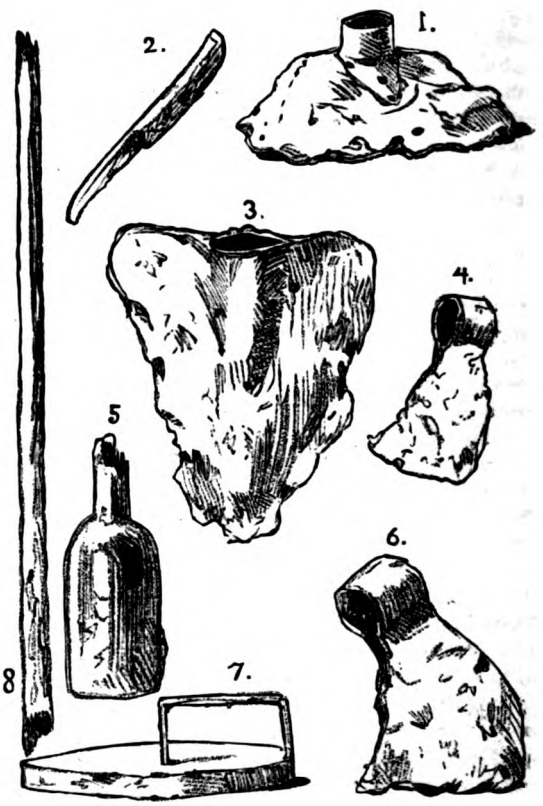
After they had considered for some time on the above discourse, Half King got up and spoke:

"Now, my brother, in regard to what my brother, the Governor, had desired of me, I return you this answer:

"I rely upon you as a brother ought to do; as you say, we are brothers and one people. We shall put our heart in hand and speak to our fathers, the French, concerning the speech they made to me; and you may depend that we will endeavor to be your guard.

"Brother, as you have asked my advice, I hope you will be ruled by it, and stay until I can provide a company to go with you. The French speech-belt is not here; I have to go for it to my hunting-cabin. Likewise, the people whom I have ordered in are not yet come, and cannot until the third night from this; until which time, brother, I must beg you to stay."

As Washington had orders to make all possible dispatch, and waiting was contrary to his inclination, he thanked Half King, stating his business would not admit of the required delay. Under strong pressure, however, he remained until the morning of the 30th, when he set out with Half King and three others—sachems—on the road to Venango, where they arrived on the 4th of December, without anything remarkable happening but a continued series of bad weather. Venango was an old Indian town (now Franklin), situated at the mouth of French Creek, on the Ohio (now Alleghany) River, about



1. Hoe. 2. Knife. 3. Spade. 4. Hatchet. 5. Bottle. 6. Ax. 7. Tailor's Goose. 8. Gun stock.

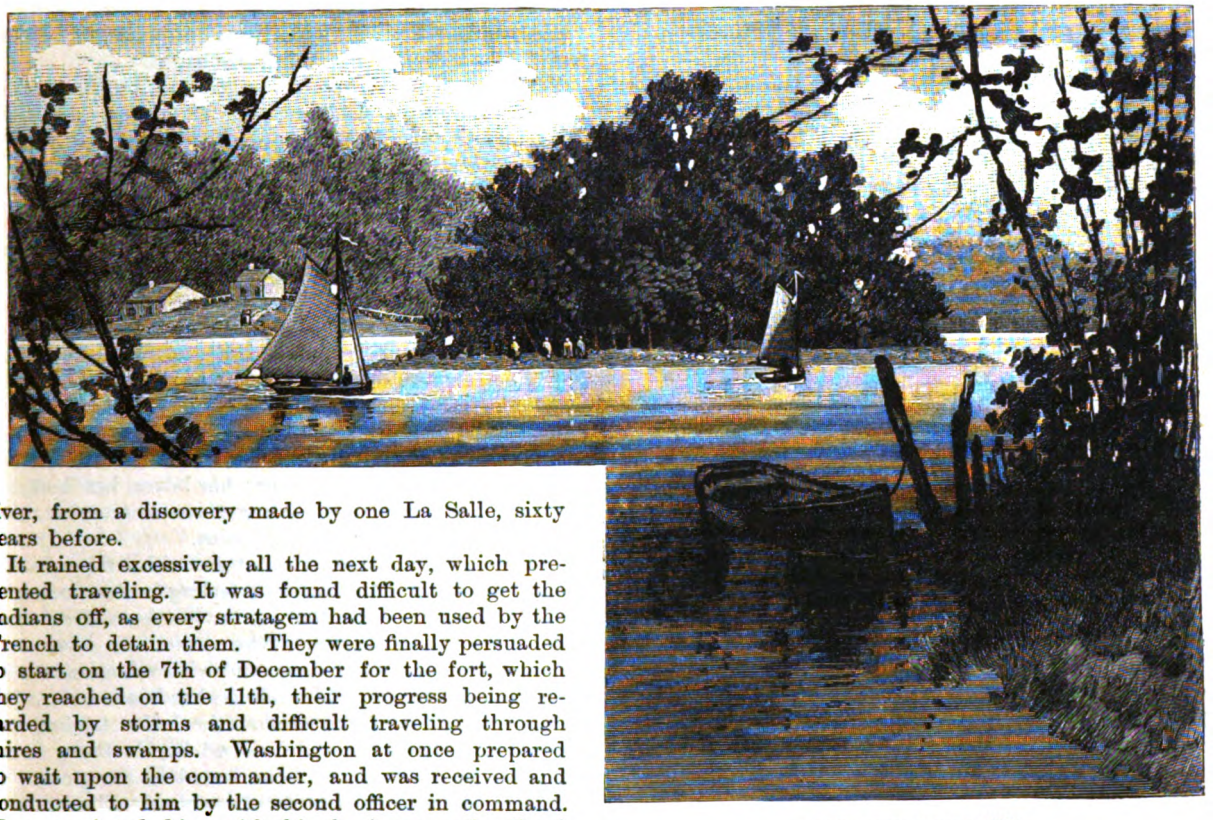
RELICS FOUND AT THE OLD FRENCH FORT.

sixty miles from Logstown. Washington found the French colors hoisted at a house from which Mr. John Frazier, an English subject, had been driven. There were three officers, one of whom, Captain Joncaire, informed Washington that he had command of the Ohio, but that there was a general officer at the near fort, on French Creek, to whom he advised him to apply for information. Invited to sup with these officers, and treated with the greatest complaisance, Washington found them unusually communicative, under the influence of the wine in which they had freely indulged. They avowed their absolute design to take possession of the Ohio, and would do it; for that, although they were sensible the English could raise two to men to their one, yet they knew their motions were too slow to prevent any undertaking of theirs. They pretended to have an undoubted right to the river, from a discovery made by one La Salle, sixty years before.

It rained excessively all the next day, which prevented traveling. It was found difficult to get the Indians off, as every stratagem had been used by the French to detain them. They were finally persuaded to start on the 7th of December for the fort, which they reached on the 11th, their progress being retarded by storms and difficult traveling through mires and swamps. Washington at once prepared to wait upon the commander, and was received and conducted to him by the second officer in command. He acquainted him with his business, and offered him his commission and letter, both of which he was requested to keep until the arrival of M. Reparti, captain at the next fort, who was sent for and expected every hour. At two o'clock he arrived, when Washington offered his letter and commission again, which were received and a private apartment repaired to for the captain, who understood a little English, to translate. After this had been done, the commander desired Washington to walk in and bring his interpreter to peruse and correct, which he did. The chief officers then retired to hold a council of war, affording Washington an opportunity to take the dimensions of the fort and make observations. No certain account of the number of men here could be ascertained, but, according to the best judgment Washington could form, there were a hundred, exclusive of many officers.

Many plots were concerted to retard the business and prevent the Indians from returning with Washington; but on the 16th, after receiving an answer to the Govenor's letter from the commandant, they consented to go. In his journal Washington says: "We had a tedious and very fatiguing passage down the creek. Several times we had like to have been staved against rocks, and many times all hands were obliged to get out and remain in the water half an hour or more, getting over the shoals. At one place the ice had lodged and rendered it impassable by water, and we had to carry our canoe across the neck of land a quarter of a mile. We did not reach Venango until the 22d, where we met with our horses."

After making full preparations, Washington started on his homeward journey unaccompanied by Half King, who was detained by the serious illness of one of his sachems. On account of the weakness of the horses and heaviness of the baggage he was obliged to leave them behind in the care of a trusted friend, and prosecute his travels on foot. He took his necessary papers, pulled off his clothes, and tied himself up in a watch-coat. Then, with gun in hand and pack on his back, in which were his papers and provisions, he set out with Mr. Gist, attired in the same manner, on December 26th. The following day they fell in with a party of French Indians lying in wait for them, one of whom fired at either Washington or Mr. Gist, not fifteen steps off, but fortunately missed. The fellow was taken into custody and kept for a time, when he was released, Washington and his friend walking all night in order to get beyond the reach of danger. In attempting to cross the river on a raft, which they had constructed with one poor hatchet after a whole day's labor, Washington was thrown, by the violent dashing of the waves, into ten feet of water, saving himself by catching hold of one of the raft logs. Notwithstanding great exertion they could not get to either shore, and were obliged to quit their raft and take refuge on a near island. The cold was so extremely severe that Mr. Gist had all his fingers and some of his



LAKE LE BŒUF IN 1886.

toes frozen, and the water was shut up so hard that they found no difficulty in getting off the island in the morning.

On Tuesday, the 1st of January, 1754, Mr. Gist's residence at Monongahela was reached, where Washington bought a horse and saddle. On the 6th he arrived at Wills Creek, after as fatiguing a journey as it is possible to conceive. In his journal he says of it: "From the 1st of December to the 16th there was but one day on which it did not rain or snow incesssantly; and throughout the whole journey we met with nothing but one continned series of cold, wet weather, which occasioned very uncomfortable lodgings, especially after we had quitted our tent, which was some screen from the inclemency of it." On the 16th he arrived in Williamsburg, immediately waiting upon Governor Dinwiddie and delivering the letter from the French commandant, with the essential details of his exceedingly difficult mission, performed in a manner entirely satisfactory to the Government he represented.

Thus closed one of the most arduous undertakings of modern times, bringing into exercise rare judgment, extraordinary tact and courage, and unsurpassed powers of physical endurance.

MARIE STUART.

By F. S. Salters.

Sweet, prayerful martyr of the dull, dead days,
When grave old London lingered in the gloom
Of frowning gibbets and of pyres, whose blaze
Was fed of flesh; and when the Tower bells' boom
Awed the lugubrious calm of streets and ways—
When love, and sin, and crime found one same tomb—
Remember, Queen, thy odious, hurried doom,
Hath found in history an avenging praise!

The cold, sharp ax that smote thy royal head
Sundered not with it thy poetic breath;
For through long ages that have waned and fled
We guard thy name that never will know death;
While thy rich blood still spatters with its red
The hideous wrinkles of Elizabeth!

THE MURDER IN THE BRÜDER STRASSE.

By S. Baring-Gould.

In the early part of the eighteenth century there lived in the Brüder Strasse, Berlin, a merchant, Lampert by name, married to a wife somewhat younger than himself—a handsome woman, fond of dress and amusement. And by her he had a daughter, whom the vain mother did her best to spoil.

Every year Lampert went to the Leipsic fair on business, and in the year 1730 he resolved as usual to attend the fair.

On the evening before he was about to start, he called his wife into their common bedchamber, and asked her to assist him in counting his money, which he kept in a strong iron double-locked coffer beneath his bed.

He always carried his keys about with him, never laying them aside. His wife at his summons came with a candle into the room, and he unlocked the chest in her presence, and brought out his money to the table, where he purposed counting it and taking from it the sum necessary for his traveling expenses and for the purchases he intended making at the Leipsic fair.

The box contained a large purse of leather, wrapped round with cord and sealed with his own signet. The coin it contained consisted of French pistoles with the exception of six Dutch ducats.

Lampert found the lock untampered with and the leather purse as he had left it, bound with the string and with his seal unbroken—in a word, all was in the condition in which he had left it, except the contents of the purse. As he counted the money in the presence of his wife, twelve pistoles and one of the six ducats were missing. This discovery filled him and his wife with dismay. They counted the money again, they searched every corner of the box, turned the bag inside out, but could not discover the smallest trace of the missing coins. Lampert had written a ticket of the amount, when he had inclosed it in the bag before he sealed it up. How had the money been abstracted without breaking the seals, and getting the keys from the merchant?

The room occupied by Lampert and his wife was so situated that no stranger could have entered it unobserved during the day, and it was quite certain that no robbers had broken in during the night.

When the couple had recovered from their first astonishment, they considered who could have done the deed, and they could think of no one at all likely to be guilty of the theft, except their housemaid, Marie Keller, a young woman of twenty-three.

The merchant at once summoned her to the room, and charged her with having stolen the money. He promised her if she would confess and make restitution, that he would forgive her, and though he would dismiss her from his service he would hush the matter up. The girl trembled and nearly fainted, but protested her innocence, and so resolutely refused to allow her guilt that Lampert and his wife insisted on examining her bedroom. They made her lead the way with a candle, and stand in the middle of the room whilst her master and mistress explored every corner: her boxes, her bed, her drawers, in a word, every hiding-place where she could have stowed away the missing coins.

The search had lasted some time without producing any result, when Frau Lampert, feeling in the pocket of an old and ragged dress that lay on the floor, drew forth one of the Dutch ducats. When this was discovered Marie Keller burst into tears, and with vehemence reasserted her innocence. She fell on her knees before her master and mistress, vowed that she had not taken any coin from their coffer, and declared her inability to account for the ducat having been found in her pocket in any other way than by supposing some malevolent person had put it there to inculpate her when she was as guiltless as a newborn child. Her protests were coldly listened to and disregarded. The evidence of the ducat in her pocket seemed conclusive to Lampert that she and no stranger had robbed him.

It was remembered that she visited his bedroom every day, generally, indeed, with his daughter, to make the bed, sweep and clean it. There was absolutely no one else who entered that room, and when Lampert considered that she daily was present in the chamber where the money was, and put in connection with that the fact of some of the coin being found in her pocket, he felt it was not possible for him to doubt her guilt any longer. He locked her into her attic room, from which escapo was not feasible, and consulted with his wife below what was to be done.

According to Prussian law at the time, those guilty of theft were hanged if the value of the articles stolen amounted to five thalers—or three dollars and seventy five cents—and the thief was over eighteen years old.

Lampert seems to have been a hard man. He was very

angry at the loss of his money, and especially incensed at Marie's obstinacy in denying having taken it. He told his wife that he would communicate with the police, have the girl arrested, and that he would let her suffer the consequences. Frau Lampert urged him to be merciful. Let him pardon this first error in the poor girl's conduct, dismiss her, and try to forget his loss. But Lampert would not be pacified. Then she urged that the law was cruelly severe, and that the sum of money lost was not one so great but that Lampert would scarcely feel it, and that he would be certain, later, to regret his harshness in giving over to death a girl who had yielded to a first temptation, and had taken a comparatively insignificant sum of money.

Lampert was an obstinate man, one of those men who, when they have made up their mind, take a pride in sticking to their resolutions, whatever reasons may be brought to induce them to alter. Perhaps one thing that specially induced Lampert to be severe was that he felt he had been cleverly overreached. He had made his money so doubly, trebly, secure; and even now, when convinced he had been robbed, he was unable to discover how it had been done—for the crime had been committed with extraordinary ingenuity. Not only had the thief managed to unlock and relock the chest, but also to break his seal, and after having abstracted the money to reseal the bag.

He knew that it was possible to closely reproduce a signet with bread, but this requires considerable time. The bread must be well worked, the impression taken whilst the bread is soft; then it must be allowed some days in which to harden. This involved a double opening of his chest, once to take the cast of the seal and again to steal the money and reseal the bag. But—how had Marie got hold of his keys? That was impossible. If, however, she could take the impress of the seal, she could take, also, that of the lock. So, he reasoned, the robbery had been committed; but this means adopted showed that the girl was adroit in the art, and that, in all probability, she belonged to a gang of thieves. This suspicion was corroborated by the fact that none of the money was recovered except one ducat. The rest she had passed into the hands of her confederates.

Lampert, having turned a deaf ear to his wife's remonstrances, went to the magistrate, obtained an order for the arrest of Marie Keller, and a few hours later she was thrown in prison.

No sooner was this done than Frau Lampert sent to Marie's mother, a poor woman living in Berlin, and requested that she would come to her. The poor woman was in great trouble. She could not believe in her daughter's guilt, but was unable to guess who was the thief. Frau Lampert told her that the girl had been a good servant, and had never hitherto given her an occasion to mistrust her. She added that the girl Marie made a great mistake in refusing to acknowledge her crime, and promised to give the mother the missing sum of money, if Marie would confess her guilt, and refund Lampert through the mother.

The old woman accepted the offer and went to Lampert. She told him that she was heart-broken at the thought that Marie had robbed him. She offered him the money which, she said, her daughter had confided to her, and then implored him to have mercy and withdraw from the prosecution of the charge.

But Lampert was still not to be shaken. He had now got this additional proof against Marie, that her mother had received the stolen coins, and he at once visited the examining judge and requested him to hear the confession of the mother. In Germany the examining judge holds a position to which we have nothing analogous. He is in part public prosecutor, and it is his office to collect evidence against the accused. The most important evidence is that obtained from the prisoner himself. He is questioned by the examining judge, in the presence only of a notary employed to take down his replies. The examinations are numerous, and formerly the most cruel means were had recourse to, to extort a confession. During the inquiry the prisoner is kept in ignorance of the charge against him, and any endeavor on his part to gain information on the subject is an offense in law. He is not allowed to see a copy of his own evidence or of that of the witnesses. But when the judge has failed to obtain a confession the prisoner is unexpectedly confronted with one or more of the witnesses against him, or with an accomplice, if there be one, in the hopes of surprising him into a confession. Should the prisoner refuse to answer, he is put on a diet of bread and water. In cases of murder the accused is led to the spot where the crime was committed, and the bleeding corpse, or, may be, the moldering remains are suddenly shown to him. Torture used to be employed to wring a confession from him. He was subjected to the thumbscrew, the rack and to fire. Sometimes he was kept for months during Winter without fire, and in damp cells, where he was agonized with rheumatism and ague. The cases are innumerable in which false confessions of guilt were thus extorted from innocent persons. Others have committed suicide rather than confess to crimes they had not committed.

The examining judge now proceeded vigorously to collect proofs of Marie's guilt. He took the evidence of Lampert on oath. In that evidence Lampert acknowledged that he could find no signs of his lock having been tampered with nor of the seal having been forced. Nevertheless, he was able to swear, by the date of the ducat found in Marie's pocket, that it was one of those pieces of coin which he had sealed up in his leather pouch and locked in the chest.

Marie was questioned. She acknowledged that every evening she went into the bedroom where the coffer was, to tidy the room and prepare the bed for her master. Usually she had with her the daughter of her master. She confessed that she had been engaged in the room on the evening preceding the discovery. Also, she admitted that the dress, in the pocket of which the ducat was found, was one of her own, and one, moreover, which she had worn on that very evening. Nevertheless, she persisted in her assertion that she was entirely innocent of the charge.

The mother of the girl was next cross-examined by the judge. The poor woman, like so many of the uneducated, thought to save her daughter by having recourse to falsehood. It is a curious fact that the uncultured in a civilized land, like the savage, regards lying as a natural means of protection which it is always safe, and never wrong, to have recourse to. Frau Keller, confronted with the judge, at once, and naturally, fell back on lying. When asked whence her daughter had obtained the ducat, the poor woman said that it was a godmother's present to Marie, which she (the mother) had formerly retained in her possession, but which she had given to Marie when she went into Lampert's service, because she feared lest, in the event of her own death, her other children might seize on the ducat, and refuse to give it up to Marie.

The poor woman, in telling this story, completely broke down the doubt which the judge had felt hitherto

FOOTPRINTS OF WASHINGTON IN 1753.— GROUND ON WHICH WASHINGTON PITCHED HIS TENT.— SEE PAGE 23.

in Marie's guilt. He looked at the ducat, and it proved by the date on it to have been struck four years after Marie's birth. The judge at once charged the woman with conniving at her daughter's guilt, and showed her how false was her evidence on the testimony of the date on the ducat. This completely upset Frau Keller ; she was unable to speak for some minutes, and at last, in a broken and hesitating voice, told the judge that Marie's mistress had sent for her and offered her the money to indemnify Lampert for his loss, if she would confess that her daughter had committed the theft, and persuade Marie to do so as well.

The judge was so irritated at the woman's lie about the ducat that he dismissed this new story as a fabrication as false as the former, and made no inquiry in that direction. He ordered Marie to be brought into the room, and asked her whether she had been given a ducat by her mother which had been a christening present from a sponsor. The girl expressed surprise at the question, and in her simplicity replied that she had never had such a present. Then he confronted the mother with the daughter.

Frau Keller, confused, and in her confusion having recourse to her original falsehood, insisted that what she had said was true concerning the ducat, that Marie was a half-witted creature who forgot the simplest things told her. Marie, on her side, entreated her mother, for God's sake, to speak the truth. She persisted in asserting that her mother never had told her about a christening present, and certainly had given her none.

The end of this altercation was that Frau Keller confessed she had told a lie, and entreated forgiveness, because she had been impelled by love for her daughter to do all in her power to screen her from the charge of theft and to save her life.

The inquiring judge now demanded that Marie should be put on the rack, and be forced to confess her guilt. The Court appointed a counsel for the defense, who opposed this demand.

He pointed out that there was no trustworthy evidence against Marie. It was true that Herr Lampert had lost money ; but what proof was there that it had been taken by the accused ? Was it possible that a rude, uneducated girl could have contrived a theft so craftily that the smallest trace of tampering with lock and seal was not to be discovered ? It behooved the accuser to show that she had had the keys and the signet of Lampert in her power, and this could not be shown. He declared that he always carried both about with him, and had never missed either for a single day. How was she to know that the coffer contained money, when she was never present when it was open ? For aught she knew it might have contained legal documents. It was quite true that she was allowed to enter the room where the chest was kept, but she was there almost invariably attended by Lampert's daughter, who always assisted in the domestic duties.

It was also true that a ducat had been found in her pocket ; but—how could Lampert swear that it was one of his ducats ? Was his ducat the only one coined in that year ? Were Dutch ducats such rarities that only his six found their way to Berlin ? How the ducat came into her pocket Marie was unable to explain ; but was it not probable that the real thief who had taken the money at the same time put the ducat in her pocket, so as to throw justice on the wrong scent, and lead it to suspect Marie, when the real criminal was, perhaps, an experienced burglar ? According to law, torture was only to be employed against the accused when evidence against the prisoner is almost conclusive, and only a confession is needed to make it absolutely conclusive. He contended that the proofs of Marie's guilt were wanting ; there was circumstantial evidence of the shallowest nature, and none whatever that was direct.

According to a—to us—curious but usual custom in Germany the demand of the public prosecutor and the contention of the counsel for the defense were referred to the legal faculty of the University of Frankfort-on-Oder to decide upon. The University professors examined the evidence, and concluded that it made so heavily against Marie Keller that she must be subjected to torture to extract from her the confession required to finally establish her guilt, and justify sentence of execution. Accordingly the unfortunate girl was placed on the rack, and her nerves and muscles so strained, and her joints dislocated, that in her agony she cried out that she was ready to confess. She was removed from the rack, and admitted her guilt, but every effort that was made to obtain from her an explanation *how* she had managed to extract the money from bag and box failed. She would admit her guilt, but not say how she had committed the theft. But this confession sufficed, and on June 24th, 1731, the unfortunate Marie Keller was executed.

Unfortunately we have such scanty information relative to her end that we can only say that the Lutheran pastor who prepared her for death found her at first a prey to despair, still earnestly protesting her innocence, retracting her confession, which she declared was extorted from her solely by the unendurable agonies to which she was subjected on the rack. After a while, however, the poor creature became more composed, listened to his exhortations with meekness, and submitted herself to the prospect of death, in resignation to the will of God. The pastor was himself convinced of her guilt, and did his utmost to induce her to admit the justice of her sentence, but to this he could not bring her. She would confess again if laid on the rack, but never off it. She forgave her enemies, though she did not know who they could be. Nevertheless, she was sure she had one or more, or else, as she contended, how could the ducat have come into her pocket?

She was hanged in the presence of a great crowd, in the Brüder Strasse, opposite the door of the house where the theft had been committed—before the eyes of Lampert, who had been robbed; of his wife, who had vainly endeavored to save her; and of the daughter, who had been with her daily when the unhappy girl cleaned the room where the money-box was.

The poor girl had not been long dead before, somehow, a feeling arose among the people of Berlin that, after all, in spite of the evidence against her, in spite of her own confession, Marie Keller was guiltless, and that a judicial murder had been committed.

The evidence was discussed, and its weakness was seen. The counsel for the prisoner, the examining judge, the legal faculty of Frankfort, the Court, the public generally, had missed seeing one little feature in the case, which, when caught sight of, completely altered its complexion.

Why was it that the mistress of poor Marie had offered her mother the money to refund Lampert his loss? Was the offer made out of charity? It will be remembered that when Frau Keller narrated this to the examining judge he put the story aside as a lie, and did not ask another question relative to it. Nevertheless, after Marie's execution the old woman persisted in her story, and as she did so people asked—Why did Frau Lampert urge the money on the woman and try to induce her to confess that her daughter was guilty?

There arose among some a suspicion that Frau Lampert had taken the money, and had thrown the blame on Marie Keller. But—was it possible that a woman of her position, so respectable, would allow a poor servant-maid to be tortured and hanged for a crime which she, had she committed it, might acknowledge with impunity?

Others suspected the daughter.

When this young person was questioned in court her answers were eminently unsatisfactory. She was asked whether she had been in the room where the chest was with Marie the evening before the loss of the money was discovered. She pretended that she did not know. She said that she might perhaps have been there, but perhaps she had not. She equivocated, hesitated, refused to be sworn. If she had been in the room, she was sure she was not there all the time Marie was. She had not helped Marie to move the chest. She behaved in court

FOOTPRINTS OF WASHINGTON IN 1753.—AMERICAN FORT DESTROYED BY FIRE NEAR LAKE LE BŒUF.

with such want of frankness, and was so shifty in her answers, that a good number of persons were suspicious that she had cognizance of the theft.

That Marie Keller had been in league with a gang of robbers no one believed. She was known. Her acquaintances and friends were poor but thoroughly respectable persons. What had become of the rest of the money, if she had taken it? That could not be traced. The poor mother remained as poor as before. Not a French pistole could be discovered in any corner of the woman's house—none were found in Marie's room. They had utterly disappeared; and if she had taken them, she must have disposed of them somewhere.

The robbery in the Brüder Strasse, instead of being forgotten after Marie had been hanged and buried, seemed as if it would not be laid at rest. It continued to be discussed; parties formed. Some accused Frau Lampert, others the daughter, others again said that Lampert had made a miscalculation when counting his money, and had written a wrong sum on the ticket. He had not been robbed, he had lost nothing, he had deceived himself. This latter opinion slowly made its way, and prevailed over the others. It was the only really satisfactory explanation of the mystery, and it was one eminently simple. It was in vain for Lampert to protest that he could not have been deceived; few believed him. That Marie was innocent every one concluded, and that a crime had been committed was universally admitted, and Marie's death was spoken of as the "Murder in the Brüder Strasse"—when, one evening as Lampert came in from his tavern, where he drank beer with a few boon companions, as he opened his house-door, he saw something that made him start back and utter a cry of horror. Before him was his wife's body, hanging from a crook in the ceiling.

Almost before he had recovered himself, and had had the courage to cut her down, the examining magistrate and a policeman arrived. The former had received a letter from Madame Lampert, in which she confessed that Marie had died innocent, and that she had surreptitiously taken the money whilst assisting her husband in counting it. As she counted she had slipped some of the coins up her sleeve. He was going on the morrow to Leipsic fair, and she had been given a sum of money only adequate to meet the ordinary household expenses. This had annoyed and disappointed her. If her husband went to Leipsic he would enjoy himself there, go to the theatre, drink wines, dine well; while she was drudging at home. The temptation took her to purloin a few pieces of money wherewith she hoped to give herself and her daughter some amusements during her husband's absence. He had at once discovered the loss, and, afraid of his temper, she had not dared to confess what she had done, but had slipped one of the ducats into the servant-girl's pocket. Afterward, when Marie was in prison and under investigation, she had been too frightened to confess the truth, lest she should have been imprisoned in the place of Marie and have been sentenced to the gallows.

Thus she had seen the unfortunate and guiltless victim of her crime die under her eyes, and she had been ever since haunted by the sight and tortured by the sting of her conscience.

This letter she sent to the examining judge by a servant, and at once proceeded to hang herself close to the doorway opposite which Marie had been hanged. When she was cut down she was quite dead.

For many years after the people of Berlin pointed to Lampert's house, and spoke of the Judicial Murder in the Brüder Strasse.

HOW THEY PLAYED AT WAXWORKS.

"We must have waxworks to-night," said Ella to Bob on the morning of her birthday party. "Cook has promised me the new saucepan."

"All right!" Bob said. "But what are we to do? Have we to melt a lot of wax first? Do you put wax in the saucepan?"

"Oh, no! I am going to put your head in the saucepan. See—here is my list of figures. And Ella took a scribbled paper out of the little drawer, "You are to be a waxwork figure—a soldier in armor."

"With a tin pot on my head?" gasped Bob, understanding at last.

"Yes," said Ella. "And Tommy Tupp is to be Henry VIII.—he is fat, you know. And Bertie Binks has a big forehead and big eyes—that is all that is wanted to be Shakespeare. Mary Binks is to be the Queen of Scots."

"Well, where are we to get all the dressing-up?"

"The armor is all in the kitchen," said Ella, promptly. "The kings and queens can be dressed out of Aunt Mary's wardrobe and the big old trunk in the boxroom. I can get Aunt Mary's heap of ostrich feathers that are to go to the dyer's."

"And grandpapa's dressing-gown," said Bob; "it would make orange and red coronation-robes. Let us be quick."

The playroom was kept closed all day. Of course the grown-up folk knew that some fun was in preparation, but they were too considerate to ask questions.

Grandmamma, at a turn of the staircase, nearly sat down flat with the shock when she came upon Ella, laden with tin cans and smothered in dish-covers, all clashing like a hardware stall on a windy day.

"Dear, dear, child! what *are* you doing?"

"Oh! don't ask questions, grandmamma, or I shall tumble down."

And up-stairs all the dish-covers fled, battering and clattering, with the little pair of legs under them.

The housemaid could not find the brooms. Had the witches run away with all the broomsticks to take a ride in the sky? And as for grandpapa—not only had he lost his gorgeous dressing-gown and his old garden-hat, but when he laid down his snuffbox for a moment on the table, it disappeared as if by magic.

Up-stairs in the playroom, Bob had everything ready for the Waxwork Show. He had built and covered a long platform, only the height of a step all along one side of the room, for the figures to stand on, and he had cleared the tables and chairs into corners.

In the evening, when the dining-room was full of a merry crowd of girls and boys, Ella beckoned to one and another to come out and up-stairs; and stealing away, singly, to be told the secret, a dozen or more were scarcely missed.

They had all gone up to the playroom, and there Bob was tossing over the heaps of costumes, while Ella directed how the figures were to be dressed.

"Bertie Binks—Shakespeare. Put on Shakespeare's paper collar, Bob, and tie black ribbons on his knees,

and stick this pink paper over his forehead to make it higher."

"I won't have that thing," said Shakespeare; "it looks like a plaster."

"Oh! do be quick," cried Bob, plastering on the palest pink tissue-paper. "It is your forehead."

"You want that, Bertie, to make you intellectual," said Ella, gravely. "Now lean your elbow on this pillar, and stand on one leg, and try to see your eyebrows."

She was giving him arched eyebrows with a piece of burnt cork; and he was most anxious to see them, but he found he couldn't.

Ella turned to her list again.

"Henry VIII.—Tommy Tupp. He is to have the big hat and feathers, and the large jacket with fur, and those brown paper shoes."

"Oh! can't I be Henry VIII.?" clamored two boys.

They liked the hat and feathers, and they wanted to make out they were much fatter than Bertie Tupp.

But Bob was already getting Bertie's arms into the furred jacket, and Bertie was stuck in it.

"Here is the sleeve; put your arm in, and take the first turn to the right."

"And now," said Ella, "you are to keep your mouth shut tight, and puff out your cheeks. And his jacket must be stuffed, Bob; make haste and stuff him."

"But I can't keep my cheeks puffed out all the time; I should smother," objected Henry VIII.

"And I can't stand on one leg until all the others are dressed," grumbled Shakespeare, from his corner.

"No; never mind," said Ella. "It will be time enough when they are all coming up to see the waxworks."

Then that mischievous little girl, Hetty Brown, who was to be Anne Boleyn, cried out:

"Oh! do look at Henry VIII.'s legs; he is padded so plump, and his shoes are so big, his legs look like a pair of sticks."

"I can't help my legs," said Tommy. "They must do, if I keep as fat as I can." And what more could any boy say?

Next Ella read out: "Hetty Brown—Anne Boleyn—in papa's shiny white macintosh, Bob, with the sleeves turned back."

Several other kings and queens were dressed. One had an orange and red robe trailing on the ground, of a pattern known to grandpapa. Another had a radiant mantle, worn with the red silk lining turned out. And the queens looked very pretty with long gowns, and beautiful fur cloaks, and lace vails of a large pattern suspiciously like curtains. As for curtain-rings and carpet-rings, they made the most brilliant gold and silver chains for the kings.

There were two soldiers in armor. Bob was one of them. They wore complete suits of pots and pans with dish-covers on their valiant breasts, and their legs thrust through tin canisters. Whenever they walked everybody said: "Hush-sh-sh! they will hear you down-stairs!" And when the two soldiers knocked together, the commotion was terrible.

"Oh, do keep quiet and stand still!" cried Ella, putting them one at each side of the door. "Now come here, Dick, and sit on the chair just opposite the door. You are to be a funny little waxwork man, so very like life that they will want to speak to you, and they won't quite know whether you are waxwork or alive."

Dick was made as slim as possible, with black-tailed coat and tight legs. A black silk handkerchief was tied round his chin, and grandpapa's old garden-hat came down all over his head, so that nobody could know who or what he was, except by his hands, which were the only bit to be seen. In one hand he held a snuffbox, and he was to sit stock still in the act of taking out a pinch.

This old gentleman, then, sat facing the doorway. The soldiers in the tin-pot armor stood guarding the entrance. Shakespeare was in a corner behind the door, and all along by the wall the kings and queens were ranged, with a notice on a card requesting visitors "not to touch the figures."

Some real waxworks completed the show—two dolls sitting on the floor, and keeping much more serious than the kings and queens. A black doll sat at one side of them; and Henry VIII.'s little sister, Kitty Tupp, was sitting at the other side, to take care that the dolls did not lie down suddenly. You see, both kinds of waxworks had their drawbacks. The real waxworks kept serious, but they might tumble over; the kings and queens were sure not to tumble over, but then they were trying to see each other out of the corners of their eyes, and all the queens were giggling; and King John, with the dressing-gown coronation-robe, was poking them with his sceptre to keep them quiet.

Everything was ready. Ella scampered down-stairs with an invitation: "Walk up, ladies and gentlemen, walk up, and see the waxwork show! the most life-like waxworks ever shown in this country—or anywhere else!"

After giving the invitation at the drawing-room door, Ella fled up-stairs to the playroom.

"They are coming! They are coming! Now don't laugh."

Shakespeare stood on one leg, and tried to see his eyebrows. Henry VIII. shut his mouth tight, and puffed out his cheeks. All the little queens coughed, and cast their eyes down.

"Had not we better shut our eyes?" said one of the soldiers in armor, who was laughing so much that his tins were shaking.

"You gander!" said Bob, "can't you keep steady without shutting your eyes? You ought to stare. All you queens over there—open your eyes, and stare hard!"

Now the queens were behind Bob, but the other soldier had to stand looking toward them. So when the poor unsteady soldier saw all the queens opening their eyes to stare, he doubled up with a great clatter. Bob poked him furiously with his broomstick; and Ella was afraid the soldiers in armor would run at each other just as the people were coming in at the door. So she got between them, and kept them and their dish-covers quiet. And all the queens were giggling worse than ever—in fact, Anne Boleyn, who was a mischievous bit of a thing, was pretending that Henry VIII.'s stuffing was coming out; and that made Henry VIII. so uncomfortable, that he implored Ella to hold the door closed while he got Catherine Parr to see to his buttons and pins.

Ready at last!

"Now don't laugh—don't!" whispered Ella, and opened the door.

In walked grandpapa and grandmamma, and the father and mother of the proprietors of the waxworks.

After them came all the boys and girls of the party, with a shout of surprise and delight.

Ella went round, explaining who the figures were, and they all kept as still as possible.

"Oh, there is Shakespeare! Just look at his eyes!" said a group near the door.

Shakespeare blushed as no waxwork could; he was trying not to let his mouth twitch.

"Is this anybody, or is it all clothes?" said grandmamma, in front of the little old gentleman, who sat taking snuff from the box.

"He has my snuffbox, the rascal!" said grandpapa.

HOW THEY PLAYED AT WAXWORKS.— SEE PAGE 30.

"Why, he has nearly gone up, head and heels, into my old hat."

"It is only clothes—but it has hands," said grandmamma. "Oh, children, this does look uncanny!"

But just then the little old gentleman, who sat so still, caught a whiff from the snuffbox, and gave one sudden sneeze like a shot. With a clash and a crash down sat the unsteady soldier in armor, doubled up on the floor. All the queens were laughing, too. Henry VIII. was bursting his coat, and the buttons were flying off. King John leaned on his sceptre (or, rather, his poker,) and flung the tail of his coronation-robe over his face. Shakespeare was on his two feet, hiding his face in the corner.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said Bob, taking off his tin pot to make a bow, "the waxworks have become frisky—that is the disadvantage of their being so very life-like. With your permission, we shall close the show."

ROMANCE OF AN OLD DRESS.—"A LONG GLASS REACHED FROM FLOOR TO CEILING."

ROMANCE OF AN OLD DRESS.

By Millie W. Carpenter.

"Assume that we are friends. Assume
A common taste for old costume,
Old picture books! Then dream us sitting,
We two, in some soft-lighted room."

The clock struck five. The soft, low women voices floated through the pretty, chintz-lined room, with its dim light from half-opened shutters showing green vine and blue flowers peeping in.

"It is the loveliest dress, Myra. I never saw it but once. Antique brocade. It makes one think of—of old pictures——"

"Of teacup times of hood and hoop,
Or when the patch was worn,"

helped the other voice.

"Ah, yes! It is made up of other days and modes. Every flower embroidered on it suggests high-puffed hair and paint and powder and farthingale," the first voice continues.

There is a difference in voices. They tell each one its own story. These two are different, telling different stories.

"With, for setting, oriel windows," says Myra, "and broad terraces bordered with tiger-lilies and splendidly plumaged peacocks. Why, I can make a whole romance, Rose dear, out of your brocade dress."

Rose laughed, putting her hands up to twist one of those lovely blue flowers in her sun-gold hair.

"It's like Enid's bridal dress—'All branched and flowered with gold.'"

"Ah, but do you know, I never believed in that dress, Rose? How could she have had a dress like that in such a rude age and country? For my part I think the faded silk she had on when Geraint first saw her was better. I like an old, faded silk dress, half worn out. It has not that vulgar *frou-frou* a brand-new silk is sure to possess to such an exasperating degree."

"Yes, Myra; but you know in King Solomon's time

there were silks and cloth of gold——" Myra interrupted her.

"Oh, if you are going back to the Bible—and Solomon's lilies grew in the field—why doesn't Aunt Bessie give you this dress. She has no children."

"Of course not. How should she?" said serene Rose. "But I suppose that could never be urged as a reason why a maiden lady, as the novels say, should give away her old clothes. The dress belonged to Aunt Bessie's mother, who was a great court beauty in her time."

"You don't say! But see, it's five o'clock. Ages gone. Good-by, dear"—kisses. "I hope you will go and have a beautiful time"—the footsteps going down the stairs, the chanting voice floating upward—"a be-a-u-utiful time."

"Five o'clock! Oh, goodness! And Aunt Bessie asked me to help her. What will she think?"

Mrs. MacIvor picked up an open letter lying on the floor and crushed it into her pocket. She tied a pretty lace fichu about her slim shoulders and smoothed back her hair with that blue flower in it. She had always noticed a deeper tenderness in Richard's dark, tired face when she went to meet him with a blue flower in her hair.

"Oh, Aunt Bessie, I forgot—I quite forgot," cried Rose, as she entered the dining-room.

The table was already beautifully arranged. Blue china, old silver, a slim vase of old pink glass holding flowers by one certain plate—not your plate, Rose.

"Eliza helped me. I got along very well," said a tall, gray-haired woman, who stood by a sideboard arranging the glass.

It was all she said. Her voice was quiet; but she did not turn her face. Rose felt cold.

Then there were footsteps in the hall.

"Richard! Auntie, Richard is come!" and the young wife ran to meet him. But her feet felt heavy.

It was something that Richard smiled and touched the blue flower in her hair. Then came dinner. There was some cheerful talk, and a star or two came out in Rose's sky.

"You don't mind, Richard; you don't mind if I go? I'm sure you won't miss me, you are so busy."

Mr. MacIvor was walking up and down the garden path between the rifled flower-beds. He was smoking his last cigar when Rose came down and read her letter to him, and told him what she wished to do.

He listened silently, drawing her hand in his arm, so that she walked up and down too, in the calm Autumn night.

"You won't mind if I go, Richard?"

Richard lifted himself a little from his bent attitude; he looked about him.

"How beautiful it all is," he said, in his quiet voice. "How sweet the mignonette smells. I wish we could keep it all Winter, but it will soon be dead—dead and gone!"

Rose was silent. This was no answer to her question; only she realized now, more than ever, how alien his mood was to hers. Some slow, inward tears seemed to scorch her heart.

"The sense of tears in mortal things,"

quoted Richard, softly. "Sometimes I wonder, my Rösschen, if you realize how dear all this is to me—the sweet silence, the *home*, after all the worries of business, after the strife, the feuds, the hate of rivals. But I've won; the prize is mine to-night. I've won it!"

His voice grew sharp, his great dark eyes flashed with fierce light, his face grew white, with a fine, keen scorn. Then he turned and looked, with a curious, sad smile, at the beautiful face pressed closer to his shoulder. "So you wish to go away, Rose? You wish to go where?—to New York? to Newport?"

"Aunt Marion urges it," said Rose, almost humbly. You know I have not been down there since—since we were married, Richard. Aunt says they want me for a few weeks, in my old place."

Richard was silent a moment, looking steadily in front of him, a little upward, to the red, evening sky glowing through the tree-tops, then he turned toward his wife.

"So you want to go at once? Well, I am going away too, and there'll be nothing to keep you."

"Going, Richard! you going away!" The young wife's heart leaped; the flush deepened in her cheek. If only he would ask her to go with him—if only he would say, "Come with me; leave the others and come with me, my wife! *I* want you!"

Poor child—poor child! Those hot, unshed tears seemed pressing, burning round her heart.

"Ah, yes, you can go any time, any day; and you must not stay out here any longer in this chill air."

He led her up the steps, holding back a swaying vine that might have caught in her thin lace. The hall was warm, and softly lighted and homelike. Rose hesitated, stopping so suddenly that she saw Richard putting something carefully in the leaves of his note-book, dropping the book in his pocket to turn away, as Rose turned, too.

"Good-night, Richard!" wistfully.

"Good-night, my Rösschen!" calmly.

That was all; but there was something else!

"I wonder what has become of my pretty blue flowers," said Rose to herself, as she brushed out her hair for the night. "I remember feeling them here when I went into the garden."

At last!

At last all the joy of the old and gracious life of luxury back again—the deference of silent service, the incense of delicate flattery, the pride of praise—all these came back again, and made doubly sweet because for a while they had been absent from Rose's quiet life.

Aunt Marion, a portly, handsome matron, took Rose's two hands in hers with warmest welcome.

"Yes, you are changed. I expected it. Not quite so round of outline here"—she touched the young wife's cheek—"a little thinner; I don't say that it is for the worse; and—shall I speak it boldly—just a little rustic—not unpleasantly so, perhaps—but we'll soon do away with that." She kissed her niece on either cheek. "And Maurice Fenwick has come back, handsome and picturesque, and wilder than ever. He is coming here this evening. You won't mind, now you are married."

Rose felt her heart leap; a sudden sense of temptation to come made her feel weak.

"I wish——" she began, hurriedly.

"You wish what?—that you had married a rich man?"

"I wish Maurice wouldn't come," said Rose, with timid decision. "I don't think he ought to."

"Nonsense! He has been off, Heaven knows where, the last two years—theatre parties, a German for Thursday evening, and then——"

"I've forgotten all my dancing, Aunt Marion," said Rose, laughing.

"Nonsense!" said Aunt Marion again. "You will remember it quick enough, once you hear the music and have a good partner. You ought to hear Percival play the 'Faust Waltzes.' I hope you brought some pretty *toilettes*."

"*Toilettes?* Oh, I don't know," said Rose, blushing. "My husband, is not rich, you know, and he has many expenses—but he will be a rich man now," she continued, luckily remembering that scrap of conversation in the garden when her husband had said, so exultingly, "I have won the prize!"

Rose was turning out some dresses, at which Mrs. Clifford gazed in scorn, but all at once she gave a little scream of surprise.

"Why what have you got there, child?"

Rose held it up—a dress, but what a dress! An antique satin, of heaviest, purest texture; white once, but mellowing now into faint, creamy age, and embroidered with clusters of softest, richest, deep-colored purple heliotrope-blossoms.

"Good heavens, child! where did you get it?" And Aunt Marion touched it almost with awe.

"Aunt Bessie gave it to me," said Rose, simply. "I am glad you are pleased with it. She gave it to me the night before I came away. It was her mother's dress."

"Pleased with it?—I should think so! There's nothing like it in New York; and you won't have to alter it any. That short, round waist is all the style. And look at those bows of pale ribbon and that lace, puffed and frilled! Have you just stepped out of a picture-frame in some old tapestried room, Madame la Marquise?"

Nothing would do but Rose must try the dress on then and there. She went, reluctantly. She seemed to see once more Aunt Bessie's sad and tender face, as she brought her offering.

"It was my mother's dress; I am too old to wear it. For Richard's—my boy's sake, I give it to you. Wear it, dear, and be as my mother was, blessed."

The two women had kissed each other, silently.

Rose woke up out of her dream. Mrs. Clifford pulled her into her *boudoir*, where a long glass reached from floor to ceiling.

"Heavens, how lovely! And here are some purple flowers—heliotrope. You must wear the dress Thursday evening. Rose, you have grown handsome, when I fancied you had fallen off. You have got that *pathetic* look, as if you had some secret sorrow."

"I must take the dress off, Aunt Marion, if you talk like that. You praise me too much, and—and I am not unhappy, please; you must not think so."

"Of course not—certainly not!" said Aunt Marion, who had plans. "I was only saying that your style of beauty is just the style now: A shadowy, pensive look. You make me think of—what is it? Oh, that poor *Duchess* of Browning's; after

> —"'Fra Pandolf's hands
> Worked busily a day, and there she stands.
> Will't please you rise and look at her?'"

Neither of the two women had heard that sound of footsteps coming up the stairs—coming always nearer—into the room.

Mrs. Clifford uttered a little surprised cry.

"Maurice, you here! Rose! Here is Rose, too, Maurice."

Rose turned her face—pale at first, faint flushing now, like any rosebud from the sweet heart outward.

"I'll remember Aunt Bessie's words," she thought, as Maurice came closer.

His brow quivered a little, under the heavy hair. But the old quick, subtle sense of approval—the old sure words of devotion—came too markedly for Rose's good.

"I greet," he said, with a low bow, "I greet the Heliotrope Beauty."

Her picture in the shop windows; her praises sung in verse in the society journals; her presence—the Heliotrope Beauty—desired everywhere. For a little time Rose found life sweet. Then she began to be afraid. Maurice Fenwick came too near.

"Will Rose—Mrs. MacIvor—be there? Then, of course *I* shall come." "Rose is not to be present? Then why should *I* come if she stays away?"

Rose began to find this sort of flattery and fine devotion too much for her. In her heliotrope gown, with heliotrope in her breast and in the high-puffed, lovely waving hair, a fan of heliotrope flowers and dark-green leaves in her hand, she was excuse enough for any extravagance of praise. But the biting sense that Maurice Fenwick was near her, watching her, his eyes on her, dancing only with her, speaking only to her, became too keen.

"You will go, and wear this dress, of course? *I* shall be there."

It was a poisonous sweet.

Other men fell back from her side when Maurice came up, as if he alone had sole right. Rose felt her cheek flushing red at times. She would go home; at home she would be safe.

One evening, after a great dinner at a crowded reception in a celebrated house, a noble, white-haired lady came up and spoke to Rose.

"You will forgive an old woman if she takes a liberty!" said this sweet-voiced, noble-looking dame. "I have heard you spoken of. My children have your picture. You are very beautiful, my dear. I hope all this flattery will not spoil you, and make you forget that life has many stern duties."

"I know—I know!" cried Rose, impulsively; "I know this cannot last. I will remember what you say. I will try to help others, too."

Tears came to the sweet, soft, lovely eyes.

"I am very glad to have met you," continued this dignified, proud-mannered lady—what a charm her low voice had!—"very glad." Rose thought how much she would like that flower sweet garden up there in her own cloistered home, the scent of lavender, Aunt Bessie and the dim rooms. "In my younger days I traveled much," continued the old lady, "and I saw the great ladies of the world. You are like them in looks, my dear, in that dress, and oh, my dear, do not forget that those great ladies did much good. They sought the poor and suffering everywhere. They gave not only charity to those sunken and degraded, but they gave kind looks and soothing words. You will not be offended?"

"Offended!" Rose took the speaker's wrinkled hand in her own white, jeweled one, and pressed it to her cheek. "I like to hear you talk," she murmured. "I thank you for speaking so to me. You help me in what I most wish to be."

"I am glad of that. And now," continued the venerable dame, lightly, "I wish to introduce a friend of my own to you. He is here in the city to receive some honor and reward for great discoveries he has made in science. You are not tired of my talk?"

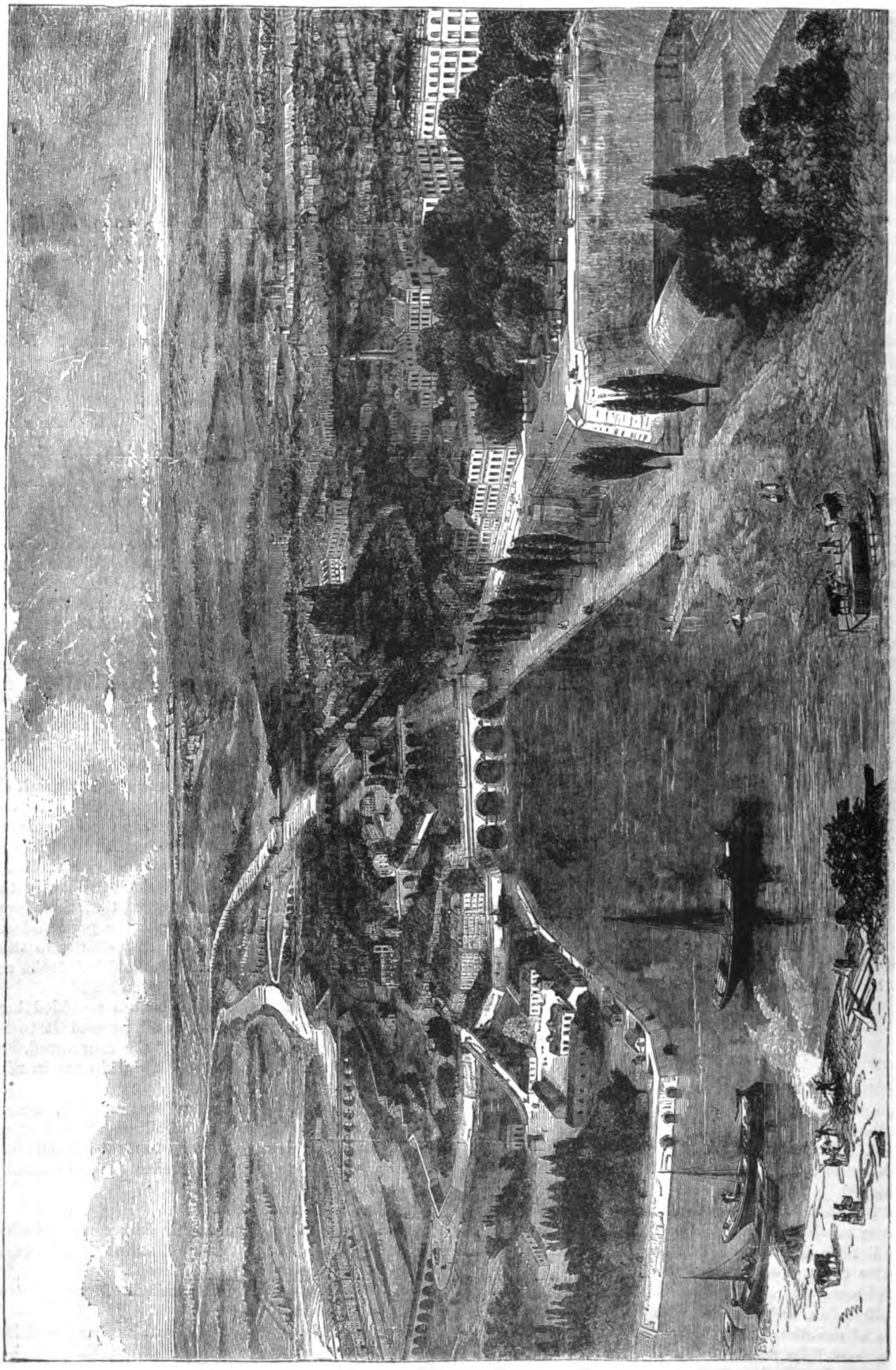
"Oh, no, no!" cried Rose.

"He is going abroad soon, this dear young friend of mine, to represent our Government at one of the proudest, most aristocratic courts of Europe."

She stepped aside and Rose waited. Presently some one touched her arm.

"My dear, let me present to you this other dear friend of mine."

And Rose looked up. Richard! To be presented as a



GENERAL VIEW OF THE CITY OF METZ.—SEE PAGE 39.

stranger to one's own husband! To have one's husband brought up as a stranger! The music swelled out, drowning all sound of words. Rose clasped her hands with the old childish gesture. Richard bowed low, so that whatever expression his face wore was hidden.

Some one called the old lady's attention, and a moment after Rose's hand was under Richard's arm, and he was leading her away.

"How white you are," he said, bending his head to hers. "Are you frightened, little one? You must not be frightened now, with me."

Oh, the comfort of having him near! to hear his voice! to look in his face! to feel his touch!

"You are not angry with me, Richard? Ah, how glad I am to have you here!" Rose almost sobbed.

"Angry with you, Rösschen?" the smile in his dark eyes; "angry with you, my Rose?"

His voice was enough—yet not enough. She wished to empty all her heart in wild confession before him. Poor little heart, it was sweet and white enough. Some little vanity, perhaps, and love of others' praise; but love and devotion to Richard to life's far end.

"My Rose, my little sweet Rösschen; how shy you look at me. I am glad to have you with me once more."

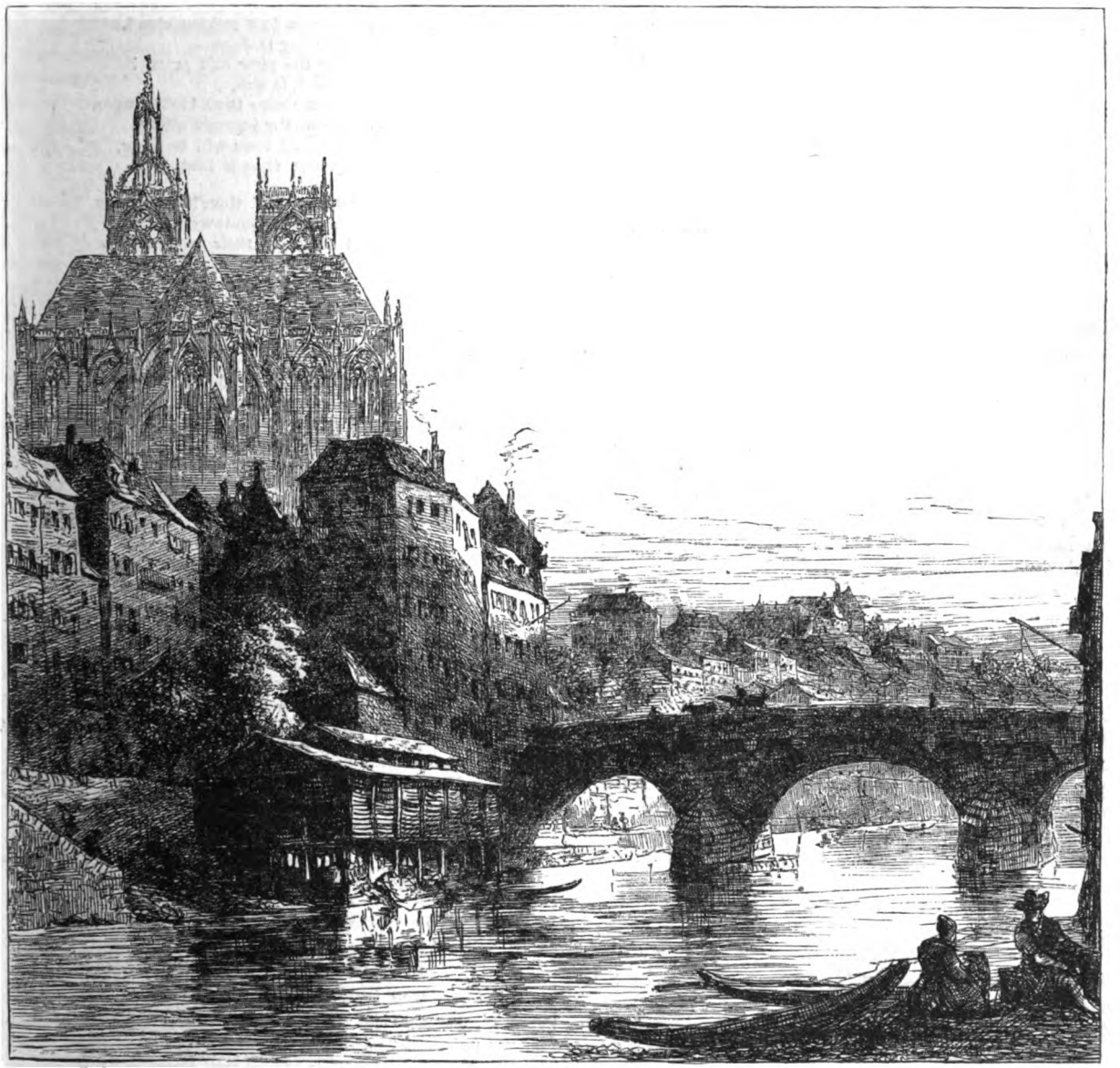
"How good you are to me, Richard! Richard, I have been good." She clasped his arm. "My heart has been good, Richard, it has!"

He smiled at her, touching that little hand by his side. Had he doubted her—he?

They passed out of the crowded parlors into a great, high-roofed hall that seemed to Rose to be all light and flowers and painted glass and tiles, with soft, low sounds of water-spray. The scent flowers was everywhere, and a flutter of plumaged birds. A few people were walking about, admiring the gorgeous scene.

Rose looked up as Richard stepped aside a moment. The springing, lofty dome was heavy with ornamentation. It looked as if——

Ah, Heaven, what was that! From above the table there a huge mass of metal, flaming light and glass and bronze, death-dealing fire and massive carving, came crashing down. Rose gave one quick sigh of agony as she sprang and caught Richard. They went down together, thus.



METZ: ITS MONUMENTS AND MEMORIES.—VIEW OF THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE MOSELLE.—SEE PAGE 39.

Out of her pain, out of insensibility, Rose struggled, dimly feeling that they were dragging her clasp from Richard's motionless body.

"No, no!" she moaned; "don't take him away!" Then she heard a voice say, "Dead, quite dead!"

* * * * * *

Dead! In the days of sickness and delirious pain that followed this word was ever moaning from Rose's lips. Dead! Why did they not let her die, too? Her own hurts healed slowly but surely. Of the sorrow and desolation that dreadful disaster brought to other homes she did not ask. *Her* loss was paramount. Dead!

* * * * * *

One day, when she was able to sit up a little, propped in an invalid chair, they came to her, asking, softly:

"Could she bear a little surprise — just a little shock—of joy?"

But Rose shook her head. She turned her face to the pillow, weeping a few slow, feeble tears. Let her alone. She had no strength to live, no wish for life. The spring of joy had run down.

She was looking out of the glass door that had been set open. Beyond the porch was the streak of pale sunshine, a tangle of broken vine, twisted dead grass, dead leaves, and white, whirling wreaths of vapor.

Some one came across the porch with a slow step; some one, looking thin and worn and wan, large-eyed and quiet, as if just risen from a great sickness.

Rose clasped her hands. She saw, but she was not afraid. Nothing but kindness in that pale face.

"Richard," she whispered, "you have not forgotten me in that other life. But say you forgive me—say you love me once more before you go away again into the darkness."

Only out of another life—out of a kind, pitying heaven, could her Richard have thus come to her with those dear, shining eyes.

The shape came nearer.

"Rose! my Rösschen." It stretched out hands of life to touch her. "Did you think me dead, Rose?"

"Ah, heaven and earth! Heaven and earth seemed to melt away as these two in each other's arms fled upward from height to dazzling height of supremest joy and supremest love's content.

"Thank God. Oh, let us thank Him!"

And they knelt there, like two white shadows, thanking God for life.

Days after that, when Richard's love and Richard's presence had made her strong enough, Rose asked:

"Who was it that died that night. Some one was killed. I heard them say 'Dead!' and I thought it was you. Why have they not told me? Who was it, Richard?"

Richard pressed her face to his shoulder. There was a tender pity in his voice—the pity a generous soul could feel even thus, as he answered:

"It was Maurice Fenwick!"

THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

THE following figures show the strength of the regular Russian Army on January 1st, 1855, viz.: Infantry, 954 battalions, 513,861 men; cavalry, 330 squadrons, 59,262 men; artillery, 368 batteries, 1,640 guns, 57½ parks, 77,571 men; engineers, 30½ battalions, 22 parks, 20,533 men; total, 671,227 men. In addition to these must be added the peace strength of the Cossacks forming part of the standing army, viz.: 285 mounted and 50 dismounted sotnias, with 96 guns, giving a total of 2,169 officers and 44,920 men, out of a total war strength of 158,000 officers and men. The most striking feature in the returns is the large amount of sickness and the excessive number of deaths which occur in the Russian Army, the number of deaths during the year being no less than 6,327, or 7.29 per cent. of the effective strength.

WEARY.

THE sun sinks down in a golden cloud,
And the weary day is done—
Setting alike o'er the poor and proud!
Untired art thou, O sun,
Of the cark and the care thou look'st upon
In the course of thy journey west?
But a little while, and thou will be gone,
And to sleep with thee is best.

To sleep with thee! But thou'lt rise again
At the death of the shadowy night,
And wake sad hearts to their wonted pain
Once more with the coming light.
Then sink, O sun, in the western sky,
As the darkness gathers round;
Perchance in the gloom men's cares may die,
Their burdens fall to the ground.

The burden of life, the burden of death,
The burden of hope as toil,
From the widow who hangs with bated breath
O'er the battered cruse of oil
To the millionaire bending beneath the load
Of riches too great to bear,
From the beggar who limps by the dusty road
To the daughter of Dives fair.

Gaze down, O sun, from thy burning height,
On these pitiful ants below,
For all are equal within thy sight
Who wearily toil and know
That life is a road where each must strive,
And some, ere the shades descend,
Will falter and fall, nor keep alive
With thee to thy journey's end.

'Tis pitiful. Yea, but men's backs are strong,
The blue of heaven is kind,
There are hedgerows green whence cometh a song
That all who list may mind;
There are chapels of ease 'neath wayside trees
Where weary wand'rers rest.
O perishing sun, the strife begun,
To toil with thee is best.

THE GRAVES OF THE POETS.

CHAUCER was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, without the building; but his body was removed to the south aisle in 1555. Spenser lies near him. Beaumont, Drayton, Cowley, Denham, Dryden, Rowe, Addison, Prior, Congreve, Gay, Johnson, Sheridan, and Campbell all lie within Westminster Abbey; Shakespeare, as every one knows, was buried in the chancel of the church at Stratford, where there is a monument to his memory. Chapman and Shirley are buried in St. Giles's-in-the-Fields; Marlow, in the Churchyard of St. Paul's, Deptford; Fletcher and Massinger, in the Churchyard of St. Saviour's, Southwark; Dr. Donne, in Old St. Paul's; Edmund Waller, in Beaconsfield Churchyard; Milton, in the Churchyard of St. Giles's, Cripplegate; Butler, in the Churchyard of St. Paul's, Covent Garden; Garth, in the Churchyard at Harrow; Pope, in the Church at Twickenham; Swift, in St. Patrick's, Dublin; Thomson, in the Churchyard at Richmond, Surrey; Col-

lins, in St. Andrew's Church, Chichester; Savage, in the Churchyard of St. Peter's, Bristol; Parnell, at Chester, where he died on his way to Dublin. Gray is buried in the Churchyard of Stoke Pogis; Goldsmith, in the Churchyard of the Temple Church; Falconer, at sea; Churchill is buried in the Churchyard of St. Martin's, Dover; Cowper, in the Church of Dereham; Chatterton, in a churchyard belonging to the Parish of St. Andrew's, Holborn; Burns, in St. Michael's Churchyard, Dumfries; Byron, in the Church of Hacknall, near Newstead; Crabbe, at Trowbridge; Coleridge, in the Church at Highgate; Sir Walter Scott, at Dryburgh Abbey; Southey, in Crosthwaite Church, near Keswick; Shelley, "beneath one of the antique weed-grown towers surrounding ancient Rome," and Keats beside him, "under the pyramid whic his the tomb of Cestus." Hood lies at Kensal Green.

SECOND THOUGHTS.

THE Berlin *Börsen Courier* has exhumed this amusing anecdote of Frederick the Great: "One Autumn day he was reviewing the annual provincial manœuvres, and, as ill-luck would have it, everything seemed to go wrong. Finally one division of the Hussars made such a bad blunder that the King could no longer control his wrath, but spurred his horse, raised his cane in the air, and galloped after the captain. The latter, not being anxious to feel the weight of the King's cane on his shoulders, also spurred his horse, and after a long chase succeeded in escaping. Next day the general called on the King, and, among other things, announced his regret that Captain So-and-so had sent in his resignation; he did not know why, he said, but the captain had told him that something had happened which made it impossible for him to remain.

"'I am sorry to lose him,' the general added; 'he is one of our best officers.'

"'Indeed!' said the King; 'then tell him to come to me during the parade.'

"When the King espied the captain at the parade he rode up to him and remarked: 'I have promoted you to the rank of major. I wanted to tell you, yesterday, but you were too fast for me.'"

METZ: ITS MONUMENTS AND MEMORIES.

APPROACH Metz from whatever direction we may, it is the Cathedral which dominates the scene. Whether we enter the fortified city by the grim and scarred Porte des Allemands, or by the Porte de France, whether we come up through Longeville, or descend from St. Julien, the eye rests first and longest upon that majestic Gothic pile, with its great windows aflame in the sunlight, or its delicate spires losing themselves in the purple mists of evening.

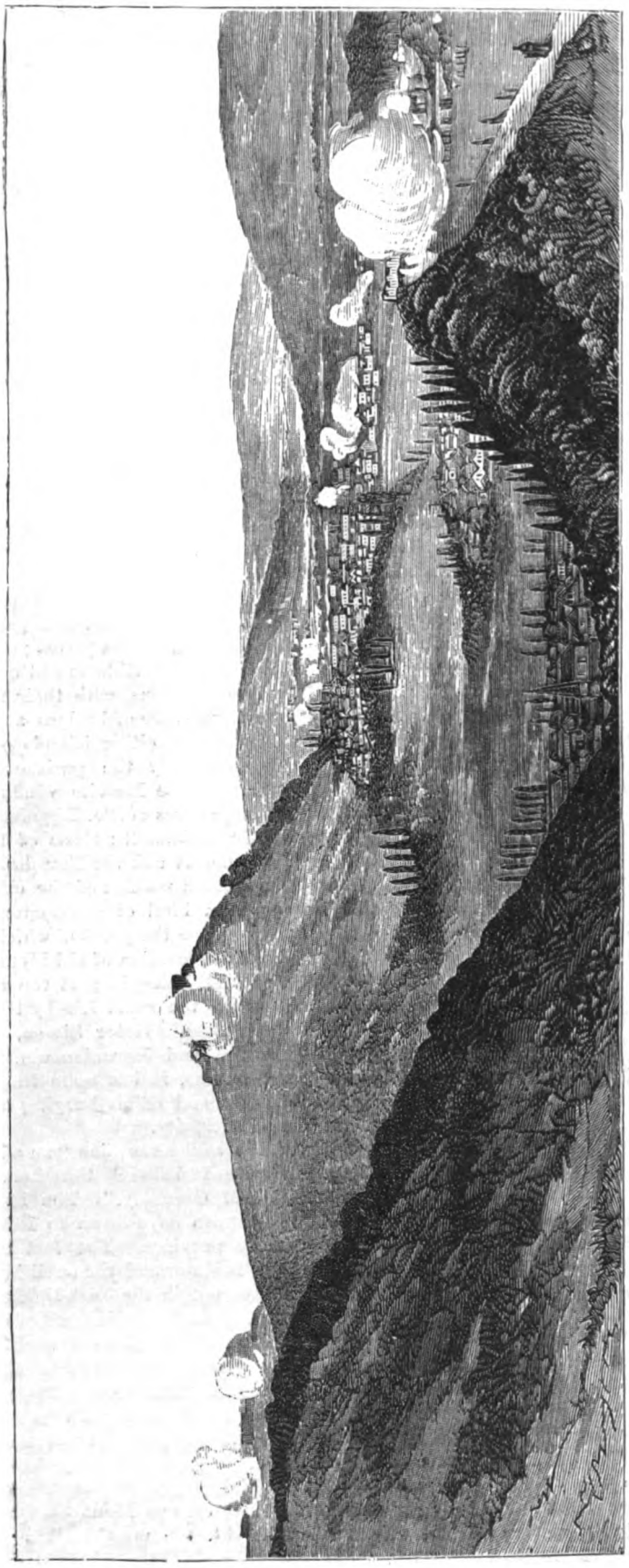
The Cathedral, of which the nave dates from 1332, and the choir from 1519, occupies the site of the still more ancient Church of Notre Dame de la Ronde, a part of which is incorporated in the present nave. That enthusiastic archæologist, Quicherat, ranks the Cathedral of Metz with that of St. Ouen, at Rouen, as one of the most perfect edifices of the grand artistic epoch of mediæval France. If it is less visited and less written about than most of the great French and German cathedrals, the cause probably lies in the fact that Metz is rather an out-of-the-way place, from the tourist's point of view, not being directly upon any of the great railway routes between Paris and Strasburg, Baden, or Switzerland.

In this Cathedral, the ideal of the mediæval architects is realized in the harmonious alliance of loftiness and lightness. The beautiful openwork spire (built in 1427), 373 feet in height—called the *tour de la Muette*, from the great bell, *Dame Muette*, which it supports in mid-air—is the salient feature of the exterior view from the Place d'Armes. On the opposite side rises the *tour du Chapitre*, which does not, like its brother, terminate in a spire. Entering by a somewhat dwarfed portal, we are struck by the airy boldness of the columns supporting the immense vaulted roof, and by the extent of the glorious stained-glass windows of Valentine Busch. Sculptured doorways on either side of the nave conduct to stairways mounting to the towers. We take that on the right, and climb to the *corbeille* of the steeple, viewing on our upward way specimens of those innumerable fantastic bass-reliefs, gargoyles and sculptured monsters of Carlovingian legendary, which Dr. Bégin describes with such loving minuteness in the two volumes which he has consecrated to the history of the Cathedral.

From the spire, we see Metz and its environs—the *pays Messin*—spread out in a broad and fair panorama, bounded by violet hills. The city itself lies at our feet—a confused mass of red-tiled roofs, with numerous patches of green marking the gardens and parks, and blocks of white, which are the public squares; the whole being entangled in the two silvery ribbons of the Moselle and the Seille. These two streams, with their ramifications, are spanned by nearly a score of bridges, and divide the city into five unequal parts, either islands or peninsulas. The Seille bounds only the parishes of St. Maximin and St. Eucaire. The Moselle winds around old Metz, embracing the quarters of Ste. Ségolène, Notre Dame, St. Martin and St. Thiébault; those of the Préfecture, St. Marcel, St. Vincent and the Fort being relatively modern. The ancient portion of the city is the most elevated, occupying a kind of promontory at the confluence of the two rivers, on the point of which stands the grim old Arsenal. This elevation of old Metz is not, however, altogether natural, being in part the result of numerous rebuildings upon the ruins left by the sieges and fires of former centuries. Victor Simon, comparing the place to Pompeii and Herculaneum, remarks that if it has not a Vesuvius, it has none the less its successive strata of ashes and *débris* burying and preserving the remains of antiquity.

A French historian has called Lorraine "an admirable country, unhappily placed betwixt the hammer of France and the anvil of Germany." The history of Metz, from her Gallo-Roman days down to 1870, illustrates that of the entire province. The fact that the relative positions of the hammer and the anvil have been reversed in our time has not in the least lightened the blows. But in the case of a city, as in that of a human character, adversity oftentimes develops strength. Metz has long been the strongest fortress of Alsace-Lorraine, and one of the strongest in Europe. Its principal exterior defenses consist of eleven forts, which the Germans have strengthened and improved since their occupation of the city.

Fort St. Quentin, which played so important a part during the siege of 1870, crowns Mont St. Quentin, a noble, verdure-clad height, the most striking natural landmark of the *pays Messin*. Often, in Winter or early Spring, during the periodical overflows of the Moselle, the green cone of Mont St. Quentin appears to rise out



VIEW OF METZ AND ITS ENVIRONMENTS DURING THE INVESTMENT BY THE PRUSSIANS, IN 1870.

of a broad lake. The approach to Metz by the valley of that serpentine, poplar-bordered stream, with its largest bridge, the Pont des Morts, in the foreground, and St. Quentin looming up beyond, has long been celebrated by artists and travelers.

There is a local pleasantry by which any chance tourist is liable to be entrapped, unless his ears have become well acclimatized to French pronunciation. His gaze being attracted at once to the fortress on the height, he asks a native its name, and receives a reply which sounds like "Fort Cinquante-un."

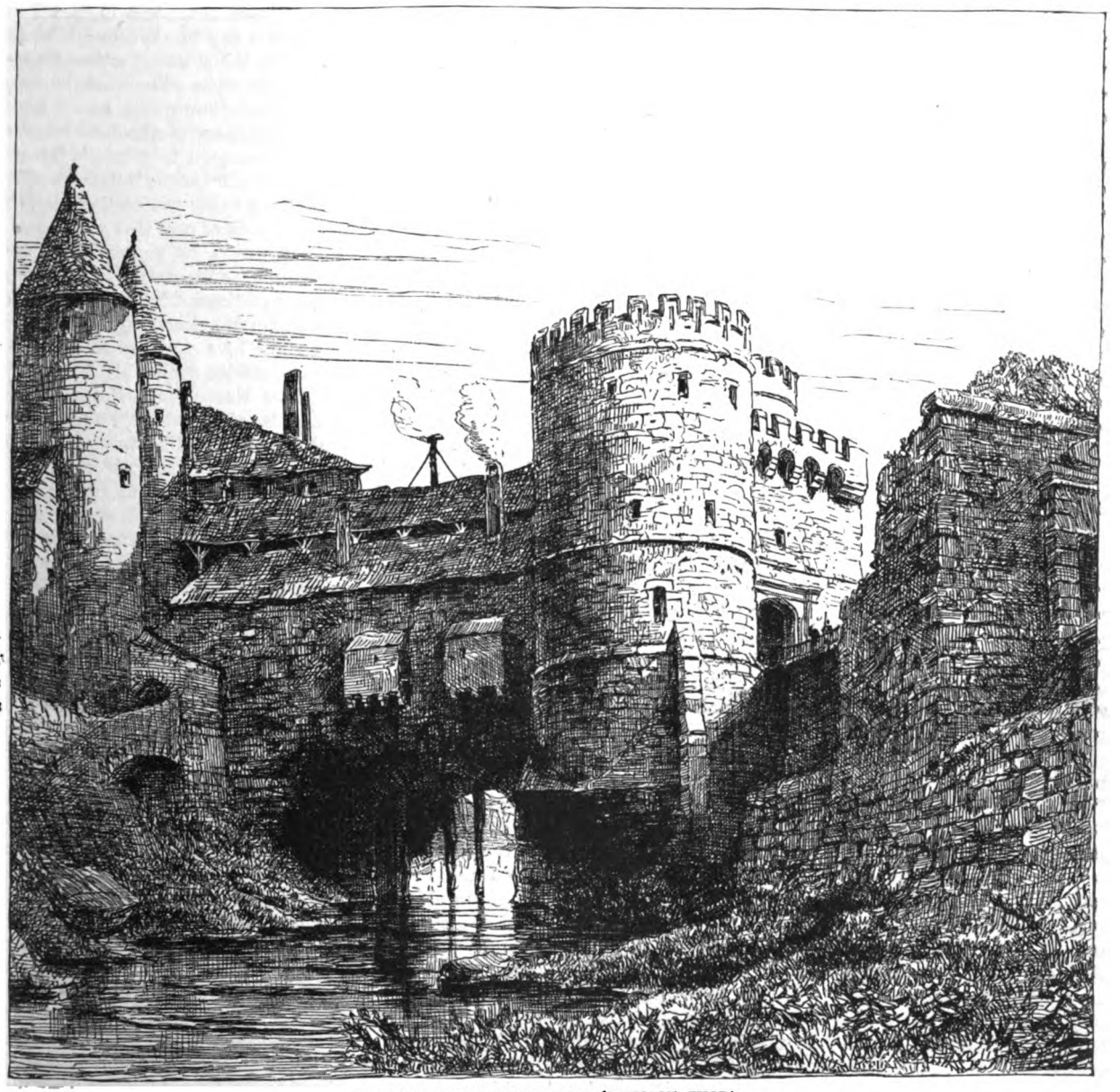
"Fort Fifty-one! And where are the other fifty?" is the natural inquiry of the visitor, who would have recognized the name readily enough as "Saint Kwintin."

The fair panorama of Metz from the cathedral-spire, or from St. Quentin itself, suggests a palimpsest, written over and over again with lines of an eventful history. Along the winding Moselle, and in the heart of the old city, are still to be seen traces of the Romans, to whom the place was known as Divodurum. Later, it was named Mediomatrici, as the capital of that tribe of Belgic Gaul; and by the fifth century this had become corrupted to Mettis, whence its present name. Metz was for a long time the capital of Austrasia, which was afterward called the Kingdom of Metz, and finally Lorraine. Under the Emperor Otho II. Metz became a free imperial city, and the residence of a prince-bishop, the other two episcopal cities of Lorraine being Toul and Verdun. Mediæval Metz was famous for its commerce and society, its love of letters, art and arms; and as the seat of a bishopric it was the scene of many rivalries between the citizens and the clergy. When, in 1552, the strategy of Montmorency turned it over to Henri II. of France, the city contained 60,000 inhabitants, and Charles V. was furious at its loss. He besieged it for ten months in 1553, but it was gloriously defended by the youthful Duc de Guise; and after losing 30,000 men, the Emperor raised the siege, leaving on record the bitter exclamation: "Fortune is a woman, and she favors only the young." The French kept Metz, and it was formally ceded to them by the Treaty of Westphalia in 1648.

Nancy has been called the Athens of Lorraine, Metz the Sparta. The hammer continued to beat upon the anvil, and when at last the crushing blow of 1870 fell, the city did not find in Bazaine another Duc de Guise. The direful and thrilling

story of Gravelotte and the last siege of Metz belongs to our own generation. To-day Metz is a German city; and Bazaine, old, misanthropic and friendless, endures a cheerless death-in-life existence in Spain.

The French exodus from Metz after the German annexation caused a temporary falling off in population and general prosperity, which may be compared to that caused by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which cost the city 12,000 of its inhabitants. The population before the war was nearly 50,000; in 1875 it had decreased to 38,000, or, with the garrison, 45,000. The last decade, however, has brought it fully up to the *ante-bellum* standard. There are, it is said, 18,000 German soldiers in Metz. To the casual observer, walking the streets and quays on pleasant afternoons, soldiers and nursemaids appear to form the bulk of the population; and the attraction of these two classes for one another is as noticeable as in Paris and London. What with the soldiers and the fortifications, it is hard to forget the late presence of the war in Metz. The buildings themselves wear their scars; and our very first view of the town, if we approach from the east by the ancient Porte des Allemands—or *Deutsche Thor*, as it is now called—shows us the new patches of the restorer upon the round, machicolated towers and the guardhouse over the moat. These same memorial walls bear marks of the shot fired by Charles V., in the sixteenth century. The Porte des Allemands is the most perfect and interesting of the mediæval remains in and around Metz. Like two or three others of the ancient city gates, it retains the machinery for raising the portcullis. Not far away stands



THE PORTE DES ALLEMANDS (DEUTSCH THOR).

the twelfth-century Church of St. Eucaire, a structure full or architectural interest. To the north are the great Arsenal, the Military Hospital, and the famous Polytechnic School for the education of engineers and artillery officers for the army. The handsome Synagogue in the Rue de l'Arsenal reminds us that the Jews of Metz have been a conspicuous element of its population for centuries. There were, before the war, more Jews, in proportion to the population, in Metz than in any other city of France.

The picturesqueness of Metz lies in its lime-tree walks,

in the grouping of the venerable buildings which line its narrow, winding streets, and in the bright glimpses obtained from the quaint bridges crossing its two rivers, which flow through the heart of the city, turning busy mills, and mirroring the shadows of historic walls.

The pleasantest outdoor spot is the Esplanade, occupying a corner of the walls, overlooking the great plain of the Moselle to the southwest, where the river enters the city. It is built up high above the banks of the stream, and covered with buildings and acacia-shaded walks. Here one may sit and listen to the music of the military band, while the eye roves over the plain, with its little hedgeless fields, its scattered willows and poplars, its winding streams glinting in the sunlight, and its encircling hills of misty blue—a lovely scene, with just a tinge of desolation and sadness in it.

The Quai Maréchal, familiarly called the Jews' Esplanade, is another picturesque promenade. The Place de la Comédie, where strolling players used to perform during the fairs, and where the guillotine stood in 1793, is full of interesting memories; but the adjacent Parisian restaurant, and the pretty Jardin d'Amour just opposite, are actualities more potent to attract the average tourist.

And this is characteristic of Metz: a place of sinister memories, mingled with pleasant frivolities; half French, half German, but not sincerely either the one or the other; a fair city, surrounded by frowning fortifications; too prosperous and practical to be melancholy, yet without the *esprit* to be genuinely gay.

NOSTRADAMUS AND HIS PROPHECIES.

By Lucy H. Hooper.

In these days, when spiritualism, mind-reading, clairvoyance, etc., are receiving thorough investigation, it is not uninteresting to turn to the noted astrologers and prophets of future events that flourished in past days. Amongst these the most famous, and certainly the most successful, was Michel Nostradamus, who rendered himself celebrated by predicting the moment and the manner of the death of King Henri II. of France.

He was born in 1503, in the little town of St. Rémi, in Provence. His father was a notary, his grandfather, Pierre de Nostradamus, having been physician to the Duke of Calabria, son of René le Bon, King of Navarre. He was educated at Avignon, and was afterward sent by his parents to Montpellier to study medicine. Having given proof of great science and self-devotion during the ravages of a dangerous epidemic in the south of France, he was created professor of the Faculty at Montpellier. He established himself at Agen, and afterward at Salon, near Aix. An outbreak of the plague in Provence gave him an opportunity of distinguishing himself afresh by his intrepid conduct and his medical science. The jealousy of his professional brethren forced him to retire to Salon, where he lived for some years in complete seclusion. He was fifty-two years old when he first gave his famous "Centuries" to the world. They attracted at once the attention of Catherine de Medicis, then Dauphiness of France, who called the famous astrologer to her Court, caused him to cast the horoscopes of the young princes, her sons, and loaded him with favors. He did not remain long at Court, withdrawing after a short visit there to his quiet home at Salon, where he was visited by the Duke of Savoy, to whom he imparted that famous prediction respecting the death of Henri II., which set the seal on his reputation, and which, but for the protection of the Queen, would have caused him to be burned alive as a sorcerer. The lines in question may be translated as follows: "The young lion will overcome the old one in a singular duel on the battle-field; will pierce his eyes in a cage of gold, then will die a cruel death." It will be remembered that Henri II. was killed by a lance-wound in the eye, dealt him by the Count de Montgomery in a friendly joust at a tournament; the "cage of gold" being interpreted as meaning the gilded bars of the King's helmet.

In 1564 Charles IX. paid Nostradamus the honor of a personal visit at his retreat at Salon, where, two years later, the most famous astrologer in modern history died, his tomb being shown to this day in the church of the Cordeliers. He left two sons, the eldest of whom, Cæsar, devoted himself to literary pursuits with much success. He achieved so brilliant a reputation that Louis XIII. created him one of his gentlemen of the bedchamber. The younger son, Michel, attempted to rival his father's reputation as a prophet of the future. Not succeeding in his predictions, he tried to bring one of them to pass in the following manner: He gave out that on a certain day the town of Le Pouzin would be destroyed by fire, and at the appointed time he endeavored to set fire to sundry of the prominent buildings. Being detected in the act, he was summarily put to death by the enraged citizens. He was the author of a treatise on astrology which has sometimes been attributed to his father.

It must be confessed that Nostradamus forms an imposing figure in the annals of astrology. The grave, learned, self-devoted physician, dwelling in studious retirement, though favored by a Queen and courted by princes, is a very different personage from such vulgar impostors as Mother Shipton, Dr. Dee and other charlatans, who pretended to foretell future events. The antique and peculiar tongue in which Nostradamus wrote has prevented much modern investigation of his prophecies. Not only is the French antiquated, but he has involved the meaning of his lines in obscure terms borrowed from the Latin and Greek, in both of which tongues he was a proficient. This he did, it is said, to avoid any future persecution of the nature of that which assailed him after the death of Henri II. A translation of his Centuries into modern French is now in contemplation. It is not, however, to be doubted that amongst his obscure and enigmatical verses are to be found predicted sundry of the great events in French history, such as the massacre of St. Bartholomew, the assassination of the Duke of Guise, the murder of Henri Quatre, the accession of Louis XIV., and the execution of Charles I. of England. Two very curious quatrains seem to refer directly to Louis XVI., and may be thus translated: The first declares that, "When a Bour—— shall be truly good, bearing in himself the marks of justice, bearing a long-descended name in his blood, he will receive his doom from swift injustice." The second runs as follows: "Too good time, too great royal goodness, making and unmaking, prompt, sudden negligence; lightly believing falsehoods against a loyal spouse, himself put to death by his own benevolence." Still more explicit is his description of the advent to power of Napoleon I. "A simple soldier will attain to empire, and from the short robe will attain to the long one in the worst days of the Church, being valiant at arms; and he will vex the priests as water does the sponge." Again he writes of "one who, bearing a name that never before was borne by a Gallic king, more terrible than ever was a thunderbolt, and before whom Italy, Spain and England trembled, and whose great love was given to foreign women—The foremost in Gaul, the foremost in Romanie;

on sea and land, to the English and to Paris, made marvelous by great feats, violent pugnations, will lose the *Norharis.*" This last word is an enigmatical term often employed by Nostradamus, and seeming to signify power.

Looking over whole pages of obscure verses, we suddenly come upon the following, which is curious: "Nephew and blood of the consecrated newcomer, his weapons sustained and himself covered by his surname, will be driven out to die, and the green will be changed to red and black." (It may be remembered that green is the Imperial color of the Bonapartes.) "The Empire will arise in Germany, and the Ishmaelites will find the places open to them."

In another place we read: "A golden flame will be seen extending from earth to heaven, and, wonderful to relate, many men will be slain. The nephew of the great man, taken prisoner, will escape this spectacle of death."

One of the most curious and explicit of the earlier prophecies is that referring to the Noyades at Nantes, during the Terror. It runs as follows: "The chiefs of the rebellious city, strongly sustaining the cause of liberty, will massacre the people in woful throngs. Then will Nantes be filled with piteous shrieks and cries."

Almost equally singular is the following: "An Emperor will be born near Italy, who will cost the country dear, and the nations that he calls around him will find him less a prince than a butcher. The unhappy and wretched Republic will be devastated by a new ruler; thus great numbers will be sent into a baleful exile."

The earliest existing edition of the "Prophecies of Nostradamus" bears date 1566. There were two earlier ones: the first published in 1555, and the second in 1558; but of these no copies are extant. There was formerly in the National Library of Paris, a copy said to be of the latter date, but it was afterward discovered to belong to the later edition. The work is divided into two parts. The first comprises the Epistle to Cæsar and "seven" so called Centuries; these Centuries being nothing more or less than groups or divisions of a hundred verses each. The second part includes the Epistle to Henri II., and the three concluding Centuries. There is no chronological order whatever preserved amongst these obscure rhyming prophecies. Verses referring to Catherine de Medicis, or Henri of Guise, are to be found side by side with others which have been interpreted as containing prophetic mention of events during the first Revolution, or of the reign of Napoleon. So obscure and involved is the style of these quatrains and so antiquated is the language, that it is a hard matter for a foreigner to translate any one of them into modern French, to say nothing of respectable English.

The volume from which I have taken these facts concerning Nostradamus was published in 1840, and has long been out of print. In a supplementary chapter, the author has collected together a number of curious predictions respecting France. Most of them referred to events that had taken place before the book was compiled, so may be dismissed as possessing but little interest. But what are we to think of this prediction, by Mlle. Lenormant, first published in 1817? Thus writes the modern prophetess: "If the fury of anarchy again breaks out amongst us, I shudder in meditating upon the curses that will descend upon my unhappy country. Paris, above all, will undergo the most terrible of fates, for it is written that the fires of heaven will aid the fury of her enemies. Warriors, women, children, old women, all, without exception, will perish by the sword. The Parisian himself, his breast filled with wrath and with despair, his soul filled with the example shown us by the Muscovite, will aid with furious hands the efforts of the barbarians bent upon the city's ruin, and flaming torches will be applied to the roofs of the houses. Soon Paris will present the aspect of a vast furnace. The bridges will crumble on their shattered arches. The palace of our kings itself will cover earth with its ruins. Mansions, sapped in their foundations, will be devoured by the flames, and will fall, burying their inhabitants under their smoking ruins. The cries of the expiring victims in the agonies of death will pierce the ears of those who have escaped from the terrible conflagration and who tremble lest they become involved in a similar fate. Oh, Frenchmen of all ranks, and of all ages, consider well these terrible predictions!"

Let me again call attention to the fact that the work containing the above was published in 1840, thirty years before the Commune was so much as dreamed of.

The writer, also, refers to a prediction made by Olivarius, in 1542: "In Lutetia, the Seine, reddened with blood, the effect of mighty combats, will widen its bed by ruin and mortality. New seditions of the malevolent plebeians. They will be driven forth from the palace of the kings by the valiant man. After these events Gaul will be declared by all the peoples the great Mother Nation. And he, saving the ancient remains of the old blood of the Capets, will regulate the destinies of the world; will make himself the sovereign counsellor of old nations and all peoples; will sow endless fruit and then will die."

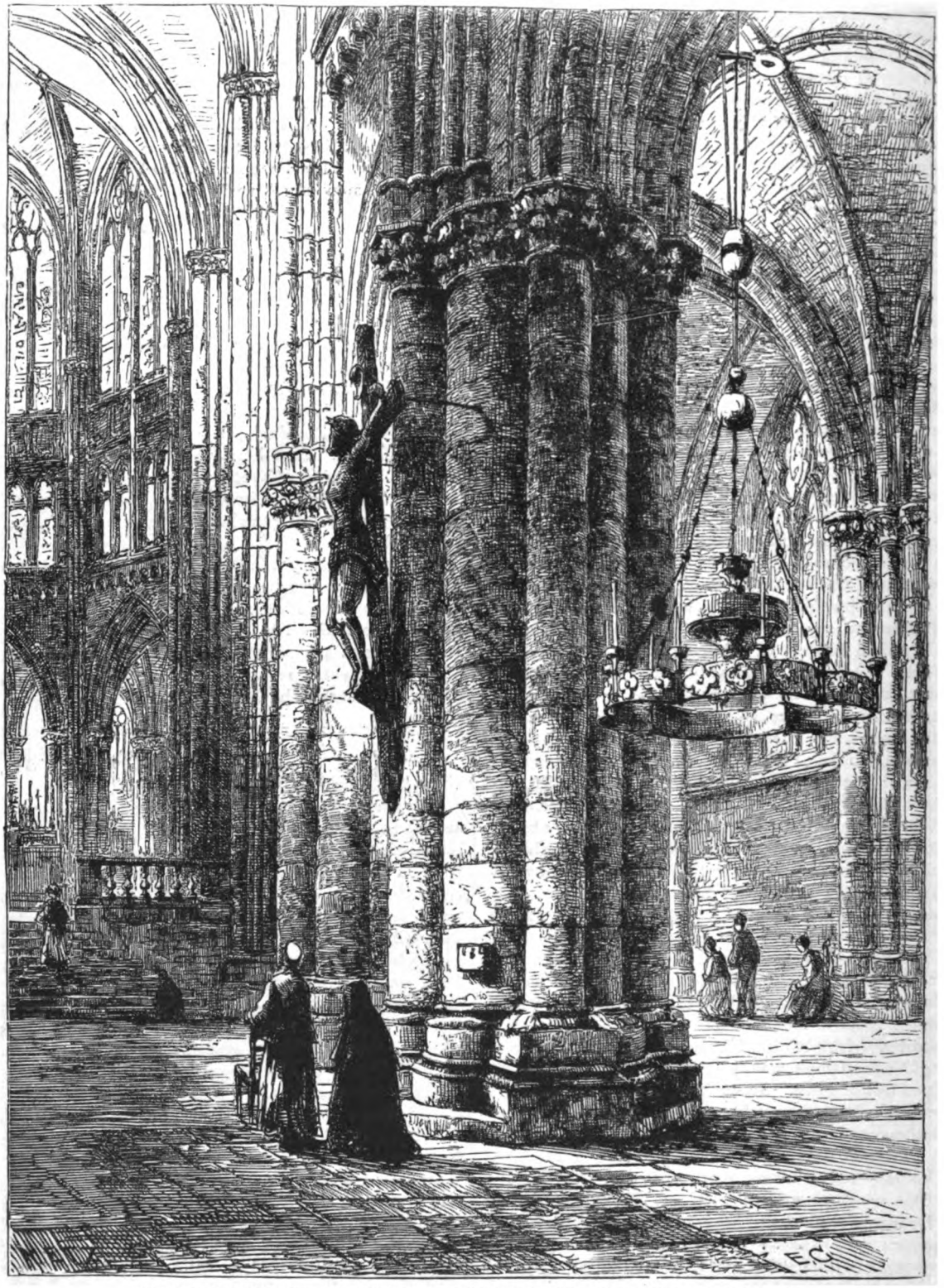
It is noteworthy that all the prophecies include a period no further advanced than that immediately succeeding the foundation of the Third Republic. Can it be that France is about to enter, or, rather, has already entered, upon a period of such peace and calm that her history will cease to afford thrilling incidents for the pen of the historian or the imagination of the fortune-teller?

ASPARAGUS.

No VEGETABLE is at the same time so fruitful of delight and so innocuous as asparagus—the *Asparagus sativus* of botanists, and "the grass" or "sparrow-grass" of the London fruiterers. The only discordant note that disturbs the music of its harmonious story comes from the controversy whether its tender heads should be dressed with oil or butter. Fontenelle and the Abbé Terrasson were close friends to the last; but to the last they differed on this important point, Fontenelle insisting on oil, and Terrasson declaring no less firmly for butter. One day the abbé dropped in to dine with the poet, when the latter had just received a superb basket of asparagus. With proper regard for his friend's taste, and a noble sacrifice of his own feelings, the poet ordered his cook to dress one-half of the asparagus with butter, and the rest with oil. This direction having been given, the friends composed themselves for chat till the repast should be served. Half-an-hour later, when the abbé was in the act of uttering a pleasantry, he fell back in his chair, and died instantly of a stroke of apoplexy. With admirable presence of mind, before he dispatched his valet for a physician, Fontenelle opened the door of his cabinet and called to his cook, "*Tout à l'huile maintenant; tout à l'huile*"—"All with oil, now; all with oil."

Fontenelle and the advocates of oil had ancient usage on their side. Terrasson was the champion of a novelty. In Elizabethan England asparagus, when served separately, was always dressed with oil.

In "The Herbal," John Gerarde says of this vegetable, "It is named asparagus, of the excellency, because asparagi doth properly signify the first spring or sprout of every plant, especially when it is tender, and before it do grow into a hard stalk, as are the buds, or young springs of wild vine or hops, or such like." Gerarde goes on to say, "The first sprouts and tender shoots hereof be oftentimes sodden in flesh-broth and eaten; or, boiled in faire water, and seasoned with oile, vinegar and pepper, they are served as a salad." But such large asparagus, with thick, stringy stalks, and heads bigger than filbert-nuts, as is nowadays sold in every fruiterer's shop during the season for the vegetable—was unknown in Elizabethan times. "Manured or garden sperage," says Gerarde, "hath at its first rising out of the ground thicke, tender shoots, very soft and brittle, of the thicknesse of



METZ: ITS MONUMENTS AND MEMORIES.—INTERIOR OF THE CATHEDRAL.—SEE PAGE 39.

the greatest swan's quill, in taste like the green bean, have at top a certain scaly, soft bud."

And so long as the finest asparagus sticks were no larger than swans' quills, our ancestors ate the stalks (*green* in those days) as well as the heads of the tender vegetable.

The practice of setting asparagus deep in the soil of highly earthed beds, and subsequently covering the beds with dry litter—a practice which, without improving the flavor, changed so greatly the outward appearance of the growth—became general in the early years of the eighteenth century. The date of this horticultural change can be fixed with sufficient exactness by some pleasant anecdotes.

Smarting under adverse circumstances and real or imaginary indignities, which wrought permanent injury to his moral nature, young Jonathan Swift was acting as Sir William Temple's private secretary when he encountered William III. at Moorpark. Whilst Sir William was confined to his bed with gout, the sovereign inspected his host's beautiful gardens, and graciously taught the poor scholar, who officiated as his guide round the grounds, "how to cut asparagus in the Dutch way." Swift had occasion also to see the King eat asparagus.

ELSA IN ELDERLAND.—"THE KING PUT ON A LARGE PAIR OF SPECTACLES." SEE NEXT PAGE.

More than half a century had passed since this meeting of the great King and the great humorist, and Swift, who died in 1745, was lying in his grave in St. Patrick's Cathedral when Leland, the historian, and George Faulkner, the Dublin alderman, met at a dinner-table where the talk turned on the famous dean. During this gossip Faulkner, who had repeatedly printed and published for Swift, recalled an occasion when he had dined at the dean's table in his deanery. The publisher having been detained for some time at the deanery on business connected with some proof-sheets, the man of letters had pressed him to dine with him *tête-à-tête*. Asparagus was one of the vegetables at the repast; and when the guest asked for a second helping of the fare, the host, pointing to the applicant's plate, observed:

"Sir, first finish what you have on your plate."

"What, sir," answered the man of business, "eat my stalks?"

"Ay, sir," the dean responded, in his most imperious manner; "eat your stalks, or you will have no more. King William always ate his stalks."

Whereupon the man of business, yielding to a will stronger than his own, ate his stalks submissively, whilst his cynical host, doubtless, chuckled secretly at another exhibition of a free man's servility.

"And George," exclaimed Leland, with astonishment, when Faulkner had given this illustration of Swift's insolence and his own meekness, "what! were you really blockhead enough to obey him?"

"Yes," Faulkner replied, bridling up and flushing, angrily; "and, doctor, if you had dined with Dean Swift *tête-à-tête*, faith, you would have been obliged to eat your stalks, too!"

Sir Walter Scott tripped in saying that William III. taught Swift "how to eat the vegetables with Dutch economy," implying thereby that the slender, green stalks eaten by the King were no daintier meat than such thick, stringy stalks as the novelist's readers habitually put aside. The fact is, whilst little inferior in texture, the lower part, the green stalk, is even superior in flavor to the head of the vegetables, when grown in the old fashion. A chronic invalid, always under medical care, even when he fought his battles, William of Orange was not likely to load his stomach with a lot of indigestible white stalks. But new horticulture had made asparagus-stalks uneatable, before a load of them was forced down his obsequious publisher's throat by the whimsical misanthrope, whose biography abounds with instances of the morbid delight he took in putting outrageous affronts on his social inferiors, and seeing to what depths of self-humiliation he could goad them.

The literature of gastronomy affords, at least, a score of apocryphal, and extremely improbable asparagus stories, which make fun of persons who were so simple as to imagine that the white stalks were the eatable part of a dish of asparagus. One tells how "a wag" (that supreme social nuisance of our Georgian period), sitting down with a "countryman" to a plate of asparagus, said, "Come, I am not hungry, so I'll cut, and you shall choose," dividing with his knife, as he spoke, the heads from the stalks. Of course the simple and greedy "countryman" seized the larger portion. Another tells how a bundle of the new (!) vegetable was sent in George III.'s time from London to a "country" lady, who was cautioned in a note to "cut off the heads and throw away what was uneatable." Misconstruing the instructions, the old-fashioned matron threw away the heads, and nearly killed herself by eating the stalks. A third anecdote certifies that a worthy woman of the same recent period, living in the heart of Somersetshire, chopped up several pounds of the stringy stalks, dressed them with melted butter and pepper, and then, having eaten them, observed that "she did not think much of the *new*

vegetable." The originators of such tales were ignorant of the plant's history. A vegetable, commonly grown in Elizabethan gardens, can have been no novelty to the rudest housekeepers of Georgian times. It is not likely that "country" people were less ignorant of the "grass" than town-folk. And even whilst the modern way of growing in it was a novelty, the rustic gormand cannot have needed instruction that the green head was more agreeable than the white stalk.

Far different from these foolish anecdotes is the story told by Brillat-Savarin of the asparagus that raised its head once upon a time in the garden of Monseigneur Courtois de Quincey, Bishop of Belley. The bishop was extremely fond of the vegetable, and evinced significant delight on hearing that a head of unusual size had appeared just above the surface of his asparagus-bed. To ascertain the truth of the news, the right reverend monseigneur hastened, with a party of familiar friends, to the spot where this marvel could be seen. The report was true. The delicately painted and shining head was wonderfully large. A new animation pervaded the bishop's residence. His superb head of asparagus was the talk of all Belley and the surrounding country. Day after day he visited it with his guests, marking its gradual ascent from the bed. At last the moment arrived when, in the presence of a dozen agitated spectators, the bishop, knife in hand, stooped and put the blade's edge to the delicate production. Alas! the knife could not cut it. The vegetable was a thing of wood, which some malicious mechanician had carved, painted and planted. Amongst the witnesses of this comical scene was the Canon Rosset, the irrepressible smile of whose humorous face betrayed that he was the perpetrator of the jest. After the lapse of two generations this ludicrous incident afforded a Parisian confectioner the suggestion for those imitations of asparagus, in cream-ice and water-ice, that are sometimes served at dinner-tables.

WHEN TO FELL AN OAK.

A TREE with only ten feet of timber in it may have quite done growing, while another of five times the contents may be putting on a great bulk of wood every season.

A "ripe" tree has always a "stodgy" appearance, especially about the topmost branches, among which small leafless twigs will begin to show themselves. If the work of selecting trees for felling be left to subordinates, the biggest, not the ripest, trees will generally be chosen. But this involves very serious loss; for the larger a tree is the more wood it will put on every year, if it is still "growing"; and, since an oak is usually not timber at all until it is twenty-five or thirty years old, every additional year's growth, up to fifty or sixty years of its age, ought to be reckoned as containing two years of its entire increase.

THE PIECES IN CHESS.

RECKONING the pawn as unity, Staunton's valuation of the other pieces is: knight, 3.05; bishop, 3.5; rook, 5.48; and queen, 9.94. A recent mathematical investigation, based on the chances of "safe" check—that is, check where the attacking piece cannot be taken by the adverse king—gives slightly different values—namely, knight, 3; bishop, 3.25; rook, 6; and queen, 9.25. In this list the pawn is not rated, owing to its value depending so much on its power of "queening."

ELSA IN ELDER-LAND.

A FAIRY STORY.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

I.

"IT'S the time of roses! It's the time of elder-flowers. How white and cool they are!" said Elsa.

Suddenly she heard a voice singing:

"Keep close beside me, little maid;
Hold my hand, don't be afraid."

"But I can't see you," said Elsa; "and I can't tell where your hand is."

"Here."

And Elsa felt a hand grasping hers.

"Raise the latch, open tree,
Let in Elsa, let in me,"

said the voice.

How large the elder-tree had grown! and there was a door in it; and when the door opened Elsa saw a staircase of smooth, white wood, and the scent of elder-flowers rose up around her.

"Mount up," said the voice; and Elsa ascended the stairs. She could hear the footsteps of her guide coming behind her; but she could not see any one. Sometimes the hand patted her on the shoulder, and the voice occasionally made a remark. Elsa felt a little giddy, for it was a spiral staircase, winding inside the trunk of the tree. There were loopholes here and there, but they were too much shaded by elder-blossoms for Elsa to be able to see out of them.

"Quite a corkscrew," said the voice; "but not one that we use for our bottles."

Elsa said "Oh," for her head was beginning to get confused with going round and round; but still she had sense enough left to know that the staircase was not adapted for opening bottles.

"When shall we get to the top of the tree?" she asked.

"We sha'n't get there at all. At least, we sha'n't stop there, for we have passed it long ago; we are now, if you wish to know, mounting a shoot that reaches to Elder-Land."

Elsa walked on a few steps more, then she cried out: "I am falling! I am falling!"

II.

BUT she was not falling; another door had suddenly opened, and she found herself out in the open air in a great forest. The trees were of a height that it made her dizzy to look at; stately avenues branched off in all directions, with paths diverging from them. All the trees were of the same foliage—delicate green leaves with masses of white blossom.

"Why, they are all elder-trees, and this must be Elder-Land," said Elsa, almost in a whisper. Yet though she thought she was but whispering, her voice sounded loud and harsh, quite unlike its usual sound; and it echoed through the avenues and rebounded from tree to tree until she was almost deafened, and wished she had not spoken.

Other people must have heard it, too, for, as if in answer to it, there came a loud clattering noise, as of the smashing of teacups and saucers, and the rattling of many tin trays against each other.

"And what if it is? And what need is there for you to mention it? And, pray, what brought you here?"

And a queer-looking figure stood before her with a china bowl on his head, and a cup and saucer in each

hand. He had on a large white apron, and the pocket was stuffed full of elder-blossoms.

"Pray, what right have you here disturbing the King of Elder-Land, just when the elder-flowers are coming to their full beauty, and the least accident may blight them?"

"I couldn't help coming," said Elsa; "I didn't come of my own accord?"

"Who brought you, then? Who showed you the way to our dominions? Describe him, and he shall be hunted out and punished. What was he like?"

"I can't tell, for I did not see him."

"That is nonsense. How could he show you the way if you did not see him? You are not speaking the truth. It is a plot to ruin the elder crop. You are a base conspirator."

Elsa began to cry. She did not know what a base conspirator was, but she thought it must be something very bad, for the sprite shook his head so energetically that the china bowl fell off and broke into a thousand pieces.

"That is your fault, too," said the sprite, dashing the teacups and saucers on the ground, also.

"Oh—oh—oh—oh!" cried Elsa. "I didn't do it; I didn't do it."

"You made me do it, which is just the same," returned the sprite. "If you had not been a base conspirator the bowl would have staid on my head. Now you must come before the King, and I have no doubt he will put you in prison, or, perhaps, have you hanged."

And the sprite took Elsa by the arm, and dragged her along. As he did so, the voice whispered to her:

"You should not have spoken until you heard me speak, and then this would not have happened."

III.

THE King was sitting in a bower of elder-bushes. There was a table before him, on which was a great bunch of elder-flowers at one end and a pile of elder-berries at the other. In the centre was an hour-glass. The King was looking anxiously at it, for the sand had stopped running. He spoke, sadly:

"The sand stopped at the cry,
Oh why, oh why, oh why?
The elder flowers will die,
Say I, say I, say I."

"Not if your Majesty will punish the offender. I caught her, I've brought her; and if your Majesty does as your Majesty ought to, you will hang her up to the highest tree there is in Elder-Land," said the sprite, dragging Elsa to the table.

The King put on a large pair of spectacles, and when he had fixed them to his satisfaction he looked at her, and said:

"Is this she that I see
Who came up the elder-tree,
Stealing into our dominions
As if she had fairy pinions?
And the china bowl she broke,
And to mend it is no joke;
Caused the teacups to be smashed
As upon the ground they dashed.
Yes, most certain 'tis that she
Base conspirator must be."

Elsa would have spoken, but the King waved his hand to his guards saying:

"Take her away, take her away,
In the deepest dungeon she shall stay
Until the china bowl she pieces;
When this is done her punishment ceases."

"The teacups must also be mended," added the King, in prose.

So Elsa was shut up in a dungeon under the palace, with a pitcher of milk, a loaf of bread, a heap of straw, and the pieces of the bowl and the teacups.

It was all very wrong and very unjust, thought Elsa; but what could she do? She would be obliged to stay there for ever and ever, for she could never mend the broken china. It all came of going up corkscrew staircases.

IV.

ELSA sat down on the heap of straw, and looked gloomily at the broken bowl. Then, feeling very hungry and thirsty, she thought she would have some milk and bread.

But just as she was raising the pitcher to her lips she heard a disconsolate mew, and a large white cat put its paw upon her arm.

"Elsa," said the cat, "I have four beautiful kittens dying for the want of milk; will you not give them a little?"

Now Elsa was very fond of cats and kittens, so she said "Yes," at once.

The cat rubbed her face against Elsa's cheek, and then ran away for her kittens. Elsa poured some milk into part of one of the saucers for them. The kittens lapped it up, greedily; and she gave them more and more, they seemed to enjoy it so much, until not a drop was left.

Then the cat and her kittens frisked round Elsa several times, and disappeared.

"As the milk has gone, I must eat the bread without," said Elsa, breaking off a piece of the loaf, which she was just going to eat, when a low whine at her feet made her look down. There lay a miserable-looking dog.

"Poor fellow, poor fellow!" said Elsa, patting him; "are you hungry?"

"I've not tasted food for a fortnight," answered the unfortunate dog.

Elsa's heart was touched at once.

"I'm shut up because some one else has broken the King's pipe," said the dog; "it's very unjust."

"I'm shut up unjustly, too," said Elsa, as she began to feed the dog. He was, indeed, hungry, and she fed him until all the loaf had disappeared and there was none left for herself.

It had certainly done him good, for he looked quite strong and well now, and he licked Elsa's hand many times before he went away.

"Well, I've neither milk nor bread now," said Elsa, "so I may as well go to sleep, for I am very tired."

But no sooner had she lain herself down than she heard a feeble voice calling to her:

"Elsa, Elsa, I have been sleeping on the stones for a week, and I am so cold. Do let me lie on part of your straw."

Elsa opened her eyes, and beside her stood a pale, forlorn-looking child, clothed in rags, and looking so hungry that Elsa wished she had had a little bit of bread left to give her.

As she had not, she did the best she could and made room for the child, giving her the best part of the bed.

The child soon fell fast asleep, and Elsa felt herself gradually pushed off the straw out on the stone floor. But she was so tired that she soon fell into a deep slumber.

Was she dreaming or was she awake?

V.

THERE was a great lamp hanging up in the dungeon hat gave as much light as the sun, and the cat, the kittens, the dog, and the child were seated at the table,

ELSA IN ELDER-LAND.—"A QUEER-LOOKING FIGURE STOOD BEFORE HER."

busily at work piecing the bowl and the teacups. The young kittens were quite amused with finding the pieces, and once or twice laughed merrily.

But the child put her finger on her lips and said:

"Hush! do not disturb her; she is very tired."

"And very hungry," said the dog; "we have eaten all her supper."

Elsa watched, eagerly. She could not be asleep, as she could see the child fitting in the pieces of the china bowl, and then the dog licked them, which seemed to fasten them together.

Suddenly the child looked round and said, "She is awake."

Then the light went out, and Elsa was left in the darkness. When she awoke the next morning she looked about for the child, but the child was not there.

She looked at the ceiling, but there was no lamp there; she glanced at the table, and, behold! there stood the china bowl and the teacups and saucers, all neatly mended, with no cracks in them.

Elsa sprang up; she examined them; she rubbed her eyes; she exclaimed:

"They did it, they did it, and it was not a dream!"

VI.

No, IT was not a dream; the cups and bowl were mended.

"Kindness always, little maid,
Should by kindness be repaid;
Dog and cat, and kittens too,
Willingly have worked for you;
Prison doors shall open be
And we all shall soon be free."

It was the child who spoke. She no longer looked pale and thin, but was plump and rosy, and was clad in a silken robe. She took Elsa by the hand.

"I brought you to Elder-Land; so I will take you home again."

"Were you the voice?"

"Yes. I ought to have told you not to speak until I told you. However, it has all come right, and you have seen Elder-Land," the child said.

"But not very pleasantly," said Elsa.

"Wait till you get out of the dungeon," said the child.

And when Elsa came into the open air, she felt that it was very beautiful to be in Elder-Land and see the giant elder-trees that the King took so much care of. And then the King and Queen and all their train rode forth on white steeds, saddled and bridled with gold.

And when they had passed by, the child led Elsa through the forest to the spiral staircase, for, of course, Elsa could not have found it herself.

Going down was quicker work than coming up, and when she stepped out on the green sward, she found the roses blooming and the elder-flowers looking like ivory in the moonlight.

She turned to speak to the child, but the child was not there, and the elder-bush had shrunk into its usual size, and there was no trace of a door to be seen.

"And I never thanked her," said Elsa, softly; "I suppose she was a fairy; she must have been one."

IF you will remember that each of these large, torpid flies who emerges from the crypt behind a window-sash, or the dust-heap in the back of a book-case, may lay 2,000 eggs, that in less than six weeks these eggs may represent 2,000 flies, you see the importance of putting him out of the way.

GENUINE comedy—the true tickling scene, exquisite absurdity, soul-rejoicing incongruity—has really nothing to do with types, prevailing fashions, and such like vulgarities. Sir Andrew Aguecheek is not a typical fool; he *is* a fool, seised in fee simple of his folly.

"BESIDE HER STOOD A PALE, FORLORN-LOOKING CHILD."

A WOMAN'S JEALOUSY.—"FALLING BESIDE HER ON HIS KNEES, HE CRIED: 'STELLA, HAVE PITY!'"

A WOMAN'S JEALOUSY.

By Philip Bourke Marston.

"It was just the day for the Derby." So every one said who took any interest at all in the great national horse-race. "There was a breeze; not so much breeze, but just breeze enough." The sun shone through a soft, transparent mist, and early in the morning a brisk shower had cleared the roads of dust without making them in the least heavy.

I have no intention of describing the Derby, for has not that been done by Dickens and Thackeray down to a whole host of nobodies? Pretty and prettily dressed women gave charm and animation to the scene. They seemed happy as butterflies flashing in the sun, and most of the men there seemed cheerful, whether they were or not.

One man, however, formed a noticeable exception. He was, probably, about thirty-five. His clear-cut face was deeply seamed, and his large, gray eyes had in them, as it were, the relics of what may once have been a devil-may-care kind of look. His hands were long and slender, and very white. A red beard hung to his breast, and his hair would have been improved by curtailment. His clothes were painfully shabby, but he held himself well. Indeed, there was something almost of swagger in his manner, as if he were proud of his evident poverty. In his right hand he held a light cane, with which he frequently tapped his well-worn boots. He had between his teeth a brier-root pipe which he smoked steadily. Occasionally he produced from the side-pocket of his coat—it had been a good coat once—a flask, from which he drank, saying, "I need it to-day, if never in my life before." Then he would muse to himself, "The favorite scarcely ever *does* win, but I think he must this time. Harlington thinks he will beat, and Harlington is a knowing hand about horses."

Just then a young man with eyeglass fixed in eye, as well dressed as the other was ill attired, came up behind him, and, slapping him on the shoulder, accosted him with:

"Well, old man, fallen into a reverie! A penny for your thoughts; the same as mine, I suppose—centred upon our friend the Flying Dutchman?"

"Your shrewdness does you credit."

"I thought you would say so. But knock that horrid pipe out, and have a cigar. You'll look twice as respectable then."

"I don't care whether I do or not."

"No; but I do."

"All right, then; I'll oblige you. Anything for a quiet life."

"I shall be surprised if Quicksilver, our enemy, licks

the Dutchman," went on the other, whose name was Harlington; "good action, plenty of go, but no staying power, and then she isn't suited to his man. Arnold is a good, bold rider, but in all his horsemanship there isn't one grain of *finesse*. Now, Quicksilver wants harboring; but Arnold will let him go, and trust to his doing it with a rush. Well, I couldn't give you better earnest of my opinion than by doing it myself, as I have advised you to do; not to speak of lending you fifty to pay your man with till you have sold your last. I told you at the time, you know, I thought it a mad proceeding on your part."

"Perhaps it is," assented the other; "but, as I told *you* at the time, I am in debt all round, and all the betting men say the result of the race seems a foregone conclusion."

"I know," responded Harlington. "Still you can't always put your faith in betting gents any more than you can in gents who write reviews for the Press, but we will hope for the best, and I'm in the same boat with you, as you know, if that's any comfort. I know if one is laid up with some beastly complaint, it always comforts one to think that the man in the next house is suffering from the same malady; but the worst of this is, if the Flying Dutchman plays us false, it will mean some retrenchment on my part. Maud will have to do with fewer dresses, but it seems to me from what you tell me, it will about knock you into a cocked hat. Suppose that is so, what are you going to do?"

"Oh, I don't know; go to the deuce."

"Oh, you've done that already. Well, but seriously, what *are* you going to do?"

"Well, as seriously as you like, I haven't the faintest idea. I wish I had back all the money I have spent on hansoms and champagne. We came of an extravagant stock. My father shot himself dead because he couldn't meet his creditors. My grandfather was wiser in his generation. *He* gave them the slip and got away to America, but he had more to go with than I should have. I sold and sold and sold, and always thought that when it came very near the end something would turn up, but nothing showed the faintest sign of moving. You see the market is so confoundedly overstocked, and there are so many much better men than I in it vending their brains, that I have scarcely a chance, and quite right, too. When I go into a fruit-market, I go at once to the man who will give me the best for my money. I never got on well with Latin and Greek at Oxford, and, as for mathematics, I was out of that altogether, so I'm not much good by way of a tutor. Then I tried my hand at reviewing, being introduced to the editor of *The St. George's*. I thought what I wrote uncommonly smart, but he wrote back to say he was sorry to have troubled me for nothing. He wanted a more French style of criticism; so there you are, you see."

"Yes," rejoined his friend flicking the ash off his cigar; "it is true, 'there you are.' But put your trust in Flying Dutch, and he will pull you through. Come, it is time we should be taking our places." And they made their way to the stand where they had secured their seats. "I hope it won't come down and let us all through."

"Shouldn't much mind if it did."

"No, I don't suppose you would, but I should. I haven't spent my money on riotous living."

"No, you are too careful even to have been jolly," responded his friend Jack Maythorp.

"Oh, I don't know; I haven't drunk champagne before breakfast, and my cigars have not been from the swellest crops. I have not given fair ladies expensive dinners, nor done the same thing in a house which I bought at a high figure to occupy wholly myself, nor bought pictures to hang on the walls; but, in spite of these cruel privations, I have been as jolly as I wish to be, and my pals have, I hope, had many a jolly night at my chambers, though the supper did not run to very much; mostly a couple of cold chickens and cheese, and for drink, Bass, or a modest, unassuming claret."

To which responded Maythorp, with an attempt at gayety:

"'Come, then, let come what may,
I shall have had my day.'"

"As you like it,' said Harlington; "but, really, what about that confounded house? It is much too big for you and the Missus and the small boy. I should have thought you would have let it long ago."

"Can't afford the cash to do it up; it's all gone to pieces lately for the same reason."

"Let it on a repairing lease, then."

"Should get scarcely anything for it, and at least we do live there rent free."

"Sell it, then."

"House property in that part of London goes for very little. It's so remote. There is a house next door to mine with a board on it saying it was to be sold, and it has been in that forlorn condition for, I should say, at least a year. I like the neighborhood because it is quiet, but I suppose most people are not so susceptible to noise as I am."

"Yet it seems," said Harlington, "as if something ought to be done with the house."

"Yes," mused Maythorp, "something must be done with the house."

Then they sat still, hearing all round them a very sea of voices. All round them, below them, every spot where people could stand or sit was jammed. At length the time came, and amid a deafening roar the horses started. The air was stormed with cries of "Dutchman! Dutchman! Quicksilver! Quicksilver! Quicksilver!"

The two friends rose and shouted for the favorite, as if he were their good angel, and must respond to their entreaties. It was not long before he got away from the rest, then the shouting ceased and the suspense became as dumb as an infinite despair. Maythorp heard his heart beat distinctly. The Flying Dutchman held on his course, resistless as fate, and it seemed to Maythorp the victory was already achieved; but Harlington was alarmed to see Quicksilver held in, as firmly as if his rider had overheard and benefited by Harlington's remarks. Suddenly Arnold called upon his horse, who answered nobly, and with a rush like a whirlwind joined the Dutchman. For a minute the contest between the two was desperate, and a very frenzy of shouting burst forth on all sides. Quicksilver led, as it were flying over the ground. It would have been impossible to have kept up such a pace but Arnold had harbored his horse's strength, as Harlington had anticipated he would not do, and it was but a short distance now to the goal. The favorite made a gallant but fruitless effort, and midst a thunder of shouts Quicksilver came in by a half a neck.

"By George, what a beat!" said Harlington, "I never did see a horse go like that. Nothing could stand against it for a little while, but he nearly dropped when he got in. Two minutes more and he would have been out of it altogether, and then that brute Arnold did just as I thought he would not do, as if to spite us."

"No doubt he did," sneered Maythorp, who was sur-

prisingly calm, "but come to the Eagle and let's have a drink."

"On condition that I stand."

"On condition that I stand."

"That shall be as you like, but I've got two sovereigns here, really."

"And you will need them."

"Well," said Maythorp, "if you put it in that way, as a matter of fact, I suppose I shall."

Then the two men walked away together, through the hot afternoon and all the buzz of the time. Harlington knew his friend was ruined, but, as most of our dear friends do, he believed that, catlike, he would fall on his feet.

"I suppose I may tell Maud?" he said. Maud was his sister. "She'll be awfully sorry to hear. What a lot of pretty women there are about to-day; it really quite bowls a fellow over. I wish I had the braining of Quicksilver. It would be a relief to one's feelings, though I must say that Arnold trotted him out A 1. I had no idea the man had it in him. Had I known, we might have been richer than we are just now. A fiver any good? Yours to command, if it is."

"No, thanks," replied Maythorp, taking a cigar from his friend's case. "It would be just like trying to get to the North Pole in a row-boat."

"I suppose it would be," answered Harlington, "and but for that I should make you swallow it on the spot."

With such like talk did the two friends beguile the time till the noted "Spread Eagle" was reached.

"Hang it!" said Harlington, "let us split a bottle of champagne together over this matter. I can stand it. They turn out their chops as well here as at any place I know."

Nothing loath, for he was hungry, Maythorp assented; and to all appearances they made quite a festival out of their failure. It was evening when they got back to London, and then Harlington said, if they never did such a thing again, they would go to the music-hall.

"All right," said Maythorp, "I am with you." And so they went. The place was crowded, many ladies with very golden hair being present, and not a few young men who with advantage might have withstood the pangs of thirst during the day.

The great song of the evening was one of those topical ditties in which our music-halls delight. Two stanzas, for no special cause, branded themselves dreadfully on Maythorp's memory. They were these:

"We're all so happy now, because we have a cow
And three acres of good land.
Happy, happy we, born beside the sea,
On this happy, happy English strand.

"We'd rather have some geese, or of piggy a good piece,
So that it all came round;
But happy, happy we, born beside the sea,
Born on this English, English ground."

The depressing entertainment over, the two separated, Harlington to go back to his sister, who kept house for him; and Maythorp to go back to his wife, who *played* at keeping house for him, though she loved him but too well, if jealousy be any sign of love. Maythorp loved his wife quite as much as she loved him, if, indeed, he did not love her better; but, while they were engaged, and separated, Stella being in attendance on a sick relative abroad, Maythorp became acquainted with the Harlingtons. He took to Maud Harlington at once—a dark-haired, bright-eyed little woman, who dressed pre-Raphaelitely and talked under her breath when much moved, and was altogether very sympathetic and very charming. He talked of Stella—his wife to be—and told Miss Harlington how lonely he was, she being away. She said how sorry she was, and wouldn't he come sometimes in the evening and have some music?"

"Yes, he liked music very much. Did she sing?"

"A little; not very well," a statement which he found subsequently to be scarcely consistent with truth; but the end of it was that he came in pretty frequently to the apartments rented by the Harlingtons, at South Kensington. Maythorp was no more in love with Maud Harlington than he was with her brother; but when Mrs. Maythorp to be came to know of the friendship, which, indeed, he had taken no pains to conceal, then trouble began between them, for she would have none of it. Now, Maythorp, who was even then beginning to feel the end of things near, had borrowed money from Harlington which he was not in any particular hurry to repay, and so kept on to brother and sister, writing his engaged wife that he loved her, and only her, which was quite the truth. For the time the fair lady—and she *was* a very fair lady—was pacified, and the two were married, he having promised never to see Miss Harlington again. But, alas! he did; and the worst of it was that she wrote him a letter, which he, like a fool, neglected to burn, and it fell into the hands of Mrs. Maythorp. I think all my readers can imagine what happened better than I can ever hope to describe it. Alas! what was the unfortunate man not? He was a liar, he was a coward, he was a dastard; he was the meanest thing crawling under God's sky; and then, when he was about to leave the room, she flung both her beautiful strong arms about his neck, and cried herself nearly blind upon his breast, after which, being very short of money, they went to a swell restaurant and had a champagne dinner. Alas! do many of us not know this kind of thing too well? I think most of you would have been in love with Mrs. Maythorp, could I paint her as I have seen her. She was about the average height, with a divinely shaped figure—her face if anything, was a trifle too pale, but beautifully cut. One of her admirers, a sculptor, told her she had just the mouth they were trying, but in vain, to give to their Venuses. This pleased her, for she liked, as most women do, to be worshiped. Her hair was brown, shot with gold. She wore it low upon the white, fair forehead, Her eyes were changeful in color, sometimes purely gray, at other times with such green lights flashing in them as a diver knows as he goes down under sea-water. She was one of those women who seem to make fragrant all the air about them. Could she but have known herself as other people knew her, she could never have been jealous. But, alas! she was.

Maythorp walked back that night to his house with a dreadful sense of everything being played out. His wife might get a post as governess, but he didn't believe she could do much in that way, educated though she was, if indeed she could find such a place. There were a few pounds, and then the end; and then he remembered, and sickened to remember, just as he was passing over London Bridge, and pondering the advisability of jumping into the water beneath:

"We're all so happy now, because we have a cow
And three acres of good land.
Happy, happy we, born beside the sea,
On this happy, happy English strand."

There is always, or nearly always, a certain calm born of facing the worst, and this calm had in a measure come to him. Still, how should he break to his wife Stella the

dreadful news that they were ruined? He could not tell the whole extent of it at once. He must cast about to see if nothing could be done. Meanwhile she must visit some relatives in the country, the servants must be discharged, and he depend on the tender mercies of cheap French restaurants to get along as best he could.

While the husband was making his way through the crowded streets, his wife was pacing up and down, her heavy dress of silk and velvet making a soft *frou-frou* as she went to and fro in a large, well-furnished room.

THE KING AND QUEEN OF GREECE AND THEIR CHILDREN. — SEE PAGE 56.

The clock on the mantelpiece chimed the hour in a tone as if it had heard a cathedral-clock chime, and were trying at a humble distance to imitate it. A great cart went by and jarred the window-frame a little, then all was still again in that part of the world. Stella continued her walk, but the hands that worked in one another were cold. There was a fragrance of flowers in the room. Back and forth, back and forth she walked, not even staying to glance at herself in the mirror which hung over the mantelpiece, and on either side of which candles were burning. Presently, however, she did pause, as she heard a step, which she knew for her husband's, coming up the stair. I don't think she noticed with what a heavy tread it came.

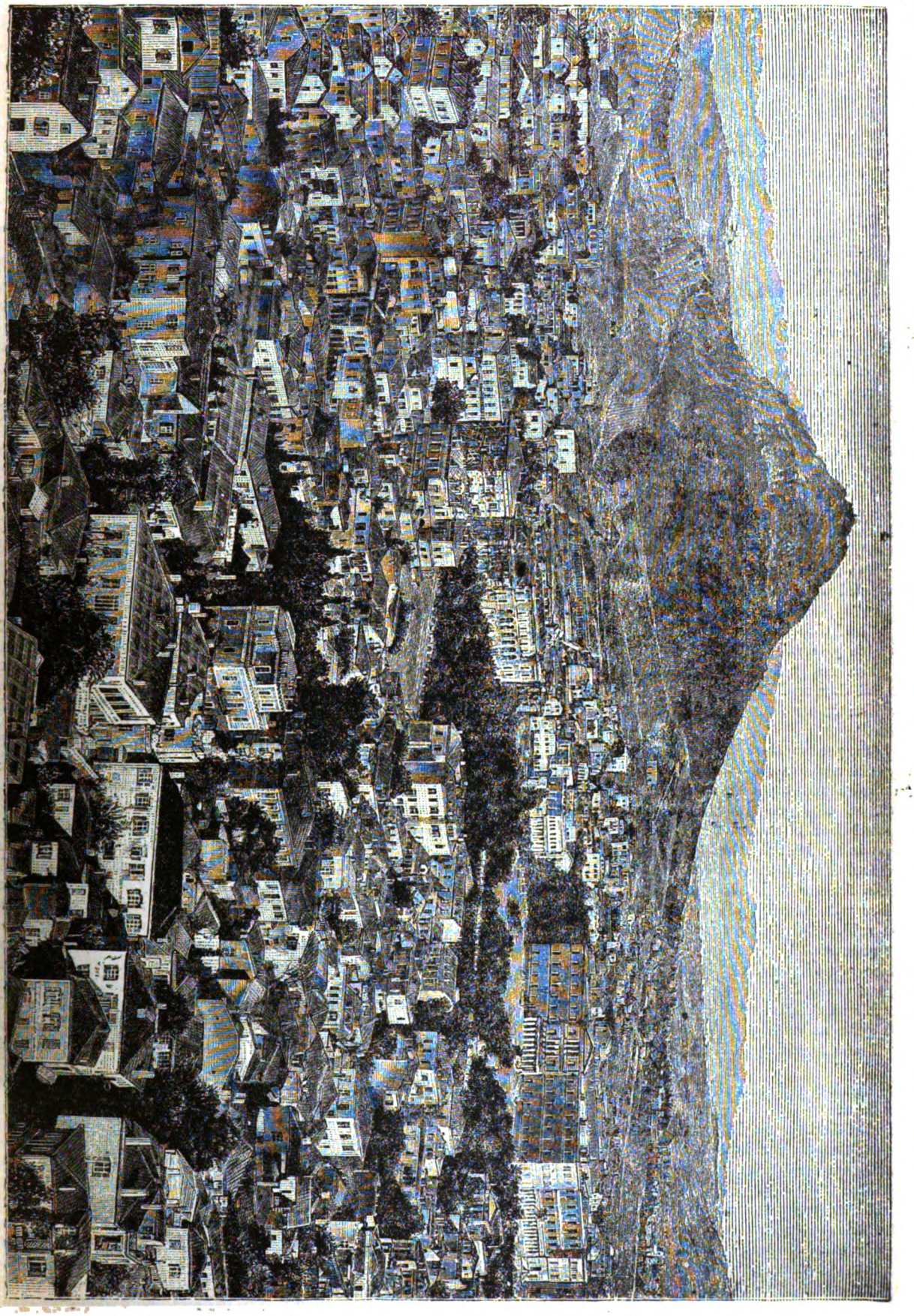
"Not in bed yet, darling?" he said, assuming a little of that gayety which he certainly did not feel, "and wandering up and down."

And he went to her as if to kiss her, but she darted back, and said:

"I am not your darling, and don't you dare to touch me." In spite of what she said he grasped one of her ice-cold hands, but, with what seemed for the moment greater force than his, she wrenched her hand away, and said: "I command you not to touch me. I may have the misfortune to be your wife, but not the curse to be your slave."

Her breasts were rising and falling quickly, her eyes flashing. It is true that she looked very handsome. Perhaps his temper was scarcely less quick than hers, and then he was not in a mood to be tampered with. He replied, with a sneer:

"Let us get to the bottom of this with no more



GENERAL VIEW OF MODERN ATHENS.

queer effects. If you were my slave I should know how to deal with you in these tantrums; but as you are unfortunately my wife, if you wish to explain your behavior, and will not be more than three or four minutes, I will listen; but I cannot give you more, as I am tired out with my day, during which it seems you have had nothing better to do than to lash yourself into a rage—one of your rages which I am getting accustomed to. Oh, the joy of married life under given circumstances."

"Such as being my husband."

"I never said so."

"But you thought so."

"If you know all about my thoughts, I wonder you think it worth while to ask any questions."

He moved toward the door, but she intercepted him with a bound, and set her back to it.

"No, you don't go like that!" she cried.

"I can't fight with you, of course," he rejoined. "There's where what we call the lower classes have the best of us. I am your captive. Proceed; only as you love me be as brief as you can," and he threw himself into a chair, she resuming her walk to and fro.

"Kate Lea was here this afternoon," she began, fixing her fine eyes upon him.

"Oh, was she? I hope you enjoyed her visit. I should have done had I been in your place."

He assumed indifference, but he could not help a start. He knew now what was coming. Mrs. Maythorp resumed, with constrained calmness:

"She lately became quite intimate with the Harlingtons, and who do you think she met there on two occasions?"

"The Prince of Wales? He does go to odd places."

"Can you refrain from being insolent?"

"Yes, really I will try; but remember I have been out all day, and it is late."

"You know as well as I do it was yourself she met there."

"Oh, yes, so she did; but I never thought you would try and make a game of twenty questions out of such an insignificant person as myself."

"And that, on the second day, when you left, she showed her beautiful flowers, and said you had sent them to her because it was her birthday, and how charming and Frenchman-like she thought it of you. Nice words for me to hear from a woman whom you swore before you married me never to see again, because, as you said, 'You knew too well what I had suffered on her account.'"

She ceased, and, dropping into a seat, began to fan herself violently.

"May I speak now?" said her husband, looking down, not quite as guiltlessly as he might have done.

"I will trouble you for only one word, Yes, or No?"

"Yes."

"Thank you," she said, quickly, and moved toward the door.

But this time *he* intercepted her, and, catching her hands, forced her back into her chair; then falling beside her on his knees, he cried:

"Stella, have pity! It was by the merest chance that I met Harlington again. Our affairs were getting desperate. I saw, or thought I saw, that he could be of great help to me. He said it was too bad of my wife to make me cut old friends. I had to go and see them."

"And you had to send flowers!" put in Mrs. Maythorp. "Let my hands go, please; you hurt them."

He loosened his hold, but did not release them. Then he went on:

"I own that the sending of the flowers was a weakness, but you know that an attention like that from me means nothing; whereas when I give you one or two of your favorite flowers, it means everything."

"You would have made a good special pleader," she said, still holding herself back from his embrace. "Will it never happen again?"

"Never."

Then, as in times gone by, her arms went round his neck, her head dropped upon his shoulder, and he felt her bosom shaken by her sobs. Then, with her hand in his, his arm about her neck, they went up-stairs.

The next day, after a late breakfast, he gave Stella a pretty good inkling into the state of their affairs, but he did not inform her just how bad they were. News like that she could take composedly; most women can contemplate money troubles better than men, perhaps owing to the fact of their being less practical, and failing to realize what ruin means. They believe in a Providence which will provide them with Paris hats and good gowns. When Maythorp disclosed his plans for his wife visiting a relative at Richmond and their discharging the servants at once, she started and turned pale, but when he urged the necessity of it, if only for a short time, she gave a reluctant consent. It was arranged that she should write to her relation and leave the following day. Then Maythorp went cityward to see Harlington, who had offices there.

"Headache?" asked the latter, when the two were alone.

"After yesterday's dissipation?—not in the least."

"Well," went on the other, unlocking a drawer, from which he drew a roll of notes, "here is what I said I would advance you, and, after all, I find I can lend you twenty more, so you had best take it for personal expenses."

"Thank you awfully," said Maythorp, "I think I will, since you are so good."

"Don't mention it, my dear boy, don't mention it. I only wish I need never ask you for it back. I think I must have taken a chill last night coming out of that hot music-hall. I seem to have taken cold."

The other assented, thanked his friend again for his loan, and, pushing back the great swing-door, descended the flight of steps and went out into the brilliant May afternoon—brilliant even in the city. He walked westward, and experienced a feeling of relief in getting into that part of the town. Then an immense craving to see his wife, from whom he was so soon to be separated, came upon him, and he hurried home.

"I couldn't keep away any longer, Stella," he said.

"Why should you have gone, my dear?" was her quiet answer, a look of pleasure in her eyes as she reached one hand to him while the other laid aside a book she had been trying to read.

"Have you written your letter to Richmond, sweetheart?"

"Are you in a great hurry to get rid of me?"

"Stella!"

"Well, then, you won't want to."

Then they went to the park and sat under the trees, in the boughs of which the birds were chirping, and the sunlight fell through and made bars on Stella's gown, and they watched the carriages roll by and made little histories out of their occupants, and for the time they half forgot they were ruined. Then, because she would have it so, he took her to the restaurant which he should frequent during her absence, and the Frenchmen and the Italians who chiefly frequented the place looked up

in surprise as they saw the beautiful and fashionably attired woman enter. Poor Stella! she had to own that it was not over-clean, that it was very noisy, very full of smoke. Still the cooking was fair, and certainly cheap. How glad she was to get into the fresh air again, though just then she would have liked to have had that iced.

Two or three days after this, Maythorp saw his wife off to Richmond.

"Shall you be out all day?" she asked, as he stood leaning by the carriage-door.

"Yes, I shall be out all day, so the time will be occupied. It will be very lonely at night."

He spent all that day trying, but trying vainly, to raise money. In the evening he dined, very inexpensively, where he had dined the previous evening, and, to rouse himself from the lethargy into which he seemed falling, he partook freely of brandy till it fired his brain and blood. Then he went to the house of which he was now the sole occupant. He sat down on a couch in the drawing-room where Stella had so often reclined, and it seemed yet fragrant of her. There was her favorite low easy-chair, by which he had knelt so often in their happy times. The room seemed pervaded by a ghost-like sense of her presence. He clinched his hand, and said, under his breath:

"It might have happened years ago. It may mean everything to us by giving us time, and time can mean nothing to them. What is a hunted man to do?"

And it seemed to him as if a ghostly voice, like his wife's, growing weak and thin and far away, said, "Endure and struggle."

"Nonsense!" he said, and drank from a flask which he had filled before leaving the restaurant. He left the room and went to his wife's bedroom. There was the wardrobe with its mirror for door, in which she must often have surveyed her fair shape. He opened the door and looked in. Some of her gowns, which seemed yet to hold the impress of her shape, hung upon the pegs. He raised the quilted hem of one skirt to his lips and kissed it. He remembered what a favorite it had been of theirs in its days of pristine glory.

"You must go, my darlings, I suppose," he said, as he shut the door and turned away. He would like to look at the trunks which had accompanied him upon so many journeys. These were in her dressing-room, which adjoined the bedroom. He tried the door, but she had locked it and taken away the key. He was not a superstitious man, but it seemed to him as if the house were haunted; as if he felt his wife's hand upon his shoulder and she kept whispering, with dreadful entreaty, in his ear, "Don't, don't, don't! for the love of God, don't!"

He could bear it no more, and closing the door, he fled to his own room, which was on the lower floor. Relighting the candles, he placed one on a table by his bedside and one upon the mantelpiece, then quickly undressing, he assumed his night-shirt, over which he cast a long dressing-gown. For a minute he hesitated, and then with the one word "burn!" he cast both the candles among the bed-curtains and clothes. The bed-curtains at that time of the year were of silk and muslin. In a minute the flames were half-way across the room. Then he darted from the apartment and rushed down the stairs and out of the house, raising the cry of fire; but as I have said, his house stood in a strangely isolated position, and, as he had hoped, it was long before his cries, which were not too violent, it must be said, attracted any attention. Meanwhile his eyes, greedy for the spectacle, saw the flames burst forth. At length the cry was taken up, it seemed to him with dreadful rapidity. The quiet neighborhood was at last beginning to rouse itself. Suddenly a wild shriek for help rang over, or, rather, seemed to pierce through, every other sound to the heart. Maythorp shrieked in his turn, for he saw at the window of the front room, on the third floor, flash the wild face of his wife.

"The flames are at the door!" she cried. "Can no one save me. Shall I jump?"

"Keep where you are!" cried Maythorp. "I will save you or die with you."

Then a roar of cheers announced that the engines were arriving, and so they were, and began playing in good earnest. An escape was placed against the wall. Just then Mrs. Maythorp, my beautiful Stella, who had held out so bravely, was choked by the smoke, and fell back, as it were, into the arms of the flames. Like a rocket up the sky, Maythorp burst through the crowd and darted up the escape. He seemed to plunge into the heart of the flame and smoke, from which he issued bearing his precious burden. Then help was sent, and they were brought safely down amid deafening cheers, and at once conveyed to the nearest hospital, where their wounds, which proved to be of an alarmingly severe nature, were dressed. Here is poetic justice if you like it. Maythorp had set fire to his house that he might get the insurance money for it. For this his punishment was to bear to the end of his days a face all seamed and scarred. Stella, who in her mad jealousy suspected that he had sent her and the servants away in order that he might see Maud Harlington better at his own house than he could elsewhere, when half-way to Richmond had returned and concealed herself in her dressing-room, with a view to prying upon his actions. For this her right hand was so burned in the fire that it had to be amputated. Maythorp got the insurance money, and thought if the company knew, they would have been satisfied, though it is probable they would not.

Nothing now remains to be said except that with that ill-gotten money they took some land out Far West, which prospered under Maythorp's direction as if Fate thought she had punished them sufficiently. Had he given her the greatest cause for jealousy again, which he never did, Stella would have been more jealous than ever, for he could have said that she was a cripple. And when she was alone, where no one could see or hear, she shed bitter tears over the fact. My poor, passionate Stella. But she strove to be all sunshine for him when he, in his farmer's great top-boots, would come tramping in, for she knew how he reproached himself for the doings of that dreadful night.

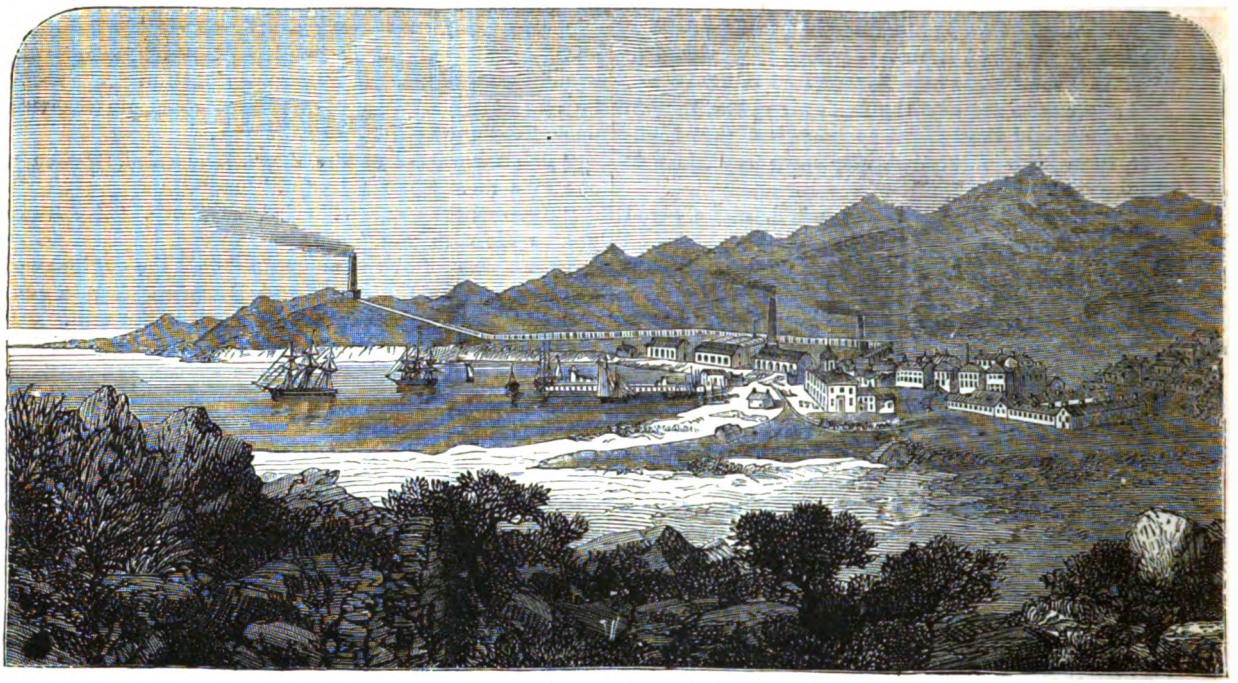
Sometimes Maud Harlington, who is married, and speaks less under her breath than she used to do, perhaps because of having children to speak to, will say to her brother, who is *not* married:

"I wonder how those poor Maythorps are getting on?"

And he answers:

"Oh, all right, I believe. It's not such a great while since I heard from them."

ACCORDING to the latest consular report from Mewchwang, in Manchuria, Seoul, the capital of Corea, is now in telegraphic communication with Pekin, and so with the outer world. The line runs through Moukden. Six years ago no European was allowed to visit Corea, and those who ventured to disregard Corean seclusion generally paid for their temerity with their lives. To-day a merchant in London might telegraph direct to the capital of the Hermit Kingdom.

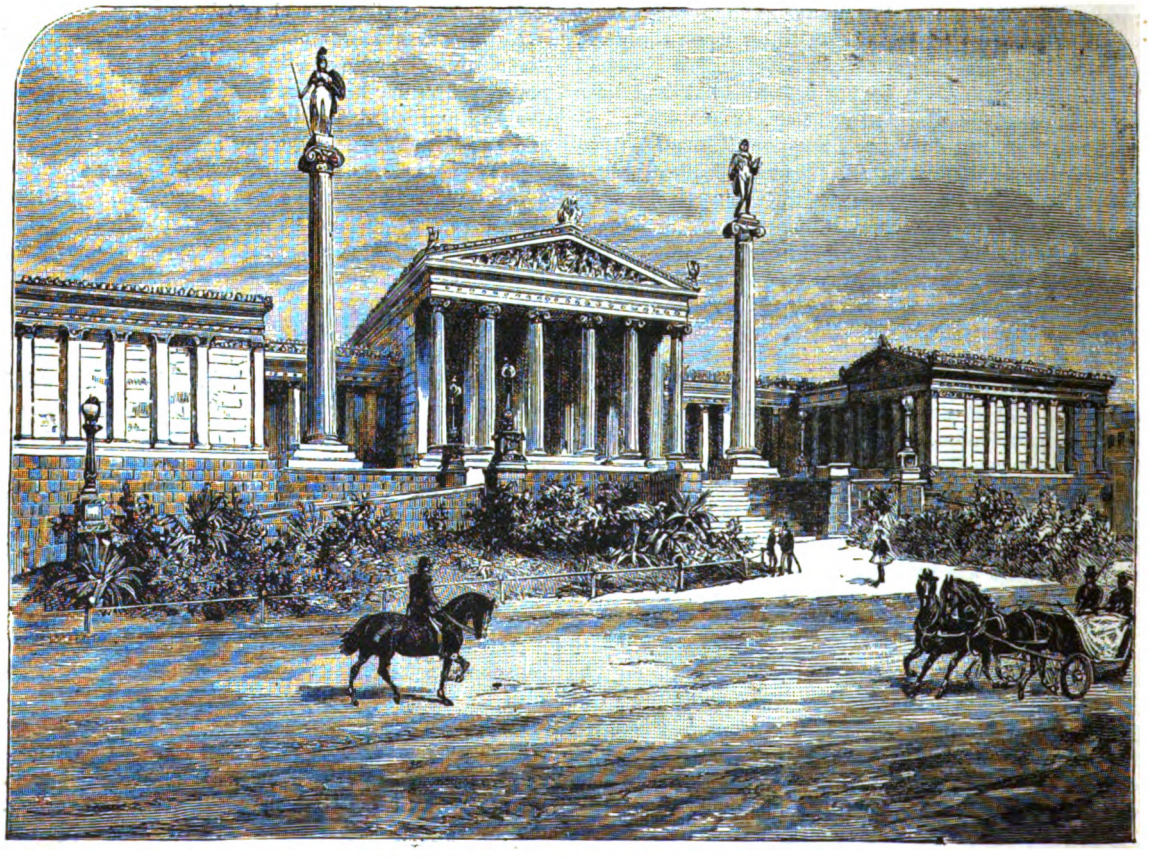


GENERAL VIEW OF THE PORT OF ATHENS, GREECE.

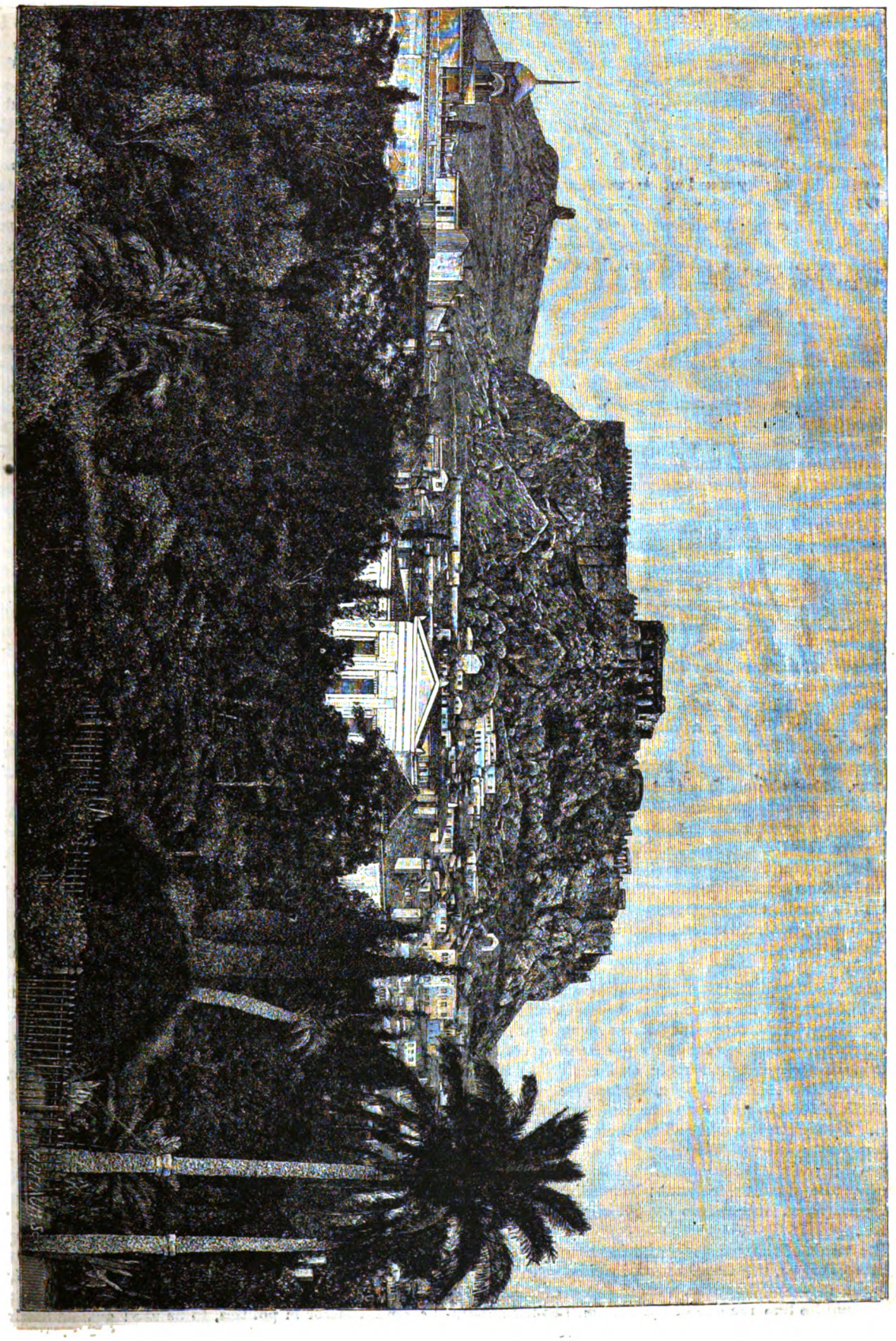
WHEN GREEK MEETS TURK.

By Oscanyan.

When, in 1821, Greece revolted against Turkey, the whole world was in sympathy with her cause. The Powers aided her, and the people everywhere went to her rescue. Even America sent Dr. Howe to assuage her sufferings and help Greece in her efforts to attain her freedom. But when that freedom was attained, Greece



THE ACADEMY OF SCIENCE AND ART, ATHENS.



THE ROYAL GARDENS, LOOKING TOWARD THE ACROPOLIS.

was left to herself, to work out her own salvation under peculiar difficulties.

With a limited territory assigned her, sufficiently large to form a respectable shire or county, containing a population scarcely exceeding in number that of the City of New York of the present day, Greece was expected to work wonders in the way of progress.

The fertile lands lay fallow through Turkish misrule and anarchy. The inhabitants were demoralized and debased. Long despoiled of the fruits of their labor, and driven to despair by unrelenting taskmasters, the people had become disgusted with life, and to avenge their wrongs had turned into klephts and pirates.

To reclaim the land from waste and make it productive, so as to yield a revenue to the state, and to regenerate a people who were

> "Stain'd with each evil that pollutes
> Mankind, where least above the brutes;"

to recall them from their evil ways, so as to become once more industrious husbandmen and loyal citizens, was a herculean task, and required means which the nation did not possess.

Two elements of economic life are needed everywhere —capital, and that initiative element of great industrial enterprises by which a country receives a transforming impulse. These desiderata were wanting, and, were it not for the timely aid of the Hellenes abroad, the independence of Greece would have proved problematical, if not a failure.

The Greeks whose families left Constantinople after the Ottoman conquest took refuge, some in Venice or Crete, the greater part in the islands of the Ægean Sea, such as Chios and Psara, where the Turks exercised an authority more nominal than effective. When the revolution broke out the descendants of those families emigrated anew, and established themselves at Odessa, at Alexandria, at Trieste, at Leghorn, at Marseilles, at Vienna and at London.

Everywhere they opened brokers' offices or banking-houses. Everywhere they thrived and became opulent. In their prosperity they did not forget the love they bore to the country of their ancestors. Great contributions were made by them, not only to help the revolution, but also to sustain the Government when that point was gained. But donations could not constitute a regular income to meet the exigencies of the new kingdom. The Government, therefore, had to struggle hard for an existence.

In view of the needs of Greece, the cession of the Ionian Islands by England in 1864 was not only a timely boon, but proved also an immense benefit. The annexation brought into the country a new element of industry and loyalty, which inspired the people with confidence in the Government and their own ability to improve their condition. Accordingly, Greece made more progress from 1864 to 1877 than she had made from 1830 to 1864. Education spread in all sections; agriculture took a new start; industries sprang up; commerce was developed; roads, where none existed before, threaded the country; new towns were built; brigandism disappeared, and piracy was turned into channels of legitimate commerce.

The result of the annexation having proved most beneficial to Greece, the Greeks were inspired with the idea of *expansion*—not, however, with the view of establishing a new empire like the one of Byzantium, but the annexation of those territories that contained Greek population —and a new principle of national policy.

In these latter years a grand economic fact, which may have the consequences of a grand political event, has taken place in the history of modern Greece. It is the return of the *homogenes*—a love for those of the same race; in other words, pan-Hellenism, like that of pan-Slavism, or the gathering of all the Greeks into one fold. Their enthusiasm was intensified by a singular and most unexpected incident. The revolution in Roumelia establishing pan-Slavism militated greatly against pan-Hellenism, and forced the Greeks to energetic action. Thus the Greeks would have asserted their rights and gained their point had it not been for the interference of the European Powers, who thought their interests jeopardized by the conflict.

During the year 1877 Turkey had to face Russia, Servia, Roumania and Bulgaria. Her troops fought in the Balkans and the Caucasus. On the Turkish confines of Greece there remained scarcely more than a few detachments of regulars and a few bands of Bashi-Bazouks, the scourge of the land, who only indulged in atrocities. Events urged the Greeks to begin a campaign, the Russians inciting them to this step. Never had so propitious an occasion offered itself. The Greeks had 18,000 men under arms, and in less than one month the first corps of the reserves doubled this effective force. Moreover, the Greeks of Epirus and Thessaly were only awaiting the passage of the frontier by a battalion, bearing the blue flag with a white cross, to rise *en masse* and lend their aid. Crete was almost without a garrison; it only needed the landing of a small force to start an insurrection there, so that the advance of more than 60,000 combatants, composed of Greek regulars, Epirote, Thessalian and Cretan insurgents would have created an important diversion. The Turks, who had all they could do with their whole army to resist the Russian invasion, would have been placed in a dilemma.

A few successful engagements for the soldiers of King George—not an improbable hypothesis—and the armistice of 1878 would have found the Greeks masters of a great part of Epirus and of Thessaly, and of the Island of Crete. The Russians could not have overlooked the timely aid of Greece, and they would have stipulated for her in the Treaty of San Stefano the possession of the territories her troops occupied at the time of the armistice. These preliminaries could not have failed to be ratified by the Congress of Berlin in virtue of the principle of the *fait accompli*. At least, the Congress would have assigned to Greece an important part of the territories now in dispute, as it did in the case of Roumelia, or it would have constituted Crete, Upper Thessaly and Epirus into autonomic governments under the suzerainty of the Porte. But the Greeks failed to avail themselves of the opportunity and profit by the immense advantages afforded them by the occasion, through the selfish and treacherous diplomacy of the European Powers, who were jealous only of Russian successes.

When Russia took up the cause of Servia and Bulgaria against Turkey, the European Powers urged Greece not to take part in the conflict, and, as a reward of their neutrality, they guaranteed her the possession of those territories which the Greeks coveted, saying that when hostilities terminated, diplomacy would have to regulate the question of the Danube Provinces, and Greece would then be rewarded. Moreover, the Cabinet at Athens was assured that Europe considered Hellenism as an essential factor in politics, to be used against Slavic ambition and growing interest. Confiding in these promises and plausible assurances, aided by their natural

aversion to Slavism, and furthermore disliking to pass as the instrument of Russia, the Greeks readily yielded to the counsels and abstained from aggression, and the war was thus confined to the North of Turkey.

Meanwhile, the Russians, without the anticipated Hellenic aid, arrived at the very gates of Constantinople. An armistice was soon after concluded, followed by a treaty of peace, by which great advantages were secured for the Slavic race, and Greek interests were totally ignored.

When the settlement of the affair was carried to Berlin, Russia, who bore a grudge against the Greeks for their non-participation in the war, naturally opposed the claims of Greece. Moreover, she was less than ever disposed to look with favor on the progress of Hellenism. The Western Powers, for the sake of peace, did not insist in carrying out their promises made to the Greeks. The war was about to end, and diplomacy asked nothing more. Besides, "Hellenism forgot itself"—such were the words used—did it devolve upon the Powers to substitute themselves in the place of the Greeks and espouse their cause? thus adding insult to injury!

The question before the Congress was already very grave and complicated, and a speedy arrangement and settlement was necessary. The claim of Greece was acknowledged, but was patched up to terminate the affair.

Greece, owed its independence to two causes — the general sympathy of all Christendom for the sufferings of the Greeks from the tyranny of the "unspeakable Turk"; and the requirements of the European states for their own safety and general peace. So, Greece was freed from thralldom, and made a barrier to the aggression of the Turks. But neither of these conditions now existed. The sentiment of the community in favor of the Greeks had long subsided, and recent events had carried the "scientific frontier" further East; so that the claims of Greece were not as potent now as heretofore with the ruling diplomats, whose sole aim was to fight Russia through diplomacy.

Nevertheless, the very legitimate protests of Greece would, doubtless, have remained inoperative had not the Greeks at this juncture shown great energy. When their case appeared desperate, the Greek Government lost no time in seconding the aspiration of the people, and bringing their just claims to the notice of the European Powers. At the very moment when the preliminaries of the peace were being signed, a band of Greeks entered the frontier of Thessaly with the view to establish their deferred claims. This incident produced the desired effect. For, scarcely had the news been telegraphed to the Quai d'Orsay and to Downing Street, when France and England, alarmed at the incident, interfered. They demanded the immediate recall of the Greek army; and, in compensation they promised that Thessaly and Epirus should be considered in a state of insurrection by the Congress about to convene. The plenipotentiaries would give their attention to the Greek populations of Turkey, who would be considered on the same footing with the Slavic populations.

Greece made no difficulty about withdrawing her troops; her object being only to recall the minds of both France and England to their engagement.

When the Congress convened at Berlin, the Marquis of Salisbury proposed that Greece should be admitted to take part in the deliberations of the Congress as a mandatory Power. His proposition was not adopted, but a restricted right was accorded to the plenipotentiaries of Greece to be present at certain meetings to offer observations, and to state their demands. Beyond this, instead of having to defend the interests of all the Greek population of the Ottoman Empire, Messrs. Deliyanii and Rhangabé had to limit themselves to the frontier provinces only, and on this point the Congress gave satisfaction to Greece. For, at the sitting of the 5th of July, on the motion of M. Waddington, it was decided that a rectification of frontier should take place, in favor of the Kingdom of Greece, as indicated in Protocol 11. This was ratified by Article 24 of the Treaty of Berlin, which restored to Greece a territory of at least 22,000 square kilometers, and a population of more than 500,000 souls. In signing this treaty Turkey had formally acquiesced in Article 24, and by the act of her signature was estopped from any reservation. But it is not for nothing that the diplomacy of the Sublime Porte has become renowned. It is a saying with them, "Two hands are made for a purpose: to sign with one and efface with the other." And what is a compact, but an instrument to be broken, when occasion requires it? So, they began to procrastinate, and finally to refuse absolutely to hold even "*pour-parlers*" on the subject, and to dilly-dally with diplomatic skill, till some change in European politics should occur by which they could profit. This chance occurred by the change of administration in France.

France and England, who, having been the first to support the claims of Greece at the Congress, were particularly affected by the attitude of Turkey, could not tolerate the condition of affairs, and undertook a new arrangement.

The Earl of Beaconsfield took the initiative of a new international Conference, "charged with determining by a majority of voices the line of Greco-Turkish frontiers which it would be suitable to adopt." This proposition, strenuously seconded by M. de Freycinct, received the approbation of the cabinets of Europe.

The Conference met at Berlin. With the plenipotentiaries were joined a military commission of ten members, who, keeping in view the hydrographic conditions and strategic exigencies, were expected to trace the frontier lines generally indicated by Article 24 of the Treaty of Berlin.

This commission, however, with the design of accommodation, proposed a new frontier line, by which the claims of Greece were greatly reduced. This delimitation was adopted unanimously by the Conference, and declared as its final act, obligatory on Turkey as well as upon Greece, as "the solemn manifestation of the will of Europe."

Yet the Turks were not satisfied, and affected to consider as null the work of the Conference, which, they said, had in nothing advanced the solution of the subject. With cunning diplomacy they multiplied notes and circulars, protesting at the same time both their ardent desire to defer to the wishes of the Powers, and their firm determination not to accede to them; bearing in mind the phrase, "Beati possidentes." Turkey, above all, sought to temporize, with the view to gain time and wait for eventualities.

At last a change of Ministry takes place in France. The new Ministers hasten to undo what their predecessors had done. At his entry upon the conduct of foreign affairs, M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire seemed at first to approve the measures taken by his predecessor, but it soon appeared that he did not bear the Greeks that profound and legitimate affection which he possessed for Aristotle. The irrefragable title of Greece becomes, in his estimation, nothing more than "the claims of Greece," the European verdict a simple "council of

THE ROYAL PALACE, ATHENS.

Europe," and the obligatory decision "a doctrinal de liberation!"

After the six ambassadors near the Sublime Porte had declared by a collective note that "Europe could accept no discussion on the tracing of the frontier," M. Barthélemy Saint-Hilaire asserted, that "the deliberation fixed by the Berlin Conference was made in order to serve as a basis for *pourparlers*." To constrain Turkey to submit to the decision of the Conference of which France and England had taken the initiative, it required a complete agreement between these two Powers. But the Cabinet of Paris abandoning suddenly all policy of intimidation toward Turkey, the Foreign Office found itself partly disarmed, and could no longer dream of a demonstration.

The Greeks meanwhile, seeing themselves abandoned by the defection of France, in desperation set about making war, a casualty greatly desired by Turkey, who felt certain of crushing the Greeks. But the Powers, who feared the dangers of a conflict in the East, desired an arrangement. Once more they interfered, and stopped the Greeks by advice and fresh promises. A proposition of arbitration having fallen to the ground—Turkey only being willing to accept it on the condition that it should decide in her favor!—Germany now stepped in, and advanced the idea of *pourparlers*, to be held at Constantinople between the representatives of the six Powers and the Ottoman delegates. These negotiations, which were of the most laborious character, for the Turks insisted at first in yielding a zone of territory only four kilometers wide, resulted in a compromise. Turkey was to keep almost the whole of Greek Epirus, and the fertile country which extends between Salamvrias and Olympus. So that by this arrangement Greece, instead of receiving 22,000 square kilometers and a population of more than 500,000 individuals, had her territories extended scarcely to 13,500 kilometers, and her people

A GREEK WOMAN.

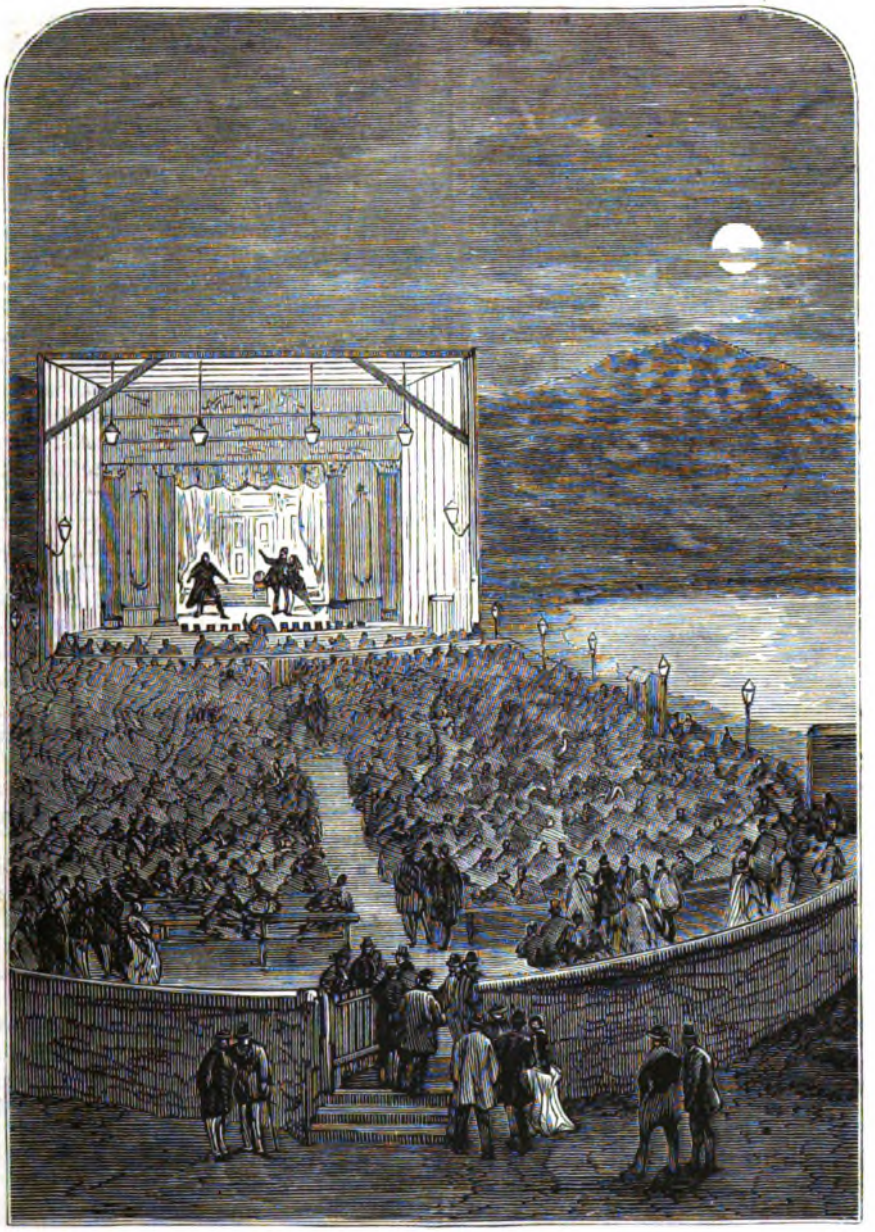
ROYAL GUARDS AT THE PALACE, ATHENS.

augmented by 300,000 Thessalians; and Janina, the hotbed of Hellenism, still remaining in the hands of the Turks. Disparaging as this arrangement was to Greece, she submitted to it, because her spirit had been broken by the long delays, so many vain promises and hopes deceived. The Turks, on the contrary, made every effort not to fulfill even this engagement; for it took the Greeks three years before they were able to take possession of half the sections, the whole of which had been assigned to them, and that, too, under ruinous conditions,

being obliged to keep an armed peace for its accomplishment.

It will thus be seen that the present difficulties between Greece and Turkey owe their origin to Turkish procrastination, and even bad faith, in the fulfillment of a compact made by her concurrence and signature, beginning at Berlin and ending at Constantinople. Yet, strange to say, the Greeks are held responsible and threatened with coercion.

The Greeks were not talking idly when, in 1878, they declared to Europe that the possession of Epirus and Thessaly was necessary to the existence of Greece, which, by the act of the signatory powers of the Treaty of 1830, had the *obligations of a state with the revenues of a province.* Did they deceive themselves when they imagined that the increase of territory would be also an increase of resources? Then, again, Greece brought forward a reason still more decisive — the interests of the Epirote and Thessalian populations themselves.



A SUMMER THEATRE AT PHALERUM BAY, NEAR ATHENS.

According to the Greeks, the reunion of these provinces would be merely the return to the mother country of almost a million of Hellenes. It would also be their return to the common rights of all the peoples of Europe to liberty, administrative order, security and justice. In penetrating these countries civilization would develop, industries would increase commerce, and the products of agriculture would augment the public wealth. The construction of the Thessalian Railway, of which three main lines are already open to traffic, and which in a few years will bind Greece to Central Europe by way of Salonica, Sofia, Nisch and Vienna, is also an inestimable boon to the country. In Thessaly, where the crops greatly exceed consumption, and where, on the other hand, there is a lack of raw materials, and industries are as yet almost nothing, there is necessarily a movement in importation and exportation. To a country in this condition a railway is a serious factor in the attainment of prosperity. Not only does transportation become more prompt and easy, but, furthermore, the cost is reduced seventy-five per cent. Freight being carried upon the back of mules, a charge is made of fifty to sixty *leptas* per ton and per kilometer; by rail the charge is fifteen *leptas.* The four years which the Thessalians have passed under the government of King George have already realized their hopes.

The Thessalians of the Greek faith are not alone in congratulating themselves upon the new order of things by annexation; but the Mohammedan population also do not underrate the advantages. They, moreover, appreciate the fairness of the Greek Constitution, which proclaims the civil and political equality of all citizens without religious distinction. Sherif Bey, a Mussulman deputy from Larissa, gave public testimony to the excellence of the Greek administration of the laws. What an anomaly!

Prior to the cession of the Ionian Islands the receipts of the Greek Government were, in round numbers, 27,000,000 drachmas.

In 1878 they had increased to 38,000,000 drachmas. During this period the extent of cultivated lands had wonderfully expanded from 700,000 hectares to 1,100,000 hectares. Vineyards which scarcely comprised 64,000 hectares now extended to over 103,000 hectares. During

these twelve years, in fine, a great number of factories were established: notably, the extensive tanneries at Syra, which drove French-dressed leather goods out of the Eastern markets; and commerce, both domestic and foreign, was augmented in enormous proportions. The receipts of the *octroi* had increased from 843,000 drachmas to 3,340,000 drachmas; exportations and importations were raised from 141,000,000 to 195,000,000 drachmas, so that the Greeks of to-day can rightly say that they have not only kept pace with civilization under most trying circumstances, but have a promising future before them.

Since the annexation of a part of Thessaly the increase of commerce, of industries, and the development of the public wealth, has been still more marked. Greece has done, within four years, to Thessaly as she had done to herself since 1830, or even within the past decade. This will astonish certain parlor travelers and library political economists, who know nothing of actual Greece except through About's "La Grèce Contemporaine."

The progress attained by Greece is mainly due to private initiative, the work of the people; but since 1882 the state applied itself seriously to the task of advancing the interests of the commonwealth. Their aim has been, for the past few years, to establish the credit of the state by just assessment of taxes, opening new avenues for the productions of the country by treaties, favoring new industries, reorganizing the army and navy, and undertaking everywhere considerable public works. At Syra the harbor has been enlarged; at Andros, Kalamata and Patras new havens have been constructed; at Katacolon a dike 700 meters long has been raised under the direction of French engineers; 600 kilometers of carriage roads have been constructed, and plans are laid out for 3,000 more kilometers.

While General Türr is piercing the Isthmus of Corinth, railways are beginning to cover Greece. Four years ago the only railway in the country was from Piræus to Athens, five miles. Now there are five lines opened, namely, from Katakolon to Pyrghos; from Piræus to Laurium; from Piræus to Kioto *via* Athens, Megara and Corinth; from Volo to Larissa and Kalabak, and from Larissa to Frikkala, representing a distance of 350 kilometers. There are also other lines projected and under construction, which will extend to a total of over 600 kilometers in length.

In fiscal affairs Greece has made great reforms. Tithes in kind—a reminiscence of Turkish practice—have been entirely abolished, and duties on tobacco and alcohol substituted, the revenues therefrom enabling the Government to restore the credit of the State by the regular payment of the interest due on loans effected since 1824.

The army and navy have been reorganized under the directions of General Vosseur and Admiral Lejeune.

The example of productive activity set by the Government has been followed by the people in a noble manner. Agriculture, the industries, and commerce have, in consequence, developed to a remarkable degree, and great enterprises, due to private initiative, are transforming the country.

The extent of cultivated land to day has attained 2,000,000 hectares. The vineyards which, years ago, yielded only 37,000,000 francs' worth of grapes, now produce over 60,000,000. Numerous factories, spinning and grist-mills and distilleries have sprung into existence at various points. A few years ago there could be counted only 100 steam-engines; there are now three times that number. The mines and quarries employ 20,000 workmen. The tanneries of M. Kabouta, at Syra, keep 450 men at work, and those of M. Salistro, from 350 to 400. The shipyards of Piræus, Syra, Galaxidi, and of Hydra, construct annually 100 sailing-vessels, some of which measure 600 tons. It must not be forgotten that the Greek merchant marine holds its place with honor among the mercantile navies of the world.

The Bulletin of the Ministry of Public Works of France, published in 1884, assigns to Greece the eleventh place as a maritime power. Greece comes immediately after Holland, and precedes Austria and Denmark, which in number and tonnage she surpasses by nearly one-half.

The Hellenic Steamship Navigation Company has a fleet of vessels plying in the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. Thus, from the development of industry, from the increase of productions of the earth, and the enhanced welfare of individuals, it has resulted that the exports and imports have, within a short space of time, almost doubled; that is, from 152,000,000 francs to 246,000,000 francs. Such encouraging conditions naturally invited capital, which was not slow to pour into the country, but, above all, incited those influential and wealthy Greeks who were abroad to repair to its shores. Is this sudden impulse to be attributed to a patriotic love of country, or is it because those cosmopolitan Greeks, always so shrewd and keen of perception, congregate instinctively where there is money to be made? This must remain a mystery. But it is none the less certain that the flocking home of those influential persons has been for Greece one of the greatest benefits that could have been hoped for. It is to their presence that all the economic development of the realm may be attributed. It was through their efforts, and owing to their relations with the highest financial circles of Europe, that the Hellenic Government was enabled to effect those loans at various periods, amounting to 360,000,000 francs, without which the administration of the kingdom would have been paralyzed. The fact is also significant, that of the 28,000,000 francs of interest that Greece pays every year, only one-quarter goes to strangers. Through their energy and practical efforts, banks, railways, mines, and other industrial enterprises, sprang into existence everywhere, and became in active demand; for whatever one touched turned to gold.

In a few days the stock of the National Bank went up from 1,000 to 5,000 francs; the shares of the Hellenic Bank, from 300 to 425 francs; those of the Piræus Railway, from 100 to 600 francs; those of the Mines of Laurium, from 70 to 225 francs; and lands that were worth less than a franc per meter rose to eight francs.

Like profits being made on house-building, this industry has of late acquired a great stimulus, and many fine edifices, both public and private, are the consequence. The National University at Athens is a magnificent structure, built of Parian marble, and the mansion of Mr. Schliemann, the famous archæologist, stands pronounced and attractive.

Athens, the capital of Greece, had formerly a population of 67,000 souls. Within five years it has increased to 125,000, and the vacant lots are in consequence being fast covered with dwellings. The insignificant seaport town of Piræus boasts now of its being a great city with 40,000 inhabitants and full of factories, besides being a great shipping-place. Other cities have increased in like proportions; such as Syra, Patras, Volo and Pyrghos, and many others have, like our Western cities, sprung from the earth into existence; such as Laurium, which sixteen years ago had only 500 inhabitants, has now 16,000 souls, and has become the Colorado of Greece.

Nor has the cultivation of literature, arts and sciences

escaped the attention of the Greeks. As the descendants of Homer, Xenophon and Thucydides, they evince a *penchant* for learning quite characteristic. The University at Athens stands unrivaled. It is well endowed, and has more than thirty professors. Its greatest patron is the renowned banker of Vienna, Mr. Sina.

The law branch of the University is as complete and effective as those anywhere, and in medicine some have evinced a degree of ability quite surprising. M. Panas has distinguished himself in Paris as a surgeon, and is a member of the French Academy of Medicine. M. Metaxas, an intimate friend of Gambetta, is a renowned oculist, established at Marseilles. In painting and sculpture, they have produced works that compare favorably with those of their ancestors, so that it can no longer be said

"'Tis Greece, but living Greece no more."

Under these circumstances, then, is it a matter of wonder that the Greeks should aspire to the noble ambition of being ranked as peers among the civilized nations? With this object in view, the leading men of Greece have been led to take an active part in politics. Financially deeply involved in the progress and prosperity of the country, and, filled also with sentiments of patriotism, these men have urged the Government to measures of expansion based on pan-Hellenism; expansion involving an increase of population and consequent augmentation of revenue, increase of population bringing numerical strength. They have, accordingly, insisted that the Government, in view of the violation of the Treaty of Berlin by the Bulgarians, should persist in their demand and execution of the clause in the treaty relating to Greece, or return to *statu quo ante*, for both the honor and interest of Greece demand it.

The leading statesmen of Greece of the present time are, decidedly, Messrs. Deliyanii and Trikoupis. These two differ in politics as they do in character. M. Deliyanii is sincere in his conviction and stern in his purpose; that is, to a Gladstonian honesty he adds the stubbornness of a Jackson; so that when he is convinced of the moral right of a measure there is no swerving from it. He goes at it with a straightforwardness and even bluntness that has gained him the nickname of "Deli Yanni," or "Cranky Jack," whereas M. Trikoupis is of a diplomatic nature, patient and enduring, and given to temporizing, waiting for favorable opportunities and eventualities. It is plain, then, that with such diametrically opposed views and principles, when one is in function the other becomes the opposition in the Vouli, or House of Representatives, for each has his respective partisans.

When M. Deliyanii undertook the execution of the will of the people, to exact what was due to Greece, *vi et armis*, the Powers again interposed, and threatened coercion by blockade.

It may seem strange that Greece should be held responsible for a breach of the peace, brought about by the non-fulfillment of a compact on the part of Turkey. The fact is, the Powers could do nothing to Turkey, because the latter, conscious of her vantage over the European Powers by holding Constantinople, that great bone of contention, has become defiant, and determined not to depart from Europe without creating a general war, so the Greeks must be coerced.

Under the circumstances M. Trikoupis steps forward to relieve the Greek nation from the dilemma. In one of his speeches on the situation, he said: "For a long time to come Greece ought to think of developing her territory rather than of increasing it, of finding laborers rather than soldiers, and of constructing more railroads than ironclads." And, since Greece owed her prosperity to a long-continued peace, he recommended strenuously the continuance of pacific measures rather than those of aggression, and a conciliatory policy toward the European Powers. As for Greece, the *rôle* was marked out—to await with patience the last days of the Ottoman Empire, so establishing herself in peace as to be strong for war. The richer Greece shall have become at the hour of the final partition of Turkey, the more, either by arms or by diplomacy, would she receive of the spoils of the Empire. The whole Legislative Assembly and the country at large rallied at these ideas, and M. Deliyanii had to retire.

Moreover, Greece had nothing to fear from Turkey. Although Turkey had done her utmost to paralyze the effect of the Berlin Treaty, yet the Greek Government, after the settlement of the frontier question, had sustained the best relations with the Porte. More than one Greek politician actually dreamed of what would formerly have been considered a monstrous anomaly—an alliance of Greece with Turkey—because, if Turkey be the enemy of Greece, Greece sees no longer the worst enemy in Turkey. The true, the sole enemies to be dreaded by Greece are the Slavs. The danger lies with those who menace Constantinople and Salonica, and not with those who hold them.

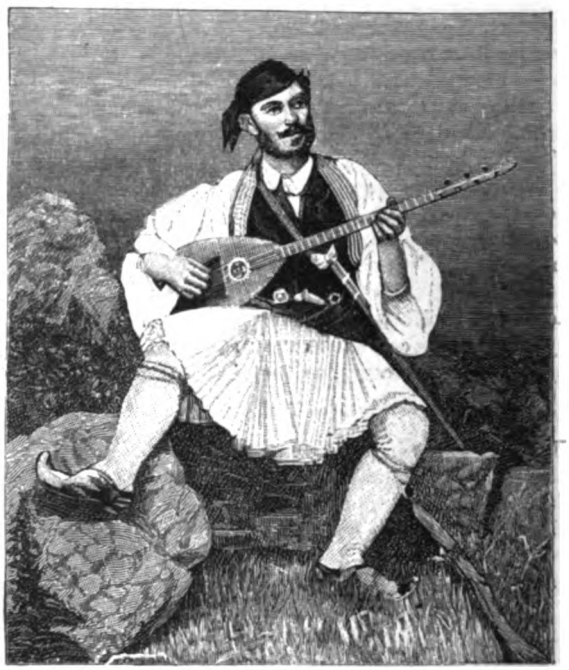
On the part of Turkey, where is the peril for the Greeks? Turkey may occasion great injury to Greece and retard her progress, but she cannot take Greece from the Greeks any more than she can take Bulgaria from the Bulgars, or Servia from the Serbs. Her only hope, which each year weakens, is the maintenance of the *statu quo* in the East.

The only thing left Greece, under the circumstances, is to patiently and philosophically bide her time and continue to improve, so as to show Europe at the opportune moment her awakening powers, and prove that she is fully capable of filling the mission which history, ethnography and the political interests of the Occident, assigned to her in the Orient.

"*Nationalité satisfaite*" has become a fixed principle in politics, which will be observed in the case of Greece, and her claims will be admitted sooner or later.

CHINESE SIGNBOARDS.

Mr. W. Simpson, in "Meeting the Sun," writes: "I saw in Pekin a list of signboards, and a few samples of them will illustrate their general character: 'Shop of Heaven-sent Luck,' 'The Shop of Celestial Principles,' 'The Nine Felicities Prolonged.' 'Mutton Shop of Morning Twilight,' 'The Ten Virtues all Complete,' 'Flowers rise to the Milky-Way.' In these signs we can see that the Chinaman can combine the soul of a poet with the pocket of a shopman. Contrast such efforts with 'The Noted Eel-pie House,' of the London streets, and one must feel that we are outer barbarians. Carlyle quotes a Chinese signboard, 'No Cheating Here,' but I could not find anything like it in the list. 'Good and Just according to Heaven' ought to satisfy the ideal notions of the author of 'Sartor Resartus.' 'The Honest Pen Shop of Li' implies that other pen shops are not honest. The 'Steel Shop of the Pock-marked Wang' suggests that any peculiarity of a shopman may be used to impress the memory of customers. Snub noses, squint eyes, lame legs, or hump backs might all be used in this way. A charcoal-shop calls itself the 'Fountain of Beauty, and a



GREEK PROVINCIAL TYPES.— SEE PAGE 56.

place for the sale of coal indulges in the title of 'Heavenly Embroidery.' An oil and wine establishment is the 'Neighborhood of Chief Beauty,' a description the realization of which it is hard to conceive anywhere in Pekin. 'The Thrice Righteous' is a pretension one would scarcely expect from an opium-shop."

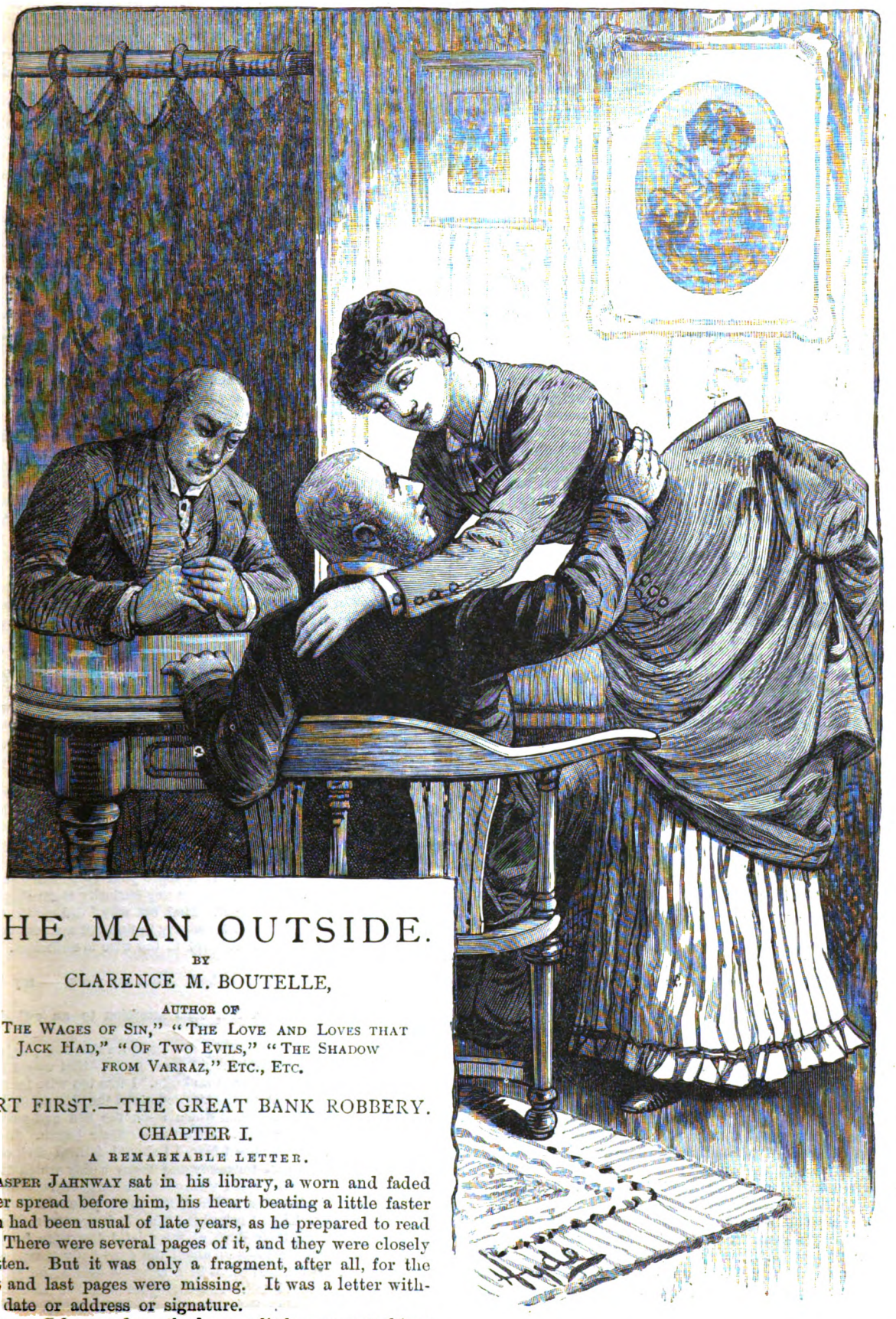
OLD MORTALITY.

Dr. R. Shelton Mackenzie, in his "Life of Sir Walter Scott," mentions a curious fact in connection with the original of "Old Mortality." According to the Doctor, the old man, whose pious task it was to repair the defaced monuments of the Cameronians, was named Patterson.

John Patterson, a son of Old Mortality, emigrated to America some years before the breaking out of the War of Independence, and settled in Baltimore, where he accumulated a large fortune by trade. He died, leaving two daughters, famous for their extreme beauty.

One of these ladies, according to Dr. Mackenzie, married the Marquis of Wellesley, elder brother of the Duke of Wellington; while the other captivated Jerome Bonaparte, the brother of Napoleon. He married her, greatly against the wish of his Imperial relative, who afterward did his best to annul the marriage. This lady died some years ago at Baltimore.

GREEK FEMALE PROVINCIAL TYPES.



"SHE LAID HER ARM CARESSINGLY ALONG HIS SHOULDERS. SHE STOOPED AND KISSED HIM, WITH MR PRIER LOOKING AT HER."

THE MAN OUTSIDE.

BY

CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF

"THE WAGES OF SIN," "THE LOVE AND LOVES THAT JACK HAD," "OF TWO EVILS," "THE SHADOW FROM VARRAZ," ETC., ETC.

PART FIRST.—THE GREAT BANK ROBBERY.

CHAPTER I.

A REMARKABLE LETTER.

JASPER JAHNWAY sat in his library, a worn and faded letter spread before him, his heart beating a little faster than had been usual of late years, as he prepared to read it. There were several pages of it, and they were closely written. But it was only a fragment, after all, for the first and last pages were missing. It was a letter without date or address or signature.

Jasper Jahnway drew the lamp a little nearer to him; he turned its light a little higher; he smoothed the letter down with his white and nervous hand.

Then he carefully read the fragment from its beginning to its end.

"—And so it was murder! That is a very frank statement. *Murder* is a very ugly word. Never mind that. You know how very frank I am, sometimes; you know how much I love truth, when truth will serve my purpose as well as a lie would; it serves me as well now; so I use it. It was murder—*murder!* Pray tell me what you think of that.

"There was really no other way. I would gladly have done what you demanded, just that and no more. Indeed, I had no thought of doing more; had you? And yet I knew (did you not know, too?) that there was a risk—nay, many risks—in trying to do that which we had planned to do. The victim awoke. I was recognized. Between a long imprisonment for robbery and other allied crimes, and freedom, though with a stain on my soul which nothing can wash out—that was the choice I was called upon to make. I made it. I made it in a moment. Yet never—never to you—never at a human bar of justice—never before God's final tribunal—can I say that my choice was other than deliberate. A moment was long enough. A heartbeat was time enough. I made my decision. I acted upon it. Henceforth you have nothing to fear—nothing, while you are true to me. If you are false—false in the slightest degree—false in word or in thought even, beware! My muscles are as strong, my nerves are as steady, my heart as hard now as then. I have given much for you—much. Let me tell you that you must not ask more. Let me assure you, once for all, that I must have life and freedom left—left always.

"I talk of life and freedom. Possibly I talk foolishly. It may be that my freedom will be gone to-morrow, and my life found forfeit within a month. I say it may be. It may. But you must not dare to be the cause—you must not dare! You must not think me a mere tool, to be used at your wicked pleasure and then thrown aside. When danger comes, if it does come, you must stand bravely by me to the end. When I die, your death shall follow. Be coward enough to put me out of your way, and words I have said and written shall rise up between you and any earthly future you have fancied possible. If I hang, you shall hang on the same gallows with me. It is not a pleasant thought? Very well. Be true to me, then.

"Why do I write as I have done? Frankly and truthfully, because I do not trust you; because your silence is a necessity; because I am *sure* of that silence only as I am sure of your fear; because I believe I have made it impossible for you to dare break over the limits I shall set around your life and actions. When I tell you that I am going to write the plain and straightforward truth to you—think of it, the truth, *and from me*—you will begin to see how serious a matter this is likely to be for you. I warn you, then; I warn you fully; I warn you in time. Never say, when my vengeance may have followed your treachery, that you did not know the consequences of your act. Between us must be the everlasting bond of a common guilt and a common danger. If any one hunts me to my death, it must be *the man outside*——

"But I am getting incoherent. My pen is in the hand of Passion and—and—— It is not Remorse! *It is not Remorse! It is not Remorse!*

"Don't think me mad. I am not mad. If I were—if I only were; but—but I am as sane as I ever was. I can never claim a clouded intellect nor a diseased brain for my excuse, here nor hereafter.

"But I must prove my calmness by a calm story. I left the railroad station in the early evening. The rain was falling steadily. It had fallen in a deluge for hours.

"The mud was knee-deep. Every stream was swollen and dangerous. The darkness was intense, save when the lightning showed me my way.

"Three miles! Three miles across a rough country, cut up with brooks and rivulets, and seamed and fissured with rocky ledges and deep ravines. Was it not fortunate that I had known the road so well when I was a child?

"Three miles is long to one who is in a hurry. Three miles of conflict with the elements and their work is very, very long. But it came to an end at last. I reached the house. I walked slowly and noiselessly around it. I found a window which was not fastened. I went in. The owner of the mansion and myself were alone, at last, in this dreary, solitary house. If it came to a contest, it would simply be a question between the strength and endurance of the two of us.

"I looked through the lower part of the house. It took much time. I emptied boxes and drawers and cupboards. I hurriedly repacked every place I explored. I did not lose a moment. It was one o'clock, though, when I went up-stairs.

"I found the room where the owner slept. There was a lamp burning dimly within the apartment. I tried the door. It was not fastened. Strange, is it not? Strange that any one ever forgets the sort of world we live in, and the manner of persons who people it! Strange that any one fails to remember the story of Cain! Strange that any dare sleep in forgetfulness that such as *I* live—that there are men like *you* in the world!

"I searched the other rooms first.

"Thoroughly? Thoroughly! I expected to find nothing. But I gave earnest and painstaking effort to the task. I found nothing. But I could not have satisfied myself in any other way than by beginning elsewhere than where the sleeping one I meant to wrong lay in unconscious and innocent slumber.

"Why?

"I scarcely know how to say. I have never been so weak as to believe in presentiments. And yet—perhaps I had a ho—— a *fear*, I mean—that the end would be as it was.

"I hurried more than I had done below-stairs. I felt certain that I should find that for which I searched only when I went into that room where the light was burning. There, my lantern would be needless. There I could rob at my leisure, pleasure, using the facilities provided by the one whose treasure I—you, I mean—coveted.

"I went into the last room. Slumber should shrink away from one so wronged as the peaceful sleeper was about to be. Could *you* sleep while some one searched your room to see what he could find? Pardon the question. *I fear you may lose a night's rest from pondering it!*

"I searched carefully. I searched hurriedly. I put everything away in perfect order. It was three o'clock when I went into the room. It was four when I found that for which I looked. I slipped it into a convenient hiding-place upon my person. I turned to go.

"Fate had ordered other than a peaceful ending for my night's work. I glanced toward the bed. The occupant was sitting bolt upright, wide awake, watching me. Those deep black eyes, I shall remember them until I die; those stern and scornful lips—I shall never forget them—no, nor the words they uttered—'Coward, thief!' These, *and my name!*

"You see the alternative which circumstance offered me. You cannot blame me—blame circumstance. If I was secretly glad of the opportunity before me; if I had a private grudge to satisfy and a personal vengeance to feed; if those black eyes had done work which I could never forgive; if yonder heart had felt and yonder brain schemed beyond my power to pardon, that is nothing to you. It is none of your business. You have the hint, though, and much of comfort may it bring you!

"The crime was yours. The guilt is yours. I promised to find and bring you certain things. I have found them. I have them. They are yours whenever you choose to come for them. And the price I paid for them was no more than I had to pay. I only digress enough to say that when I struck a blow for you I struck one for myself as well. If it eases your conscience any to know that, know it. But if you have any curiosity regarding me, check it, or, better still, stifle it. Find out why I did gladly what even you would have shrunk from—try to find out my reason for it—and I will strike again! A word to the wise is sufficient. Do you understand?

"I sprang to the side of the bed. I did my pleas—— my *duty*, I mean.

"Pistol? No. Only a fool calls attention to an evil deed which fate necessitates.

"Knife? Ah, I was tempted! To disfigure that face; to leave a mark upon it which friends could never forget—that would have been heaven to me. But I used no knife. I was too wise for that.

"One shriek rang out on the startled air of the stormy night as I forced the frightened wretch down upon the bed and covered the face with a huge pillow. Then the struggle began. It was fierce and long. Sometimes I feared I should fail. I shall carry the marks on my throat for many and many a day which those strong hands left there. But I won. Resistance grew less—less—less—and ceased altogether. I held the thick pillow in its place for many minutes. Then I raised it. The black eyes were staring horridly at vacancy; their days of mischief-doing were for ever over. I drew the bedclothes up about the dead body of my—*your*—foe, I mean. Death had come in a troubled dream, for all that face or posture could tell. You had your wish. I had mine. And we were both safe. Safe, because the stolen things were unknown to others than their owner, and would never be missed; safe, because there was no evidence of murder or violence anywhere.

"I could have wept for very thankfulness. I laughed aloud for

joy. And then, stooping over the bed for one last look at the vanquished, I raised my eyes to a mirror on the opposite side of the room. I scarcely knew my own face, so pale and drawn and changed was it. I gazed at it with a sort of fascinated wonder. And, as I gazed I heard a noise behind me. I did not raise my head. I did not turn around. I only looked toward the reflection in the mirror of the window which was behind me. The rain was beating upon it in a torrent. The wind was rattling the open blinds outside. For a moment that was all. Then—I saw a face pressed close against the pane. A man outside was watching. He was not looking directly toward me. He was, rather, gazing upon the face of the dead.

"I watched his reflection in the glass—watched it for more than a minute. I tried to catch some expression, or to have memory and attention grasp some peculiar feature which would enable me to recognize the man outside if I should ever meet him again. Perhaps you can guess the use I meant to make of the information I craved——

"But no matter.

"I failed.

"He wore a soft hat, drawn low down over his face. He wore a coat with a broad collar, and the collar was turned high above his chin and cheeks. His unkempt hair was all about his face. I should not know him again if I were to meet him face to face. I should not have the right to be even suspicious of his identity.

"Perhaps you have guessed that I was the victim of an optical illusion, and that there wasn't any man at the window behind me at all. It would be a very natural and philosophical conclusion to reach, and I believe you can rise to philosophical heights when sitting before a roaring fire with a good cigar between your teeth, and a bottle of something strong at your elbow. It is easier to be logical and critical under such circumstances (your circumstances as you read this, I doubt not), than it would be in a lonely room, in a lonely house, with the dead body of one who an hour ago was full of life and vigor lying within reach of your cruel hand, and with an unknown man watching you. But the idea of illusion occurred to me—even to me—and I almost dared pray that the thought was based on truth. The face would fade out, fade away in a manner that was strangely startling, and, at first thought, explainable only on the theory I have mentioned—the theory that I had overtaxed my powers; the theory that I had given my mind a staggering blow; the theory that I could no longer trust my senses; the theory that, having done you such service as made you my debtor, and myself such service as made life worth living, I was going mad.

"But I was not mistaken. I was not losing myself in the mazes of lunacy. The face was real. The man was real. When he drew back from the window—drew away from the rain-washed glass—I lost sight of him in the outside darkness; when he pressed close to the window I could see him again.

"I bore his watchfulness as long as I could—his watchfulness of the dead rather than of me. I suddenly sprang to my feet. For safety I would do anything. I rushed to the window. I threw up the sash. I faced the storm, the light from the dim lamp falling all about me and turning the falling raindrops into a shower of glory.

"The man sprang from the balcony on which he had stood. I heard him crash away through the flower-beds and shrubs. That was all. I came away. I got to the station. I excited no suspicion. I don't believe my face was seen at all by the spy who watched me.

"They will talk of a sudden death to-day, never dreaming that it was other than a natural one. But some one, somewhere, knows that there was murder done—knows it as well as I do—knows it as well as you do. His life is a perpetual menace. His freedom is an eternal shadow. Found, he must die. Living, he must be hunted. Unknown, he must be watched for and waited for. Curses—curses—curses—on *the man outside*——"

Jasper Jahnway pushed the letter from him as he finished it.

"A remarkable production," he said, reflectively. He was right. It was a remarkable production.

"A fitting end to such a day as this has been," he said, a little bitterly; "a fitting evening's entertainment after the gloom of the afternoon."

He rose and looked out at the night.

He shivered. The evening was too much like one of which *some one* had written to some one else, too much like the evening when a wicked heart had prompted a steady hand to the commission of a terrible crime, to be perfectly pleasant. Mr. Jahnway drew down the curtains. He sat down close by the open fire. He faced the window as he sat. He muttered something about the man outside.

The day, Saturday, November, 5th, 1870, had been as thoroughly disagreeable a one at Jahnway Park as any which Jasper Jahnway could remember. It is true that Jasper Jahnway was young; it is true that he had not been the fortunate possessor of the Jahnway estate for a very great number of years; and it is true that his roving life, prior to coming home to enjoy his unexpected inheritance, had left his knowledge of the possibilities of November weather in New England, in sight of the Atlantic, little more than a matter of theory and imagination.

But little as he knew of what had been or what might be at Jahnway Park, narrow as his experience there had been, he had seen many unpleasant days elsewhere; and his memory had failed to show him anything to compare with what this day had been.

From long before the earliest and faintest beginning of dawn, the rain had fallen in torrents; all day long the trees had tossed and writhed in the rushing gale; from morning to noon, and down the steep slope of the declining day to night again, the sound of the sea had been louder than the beating of the rain or the roaring of the wind. It is quite possible that "the oldest inhabitant," that garrulous encyclopædia of ancient wonders and lexicon of superlatives, would have agreed with Jasper Jahnway in his estimate of the day. Or, perhaps——

Perhaps the owner of Jahnway Park had come to it as to a place of peace and rest, and a haven of refuge; perhaps he found storm and tempest more annoying than they had been in the days when they had been his frequent companions, the days when he had taken his life in his hands and hunted fickle fortune half around the world. The soldier at home—loves peace; the orator at his own fireside—loves silence. It is the way of the world, you know. And Jasper Jahnway, at Jahnway Park, whatever may have been true elsewhere in his past, loved cloudless skies, bright flowers, warm sunshine.

The old Jahnway mansion was an old one indeed. There had been Jahnways and Jahnways. The particular line from which Jasper came had been poor; there were no portraits of *his* ancestors, until one traced the pictorial history of the Jahnways back for many generations, on the walls of the picture-gallery which was now his own. If there had been portraits of these Jahnways, the Jahnways whose blood flowed in his veins, they would have been painted with a far-away look in their eyes—painted with swords in their hands—painted with sails above their heads and decks beneath their feet—painted with the ocean or the wilderness about them, and with the world of ease and culture and civilization unhinted in garb or posture—workers, fighters, pioneers—those, and of those who wait—always. Should one inquire regarding them and their past, he would find their swords drawn, sometimes, in causes whose merits would be difficult to explain; he would find their ships engaged, sometimes, in a questionable traffic; and find, above the head of some one of the bravest and most devoted of the Jahnways, a flag he would not have looked for—or none at all! The questioner, reading, pondering, studying the history of their past, would find hope and faith and earnest valor; but Jasper's fathers for generations had gone no emptier-handed to their graves than they had gone to the best years of their lives.

And Jasper Jahnway had been true to the traditions of his race, until——

Until he came to stand in the home which had belonged to another line of Jahnways; a line who had had money always; a line who had filled the old house with books and pictures and statuary; a line who had spread ease and comfort and luxury everywhere in the great house and in the spacious grounds.

Jahnway Park had been a paradise to Jasper when he first came. He knew that then. He did not deny it now. He wondered, nevertheless, how he could ever have enjoyed it as he did. It was a very unsatisfactory sort of life now. It had been tame a year ago; tamer last month; and to-day—to-day he had found the house like a prison, the very elements his foes, the whole situation intolerable. Did he love bright weather and warm sunshine? He did. But only because storm made him a prisoner of civilization; only because the gentleman he had become must not wander aimlessly about when the winds and the waters struggled for the mastery. He could remember days when life had been otherwise for him.

He had found books a bore; his pictures had pained him; he had wandered restlessly from room to room. Pity Jasper Jahnway as noon found him—young, without ambition—strong, without a calling—a human being with nothing to do; give him your sympathy, as he was when the afternoon was half done—at peace, with memory and inclination leading him toward danger and conflict—well housed, but longing for the swamp or the desert—daintily fed, but with a gloating memory of the freedom of the days when the present had had little and hope had promised the future even less; let your tears fall for him, as waning day darkened around him—a man with great capabilities, without a care or an aim or a purpose—a man hampered and harassed by civilization, while his experience, his instincts, and the inherited habits of generations, called him to the freedom of savagery—a man to whom the tempest which prisoned him was an enticement—a man to whom the voice of ocean was an invitation.

Such men as he break through restraint. Will he?

The rain had lessened for a little time as the day died out. The wind had grown fitful and fretful for a while, instead of remaining furious. It was as though day was relinquishing its power ere night was ready to assume control.

Streaks of blue had appeared among the clouds; they had broadened, deepened, and finally let the sunshine through as the god of day hung, for a moment, on the western horizon before giving Jahnway Park to the night, the tomb of the dead-and-gone Jahnways to the shadows, and Jasper Jahnway—to his future—to whatever he might be so fortunate or unfortunate as to find.

Jasper Jahnway drew a long breath of relief as the sunshine fell along the table where he had vainly tried to read and petulantly pretended to write. He opened the window. He stepped out upon the wet lawn. Fate-guided, he was going for the strange letter, though he knew it not. Let us follow him.

Winter was surely near at hand. His breath was in the air. Withered leaves were scattered all about the grass—Nature's mute confession of the power of Death. But Jasper Jahnway rejoiced in his freedom; what were death and decay and cold to him? Had he not the sky above? Had he not the fresh soil beneath his feet? The sunshine had fallen upon him only a moment since; after that, what was night to him?

He turned toward the ocean. Books and pictures and ease were giving up their slight hold upon him—their power over his heart and brain. Child of Nature, he was reaching out for the love which had been his for so much of his life.

The white-crested waves showed dimly through the gathering darkness, seeming to salute him as they ran thunderingly up the distant beach. He smiled. There was heart in his smile.

Out there, hundreds and hundreds of miles away and many years ago, he had had his one brief dream of love, bright and sweet and swift, on an island scarcely larger than his own estate of Jahnway Park. Out yonder, in another direction, other hundreds of miles away, he had drifted for many days and nights on a narrow plank, scorched under a burning sun by day, chilled under a pallid moon by night, mad with hunger, frenzied with thirst, until he was so weak that he could not put his hand up to clasp those of the men who rescued him, nor command his voice to speak the thanks he felt.

Pain? Yes. Pain from the memory of his dream of love, for he was lonely now, and always would be; but love is worth *having lived*, though one must turn to memory only for the good it gives—worth *having lived*, though one may fail to *live it for ever*.

Pain? Certainly. Pain from shipwreck and danger and famine; but the joy of escape had made ample amends for all that. And, so far as the future was concerned, Jasper Jahnway was too young, yet, to have lost that instinctive-felt faith of the young heart (higher than the reason which insists that death is a future actuality and an ever-present possibility) that for him tides would turn, ships sail over strange routes, refreshing rains fall, clouds temper the sunshine, and the Omnipotent Hand of God himself be stretched out to insure *him* safety and life and strength, whatever others might find waiting for them; too young to have given up that way of looking at things and thinking of them which is the outward expression of almost a hope (can I call it that?) of a personal physical immortality—a reminder of the days when humanity was not doomed to die—a token of the time when the soul shall stand beyond the world in which there are graves, in a world where death shall never enter. All men, young and old, say, "I must die." The man is beginning to grow old who deliberately says, when strong and vigorous, "I *may* die to-day—or to-morrow." Jasper Jahnway had nothing of the sort to say to himself; he never had had. To him, the old life meant the old dangers and the old hardships; it meant the old joys, too, and the same certainty of escape which the past had worked out for him. Older men are wiser ones.

He turned his face oceanward, and he cried, passionately, while he stretched his hands yearningly toward it:

"I love it; I love it; it has brought me more of happiness, more of the good which elevates and improves, than such a narrow life as this can ever do; I love it; I love it."

Then he walked musingly and slowly down to the very end of his estate. He could no longer see his house. The ocean was not in sight, and its voice came to him in a muffled tone. Tall trees were all about him. On one side of the narrow path in which he stood ran a noisy brook, babbling the gossip of the breezy hills where it was born, and clamoring for the sea. On the other side rose a rocky hill, so steep and stony that it almost merited being called a perpendicular ledge.

Then Jahnway had paused and looked about him. It was dark. But never before had the place seemed so pleasant to him. His mood was a strange one; the surroundings suited it.

He tossed a stone into the stream. He laughed to see the shower of water which sprung up where it fell. He threw another, a larger and a heavier one, and shouted with almost the glee of a child at the commotion it made. There had not been so pleased an expression upon his face for many long hours; it was good—so good—to have something to do again, though it were needless and useless.

He stooped for the third stone; a bundle of closely written sheets of paper had been twisted into a knot, thrown close beside it, and forced into the soil by a heavy heel.

Jahnway took the letter home. He read it, while the night took up the storm's work where day left it.

We have read it, too.

A remarkable letter! And a remarkable Jasper Jahnway! A bed awaited his coming up-stairs, and a sleepy servant waited to attend to any of his wants.

But he spread his overcoat before the fire in his library; he took some huge volume for a pillow; and he dreamed that he was a rover over the world again, and, that when some one came to tell him that Jahnway Park was his, a voice said it was false—a voice from the stormy night—a voice from the open window—*the voice of the man outside!*

CHAPTER II.

CHECK TO——

"CHECK TO—— By-the-way, old fellow, how time flies. It was ten years ago to-night, wasn't it?"

Gilbert Senn looked up from the chessboard into his friend's face as he spoke.

"Check! H'm! I wasn't looking for just that. Let me see. There"—moving a piece—"I think that settles your plan for the present. What were you saying? Ten years ago; what was it that happened ten years ago? Oh, yes, I remember; it *is* ten years since then; ten long years since the 5th of November, 1860."

"Ten years—ten years—*check to your king—and*——"

"See here, Senn," interrupted Walter Aldrich, good-naturedly, "you are taking a decidedly unfair advantage of me. You get me to thinking in a sentimental mood, perhaps, if a man with my health can be sentimental, and then you crowd me to the wall. Well"—moving a piece reluctantly and irresolutely—"that is bad enough, but it's the best I can do."

"*Check!*"

"I—I——" And Aldrich thinks long and looks earnestly before he ventures to make another move, and makes it with a vague hope which is not warranted by the probabilities when his friendly antagonist is as keen a man as Gilbert Senn.

Senn studies the board. His hand wavers doubtingly over a piece, drops resolutely upon it, and he makes his move.

"*Checkmate!*" he says; "and now let us put away the board and the men and talk of more important battles than this mimic warfare. Chess is not half so much like the battle of life as some would like us to think; if it were, I shouldn't be winning over you."

"No? I don't know. Life has its complications which are far stranger than any which chance or circumstance can bring into our favorite game. One day a man is up, another day he is down; one day rich, another day poor; honest now, now lost; the admiration of friends to-day, the scorn of foes to-morrow."

"Don't be a cynic, Aldrich," said Senn; "if any one in the whole wide world has a right to keep the fact of the ups and downs of this life in his mind always, I have. But I am not so foolish as to scorn the present, nor so weak as to doubt the future."

"And the past?"

Tears sprang up in Senn's eyes. He reached his hand across to his friend, and clasped his in a warm and clinging grasp.

"The past? You know of what I was thinking a little time ago. I have never done thanking you, in my heart, for making it possible for me to have a part in the battle of life; I have never forgotten what you did ten years ago; I never shall forget it. If there ever comes a time when my life, my fortune, or——"

"There—there—that will do. It was nothing. Any one could have done what I did."

"But *you* did it."

"And I would have done it for any one. I——"

"For any one!" interrupted Senn, his face clouded and his tone a little bitter; "for any one! I should think so. Ten years ago I *was* 'any one,' a tramp, a vagabond, an outcast; not a criminal, not a beggar, not a drunkard; but life had narrowed—narrowed—narrowed—until the indistinct buildings in the half darkness seemed in another world. There was wealth there—gold, goods, clothes, food, pictures—and I was clothed in rags and had barely a quarter of a dollar which I could call my own. I stood on the platform at the station, and looked in at the window of the ticket-office—in from my darkness and misery, at the joy and carelessness and happiness of those within. I could not bear it. The contrast was too great. My heart was hungering for home; my soul was crying for home; I had dreamt of home every night for months—home—home—home, sweet home; and the train was coming; I could hear its thunder through the evening's dark and silence; it could take me home in a single night—but I had no money; do you know how long it will take a weary, discouraged, disappointed, sick, half-starved wretch to walk—walk, mind you—as far as an express train can go in twelve hours?"

"For God's sake, Senn——"

"Wait. Hear me out. You never knew the half you did. I am not sure you ever can, for I know my recital of it must fall far short of the truth. I shrank back from the lighted window into the darkness. Is it any wonder I was careless? Down the track, I could remember sorrow and tears and hunger. Up the track, lying so strong and grand under the lights of the station, like two long lines of silver, was my future—my fate—with more tears, and more sorrow, and more hunger and weakness and weariness. I think I was a little delirious; I had not tasted food for twelve hours; the train was coming; I saw its headlight come round the curve, flash up the track, and push the lines of silver a little further—just a little further—into the shadows. And then——"

"Stop a moment. I shall be crying if you go on. I want to ask you two or three questions. You will answer them truthfully, will you not?"

"Truthfully?" cried Senn; "have you ever known me to answer any question in any other way?"

"No, I never have," said Aldrich, firmly; "I never have. Only—as these questions are a little peculiar—and—and—personal—I thought you might not care to answer them. I confess I shall not blame you if you tell me it is none of my business."

Senn laughed.

"I will tell you that," he said, "if I am not willing to answer truthfully, frankly and fully. Though why I should be other than truthful and frank to one who has been such a friend, I am sure I cannot tell. Please ask the questions."

"I will. Have the last ten years of your life been happy?"

"Happy? Yes. No life is perfect. No joy is unmixed with sorrow. But the ten years just past have been happy—very happy."

"You are glad, then, that I saved you?"

Senn stretched out his hands and caught those of his friend.

"Glad—glad!" he cried.

"And now—well——"

"What is it? Ask it."

"I—I scarcely know how to ask you. You will pardon me, will you not?"

"Pardon you? Of course I will."

"Was what happened an—an accident—or were you so discouraged—and—and——"

"Was it an attempt at suicide? Is that what you mean?"

"That is it."

"It was an accident, purely and simply an accident. I suppose the thought of suicide runs through every man's mind, the sane as well as the mad sometimes, and I shall not pretend that I had never found it running through mine. While I remember the old home among the New England hills; while I remember the gray-haired mother who lives there and who counts the days, almost, between my visits at home—while I cherish her memory in my heart after she shall have gone from me, I shall be safe. No suicide or murder shall stand at my door. It was an accident."

"Pray pardon my thought; I——"

"It is pardoned. Your suspicion was not an unnatural one."

"And now—will you tell me about your sensations, your thoughts."

Senn shuddered.

"It isn't a pleasant thing to think about nor to talk about, but I will try to tell you. I heard the train coming; I saw it round the curve; I saw the light strike upon the darkness and push it further back. Then, suddenly, I felt faint. My head grew dizzy, the icy platform seemed to reel beneath my feet. I felt myself falling. I tried to catch something. My efforts were useless. I went down—down upon the track. My head struck the rail. I felt the blood gush down over my cheek. Then a strange thing came to pass, namely this: I was mentally strong and vigorous, while I was physically *nothing*. I could not move. I could not shriek. I could not make a sound. I heard women shriek. I saw one fall fainting on the platform. Why? I was only a ragged tramp, and she had drawn her cloak closer about her so as not to touch me, when she had passed me a half-hour before. I saw a man, who could have saved me as well as not, falter and turn away. I saw men stop to count the chances, unwitting that chances counted at such a time were chances thrown away for ever. I heard hoarse cries. I heard the brakes applied to the wheels, but knew then, as well as I know now, that the train could no more have been stopped before reaching me than the earth can be stopped in its course. I suffered a thousand deaths. I never knew how sweet life was before. Then—I saw you dash across the platform, spring upon the track. You lifted me from the rails, you threw me out of danger. I have never forgotten it. I never shall."

"Pshaw! It was nothing."

"You risked your life, though."

"In a sense, yes. There was no time to lose. A false step, a stumble, and neither one of us would have been here to-night. But any man with a cool head and quick hands could have done it."

"But *you—you* did do it."

"I did."

"And you did it for me."

"Yes."

"And you helped me to work, helped me to a place of honor and responsibility."

"True. But let us not dwell longer on the past. Light another cigar, the one you have has gone out. And get the chessboard and men again. I must have my revenge before you go."

They sat down to their chess again. But the lawyer, keen and acute and far-seeing though he might usually be, seemed preoccupied. It was not many minutes before Senn quietly captured his queen, saying "*Check!*" as he did so; and, soon after, he had driven Aldrich once more to hopeless defeat, saying that word of victory from which there is no appeal—"*Checkmate!*"

"I cannot play to-night," said Aldrich. "Your story of ten years ago has unnerved me, somehow. And besides——"

"Besides?"

"Besides that, there is another thing which I cannot keep out of my thoughts. A thing—a fact——"

"I think I understand. I've been waiting for you to tell me. Shall I take the privilege you had a little time ago, and ask you a few questions?"

Aldrich laughed.

"You needn't do that. The matter is happily settled. I am the most fortunate man in the world. She is good and true, and as beautiful as she is good. Congratulate me."

Aldrich held out his hand.

Senn took it.

"I do congratulate you," he said. "I give you good wishes for your whole future, and with all my heart. I congratulate her, too; you may tell her so when you next see her. I have known you so long and so well, while—— But you know her. You have chosen wisely, I doubt not. I heartily congratulate you both."

"Thank you."

"When shall I lose you?"

"What?"

"When shall I lose you? When are you to be married?"

"That is a question I cannot answer yet. Not before next Spring; possibly not until June. But you are not to lose me at all. You will only gain another friend when I marry, for my friend will be my wife's friend as well."

Senn shook his head.

"I don't know about that," he said, gloomily; "I don't know about that. Marriage takes many a man from his friends and companions."

"Nonsense! We shall have many repetitions of this evening; we shall try our powers and our fortunes many a time over the narrow battlefield of the chessboard."

"I hope so," said Senn, rising and going over to the chessboard and men. He touched them lovingly, and, as if it were reluctantly, came loiteringly back to where his friend sat.

"I hope so," said Senn again; "I hope so; but someway I cannot help doubting it. The news of your engagement has strangely affected me. I cannot explain it. Do you believe in presentiments?"

"In presentiments? No, I do not. Do you?"

"I think not, and yet there seems to be a deepening shadow all around us. I cannot get it out of my mind

that something is about to happen which will deeply affect us both. It seems impressed upon me that this 5th day of November, in the year 1870, is a crisis in the lives of us both. It seems as though I had laid aside the chessmen for the last time; I find myself wondering—not *whether* this is to be our last evening together, but *why* it is to be the last."

Aldrich took out his watch.

"Don't think me inhospitable," he said, lightly; "you know I've never driven you away from here yet, late though it might be. But the fact is you cannot be well; you wouldn't talk as you do if you were; let me prescribe for you."

"All right. What do you prescribe?"

"Rest. Go home and go to bed. Get a good night's rest. Get these foolish fancies out of that brain of yours. You are working too hard, or——"

"I'm not working too hard," said Senn, stoutly.

"Or worrying too much," concluded Aldrich.

"I'm not worrying. Business is dull in some places, and some firms are going down. But B. is going through all right; there isn't the slightest doubt of that. I should be no loser, except the loser of a position, if he didn't, but you know me well enough to be sure I should be troubled if he were in any danger. The fact is he is safe—perfectly safe."

"Yes."

"And now, I'll take your advice. I will go home. I will get a good-night's rest. We'll laugh over the foolish fancies of this night, many and many a time, as earnestly as we wept over the almost tragedy of ten years ago."

Senn lighted another cigar. The two men stood talking pleasantly. Senn opened the door. The friends stepped out. The night was calm and still. November though it was, the air was warm and pleasant. The sky was cloudless, and the stars seemed unusually bright.

Yet, at that very moment, Jasper Jahnway, sleeping before his library-fire at Jahnway Park, was letting the self-originated fancies of his dreams mingle with the sound of the awful thunder of the tempest outside, Gilbert Senn had never heard the name of Jahnway Park; he knew nothing of the existence of Jasper Jahnway, nor did Jasper know aught of him; yet the tempest was coming into the deep-blue, star-studded sky of his life as surely as it is that the wind blows, or the waters flow.

Aldrich turned suddenly, almost abruptly. He held out his hand to his friend. "Good-night," he said. Then he went in.

And Gilbert Senn, happy again, moved slowly away. Away from the house whose threshold he would never cross again; away from the friend whose hand he would never clasp again; away from the past he cherished and the present he loved; away, as far away as the imagination can picture, from the future he had dreamed about.

He walked slowly down the street, smoking and thinking as he went. From time to time he spoke to himself.

"Dear old Aldrich," said Senn to himself; "I wonder if I shall ever have a chance to make my account with him even? It isn't likely. He isn't the sort of fellow to go blundering down under the wheels of an express train. I wonder—whether—I—should—fail—him—I——"

And he smoked and walked in silence.

He reached the door of his boarding-house. He paused a moment there, and looked up at the sky.

"Dear old Aldrich," he said again; "he deserves it all—all. I hope he will be happy. Of course he will be. Nothing amiss can happen." He paused in his self-addressed talk, seemed to think suddenly of something which troubled him, then said, vigorously: "The fact is, he *is* safe." Another pause. "Perfectly safe—*unless*——"

And Gilbert Senn walked away from the boarding-house instead of going in.

He walked down the street. And——

And it is getting late. Do you know that there are times when it is better—safer, perhaps—for the *gentle reader* to let the actors in a drama like this go their ways alone? Let us go to rest.

Or, if you cannot rest until you see Gilbert Senn safe at home, let us wait by the door of his boarding-house until his return.

* * * * * *

It was very late when he came back. He looked worn and wan. There was anguish in his eyes. There was sorrow in his gait. There was undoubtedly a heavy load upon his mind. He seemed to have grown much older during his absence.

He went up to his room. He threw himself upon his bed. For hours he tossed and turned, groaning and weeping from time to time.

It was growing almost daylight when sleep began to conquer the wornout man. Slowly his breath grew deeper and slower; little by little he became calm and quiet; one by one his senses faded from the battle and woe of life into the great mystery of sleep.

"Dear—dear old Aldrich. I swore——" he muttered, sleepily.

(The tempest was raging still at Jahnway Park, and looking east from Senn's window one might have seen a cloud across the morning sky, where the sun would soon be coming.)

And then, just before, there fell upon him the peace of such a sleep as too many of us, men and women of the world, must look back to childhood's days to ponder over and wonder at—the sleep which poets tell us is the characteristic of careless innocence. He sighed softly:

"*Check—to*——"

CHAPTER III.

A PUZZLE FOR PRIER.

THAT black band, which men call night, which bound Saturday, November 5th, 1870, to the Sunday which followed, had a strange influence over those with whom this history has to deal. I cannot tell you why. That is one of the mysterious things over which Science has yet hung up no electric light.

Old Donald Barron found that night very unpleasant. It might have been indigestion, for Donald Barron was very reckless in the matter of suppers. As he was inclined to be reckless in the matter of business, too, it might have been worry.

Donald Barron had commenced life poor. It was his pride that he had passed the most of his life well-to-do. It was his dearest hope to die immensely wealthy. Being a private banker in Boomville, and the only man doing a banking business there, he was not unlikely to realize his dearest hope. Recklessness in matters of business might possibly postpone the time when, dying, he would leave behind him the fortune which his heart and soul coveted. Recklessness in his attention to the productions of his cook might hasten the day when, rich or poor, as the day might chance to find him, he would have to die.

To tell the plain truth, however, Donald Barron had been unusually abstemious that evening. Business had

some ugly features in sight for the future; but he had that laid aside which will always make the crooked straight in financial matters—money—money—and much of it.

So, on the whole, I am inclined to think that it was the night and its influences which ailed Donald Barron.

He lay in uneasy and restless wakefulness for hours. From bedtime until midnight — from midnight until dawn—from dawn until sunrise—he lay staring about him, passing up the mental scale of pain which leads from uneasiness to torture.

Then, just as the sun came up, he fell asleep.

And in his sleep he dreamed that he was in his place of business. It was almost night. In a few minutes it would be time to close up and go home. He was very, very tired, and time had never seemed to drag so before; he was anxious, so anxious, for rest and sleep. It seemed to him as though the day had been filled with worry and trial. Much money had been paid out, while but little had been received. Men who had done business with him for years, who had trusted him fully, had come in with their hands full of his obligations to pay; had come in hurriedly; had come with doubt and suspicion lurking in their eyes, and had gone away showing on their faces that its presence there was an insult and a menace to him. The strong had jostled the weak; men had pushed women and children aside, eager to get money while there was money left to get. Such, it seemed to him, had his day been. And now he was waiting for the time to come when he could close the doors and go home—waiting for the honorable ending of his fearful day. Suddenly a man came hurriedly in at the open door of the bank. He laid a certificate of deposit before the astounded banker. It bore the signature of Donald Barron. The old man remembered, now, when he had received the money and issued the certificate; but it seemed in his dream as though he had forgotten its existence up to that very moment. "Cash, quick," said the man. The amount reached far into the thousands of dollars. There was no such amount in the money-drawers or on the counter. Barron turned to the safe. He took from it a tin box, in which he had a reserve fund ready for an emergency; he brought the box to the counter; he opened it. *There was nothing inside but a handful of ashes!*

That was Donald Barron's dream.

Donald Barron awoke when the opened box disclosed its worthless contents, awoke and stared straight up at the ceiling. A forgotten certificate of deposit? Not at all. He was too wise and careful to have any lingering doubts on such a subject. He knew to a penny the amount of his outstanding obligations. But the tin box—the part about the tin box had seemed fearfully real—and there *was* a tin box, and it had a reserve fund in it, and he wasn't quite easy now, and he would go——

Go! He could not move! He could not cry out! He could not stir so much as a finger or a toe! In perfect consciousness, knowing his needs, knowing that every moment during which this fearful incubus kept its dread power over him lessened his hopes of leaving his bed alive, he could do nothing.

How he fought! How he struggled—active will against deadened nerves and unresponding muscles.

It could not last long. Such a fight is a warfare between man and death. Victory for one is speedy. And this time the man won. He moved a hand. The horrid spell was broken. The sluggish, slackening stream of life dashed forward again in the arteries and veins. The old man crept weakly from his bed. The perspiration ran from his face in streams. He could scarcely stand alone. But he had life—life; life, and the love of money, left.

The old man dressed hurriedly. It was not usual for him to go to the bank on Sunday, though he did sometimes go in for a little while before church-time to read his paper or write a few letters.

This morning he hurried. He unlocked the door and went in. The desks and papers were all in perfect order. The safe was closed and locked. The dream was already growing dim in his memory. The man laughed softly to himself, thinking how foolish he had allowed himself to be, as he opened the safe.

And then——

He didn't find his tin box with a handful of ashes in it.

He didn't find any tin box at all!

Donald Barron was prompt and active. He had not lived long and grown old without getting wisdom. In ten minutes after discovering his loss, his telegram was on the way to one of the best private detective agencies in Boston:

"BOOMVILLE, MAINE, *November 6th*, 1870.

"Send your best man by first train. To-day if possible,

"DONALD BARRON."

Then Mr. Donald Barron went home to breakfast. He attended church, and kept awake much better than was usual. He appeared to give the most earnest attention to the sermon, not a wonderful thing when we remember how near he came to remaining permanently in bed that morning.

It was almost dark when there came a ring at the Barron mansion. The servant brought up this card to Mr. Barron:

J. B. PRIER.
Boston.

"Show the gentleman into the parlor," said Mr. Barron, "and tell him I will be with him directly."

When Mr. Prier rose at the entrance of Mr. Barron, the latter thought he had never seen so remarkable a man. Mr. Prier was entirely bald, and his face was smoothly shaven; the wrinkles about his mouth and eyes seemed to indicate age, but his quick and restless movements implied youth. His deep-black eyes seemed to look through one, and to see everything at once; they were eyes well calculated to confuse and abash a guilty man, while an innocent person could not fail to read a reassuring penetration and wisdom, together with a stern and resolute friendliness, in their wondrous depths.

"You wanted a detective?"

"I did; I sent for the best man."

"Exactly. *I am here!* I am at your service."

"Your name is Prier?"

"J. B. Prier."

"You are ready for business?"

"I am. I'll be blamed if I don't hang somebody."

Donald Barron smiled.

"I think this is scarcely a hanging matter," he said. "My safe has been robbed, that is all. Serious enough, of course, but not serious enough for hanging."

"Excuse me," said Prier, "my language was only figurative. It's a form of speaking I have."

Donald Barron smiled again and bowed.

"Safe robbed?" said Prier. "Tools left? Let me see them."

"INSPIRATION."—FROM THE PAINTING BY E. H. BLASHFIELD.

"No tools were left. In fact, I think none were used. The bank seems to have been entered by some one who didn't need tools."

"Bank? Safe in bank? Let's have a look at the bank."

The two men walked down to the bank building together. Prier took a deep interest in the contemplation of the modest brick structure in which the bank was located.

"I studied architecture once," he said. "Beautiful subject—beautiful. This is a fine building, a very fine building."

Mr. Barron made no answer, but proceeded to unlock the door. Prier watched him as intently as though locks and keys were entirely new to his experience. In any other than the calling which he followed for his daily bread, Mr. J. B. Prier would have been justly regarded as a very inquisitive man.

Once inside, Mr. Prier helped Mr. Barron close the blinds and draw the curtains so that they should be free from observation. He helped him light up the room. Then he took out his notebook and pencil, produced a tape-line, and went to work.

He measured more than a hundred different distances, Barron watching him in utter bewilderment. The distances from the door to the counter, from the counter to the safe, from the window to the stove, and so on.

Then he examined everything he could find; picked up the inkstands, the paper-weights, the blotters; peered into the money-drawers; opened the stove and looked in; looked at the doors, at the windows, at the walls, at the floor and the ceiling. Then he drew a chair up to the stove in which Barron had made a fire, and sat down.

"Well?" said Barron.

"Well," said Prier, in an exceedingly puzzled tone, "this seems the most orderly place I've ever seen for a bank that has been robbed. I confess I'm a little at a loss, and I never made a failure yet. I'll be blamed if I—— By-the-way, speaking of hanging, I have had two very similar jobs to this in my experience, similar in their general features, and I *did* hang a man in each case."

"You did hang a man?"

"Figuratively, of course. I traced out the guilty one in each case, connected him conclusively with a murder, and the authorities did the rest."

"I see——"

"Oh, no you don't. You don't see anything more regarding those cases than I do regarding this; and that"—rubbing his face with a huge red silk handkerchief, and speaking with a happy briskness—"is nothing at all. I'll tell you all about them some time," he continued, "some time when I am at leisure—I am very busy now. Will you be kind enough to give me a look into that safe? Thank you," he remarked, when Mr. Barron had complied with his request and unlocked the safe for him—"thank you. Don't let me forget to tell you those stories the very first time I have a half-hour to spare. They are the most entertaining and cheerful stories you ever listened to, I assure you."

Prier examined the safe, outside and in. He looked more and more as though he was getting beyond his depth.

"What was the money in?" he asked.

"In a tin box."

"In what part of the safe?"

Mr. Barron showed him.

"How much was there?"

"Two hundred thousand dollars."

Prier whistled softly to himself, and looked a little nervous. He conquered his feelings, however, and came and sat down by the stove again.

"Were you ever hanged?" he asked, with a smile.

"Ever hanged?" cried Barron, in astonishment.

"That's what I asked. I was once; a mere accident, of course, but it came near being the end of me. I've always felt a little sorry, since then, when it was necessary to send a fellow-being to the gallows. But you ought to try it; the experience is worth all the suffering, provided, of course, that you are not kept in a state of suspense too long."

Mr. Barron said nothing. He looked closely at Mr. Prier. But that gentleman had taken a cigar from his pocket and lighted it, and appeared entirely engrossed with the pleasure of smoking, and oblivious of the scrutiny to which he was being subjected. Mr. Barron had never had any dealings with a detective before this time. He wondered whether Prier was a fair specimen of his class.

"I suppose you've no objection to my looking over the books of your business?" said Prier, suddenly, throwing away his cigar and getting briskly on to his feet.

"That would be a little irregular, wouldn't it?" asked Barron.

"Certainly, and if you object——"

"I don't object. Do anything you wish. Do anything in the world which will help get my money back, and I shall approve it all."

"Eh? H'm!" said Prier, and proceeded to bury himself, figuratively speaking, in the books of Donald Barron's business.

"I studied book-keeping once," he said, when he had been working silently for nearly an hour.

"Indeed?" asked Barron.

But Prier was deep in the books again, and made no answer for another hour. Then he looked up and said:

"Yes; called an expert once. Might have made lots of money by it, too. Liked detective-work better. Rather *lock* you up than *look* you up; do you see the point? Ha! ha! ha!"

And he closed the book with a bang, and walked to his chair by the stove again and sat down.

"Books seem well kept. Do it yourself?"

"No."

"H'm! Rich, are you?"

"Yes."

"Make it yourself?"

"Yes."

"Poor boy, perhaps?"

"I was."

"H'm!"

And then Prier lighted another cigar, and smoked in silence for awhile.

"Two hundred thousand dollars, did you say?" he asked, after perhaps a quarter of an hour.

"Two hundred thousand dollars."

"In paper, of course?"

"Yes."

"In what shape?"

"Hundred-dollar bills."

"Two thousand of them?"

"Yes."

"Got the numbers?"

"Of course."

"Let me see them."

Mr. Barron got the book in which the numbers of the bills had been entered, but Prier did not do more than

give it a glance. Whatever use he might wish to make of it in the future, the mere fact that there was such a list seemed all he cared to know in that direction for the present.

"The money cannot be used, then?" he asked presently.

"Not unless the persons passing or attempting to pass it can show good reason for an assertion that they came by it honestly."

"I see. This money was yours? Yours personally, I mean, and not money on deposit in your bank?"

"It was mine."

"When did you get it?"

"On Saturday."

"It isn't entered on your books yet?"

"No."

"That isn't exactly business-like, is it?"

"Perhaps not, but——"

"Never mind. Where did you get it?"

"It came from Boston."

"How did you get it?"

"By express."

"Of course. I took that for granted. I didn't mean that. I didn't make my question clear. I intended to ask how you raised it."

"I raised it on mortgages."

"Mortgages on real estate?"

"Yes."

"Good. I may see the deeds, I suppose?"

"Certainly," said Barron, rising and moving toward the safe.

"Sit down; sit down," cried Prier; "I don't want to see them now. To-morrow will do as well. One thing at a time. What did you get the money for?"

"To pay outstanding obligations—notes, drafts, certificates of deposit."

"Where is the money which was deposited—the money paid in, for which this must be paid out?"

"Lent again."

"On long time?"

"Some of it."

"On good security?"

"Most of it."

"Good rates of interest?"

"Very good indeed."

"Some in speculation, I suppose? Stocks and shares and bonds?"

Mr. Barron gave the detective a quick glance of suspicion. But that individual was looking vacantly at a ring of blue cigar-smoke, and seemed to have forgotten Barron's very existence for the time being. So that his answer had nothing of indignation in its tones, though he used the same words which had rushed angrily to his lips when the question was asked.

"Not a dollar of any man's money but my own," he said.

"But some of that which is loaned is hard to collect?" persisted Prier.

"There is some of it which it is impossible to collect or to raise money on at present."

"And some, I presume, will be a loss at last?"

"A little, no doubt."

"Then you will be unfortunately situated if you cannot get your money back?"

"*I shall be ruined!*" cried Mr. Barron.

"You would prefer getting your money, then, to finding and punishing the thief?"

"I certainly should."

"I'll keep that fact in mind. A detective's work is a strange one. Did you ever think of being one yourself?"

"Never."

"You wouldn't know how to test a man of whom you were suspicious, would you?"

"I shouldn't. I suppose I should either swear out a warrant and put it in the hands of an officer, or perhaps hunt him up and give him a piece of my mind."

The detective leaned back in his chair and laughed.

"Ah!" said he, at last; "a man arrested on suspicion is either innocent or guilty. If innocent, he is likely to make trouble for one who has been rash and hasty."

"That is true."

"And if guilty he is put upon his guard at once. Therefore I don't arrest men on suspicion. I arrest men when I have *proof*."

"What plan do you pursue?" asked Mr. Barron.

"Various ones. I will wager you an oyster supper that I can meet you twelve times on the street to-morrow, appearing to your eyes as twelve entirely different persons, and never excite your suspicions regarding my disguises. I have a dozen different plans for every disguise. The art of the detective is the highest variety of art."

"But you have some common plan, have you not—some plan which you use oftener than you do others?"

"Certainly."

"I've a curiosity to know what it is."

"I'll tell you. First of all, I make a friend, a familiar and confidential friend, of the man I suspect."

"Isn't that difficult?"

"Not very. Then I impress him with the idea that I am much less acute than I really am."

"A good point, I should think."

"A very good point. Then I manage to get him alone with me."

"That is difficult, surely?"

"Oh, no; that is usually the easiest thing in the world. I interest him then; I turn his thoughts away from the matter in hand, and I study him—*study him—study him!*"

"I should think he would suspect what you were at."

"Not often. Sometimes I don't care if he does. I not infrequently tell him that I make a careful study of a suspected man a special feature of my work."

"I shouldn't have suspected you of having such frankness in your nature."

"Very likely not; I have it, though. Following my study of him I usually question him pretty fully, and find out all I can about him and his actions in other ways. By the time I've done all this I am usually certain that my suspicions were well-grounded, or that the man is entirely innocent."

"I should think you would be."

"But I usually end by frightening the man almost to death, and getting him fully in my power. If he is innocent, it harms no one, and is a valuable test in addition to what has gone before; if he is guilty, his actions usually show it, and I have him beyond the power of injuring or resisting me. Why, Mr. Barron, when I am done with a man to whom I have given the valuable discipline of such a course as that, I am more certain of the facts in his case than any so-called 'intelligent jury' could possibly be after having tried him 'according to the law and the evidence'—*and the lawyers!*"

"I don't doubt that. But you seem to have forgotten one thing, one principle which you yourself laid down a little time ago."

"And what is that?"

"The principle that a man is likely to be armed and likely to resist."

"I don't forget that. I disarm him, and put handcuffs on the individual."

"Easily said——"

"*And easily done!*"

Prier rose lazily, and laid Mr. Barron's pistol on the counter; he dropped his hands leisurely into his pocket; he sauntered slowly back to Mr. Barron's side. And then——

There were two or three motions too quick for the eye to follow; and Donald Barron's wrists were ornamented with irons; and J. B. Prier was looking into the eyes of the man as though he would read his very soul.

"To finish my discussion of my usual plan," said Prier, slowly, taking a key from his pocket and unlocking and removing the handcuffs, "I may say that I never release *a guilty man* until he is in charge of the authorities."

He paused a moment.

"Donald Barron," he said, quietly; "we have played out the comedy part of this affair, and we are ready for serious work. I have found and taken a few things—pardon me for declining just now to say what—which will make the crime we are to study a help toward the solution of more important mysteries than the theft of mere money—even though it be as large a sum as two hundred thousand dollars. I will tell you frankly that when we came down I believed you the guilty man; I fully expected to have had a full confession from you before this; but I know now that you are innocent. Let us go home; I will be your guest; let us seek the rest we need; all will be right in the morning."

In the morning? Perhaps so—*some morning!*

They went home together. Prier was shown to his room. He sat down upon the edge of his bed. He took several articles from his pocket. He opened his valise, took out a sort of case or casket which it contained, opened it, put the articles in, locked the casket, and placed it carefully in a pocket of his overcoat.

"The money matter is simple enough," he said; "simple enough. The safe was opened by some one who knew the combination; it will be easy enough to examine all who knew it. It was opened by some one who knew the money could not be used; that is, it is likely it was, and it ought not to be difficult to fix upon the guilty individual."

Before retiring, he took the casket from his pocket and put it under his pillow.

He smiled grimly to himself, under cover of the dense darkness, and, reaching up his hand, he caressed the casket lovingly.

Crime, whatever you may be, there is light coming! Criminal, who ever you may be, shudder to-night! Victim, sleep in peace in the grave you fill! The senses fall aside: sleep claims dominion over the brain of the great detective. But the grim smile lasts; the sleeping fingers clasp still closer the precious casket. And—hark! He speaks! Let us listen; let us catch his sleeping thought:

"*I'll—be--blamed—if—I—don't—hang—somebody!*"

CHAPTER IV.

A PECULIAR PROPOSAL.

It was still very early on Monday morning when Mr. Prier arose. He went down to the parlor and waited for Mr. Barron, showing in his attitude when he sat, in his gait when he rose and walked the room, in the glitter of his eyes when he made a pretense of trying to read, that he was very, very impatient.

He had said last evening that all would be well in the morning. Had he meant it? Did he doubt it?

The grim smile had not left his face; it had grown deeper and more intense, until it seemed as though it were engraved upon his features—a thing which would remain there until neither life nor expression remained longer.

And the casket—the casket was in his pocket now, and he touched it again and again, as he waited for the banker; touched it caressingly—lovingly—strangely; touched it as a half-crazed mother might have touched the dead face of her little child while she waited in hiding for the murderer of her darling to come her way.

The great detective shut his teeth together until they could be heard to grind upon one another; his lips were drawn back, showing his cruel strength of jaw; his nails left livid marks in the palms of his clinched hands.

His breath came in great gasps or sobs. His eyes filled with tears.

"At last! at last!" he muttered, brokenly.

This was J. B. Prier—J. B. Prier, *the man;* full of hate which was only the more bitter for its long repression; unwilling to wait for the vengeance which had eluded him for so long; counting the minutes until he should see Crime stagger up the steps of the gallows to fall again a sacrifice to the holy name of—well, reader, between Justice and Revenge, you may take your choice.

A hand was laid upon the door-knob.

In an instant the grim smile was gone. In its place was a look of pleasant welcome. No tears; no harshly drawn breath; no sharply shut teeth nor painfully compressed lips. This was Prier, *the professional detective.*

Donald Barron entered.

"Good-morning," he said.

"Good-morning," replied Prier, adding immediately: "And now let us get to business."

"Will not there be time after breakfast?"

"I don't like to wait. Cannot we have breakfast by ourselves, and talk as we eat?"

Mr. Barron said that could be done, and sent messages at once to the other members of the household asking them to excuse him. Breakfast for the two men was then sent to the library.

And Prier began business as he began his steak and coffee.

"The stolen money cannot be used without great risk," he said. "Do you know of any one who would be—let us be moderate enough to say—*pleased to see you deprived of the means of meeting your obligations?*"

"I know of no one."

"You have enemies, no doubt?"

"I think not."

"Have you never done that which may have made some one anxious to injure you?"

"It may be. But I know of no person who would have the slightest desire *to ruin me.*"

"Let us look in another direction, then. What of your household? Who constitute your family?"

"I am a widower; I have one daughter; she has a lady companion—a person who has been an inmate of the house since my daughter was a mere child. They, with myself, make up the family."

"This young lady companion—is she considerably older than your daughter?"

"Some years; I do not know how many."

"Poor, I presume?"

"She was. I have settled enough money upon her, however, to make her feel thoroughly independent."

"For which she is grateful, of course?"

"Thoroughly and genuinely so."

"Is she jealous and envious in disposition?"

"Not at all. She is the least ambitious and selfish person I have ever seen."

"After your death, should she outlive you, what is to become of her then?"

"She is liberally remembered in my will. She will be left well provided for—unless I die poor."

"She knows this?"

"She does."

"Your daughter, is she——"

"My daughter is the best and noblest woman I ever knew. She is the soul of truth and honor. From her earliest childhood she was a wonderfully conscientious child. She has only one fault; she could not be led into actual sin in any way; she could be led into unworthy action in only one way."

"And what is her fault? What is the one avenue to the latent evil—evil none the less because it is slight of stature—which exists in her nature?"

"Don't couple evil with her name. I cannot bear that. Her one fault is her love for me. The pathway to the less worthy side of her character is through that love. She would do anything and everything—anything short of actual wickedness and dishonor—if my good seemed the probable result of her act."

Prier reached his hand across the table and took that of Donald Barron.

"A good account and a good character. I congratulate you, sir. Don't talk of ruin. What is money compared to a true and devoted love like that?"

"Thank you; thank you for your rebuke as well as for your kindness," said Mr. Barron.

"Your servants? You trust them?"

"Fully."

"Any new ones among them?"

"None."

"Any dissipated ones?"

"None."

"Mr. Barron, you are to be congratulated. You are a very fortunate man—or a very shortsighted one. On general principles, you are to be congratulated in either event. Now about the bank. You have no doubts regarding the honesty of your employés there, I presume?'

"I have none. I have no reason for thinking any one of them other than perfectly trustworthy. But——"

Mr. Barron paused.

"But some one took the money," suggested Prier, with a smile.

Mr. Barron looked startled.

"The very words I was about to use!" he exclaimed.

"Were they? I do not wonder at it," said Prier, quietly, "for none could be more appropriate. That is the one truth to which all our devious wanderings amid the mazes of suspicion and conjecture must ever lead us. *Somebody took the money; and I'll be blamed if I don't*——"

Prier stopped short. Barron smiled.

"I sincerely hope you will," he said.

Then, as he bent for a moment over his breakfast, the grim smile flashed up into the face of the detective again. The detective was doing his duty. The man had not forgotten his impatient hope.

"This fact seems evident," said Prier, impressively; "*the safe was opened by some one who knew the combination!* Who besides yourself knew it?"

"My daughter and my cashier."

"No one else?"

"No one."

"You feel quite sure of this?"

"I do."

"We shall find your cashier at the bank when we go down there this morning?"

"Yes."

"What sort of man is he?"

"A young man, a noble fellow, prompt, straightforward, exact. He has filled every position in the bank from the lowest up. He has never failed in a trust; he has never neglected a duty. I——"

"Some one stole the money," interrupted Prier, gravely.

"But——"

"And I will stake my reputation that the safe was opened by some one who knew the combination."

"Which means——"

"Which means just what I say—and no more! If any others knew how to get into your safe without using force, it is more than likely that some one or more of those other persons took the money. If not——"

"Well, if not?"

Prier didn't answer at once. He ate for a time in silence.

"You have read history, sacred and profane, I suppose?" he asked, after several minutes.

"Certainly," said Mr. Barron, wonderingly.

"What was the first terrible crime?"

"Cain's murder of Abel, I suppose."

"And what did Joseph's brothers do with *him?*"

"I see the point," said Mr. Barron.

"I am glad you do. There are ties of blood, and there are ties of honor and integrity which should be none the less strong; in the thousands and thousands of cases, when temptation comes, these ties hold back the tempted ones from crime; in the rare, individual cases, the cases which are exceptional in every respect, the cases with which detectives have to deal, we find the unexpected is what usually happens—the unnatural is what is usually true. Please ring the bell, Mr. Barron, and ask the servant to request your daughter to come up and have a cup of coffee with us."

"But, Mr. Prier——"

"I must have an interview with your daughter—or I must relinquish this case. Your daughter is innocent, or she is guilty! I shall determine which. No insult nor indignity shall be offered her. If she is innocent, she need never know that her innocence has been questioned nor tested. If she is guilty——"

"Guilty!" cried Mr. Barron; "guilty! Great God! man, she cannot be guilty!"

"*If she is guilty,*" said Prier, speaking slowly and gravely, and appearing not to have noticed the interruption, "I am in *your* employ, not in that of the authorities, and you can do what you wish, be it much or little —*so far as the bank robbery is concerned!*"

And, as he finished, he smiled as he had smiled in the quiet and loneliness of his room the night before, and he nervously touched the pocket of his coat to be sure that the casket was still there.

"But, Mr. Prier——"

"Yes or no; once for all. You don't doubt her standing the test, do you?"

That savage thrust won the day.

"Of course I don't," Mr. Barron said, indignantly; "but I don't want her treated as you treated me yesterday, even in the way of a joke. She is far too good to be

subjected to suspicion, and too delicate and sensitive to be frightened without danger of injury to her. And yet, I am willing you should be as fully satisfied as I am."

"Thank you. You are talking sensibly. I can do that which you desire done only as I can see my way clearly at every step."

"I admit that," said Mr. Barron.

"And now," said Prier, "I have a proposition to make. It is one which I think will please you. It is this: During this first interview with your daughter I will ask no questions whatever; I will make no statements of any kind; you shall say what you please, and ask what you please, and make the interview as long or as short as you choose. I——"

Mr. Barron sprang to his feet and impulsively reached out his hand toward Prier.

"Thank you; thank you!" he cried; "you are just and generous now."

Prier somewhat coldly evaded the proffered hand.

"I must make certain conditions," he said, slowly.

"Make them. What are they?"

"First, that I am to be allowed another and other interviews with Miss Barron if I deem it necessary."

"I grant that condition. It will not be necessary."

"Second, that you will question the cashier yourself; it is no more than fair to put them on the same footing."

"It shall be as you wish. What else?"

"I—I——" began the detective, half rising to his feet, while a shadow of anger and relentlessness seemed to flash across his face. Then he sank back into his chair again, laid his arms upon the table, and bowed his head upon them.

"How long, O God! how long?" he groaned. Then he seemed to remember, suddenly, that Barron's question was unanswered. "What else?" he repeated; "nothing; nothing; let the young lady come in."

Mr. Barron rang the bell. He gave the necessary order. In a minute more there was a light knock at the library-door.

"Come in," said Mr. Barron.

The door opened.

When J. B. Prier entered his account of the events of the day upon the pages of the book in which he kept such items as might be of use to him, he wrote down, in black and white, slowly and calmly and deliberately, regarding this woman: "The most queenly person I ever saw."

When J. B. Prier praised or complimented, even to the pages of his book, it meant much; I think we shall be safe in calling Miss Elsie Barron a "queenly person." Let us do so.

Tall, slender, dark; perfect of feature; graceful in every movement; half shy, and diffident enough to have been a girl of sixteen; self-willed and resolute as the most mature; this was the woman who advanced slowly, but not hesitatingly, to the table.

Her father and Mr. Prier had risen. She looked inquiringly from the former to the latter.

"Elsie, my love," said the old gentleman, "let me introduce a friend. Mr. Prier, this is my daughter."

The "queenly person" gave the detective a stately courtesy. She declined, with a gesture, but without words, the seat which her father pointed out to her as Prier and himself resumed their own, and remained, standing, one hand resting carelessly upon the table. She gave her undivided attention to her father.

"Will you not have a cup of coffee, Elsie?" asked the old gentleman.

"Thank you, no. You sent for me, father. What can I do for you?"

The old gentleman moved uneasily in his chair. He half wished that the detective had the questions to ask instead of himself. He turned to Mr. Prier, that wish showing itself in look and attitude. But the countenance of the detective did not show that he understood. He had made his conditions; he would abide by them; he would see nothing until he was ready to do so.

"What can I do for you, father?" the young woman asked again, after some little time of waiting.

"I—I am in trouble—in serious trouble," faltered her father.

The eyes of Elsie Barron flashed one glance of haughty inquiry at Mr. Prier. She moved noiselessly to her father's side. She laid her arm caressingly along his shoulders. She stooped and kissed him, with Mr. Prier looking at her.

"Trouble; what trouble?" she asked. "I will do anything to help you, father."

"I knew it—I knew it," said the old man, the tears coming into his eyes.

"And this man? this gentleman? this Prier? Is he the cause of your trouble?"

"No. On the contrary, he is going to help me out."

"Ah! Is he? Is the nature of your trouble financial?"

"Yes."

Elsie Barron raised her head and looked Mr. Prier squarely in the eyes—looked for fully a minute. Then she turned to her father, and said, gravely, without any attempt at lowering her voice:

"I wouldn't let him, if I were you. He is a merciless man. Give him an advantage over you, and he will use it to the utmost. I do not trust him. You must not. He would follow an enemy to the—the—*the grave*."

Mr. Prier half rose again. His arm pressed against the casket in his pocket. His face had never before been so grim, yet there was a smile upon it. He forgot his promise to Mr. Barron; he forgot prudence, politeness, everything.

"Did you begin to say 'the gallows,' Miss Barron?" he asked.

She looked at him again—looked as long—looked as calmly—looked with as much composure—looked as much like a "queenly person" as she had before; she looked until the detective turned away his eye, then she answered:

"I did."

"Well, Miss Barron, you are right. I have followed people to the gallows—people who were nothing to me one. way nor another—followed their lives day by day, step by step, clew by clew, and for pay. You are correct in thinking that I would follow an enemy to his death."

"You are a detective, then?" she asked.

"I am."

"Pardon me. I misunderstood you. I took you for a money-lender. You made me think of—of——"

She paused, and a flush, which was not more than half embarrassment, yet not all mocking malice, moved along neck and cheek and brow.

"Of what? Of whom?" asked Prier, sharply.

Miss Barron laughed.

"Of the pound of flesh—and Shylock!" she said.

Prier frowned.

Miss Barron stooped and kissed her father again.

The detective frowned. He bit his lip. He said a word to himself under his breath. It was not an assertion. It was not even an opinion. It was not a

comparison, as her remark had been. She had said "Shylock" of him. His answer was the word — *the question*—so low that her keen ear did not catch it:

"*Judas?*" was what he said.

"You have a detective here, father," she said, earnestly, to him; "what does that mean? What has happened?"

"It means that the bank has been robbed—that I am ruined unless I can recover the money," he said, in reply.

"Robbed? how? when? by whom?"

"On Saturday night. That is all we know."

"Of how much?"

"Two hundred thousand dollars."

Miss Barron grew very white. She grasped the table more firmly for support. She looked straight into her father's eyes; she gave no attention whatever to the detective.

"Two hundred thousand dollars!" she gasped, faintly; "two hundred thousand dollars! And why, why——"

She stopped short. She did not look at her father now. She faced Prier's eager and almost breathless watchfulness. Neither said a word. This time her gaze gave way before his; this time her powers faltered. She looked back at her father again, saying, as she sank into a seat at last:

"Why did you send for me?"

"The safe was opened by some one who knew the combination, and——"

"I see," she said; "and you suspected me?"

Her breath came in gasps. She pressed her clinched hand firmly over her heart, as though she would lessen some awful tension there. Her lips were white as snow. Her face will not be more colorless when she is dead than it was then. She drew a little further away from the old man, and turned her head aside.

"Suspect you? Suspected my loved and trusted child?" he cried, sinking upon his knees beside her, and putting his arms around her. "Suspect you—you good and true and dutiful one—never!"

The color came into her face again.

"What was it, then, that you wished?" she asked.

"To know if by any possibility—any thoughtlessness—any mistake or accident—you have allowed the knowledge of the safe combination to pass from you to another? That is the question I wished to ask you. And that is all."

"I am glad," she said, "very, very glad. I could not bear it if you distrusted me at all—in the slightest matter. I love you so, father, I love you so; better than myself—better than any one or anything else in all the world. I never told any one the secret of the combination—never—never! You believe that I did not? you do believe me, don't you, father?"

The old man brushed back the hair from her forehead, and tenderly kissed her upon her brow.

"I do believe it," he said, "and I have never had one moment's doubt of you."

"Thank you for those blessed words. I was never so happy in all my life. If the time ever comes when I can prove my truth and devotion to you by a deed instead of by words, I will do it—I swear I will do it."

"I know it, dear one and true, I know it."

"And now," with a sudden fierceness showing itself; "I suppose this detective *did* suspect me?"

"It is his business to suspect; he is hired to suspect; he suspected *me* yesterday."

She turned to Prier.

"You suspected my father of fraud—of robbery? I will never forgive you for it—never!"

"I am very sorry," said Prier, coldly but politely.

"And now—*did you suspect me?*"

Prier turned toward Mr. Barron and addressed himself to him:

"You have agreed to question your daughter; you have done so; if that work is finished—if you have done, let us go to the bank."

"Will you answer my question?" demanded the young woman; "did you suspect me?"

"I had never seen you," replied Prier, "and some one took the money."

"And so you suspected that a daughter could stoop to rob her father? Your experiences must have been among peculiar people."

"They have been."

"And have given you peculiar ideas of feeling and purpose."

"Yes."

"Well, Mr. Prier, I pity you. I forgive you, too; I excuse the injustice of your thoughts and suspicions; you are satisfied now, I presume?"

Mr. Prier half turned away his head; he made no answer.

"Are you satisfied of my innocence?" The tone was pitched upon a little higher key, and the words were a little louder and a little more filled with hot passion than before.

And still the great detective made no sign; still he looked another way; still his face did not show that he had even heard her question.

"Man, man, why do you not answer?" cried Barron; "you have heard the frank and ingenuous words of this innocent and noble woman. You have seen truth in her face; you have heard it in her tones; you have felt it in her very presence. You claim that you do not fail; you claim that you can determine guilt; you call yourself infallible. Say that she is innocent; you know that she is guiltless; say it."

Prier let his head fall upon the table again. He shook with the force of some terrible emotion. When he raised his face again it was wet with tears.

"I cannot say what you wish," he said, quietly. "I can only say that I will follow this matter until the guilty one meets the just reward of crime—repeated crime; I can only say *now* regarding Miss Barron: *I do not know!*"

She stooped and kissed her father once more. Then she flashed a look of the most supreme hate upon Prier.

"I swear I am innocent and true," she said, "and that I will sacrifice anything and everything short of honor itself to prove my innocence and my devotion to my father. But as for you, Mr. Prier, count me your active and earnest enemy always; count upon me as vindictive and resolute and relentless; find my thought in that which baffles you; find my hand guiding where your hand fails. I shall stoop to no crimes. I shall shield no criminals. I shall do no wrong. But your success is over; your usefulness is at an end; my curse—the curse of a woman scorned—is upon you."

She turned and left the room—not rapidly—nor yet slowly. She was a woman whose friendship was well worth winning. What of her enmity?

The detective touched his precious casket. The grim smile stole into his eyes, but a terrible anxiety and doubt almost blotted it out.

(To be continued.)

Would that every girl were so fortunate as Miss Louisa Alcott seems to have been. "When the book mania fell upon me at fifteen," she writes, "I used to venture into Mr. Emerson's library and ask what I should read, never conscious of the audacity of my demand, so genial was my welcome. His kind hand offered to me the riches of Shakespeare, Dante, Goethe and Carlyle, and I gratefully recall the sweet patience with which he led me round the book-lined room, till 'the new and very interesting book' was found, or the indulgent smile he wore when I proposed something far above my comprehension. 'Wait a little for that,' he said; 'meantime try this, and if you like it come again.' For many of these wise books I am waiting still, very patiently, because in his own I have found the truest delight and best inspiration of my life."

THE LITTLE COQUETTE.— FROM A PAINTING BY A. ROSÉ.

A CADMEAN VICTORY.—"SHE ADVANCES TOWARD THE NEGLECTED EASEL. SHE RAISES THE BAIZE CLOTH AND STARTS VIOLENTLY."
SEE NEXT PAGE.

SHALL I?

By Nannie Power O'Donoghue.

Shall I do this sir, and shall I do that, sir?
Shall I go in, sir, or shall I go out?
Shall it be bonnet, or shall it be hat, sir?
State your opinion; I'm sadly in doubt.
Shall I go riding, or shall I go walking?
Shall I accept it, or shall I refuse?
Shall I be silent, or shall I keep talking?
Give your advice, pray; I cannot well choose.
Thus do we pander to others' opinions,
Wearing the garb of Society's slaves;
Fashion's a tyrant, and we are her minions,
Robbing our life of the freedom it craves.

Ought I to visit her, ought I to cut her?
Shall I be friendly, or shall I be cold?
Shall I look boldly, or peep through the shutter?
Shall I give silver, or shall I give gold?
What will be said if I stay from the dinner?
What will be said if I'm seen at the ball?
Will they proclaim me a saint or a sinner?
If not the former I go not at all.
Thus do we pander to others' opinions,
Wearing the garb of Society's slaves;
Fashion's a tyrant, and we are her minions,
Robbing our life of the freedom it craves.

Why not go forward, undaunted, unfearing,
Doing the thing that is lawful and right?
Caring not who may be seeing or hearing,
Shunning the darkness, and courting the light.
Surely, if conscience forbear to upbraid us,
Well may we laugh at the verdict of fools;
God is our guide—for His service He made us—
Not to be ruled by the makers of rules.
Pander no longer to others' opinions;
Wear not the garb of Society's slaves;
Be not of Fashion the pitiful minions;
Rob not your life of the freedom it craves.

A CADMEAN VICTORY.

By J. V. Prichard.

The mat which lay before the door of Raymond Van Dorn's studio concealed a board which responded with a sonorous creak to the slightest pressure. A single well-adjusted nail would have remedied the annoyance; yet it was suffered to remain and sound its grating alarm.

Such of the artist's friends as were afflicted with sensitive nerves declared the sound a nuisance contrived to warn Van Dorn of the approach of an intruder. They even went so far as to aver that, by some occult judgment, the young man was able to determine the sex of the threatened infliction and act accordingly.

In proof of the fallibility of these captious individuals, when the signal sounded on a perfect day in June—one certain memorable day—Van Dorn started to his feet with the mental ejaculation, "Can it be Gertrude?"

Laying aside his palette and brushes, he hastily consulted his watch.

The hands pointed to the third hour after noon.

Gertrude Emblen had never yet ventured to leave her household duties until five o'clock; then she had been in the habit of coming in for a chat as he painted, charming the brief half-hour into something that seemed, as next day he recalled it, like a lingering idyl.

The knock upon the panel of the door, which immediately succeeded the tell-tale creak, was uncertain, faint, hesitating; evidently the touch of a woman's hand, but not Gertrude's; *she* never demanded admittance; she would enter with perfect confidence and draw up the low, rush-bottomed chair beside the easel, with her gracious smile.

"No, it cannot be Gertrude at this hour," murmured Van Dorn. "Come in!"

The door swung slowly open to admit a young girl to the dimness of the studio, a *svelte*, graceful creature, attired in a clinging robe of turquoise cashmere, an embroidered kerchief knotted *à la* Charlotte Corday upon her breast, a bunch of splendid Mermet roses at her belt.

At sight of her, Van Dorn started apprehensively toward the easel and flung a baize cloth before the unfinished canvas.

Then he turned to her, a flush upon his bronze cheek, a mysterious light in his tawny eyes.

"Miss Gertrude!—so early and so gorgeous!" he exclaimed, with a smile that deepened the pallor upon her brow and the shadows beneath her lovely, patient eyes.

She had entered, closed the door, and paused. There was a pathetic eloquence, a mute supplication, in her very hesitation.

Nothing that pertained to her was ever lost upon the quick intuition of the man who had studied her every mood for years.

Though he was puzzled and troubled, he said, cheerily, as he took her sunshade and the hat which she had removed from her fair head as she toiled up the wearisome stairs:

"There is your favorite chair longing to receive you, and in one moment you shall have the mandarin fan."

She smiled wanly and shook her head.

"You will not sit down?" he questioned, depositing the hat and parasol upon the divan.

"I cannot—now."

"It is the first time you have refused such a petition in this place."

"Yes—I know."

The evident suppression of her feelings—she who had always been so frank, so sincere—irritated him.

"Then why did you come at all?" he exclaimed; "surely you might have spared yourself the walk through this broiling heat."

"I did not come voluntarily," was the low reply; "I was sent."

"Sent—by whom?"

"My mother."

"Yes?"

"She begs that you will come to her without delay."

"Is she ill—in trouble?" he asked, with quick solicitude.

"No."

"What then?"

"She wishes to consult you upon—upon a matter of business."

She spoke bitterly, almost desperately; and as she spoke, possibly to conceal the emotion that mirrored itself upon her sentient face, she wandered toward the easel and idly stretched forth her hand to raise the drapery.

Like a flash, Van Dorn darted to her side and waved her back.

"No, no!" he cried, mysteriously; "you must not look at that. It is not finished."

She raised her eyes to his glowing face in sudden surprise.

"What is it?" she inquired, blankly.

"A portrait."

"I might have surmised as much, since you paint nothing else."

There was an injured tone in her voice.

She was used to being admitted to his confidence; she

could not fathom this sudden access of secretiveness; she had never before been confronted by a refusal from *him*.

She knew not how to assume the unaccustomed burden, nor mask the consequent chagrin.

He saw it all, and smiled.

"You shall see the portrait some day," he said, playfully; "I promise you."

"Perhaps," she murmured, doubtfully. Then, swiftly as the wind veers: "In case I should never see it, tell me of whom it is a portrait."

"Of the woman I love."

She shrank from him almost imperceptibly, and shivered as if the frigid breath of Winter had blighted the balmy perfection of the June day.

He marked it all, but, man-like, did not comprehend.

He had flattered himself in all sincerity that Gertrude Embden was an open book to him; turn to which page he would, he might read understandingly.

Even at this supreme moment of her life he fancied her as legible as ever. Alas! he read not between the lines.

He took one pendent hand in his; it was as cold as ice, and fluttered in his clasp.

He led her to the deep embrasure of the bow-window, where the gairish light was tempered by awnings, and the perfume of mignonette floated in at the casement from the boxes upon the sill; he placed her gently in a chair shrouded in cool Oriental stuffs, and stood erect before her.

"Gertrude!"

She did not resent the familiarity; it was like a balm that soothed only to inflame past endurance.

She did not respond by word or glance; yet he knew that she had heard him, for the fair head sank like a frost-kissed lily, until he could see naught but the coronal of fleecy golden hair.

"My poor child, I never saw you like this. What has come to you?"

She sighed quiveringly and knotted her delicate hands in her lap, as though hoping the pressure would fortify the flood-gates that barred the surcharged fountain of her tears.

"Well—answer me, Gertrude."

"I have nothing to say."

"You have told me that your mother wishes to see me?"

"Yes."

"Is it on *your* account?"

She bowed her head still lower.

"I understand."

The hopeless discordance in his tone brought her eyes quickly to his face.

An indefinable thrill, fitful as a marsh-light, seemed to tint the ashes of the hopes that lay all about her with a mocking radiance, only to drop into yet more dismal incertitude.

The face that met her gaze was kindly, sympathetic—nothing more. The voiceless yearning of her soul remained unanswered.

For a space a painful silence fell between them—the first of its kind they had ever known—during which the tumultuous din from the ways of men was wafted aloft to them in their seclusion.

At last Van Dorn spoke, pointing to the cluster of lovely Mermet roses in her corsage, a ghost of the old raillery in voice and eye:

"You have been somewhat extravagant in your decoration, little one."

She started then, and wrenched the fragrant blossoms from her belt as though an adder writhed amid their velvet petals; and, ere he could restrain her, she had flung the bunch far out into the sunshine—rare prizes to be quarreled for by the gamins in the dusty street.

"You did not buy them, then?" remarked Van Dorn, significantly.

"No," came the defiant answer; "Mr. Adriance gave them to me."

"And requested you to wear them?"

"Yes."

"Humph! poor fellow! Provided his carriage-wheels do not crush them, and their expiring fragrance does not betray you, he will be charmed to replace them."

The covert sarcasm of his words stung her to the quick.

She sprang to her feet and pointed imperiously to the divan.

"Give me my hat, please. I am going home," she said.

"No," he answered her, firmly; "sit down again. Your mother and Mr. Adriance can wait."

She obeyed him mutely, sinking among the Eastern cushions more listlessly, if anything, than before.

With the look of one who is about to cast himself upon his own sword, Raymond Van Dorn said:

"Gertrude, are you to marry Felix Adriance?"

"I suppose so."

"Are you satisfied?"

"Why should I not be?"

"*I* asked the question."

"And I answered it to the best of my ability."

Her acerbity nettled him more than he knew.

Her lip curled disdainfully as he retorted:

"With his millions at your command, you will——"

"Hush!" she exclaimed, springing to her feet. "I do not love Felix Adriance, but I shall strive to be a faithful wife to him. I have determined to marry him that my poor mother may end her days in peace and comfort. Come what may, I shall be his wife! Heaven and earth could not shake my resolution *now!*"

She was not looking at him as she spoke; her eyes were riveted upon the shrouded canvas which bore the features of the woman he loved.

Raymond Van Dorn bowed as an ambassador receives a royal mandate, and handed her her hat and sunshade; and side by side they cross the dusty studio with the pace of those who leave their dead behind them.

With his hand upon the latch she touched his arm.

He turned and bent a calm, inquiring glance upon her.

"If my mother should——"

She hesitated, her lips compressed into a rigid, colorless line.

"Well?" he queried.

"If my mother should ask you if I have confessed my love for Mr. Adriance to you——"

"Pardon me," he interrupted her, "she will not dream that you have been so unmaidenly."

A hot flush dyed her pallid brow. It was but the precursor of the tempest which throbbed for release.

"Oh, Raymond!" she cried, in tearless, piteous agony, "you *must* help me! Give her to understand in some way that I love him. In the name of our past friendship, will you not do this for me?"

He bowed in the same courtly fashion, and resolutely flung open the door.

Thus they passed out into an atmosphere in which restraint became a *sine qua non*.

These two, Raymond Van Dorn and Gertrude Embden,

had drifted into the same sphere upon the remorseless tide of circumstances.

It was by no volition of their own that they had met and remained near each other.

Endued with rare genius, the young artist had sought the great city for study's sake; Gertrude had merely followed her mother for shelter and protection.

Time was when the Embdens had been a social power in the land, before luckless speculation, ruin and death, had swept Ralph Embden beneath the wheels of Juggernaut, leaving his widow and child blank with dismay, clinging desperately to each other as they watched the waves of poverty's black sea wash hungrily about their feet. They, too, fled to the great city, rented a house and let out rooms.

Thus fate stepped in with Raymond Van Dorn when he hired an unpretending chamber of the impoverished widow.

It was as impossible that Gertrude Embden and Raymond Van Dorn should not harmonize as that the fragrance of contiguous flowers should not blend in exquisite congruity.

IVAN THE TERRIBLE.—SEE PAGE 88.

Whether they were aware of the fact or not, they were created for each other, were the component parts of a perfect unity. Instinct might in time have assured them of this blessed verity had not the stress of circumstances intervened. Blind, even now at the eleventh hour, they wandered home side by side through the heat and bustle of the streets, their lips dumbly sealed, their hearts teeming with the eloquence of despair.

Upon gaining the house, they entered the hall, and pointing faintly to the shadowy drawing-room, Gertrude murmured:

"Go in. I will send mother to you."

For an instant he was so near her that he felt the warmth of her hand upon his. He might have clasped it then and spoken, had not his eyes fallen upon a card, carelessly forgotten, upon a bronze tripod, which bore this legend—"Felix Adriance."

So he let her glide from him and went in to face his ordeal.

Four words escaped his compressed lips as he dropped into a *fauteuil* beside the closed blinds at the open window.

"She shall never know!"

So far as he was concerned, she should never learn his secret. What remorseless fate might be destined to betray—too late—he could not be held responsible for.

The entire atmosphere about him seemed to change as Mrs. Embden came bustling in to him.

She was a careworn, anxious, and worldly woman; one of those beings who are ever mounted for the chase after wealth and position, and yet bestride such balky animals that the dust of others' heels and mortification are their only recompense.

Van Dorn rose as she entered, but she waved him back to his chair and seated herself beside him upon a sofa, prefacing the skirmish by vigorously fanning her excited countenance.

"Thank you so much for coming," she began, with

scant breath, by way of preamble; "you were very good."

Van Dorn bowed.

"You have been with us so long now, that I—that you seem like one of us."

"Thank you," Mrs. Embden."

There was a smouch of flour upon her black skirt, and she brushed it off absently as she continued:

"Presuming upon this feeling of intimacy, I wished to tell you without delay that Mr. Adriance has honored us by asking Gertrude's hand in marriage."

"I congratulate you."

"And I wished to ask your opinion."

"What opinion can I offer?"

"You consider it a good match, do you not?"

"Mr. Adriance called at my studio upon business, and Miss Gertrude chanced to be there. The circumstances were such that I could not avoid presenting him to her."

"For which I sincerely thank you!"

"Then I beg you will exonerate me from the responsibility of having made this—this match."

He spoke so severely that poor Mrs. Embden looked sorely puzzled.

"But Mr. Adriance is your friend," she ventured.

"Not at all."

"At least you are well acquainted."

"Purely in a business way."

"He is a gentleman——"

"Undoubtedly."

"Of wealth and position."

A PRIZE-FIGHT IN PRESENCE OF IVAN.

"Why should it not be?"

"Ah!" with a sigh of infinite relief; "I felt *sure* you would agree with me."

The shadow of a wan, disdainful smile flickered in the depths of his eyes for an instant, then vanished, leaving them as sadly resolute as before.

Mrs. Embden fidgeted; she opened and closed her fan nervously, and finally exclaimed, with an effusion which the occasion by no means warranted:

"I am so glad you approve of it! You know you introduced them, and——"

Van Dorn started then, and fixed a piercing glance upon the lady.

"Introduced—whom?" he demanded, with unwonted *brusquerie*.

"Why, Gertrude and Mr. Adriance," faltered Mrs. Embden, shrinkingly.

"Did I?"

"Did you *not?*"

"Both. If a purse and an escutcheon are what you are in search of, Mrs. Embden, you are fortunate in having secured Mr. Adriance as your son-in-law."

She evidently resented this sarcastic onslaught, since she crested her head with a pitiful suggestion of the *grande dame* as she retorted:

"Had I not seen that my daughter loved Mr. Adriance, I should never have allowed such considerations to influence me in favor of the alliance."

This *tout petit mensonge* passed unheeded. In his innermost soul Raymond Van Dorn was returning thanks to Heaven that he had been spared the cruel necessity of keeping his promise with Gertrude.

Alas! he counted too confidently upon his fortune.

As he rose to go, the interview having apparently terminated, Mrs. Embden's transient mood changed.

The lids of her eyes reddened with a hint of imminent tears, and her thin lips were tremulous as she faltered:

"Mr. Van Dorn, I am parting with my only child.

Think of it! Tell me, do you believe she loves the man she is to marry?"

"You have just said so, madam."

"I know; I *do* think so, but it would be a comfort to me to know that others have noted the love-light in her eyes when she speaks of him."

Van Dorn became as rigid as marble as he asked:

"Have *you* noticed this love-light, as you call it?"

"Indeed, yes! Have not you?"

Ye powers! Had he not suffered enough already? Was not the Cadmean victory yet complete? Had he not fairly won the laurels that were destined to weigh like lead upon his brow?

"Oh! how he longed to cry out: "No, I have seen no love-light in her eyes. There is none there. She no more loves Felix Adriance than she loves me. She is sacrificing all—her joy, life, ay, even her very soul—for *you!*"

He was mad enough to have lost all self-control, had not a vision of Gertrude risen before his mental vision as in the poetic mists of a dream, her wan face turned to him, her lovely eyes, dulled with the agony of pleading, fixed on his, her voice vibrating:

"Oh, Raymond! you *must* help me! Give her to understand in some way that I love him!"

And he had pledged his word to assist her. She might have been listening then for aught he cared, as he replied, with admirable repose:

"Mrs. Embden, I have reason to believe that if your daughter has ever loved any man—she loves the one whose name she is to bear."

And his wounded, sorrowing heart persuaded him that he spoke no treason against her.

* * * * * *

In the early Autumn of the year the tidings of the marriage reached Raymond Van Dorn as he supped with a company of artists in the Quartier Latin, in Paris.

One among them had a foreign newspaper which contained the notice.

That night Van Dorn went with his comrades to the *bal* for the first time, and danced "*à merveille*," as his partners averred, though in the gray solitude of the dawn he shuddered as he recalled what then seemed to him to have been a veritable *danse macabre*.

* * * * * *

"Time rolls his ceaseless course," and it is Summer once again. A perfect day in June, like that memorable one a year ago.

Van Dorn, at his easel, paints stolidly until the loose board beneath the door-mat sounds its alarm.

Thereupon follows the inevitable rap.

"Come in!" he calls, mechanically.

The door swings open to admit a fair, graceful woman, robed in one of Worth's exquisite conceits.

The very harmony which surrounds her permeates the atmosphere as she enters.

Though changed—vastly changed—Van Dorn recognized her at a glance.

"Mrs. Adriance!"

He lays aside palette and brushes, and advances to take her proffered hand.

Its touch is firm; perhaps his repression has proved infectious.

Then he pauses for her to speak.

"I have come for you to fulfill a promise," she says.

"A promise?" he asks, surprisedly.

"Yes."

"Command me."

"When I was last in this studio you refused to show me the portrait you were at work upon, but you promised that some day I should see it."

"I remember."

"It was the portrait of——"

"Of the woman I loved."

She smiles for the first time.

"May I claim the fulfillment of that promise now?"

He bows and points to an easel beside the bow window, where the stalks of the mignonette lie dead in their boxes.

"It is there," he says, "still unfinished. I have not even looked at it from that day to this."

She looks at him in surprise not unmixed with apprehension.

Then she advances toward the neglected easel, apparently with no premonition upon her. She raises the baize cloth, starts violently; as her outstretched hand drops faintly to her side, the vail falls between her and the canvas.

The secret of Raymond Van Dorn's life stares her in the eyes. The skeleton of a lost love stands revealed.

An instant later she staggers to the great chair, and sinks into the depths of the cool Oriental stuffs.

"A glass of water, if you please," she breathes; "and," with a haggard smile, "my favorite mandarin fan."

He hastens to fulfill her commands, and for five long minutes they rest in eloquent silence—he standing erect and firm before her, she gazing dreamily out at the gairish sky.

At last he breaks the spell:

"Are you better, Mrs. Adriance?"

She rises then.

"Thank you, yes; I am quite recovered, and must go. My husband awaits me in the carriage below."

She comes a step nearer him, with averted eyes.

"Mr. Van Dorn," she says, "when we parted *before* my marriage, we did not say farewell. *Now* you will agree with me that we *must* say it."

He presses the hand she gives him, and leads her across the dusky studio to the door, and there they part without a word.

As the roll of her carriage-wheels dies upon the distance, Raymond Van Dorn turns a certain portrait to the wall.

It is the portrait of the woman he had loved—still loves with deathless fealty—the portrait of Gertrude Embden.

AMERICAN TIN.

In the Fall of 1883, a corporation named the Etta Mining Company was organized to take out tin ore in Dakota. The location of the mine was near Harney's Peak, southwest of Rapid City. The ore was found in light-colored quartz rock, which was apparently in great abundance in that locality. Specimens of the ore were sent to Newark, N. J., and to Europe, for analysis, and the assays showed an average of about seven per cent. of the metallic tin. This is about double the average of European tin ore. Thereupon, the company commenced mining on a large scale, and expended upward of $400,000. They got out about 1,000 tons of ore upon the dump, and suspended work. An impression prevailed in the Territory that the company had become discouraged, and had abandoned the enterprise. Instead of this, the managers bought more land in the vicinity supposed to have upon it tin ore, and have expended an additional sum of $360,000, making in all $760,000 paid by them in developing this enterprise.

The reported shipment of Dakota tin ore to this city was not a myth. Two car-loads were shipped here. One car was laden with the tin-ore quartz, and the other with concentrated ore, or, in other words, ore separated from the rock. The cars were on exhibition two days. The only question of importance to the public in relation to this tin deposit, is, whether or not the ore can be reduced at a profit. Experiments thus far have shown that at a high temperature, say 600 degrees, it volatilizes, and at a low temperature it crystallizes. It is handled successfully in chemists' crucibles, but to be profitable it must be reduced in large masses, and the precise method of accomplishing this has not yet been devised. That it will be, no one familiar with all the facts has reason to doubt.

The difference between the Missouri and the Dakota discoveries of tin ore is a very broad one. In the former case, a seam of ore no thicker than a sheet of paper was found, and although the sum of $4,000,000 was spent by an association of St. Louis capitalists to trace that seam to a wider and richer deposit, the money was spent vainly, for a piece of metallic tin no larger than an average-sized button was all that could be shown as the result of all the time and labor and money expended in working that ore seam. The Dakota ore is apparently limitless in quantity and of easy accessibility. If a profitable process of reduction can be developed, the return to the company will be undoubtedly liberal, and millions of dollars now sent abroad for tin can be kept at home.

CUBAN FRUITS—PLANTAINS, BANANAS AND GUAYABAS.

The plantain and banana belong to the same genus (*Musaceæ*). The plantain is cooked in its green and ripe state, and in a variety of ways. It comes nearer affording a satisfactory substitute for both meat and bread than, probably, any other vegetable product. It is said that the fibre of the tree can be made into sewing-thread by manipulating it with the hand, and without the use of machinery; and that the leaves, cut up, may be used in mortar for building purposes. The tree may be grown from sprouts set out, or from planting all or part of the germ root. They are placed three or four yards apart, according to the strength of the soil, and grow better in new soil than old. They are usually planted in the Spring season, and each stalk will produce one bunch. When the bunch is gathered the tree, or rather stalk, is cut down, so as to increase the vigor of the other stalks in the same hill. The foliage of the fallen stock also serves as a fertilizer for the growing sprouts. The germ root (*ñame*) once planted will continue sprouting for many years. But usually not more than four or six sprouts are allowed to be growing in the same hill at the same time, and these are in advance one of the other; so that only one bunch (each stalk produces one bunch, and no more) ripens at a time. The cultivation is substantially the same as that given to corn-fields in the United States. If the plantain-tree is cut down after it produces its bunch of fruit it will not grow up again, but if cut down before it produces it will grow up with wonderful rapidity. All that has been said of the plantain-tree may be said of the banana. It is only a different variety of the same tree, with smaller and more delicate fruit. The banana is more palatable in the uncooked state than the plantain, but the former is much the more valuable fruit.

The guayaba, in point of merit, justly stands next to the plantain. It is a very delicate and aromatic fruit. In smell it is very much like the May-apple. It is both palatable and nutritious. There are five kinds, one known as "guayaba del pinal," growing on a very much smaller tree, and in bunches, and about one-fourth the size of the others. The Peruvian variety is cultivated, and the others grow wild in the woods, and furnish valuable mast for the hogs to feed on. The tree, which is well branched, and usually from fifteen to twenty feet high, bears a small, pretty white flower which is very fragrant. The wood is very soft, and of very little use. Guayaba sweetmeats are the characteristic sweetmeats for table use in Cuba. They are manufactured in large quantities at Esperanza, a station on the Santa Clara Railroad, and are also extensively made for home use by private families. The guava sweetmeats embrace several varieties, principally paste, jelly, and a liquid mixture called "cachurra."

AJI-AJI.

Pepper of Peppers (says an English contemporary) is the meaning of this Quichuan word, and both word and thing are distributed over South America, from the Bibo-Bio in the south to the Atrato in the north; it is also found in the dialects of the Gran Chaco; in Aymara, in Andaqui, among the agricultural Indians of Chocó, the mining Indians of Potosi, and the Cerro de Pasco. It is the finest of all peppers—no other pepper in either hemisphere competes with it—not the *Piper nigrum* nor the *Capsicum baicatum*, nor the *C. fruticosum*, the *C. annum*, nor yet the *Eugenia pimenta;* all these are varied merely in pungency, some being sharp and fiery, others caustic and stimulating, and some pricking and penetrating. But the refined and delicate aji is persuasive and enticing, of not one flavor but many flavors; it never conceals, but, on the contrary, increases whatever of fragrance and sweetness of taste or smell it comes in contact with; while giving new zest, yet it does not interfere with the flavor of a fresh-laid egg, nor hide the fresh sea breath which lingers in a well-dressed sole. It is on the most agreeable terms with a grilled chop at breakfast, or a Spanish onion at dinner; it keeps good company with all the curries, and while it puts none out of countenance, it refines and elevates them all. The excellence of its service is most appreciated in connection with grills, fricassees and soups, while it serves to bring out the delicate, if elementary, flavor of the strawberry, and the fathomless mysteries of the cantaloupe. On a cold Winter's night a sprinkling of aji in mulled claret has been known to give great pleasure, and cause a grateful surprise to many knowing ones. One quaint little gourd filled with aji will supersede the most elaborate of cruet-stands. It is the poor bachelor's boon, the gormand's friend and guide, and the dainty man's companion. Alack! it has recently been discovered by an eminently practical people that it has a secret property which adds to all its other properties—namely, the priceless property of defending the health of human beings who are dependent upon food under circumstances of mortal danger. If an army must encamp in a swamp, and eat its dinner in a malarious atmosphere, let the food be prepared with a generous supply of the salubrious aji, no evil shall happen. This is the priceless quality which has recently been discovered by the War Department of the United States, which has secured, so we are informed, a monopoly of all the aji which is exported from South America. No aji in these days finds its way to London, and that which we once enjoyed in the belief that it would never fail us has become nothing but a sigh and a regret. It remains to be seen whether the people who have

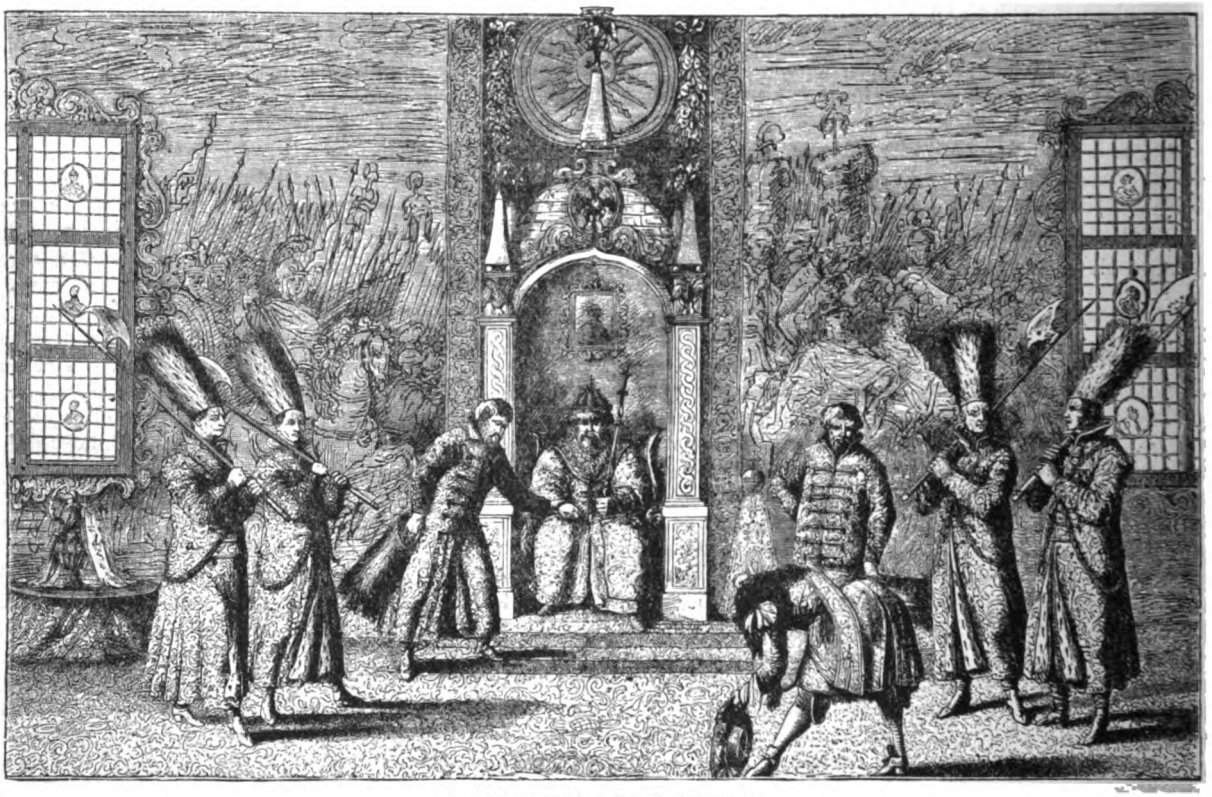
acclimatized the cinchona-trees in the Neilgherries, in Ceylon, in Jamaica, and in Fiji, will allow themselves to be deprived of their delicious and inspiriting aji.

There are two kinds of aji; but there is only one way of preparing it. The best is that made from the greatest variety of peppers. The pods of these are taken when fresh, stripped of their seeds, and ground into a paste of the consistence of fresh Spring butter. The paste is put into a small, well-dried gourd, prepared on purpose, of the size and shape of a well-grown orange. The gourd, when thus charged, is then coated with a layer of well-tempered clay, and placed in the sun to dry, or to ripen, as the simple people who prepare it say in their own tongue. By the time when the clay is well baked the pulp or paste within has been dried into a fine yellow powder, and it is then fit for use. Many people, ignorant of this fine art of the Incas, have supposed, quite naturally, that these aji-laden gourds, with their exquisite flavor and refined taste, were some uncommon and little-known natural fruits. The other method of preparing the aji is to grind the seeds with the pods, which simply adds great pungency to the pepper, and is always used in the preparation of maize or Indian corn, which is boiled in its own husk with much aji, and surpasses in flavor and pleasantness any vegetable curry of the East. The gourds of aji, when thoroughly ripe, are cleansed of their coating of clay, tied up in suitable leaves, well secured by the fibre of the aloe, and which much resemble, when ready for market, reeves of large onions, a dozen gourds making up one reeve of aji. The cost of these in the good old times was fifteenpence for a dozen gourds; what the price may be now is only known on the Exchange. Time was when some of the old families of the interior who had passed their lives in ignorance of railways, daily newspapers, and quotations of the state of the markets, had their own special way of preparing aji, mixing with it some delicately scented bark ground to powder, or other salutary substance known only to the reticent Indian. From such houses no visitor was ever allowed to take his departure without carrying with him a supply of the latest-made aji; no traveler went to the capital, or any of the coast towns, but he carried with him some of this excellent pepper as a present to the archbishop or bishop of the diocese, the ladies of Santa Rosa, or the good fathers who once a year went long journeys to baptize the children, marry their parents, and otherwise maintain the influence and authority of the Church in the remote parts of the earth. But even this good custom is fast dying out.

IVAN THE TERRIBLE.

By P. J. Popoff.

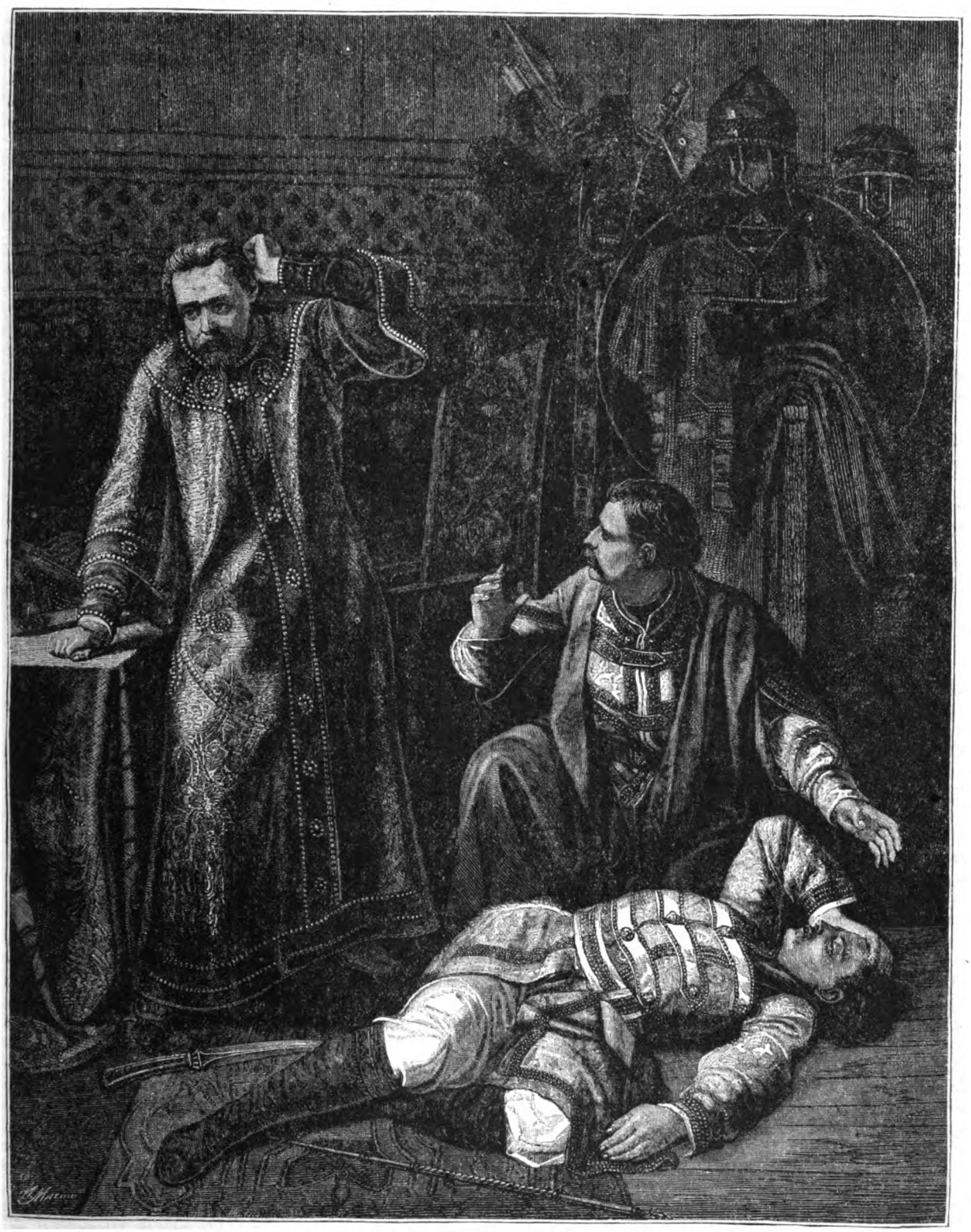
Czar Ivan the Terrible of Russia was an extraordinary person, whose like the history of few countries can present. He was not merely a despot reveling in the blood and tears of his subjects; he was also a far-seeing statesman, a ruler of indomitable will, and a scholar far surpassing his countrymen of that time. In short, he seemed to be a genius, only subject to fits of madness. At the same time he bore the unmistakable traits of his then barbarian realm.



IVAN RECEIVING A FOREIGN ENVOY.

When his father, the Grand Prince Vasily, died (1533), Ivan was a child of only three years, and yet he was proclaimed the Muscovite ruler, under the tutorship of his mother Helen, the Regent. It was no easy task for Helen to rule the country, particularly as the different parties of ambitious and turbulent Boyards constantly conspired against her, and contended with each other for power. As Helen could not be intimidated or imposed upon, the Boyards poisoned her (1538). Thus, at the age of eight years, Ivan remained a complete orphan. The Boyards did not regard him at all, neglecting even to provide him and his younger brother with proper food and clothing.

Fearing that some special favorite of the child-monarch might wrest from them the reins of government, the Boyards swiftly made away with every person who dared to approach and please Ivan. Even his devoted nurse, Agrafena, was exiled. Young Prince Varontzoff, whose company Ivan liked very much, was punished with the knout and imprisoned. Thus, Ivan remained isolated, neglected, intimidated, and often personally insulted by those who, in fact, were his subjects. Ivan, however, was aware of his situation, for in the public religious processions, and at the court audiences to foreign Ministers, it was he, Ivan, who occupied the first place, while the Boyards sought outwardly to show him their respect and loyalty.



IVAN'S REMORSE FOR THE MURDER OF HIS SON.

Ivan had no regular education. After being taught to read he was left to himself. He was an unusually gifted

boy. Most of his time he passed in reading. As there were no other books near at hand but the Bible, the Lives of Saints, and the Byzantine Chronicles, these he read over and over and studied. It is said that most of the Bible he knew by heart. He formed a high idea of the rights and privileges of the Czar. While robbing the treasury, shedding the blood of the innocent people, and ruining the country, the Boyards did not even suspect that their deeds were judged and the verdict was about to be pronounced. In 1543, after Christmas, the Boyards were suddenly ordered to appear before the young autocrat, who sternly told them that he saw enough of their tyranny, and that he wanted to put an end to their misrule.

"There are many guilty among you," he told them, in conclusion, "but at this time I will make only one example."

Whereupon he ordered Andrew Shonisky, the head of the Government for the time being, to be thrown to the hunting hounds, who tore him to pieces before the eyes of the horror-stricken assembly. Thus began the rule of Ivan the Terrible, who, at the time of that *coup d'état*, was only thirteen years old. Then Russia began to breathe more freely, for the numerous Voyevods (governors), all of whom played the petty despot, now knew that they themselves had a severe master, and therefore they did not dare to oppress the people as of old.

On attaining his seventeenth year, Ivan ordered the Metropolitan Makary of Moscow to crown him with an unusual pomp, for he had accepted a new title, that of the *Czar*, by which in the Slavonian Bible and Chronicles were designated the rulers of India, Egypt, Rome and Byzantium. Ivan apparently regarded himself as the peer of them all, and so he abandoned the old title of the Muscovite rulers, that of Grand Prince. And, indeed, among his subjects there was many a man who, by his direct descent from Rurik, could claim the same title of Grand Prince.

Once the reins of Muscovy in his own hands, the young ruler was surrounded by a crowd of ambitious men and flatterers, who spared no means whatever to obtain favors from him. They arranged for him a series of wild revelries, and the young Christian ruler became a worshiper of Bacchus and Venus. On horseback, in the company of his jovial courtiers, Ivan galloped through the streets, trampling mercilessly the incautious passengers. Sometimes he amused himself and his comrades by unchaining one of the wild bears that were kept at the palace, and letting him loose on any of the Muscovites who chanced to enter the courtyard. However, the country at large then enjoyed a peace and order of which it could scarcely dream while under the oligarchical Boyards.

Once a great fire broke out in Moscow, destroying the larger part of the city and causing the death of about 1,700 persons. The Kremlin was also in danger, and Ivan hurriedly left it for the Vorobieff (Sparrows') Mountains, in the suburbs, from which he beheld, in alarm, his capital all in flames. At the same time a riot broke out, instigated by dissatisfied Boyards. The mob accused the Czar's relatives of setting the town on fire.

"The Princess Anna Glinsky has burned the town by her witchcraft," they repeated; "for she plunged two human hearts into water, and with that water she sprinkled the houses."

Ivan was compelled to call out his lancers in order to quell the riot and to disperse the mob. The frightful event was deeply impressed upon Ivan's mind. His conscience could not be stilled. Suddenly there appeared before him, cross in hand, the Priest Silvester, known for his virtue and eloquence. He denounced Ivan as the greatest sinner, who provoked God's wrath by his un-Christian life. The priest summoned the Czar to repent, and Ivan solemnly promised to reform himself, and he kept his word for years. He dismissed for ever all his vicious companions, and made Silvester his confessor, adviser and Minister of ecclesiastical affairs. Another serious and able man, Alexis Adasheff, he invited to take charge of general administration. About the same time he married Anastasia Romanoff, who thus became the source of the great family now ruling in Russia.

For the next ten years Ivan was an exemplary and glorious ruler. He convoked the people's representatives in an Assembly of Notables, and consulted them in regard to many great reforms. He improved the municipal administration. He ordered a revision of the laws, and issued a new code. He called a council of clergymen and devised many reforms in the Church. It was the glorious lot of Ivan the Terrible to subject to Muscovy's sceptre the Tartars under whose yoke Russia had suffered for two centuries and a half (1230—1480). The Khanate of Kazan, being the nearest to Moscow, was first conquered. In 1552 the Czar led in person his army of 150,000 men, with 150 cannon, down the River Volga, the infantry going in boats and the cavalry following on horseback along the shore. The City of Kazan was defended by over 30,000 Tartar warriors and the whole of the population, who fought desperately, preferring death to surrender. Repeatedly did Ivan offer them an honorable capitulation, and each time it was firmly refused. Then the Czar ordered the Tartar prisoners to be fastened to stakes and to implore their countrymen to surrender. But they were speedily pierced with arrows sent by the Tartars from the walls of the town.

"It is far better to die from the pure hands of our co-religionists than from the impure hands of the Christian Russians." Such was the answer of the fanatical Tartars.

The siege had lasted for months, and at last the Voyevods began to advise the Czar to give up the task, which they believed was impracticable. But Ivan's courage and energy were not checked by the great difficulty. He ordered the walls to be mined and blown up. While the Czar was attending divine service, and a priest was reading these words, "There shall be one fold and one shepherd," suddenly a fearful explosion shook the earth, a breach was effected, and the Russian soldiers rushed into the town. A desperate fight, hand-to-hand, ensued, the Tartars defending themselves in every house. Neither sex nor age was spared. The next day, when the Czar made his triumphant entry into the town, he was deeply moved by the appalling scenes of blood and suffering.

"They are not Christians," he said, crying, "yet they are men."

The Mohammedan mosques were transformed into Christian churches, the Cross replacing the Crescent, and the Muscovites were in the Tartar capital, to make it Russian hence and for ever. The conquest of Kazan became a favorite theme for many a Russian song, being the first step in the fall of the Tartar and the rise of the Slav. Five nations—Tcheremissi, Mardva, Votiaki, Tchuvashi and Bashkiri—who heretofore were ruled by the Khan of Kazan, now became Russian subjects, and Ivan sent to them Christian missionaries together with his Voyevods.

Two years after (1554) the Khanate of Astrakhan, where the Golden Horde of the Mongols formerly flourished, was conquered by Ivan and annexed to Russia.

Henceforth the great Volga River, which for centuries nourished Russia's foes, ran its whole course through the Czar's possessions. Ivan began to feel his way also to the Black Sea, but he gave up that task, as the Khan of Crimea was too powerful at that time. However, he gladly took under his protection the military republic of the Don Cossacks, who, as he was aware, would check the Tartars' advance northward.

Like Peter the Great, Ivan the Terrible seemed to see that his country needed "a window toward Europe," that is, a free entry to the Baltic Sea. But at that time Muscovy was cut off from that sea by powerful foes, namely, the Swedes, Poles, and a German Order of Knights, the Sword-bearers. For different causes the Czar made war against them for many years, but he failed in his aim, as those nations were far better armed than the Russians were. And, besides, about that time Ivan had serious troubles at home. He quarreled with his chief advisers, Priest Silvester and Adasheff, who apparently abused their influence over the Czar in many instances. He even had reason to believe that they were untrue to him. In 1553 he fell dangerously sick, and desired to crown his son Dmitry before his own death. But the Boyards hostile to him wished to place his cousin, Prince Vladimir, on the throne. To Ivan's great astonishment, Silvester and Adasheff also sided with the treacherous magnates. Under such circumstances Ivan began to feel alarmed for the fate of his son and wife in case of his death.

"When God's will shall be fulfilled on me," he said, addressing the Boyards loyal to him, "forget not that you have sworn allegiance to me and my son. Leave him not in the hands of other Boyards. If necessary convey him to some safe refuge in another land,"

Turning to the Romanoffs, he entreated them to die in defense of his son and wife.

"Do you think," he asked them, "they will spare you? No, you shall fall the first victims. Leave not my wife to the wrath of the Boyards."

But Ivan recovered, and his vengeance on the rebellious and treacherous Boyards was fearful. He executed them by whole families, and the Red Place was indeed kept red with human blood for years. Ere long the Czar lost his wife Anastasia, who, it was believed, was poisoned by Silvester's partisans. The Czarina had no confidence in the priest-Minister, and repeatedly warned her august husband against him. The priest hated Anastasia, and styled her "another Empress Eudoxia, persecuting another Chrysostom."

Ivan the Terrible seemed himself to be living in constant terror for his own life and liberty. There are documents showing that he obtained from Elizabeth, Queen of England, a formal promise that in case any misfortune should befall him she would grant him, Czar Ivan, an asylum. As to what "misfortune" he feared, it is plain from his will (1572), in which he gave some advice to his children, in case he should be deposed from the throne by his rebellious Boyards, and driven by them into exile. It seems, then, that at least some of the executions were resorted to by Ivan in self-defense. The Terrible Czar had preserved for his posterity a record of his victims. He used to inscribe the names of the persons executed by him in a Synodic list, kept in the Convent of St. Cyril, in order that the monks might pray for the repose of their souls. That bloody record embraces 3,470 persons, of whom, however, only 986 were named, while the rest of his victims were included in such gloomy clauses as: "With his wife and five children"; or, "With his three sons"; or, "With his two daughters"; or, "And ten men who came to his aid." As regards the massacre of the Novgorod people the Synodic runs thus: "Remember, O Lord, the souls of Thy servants, the Novgorodians, counting fifteen hundred and five." Sometimes, as if in a fit of madness, Ivan ordered that some Boyard particularly hateful to him should be put to death, not only with all his family, but also with all his serfs and cattle, and even fishes in his ponds! And there were men who readily executed his will. Even Ivan himself shuddered when listening to the reports of Maluta Skoaratoff, the prison-keeper, on some of the tortures inflicted by his orders.

Believing that he was surrounded by traitors and rebels, Ivan instituted a special body-guard, the Oprichniki, each of whom carried attached to his saddle a dog's head and a broom. These symbols meant that the guards were ready to deal with every rebel as with a dog, and that they were called to sweep the treason from the country. What a sight did Ivan present, surrounded by such body-guards! When Philip, Metropolitan of Moscow, reproached the Czar for his conduct, so unbecoming a Christian ruler, he was deposed, thrown into prison and there strangled. Yet the same despot used to convene the Assembly of Notables, in order to consult them on any important state question. Thus, during a war, when the King of Poland proposed certain terms of peace, Ivan summoned to Moscow the Boyards, bishops, the representatives of nobles and of merchants, and asked their advice. The Assembly voted for the continuation of the war, and the Czar acted accordingly.

While the Russian army was engaged in war against Poland, Devlet-Hiray, Khan of Crimea, with his horde, counting 120,000 men, made an incursion into Russia, burned Moscow and returned home with 100,000 prisoners. He left the following message to Ivan: "I burn and destroy all here on account of Kazan and Astrakhan. I came to you and burned your capital, Moscow. I desired your crown and your head, but you did not show yourself; you did not accept the challenge, and yet you dare to call yourself the Czar of Muscovy! If you want to live in peace with me, give me back my Kazan and my Astrakhan."

Next year the Khan again invaded Russia, but this time was met by a regular army and was totally defeated. However, the Tartars of Crimea, supported by their co-religionists, the Turks, continued to annoy Russia for more than a century. On the other hand, Poland, which was then very powerful, would not permit Ivan to extend his possessions to the Baltic. What he could not gain by the force of arms, Ivan tried to accomplish by diplomacy. After the death of Sigismund II. in Poland there was a party favoring the election to the Polish throne of Ivan's son, but the Czar sought that crown for himself.

"If your nobles," he said to the Polish ambassador, "would choose me for their sovereign, you would see what a good master and protector they would find in me. In your country I am spoken of as being cruel. Yes, I am cruel, but it is only toward those who treat me cruelly. As for really good men, I am ready to give them even my shirt. It is quite natural that your sovereigns love their subjects, for their subjects love them. But these subjects of mine would gladly give me up to the Tartars of Crimea. It is not the enemy I fear, it is the treason of my own subjects."

However, the Poles could not be induced to submit voluntarily to the rule of the Terrible. Stephan Batory, the brave King of Poland, succeeded in driving the Russians back from the Baltic, thus destroying the fruits of the thirty years' labors of Czar Ivan. The Muscovite

IVAN, WHILE READING THE BIBLE, HAUNTED BY THE SPECTRES OF HIS VICTIMS.

ruler asked Pope Gregory XIII. to be a mediator between him and the King of Poland. On that occasion Anthony Possevin, the famous Jesuit, visited Moscow and tried to bring about the union between the Oriental and the Western Churches. In this he failed, though he easily convinced the two Slavonian rulers. The Jesuit conversed frequently with the Terrible, and found him to be strong-minded, tolerant, anxious to learn, and occasionally very witty and humorous.

The Poles and Germans closed the Baltic on Russians, but the English opened the White Sea for them. In 1553 an English ship, *Edward, Good Adventure*, fitted up for a polar expedition, entered the White Sea and came to the mouth of Dvina. The captain of the ship, Chancellor, visited the Czar, was royally treated by him, and succeeded in concluding a mercantile treaty between Russia and England. Ivan had kindly welcomed also merchants coming from France, Holland, Spain and Italy.

If Ivan's move toward the west was checked, his eastward march was triumphant. In 1558 he granted to the Stroganoffs 100 square miles of desert land west of the Ural Mountains. Seaching for gold and silver, the daring Russian pioneers crossed the Ural, and beyond it they found the strong Tartar Khanate of Siberia. Nothing daunted, the Stroganoffs dreamed of conquering that country, rich in minerals of all kinds. About that time the Don Cossacks, under the leadership of Ataman Ermak Timofevitch, provoked the wrath of the Terrible by their depredations on the Volga, not only on the boats of different merchants, but even on those of the crown. Czar Ivan swore to chastise Ataman Ermak. But the Cossack was not willing to give up a life that knew no master and no law. Yet he soon found it necessary to transfer his headquarters from the Don to beyond the Ural, where the Cossack robbers became the pioneers of Russian rule and civilization. At the head of 850 men armed with guns, the Russian Pizarro dispersed as by magic the hordes of the Tartars armed with bows. In a few years the Cossacks conquered the Khanate and took its capital, Siberia. While nearing his grave, Ivan was highly gratified by annexing to his Czardom a new and vast country. He pardoned the Cossack robbers and sent them rich presents. To Ermak, however, the royal present, a heavy coat-of-mail, proved fatal. One day, surprised by his foes, Ermak leaped into the Irtysh River, intending to swim across, but the Czar's coat-of-mail proved too heavy for the free Cossack, and so he sank in the current (1584).

Like his contemporary, Henry VIII., Ivan had many wives. After the death of Anastasia Romanoff he lived with a beautiful Circassian girl, Mary. Then he married, according to the rites of the Church, a second wife, and then a third one. The Russian Church does not allow a man to marry more than three times. In spite of that Ivan had taken four more wives, neither of whom the Church recognized as legitimate. And, besides, during one of his short widowhoods, Ivan had a romantic attachment to a young and charming Boyard widow, Vasilissa Melentievna, who, though for a short time, ruled over the Terrible Czar. This old man and tyrant, stained with the blood of thousands of victims, and himself always fearing for his safety, used to forget all his troubles in presence of the enchanting Vasilissa, whom

he treated as the tenderest of young lovers would have done.

Ivan was a man of extremes; now indulging in unspeakable orgies, now transforming his palace into a convent; the Czar assuming the part of an abbot, and his jovial companions, that of monks.

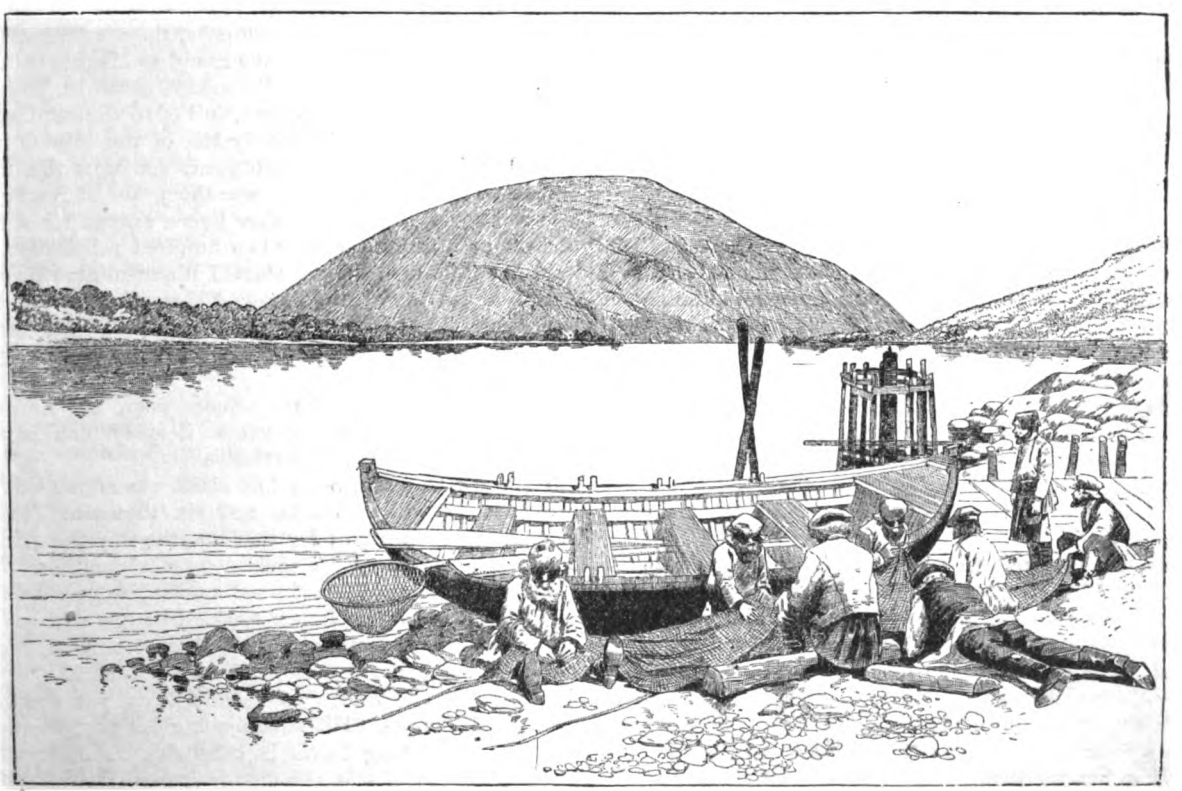
The Czar was always ready with a fearful iron staff he habitually carried. Once in an altercation with his beloved son Ivan, the heir apparent, he struck him in the temple; the Czarovitch fell bleeding, and expired in the arms of his terrified father. The Czar became almost crazy with grief and remorse. For several days he refused to take any food, day and night groaning and moaning and praying to God for a speedy death, which in his opinion he deserved more than any of his numerous victims. He lost not only his beloved son, but also the heir, who was to continue his work of struggling against the rebellious Boyards. Of the other two sons of the Czar, Feodor was weak in body and mind, and Dmitry, born by his seventh wife, was yet a mere child. Therefore he feared that after his death the reins of Muscovy would fall into hands of some of the Boyards, against whom he fought during all his reign of half a century. This fear added much to the bitterness of the Czar's mind. However, the Boyards' strength was broken by Ivan for ever, and it is one of the great services rendered by the Terrible to his country.

Ivan aimed also to restrict the power of the clergy and to limit the wealth of the convents, which, with their millions of peasants, formed a state within a state. He first formed a regular army in Russia; his Streltzi, or national militia, saved the country's independence during many a severe trial of the seventeenth century. The Orthodox Czar was very tolerant to men of other beliefs. In his very capital he allowed a Calvinist Church and a Lutheran Church, though yielding to the clamor of his prejudiced subjects, he finally transferred those churches to suburbs of the capital. When, however, a foreign pastor invited him to argue on religious doctrines, the Czar answered, quoting the Scriptures, "I do not cast pearls before swine."

Toward the end of his life Ivan suffered from dreadful hallucinations. At night, while he was reading the Bible and meditating on his own dark deeds, his numerous victims used to pass before his imagination so vividly that he believed he saw their spectres in reality. He told his confessor that he often saw those spectres, particularly those of Metropolitan Philip, Priest Silvester, Adasheff and some prominent Boyards. Nothing would banish these haunting terrors.

Many historians, while reviewing the reign of Czar Ivan IV., style it as "the seven epochs of massacre." Truly, Ivan fully deserves his appellation of the Terrible, and yet, in order to judge him justly and fairly, we must remember that he was a contemporary of Henry VIII. of England, of Ferdinand the Catholic, of Philip II. of Spain, and of Catherine de Medici of France. Certainly Ivan's Synodic is a fearful record of cruelty and barbarism, but other countries of Europe had then their horrors. Ivan the Terrible was a true child of the sixteenth century, and a true representative of his country, which then was yet far from having freed itself from the baneful influence of the Tartar yoke.

Ivan the Terrible belongs to a class of heroes who live in popular traditions and songs. Like Peter the Great, General Suvaroff, the Cossack Ermak, and some other men, Ivan to this day figures in many Russian songs and tales, as a man who found nothing impossible, and whose sway no man could resist. According to songs, Ivan, with his numberless Streltzi, crossed gigantic rivers as if they were tiny brooks, and swept through the impassable and primeval forests as if over smooth plains. No storm or frost of Winter could detain him on his march. In twenty miles from the City of Samara, on the



THE CZAR'S HILL.

left side of the Volga, there rises a high, dome-shaped hill, the origin of which is thus described in a song:

"Ivan went against the Tartars with his warriors. In order to obtain a correct idea of the strength and might of his army, he ordered that on a certain spot one evening every man should deposit a handful of earth. The next morning Ivan was greatly gratified at seeing a high hill, which from that day to this bears the name of the Czar's Hill."

LIVE AND LET BE!

LIVE and let be! The Alpine heaven is bright;
Tired cloudlets sleep along yon azure sea;
Soft airs steal by, and whisper, faint and light,
Live and let be!

Live and let be! Is it not well to rest
Sometimes from labor? live as do the flowers?
Bask in the sunshine, lie on Nature's breast,
Not counting hours?

Not heeding aught but on the pale, worn cheek
To feel the warm breath of the murmuring pine,
And watch on many a rose-flushed, hoary peak
Heaven's glory shine?

Is it not well? Sweet, too, at wondering eve
To list that melody of tinkling bells,
And hear old Echo in her distance weave
Endless farewells!

Night, too, hath here her music, deep and strong,
Of cataracts, solemn as an ancient psalm,
Whence the soul's fever, born in heat and throng,
Grows cool and calm.

Live and let be! It will be time enough
Hereafter to resume the great world's care,
When Autumn skies are troubled, winds are rough,
And trees are bare.

Then to renew the fight, the cause rewaken,
Dare all the strife, the burden and the pain;
Rally the weak; the downcast, the forsaken,
Lift up again!

And what thou doest then, in Peace begotten,
Shall show like Peace, her looks and tones recall,
And, all the frail and faulty Past forgotten,
Bring good to all.

ALUMINUM.

MESSRS. E. H. & A. N. COWLES, of Cleveland, O. (Cowles's Electric Smelting and Aluminum Company), have for some time successfully produced aluminum and its alloys in large quantities, and at reduced prices.

The process of Deville, heretofore generally in use, consists in decomposing sodium-aluminum-chloride in reverbatory furnaces by adding to it, in a suitable manner, a flux (formerly fluor-spar, now cryolite), whereby the sodium used for reductions is replaced by zinc.

By this process the price of aluminum has been not less than $17.75 to $20—too high for many technical purposes.

Graetzel readopted the idea of Bunsen, to separate the aluminum by electricity. He applies a very powerful dynamo-electric current, which he conducts through molten sodium-aluminum-chloride, whereby the desired metal is deposited at the negative electrode (cathode), but chlorine at the positive electrode (anode).

This process has been patented nearly everywhere. The aluminum by its slight specific gravity—it is only 2½ times heavier than water—has for a long time encouraged the hope that it could be produced in large quantities at a low price, and thus become more generally available for technical purposes.

The aluminum combines lightness with great durability, beauty and plasticity. It can be drawn into fine wire (down to one-fifteenth millimeter in thickness) and beaten into thin lamels.

It is capable of taking a fine polish, and can be engraved, and by galvanism silvered and gilded. In the air it does not tarnish, and in water it remains unaltered. Though it is not a precious metal, it is, notwithstanding, not more subject to corrosion by acids and alkalies than iron. It is, however, not fire-proof; by combustion it is reduced to valueless alumina. Its fine, white, silver-brilliant, not-tarnishing color makes it very adaptable for ornaments of all kinds, opera-glasses, etc.

Besides the pure aluminum, also its alloys are useful for many technical purposes. A particularly beautiful bronze, brilliant like gold, is obtained from 90 to 95 per cent. copper and 10 to 5 per cent. aluminum.

MAGGIE NIDEVER'S LOVERS.

BUCKEYE was a mining camp in California thirty years ago, a straggling town built upon a cliff beneath the dark and fir-clad mountains, above the yellow and foaming Trinity River, rushing westward in roaring rapids and wild whirlpools.

On the main street stood a yellow, eaveless house. A sickly looking rose in a mackerel kit grew by the door; a weakly morning-glory vine was trying to touch the window-sill, aided by fluttering strips of red calico; the flight of steps had long ago quarreled, and were now held together only by a wicked desire to test the morals of all visitors.

Maggie Nidever leaned out of the window and watched Jo Davis, the former foreman of the Union Hill Mine, climb the narrow path, a quarter of a mile distant, to a tunnel he was running into the mountain-side. Then he sees her and waves his hat, smilingly, the most cheerful, sunny-tempered man in all the camp, so Maggie thinks.

This Maggie, daughter of the mountain world, had all the seeming of an early rosebud, full of freshness, health and grace. The simple, kindly life of the miners had been her lot ever since childhood, and now this tall, dark-eyed maiden of eighteen was the pride of Buckeye. She had never known any other home, except for a few months at a girl's seminary two hundred miles distant.

In her childhood the red-shirted placer-miners on the Bar used to beg "little Maggie Nidever" to swing the rocker on their new claims "to bring luck," they said, and then they would unfailingly give her the first nugget, be it large or small.

Her father was one of the miners then, but he died soon after, and then it seemed as if every man in the camp was a near and dear relative.

Thomas Nidever's twenty foot claim was mined out to bed-rock by willing hands, and six thousand dollars brought to the widow; for that was the way the miners of "Fifty-two" cared for their comrades' families.

Mrs. Nidever, a tall, awkward woman, came into the room, red-faced from kitchen-work. She was a person of many surpluses—dress too loose, shoes too large, comb too high, smile too profuse, and voice too shrill.

"Maggie," she said, "ye needn't keep yer eyes on thet Davis Tunnel. Hit ain't a-going ter pay, the men tell me. An' young Davis is onreliable in other ways besides."

Maggie listened, but answered never a word.

"Now there is John Chestney," continued Mrs. Nidever.

Maggie shrugged her pretty shoulders.

"The daringest miner in all the mountings," said Mrs. Nidever. "The girl as gets John Chestney will hev cause ter be glad. That Union Hill Claim of his'n hez a fortune left in it yet, an' it's all nonsense about its being dangerous ter work."

Maggie turned with flaming cheeks.

"Mother, I never encouraged anybody. And you mustn't talk about—about what neither Mr. Davis or Mr. Chestney ever said to me."

She sprang to her feet, stormily.

"It makes no difference, Maggie," said Mrs. Nidever, decidedly. "Everybody's sayin' as how ye can take yer pick."

Maggie burst into tears, caught up her sunbonnet, and fled out of the back-door for a long ramble over the hills, under the great pines and cedars. She always came back cheerful after such an escapade.

And just as Maggie departed a tall man, stern, reticent, middle-aged and broad-shouldered, shambling in gait, came up to the front doorstep, slipped off, and swore so loudly that startled Mrs. Nidever looked out of the window.

They shook hands cordially, but awkwardly.

"Maggie hez gone for a walk, John Chestney," said Mrs. Nidever; "but she will be sorry to hev missed ye."

John shook his head.

"I don't seem to get along very fast," he said.

No word was spoken for a minute or so. Suddenly John Chestney straightened himself up, and said:

"Well, how does the girl talk?"

The woman dropped her cheerful tone, hesitated, and flushed.

"John, I don't think she cares much for you, but I ken bring her round. Only, ef you marry her, don't stay here. Take her over the mountain an' buy a big ranch; go on a tower ter some of the big cities first."

John Chestney leaned forward, his hands clasping his knees, his eyes gleaming.

"I shall have to start the big mine. I lost too much money in stocks."

"Well, why not?"

"Because it's resky. But you say drive, an' I'll do it. Maybe I won't be sorry."

The "Union Hill Claim" had been the famous mine of Buckeye and of the region for miles. It was a cup-like depression in the mountain on the side of the river opposite Buckeye.

The deep bed of gravel was rich in gold, and a long tunnel had been cut from the surface of the water to pierce it.

Years of hydraulic mining had followed, double gangs of men working night and day, until the mine was now an oval amphitheatre, almost a mile across and more than a hundred feet deep, with a great mountain towering above it.

John Chestney had made several fortunes out of the famous mine, and lost them in other enterprises. Still, it had for three years lain idle, because, as he said, it was "resky."

Buckeye and all the neighboring villages were anxious to have work recommenced at the "Union Hill."

Tom Horogan expressed the public sentiment when he said, "And whin will the big mine boom ter make the times more aisy, me b'ys?"

Ten minutes after John Chestney had left Mrs. Nidever's he drove up to the weather-beaten variety store of the town, where the mail-boy had reined up his spotted mustang, and a group of idlers was standing about.

"Marshall," he said, to the storekeeper, "I've decided to run the Union Hill this Summer. I want Davis for foreman again. Tell him to get fifty good fellows on the hill to-morrow at sunrise."

"That's good news."

"Well, I hope so. Then, waving his hand to the crowd, he uttered the miner's terse apothegm: "Gold is where you find it."

He jerked the reins, and his tough little horse whirled the light sulky across the log bridge, down the grassy slopes, and out of sight before Buckeye had fairly awoke to the situation.

At daybreak the next day, John Chestney, cool, collected, vigorous, crossed the long bridge, climbed the gray hill, and descended into the famous oval mine long before any of his men had arrived.

He went down to the bed-rock and near the tunnel; he followed the deep waterway quite across the mine, until he stood at the foot of the threatening mountain wall, and four hundred feet below the reservoir whose walls of earth and stone showed dimly in the morning mist. A few rustling joints of pipe and rotting timbers, relics of the work of three seasons before, obstructed his path.

John Chestney walked close to the cliff, now dry and hard, soon to be dripping with spray and torn by torrents of water. He picked at the gravel bank; scales of gold, and gleams that set his blood dancing.

"There is plenty of it; I can clear two hundred thousand dollars in the Summer's work, if only nothing slides. But I wish old lady Nidever had the contract."

Foreman Davis and his men leaped down the ladders, and by sunrise the "Union" had begun work.

Spring lengthened into Summer, and the banks of the mine were torn away—so close to the mountain peak that men grew afraid to work them. Still, the general opinion was that "Chestney luck" would triumph.

Mrs. Nidever kept her faith with Chestney. On every occasion she labored to persuade Maggie to forget Jo Davis—to accept John Chestney, now her avowed suitor. Jo had been interviewed by Mrs. Nidever, and given to understand that Maggie liked Chestney best, so the foolish fellow kept away, and made the battle harder for Maggie, who was afraid of her mother, and gradually yielding to the force of a stronger will.

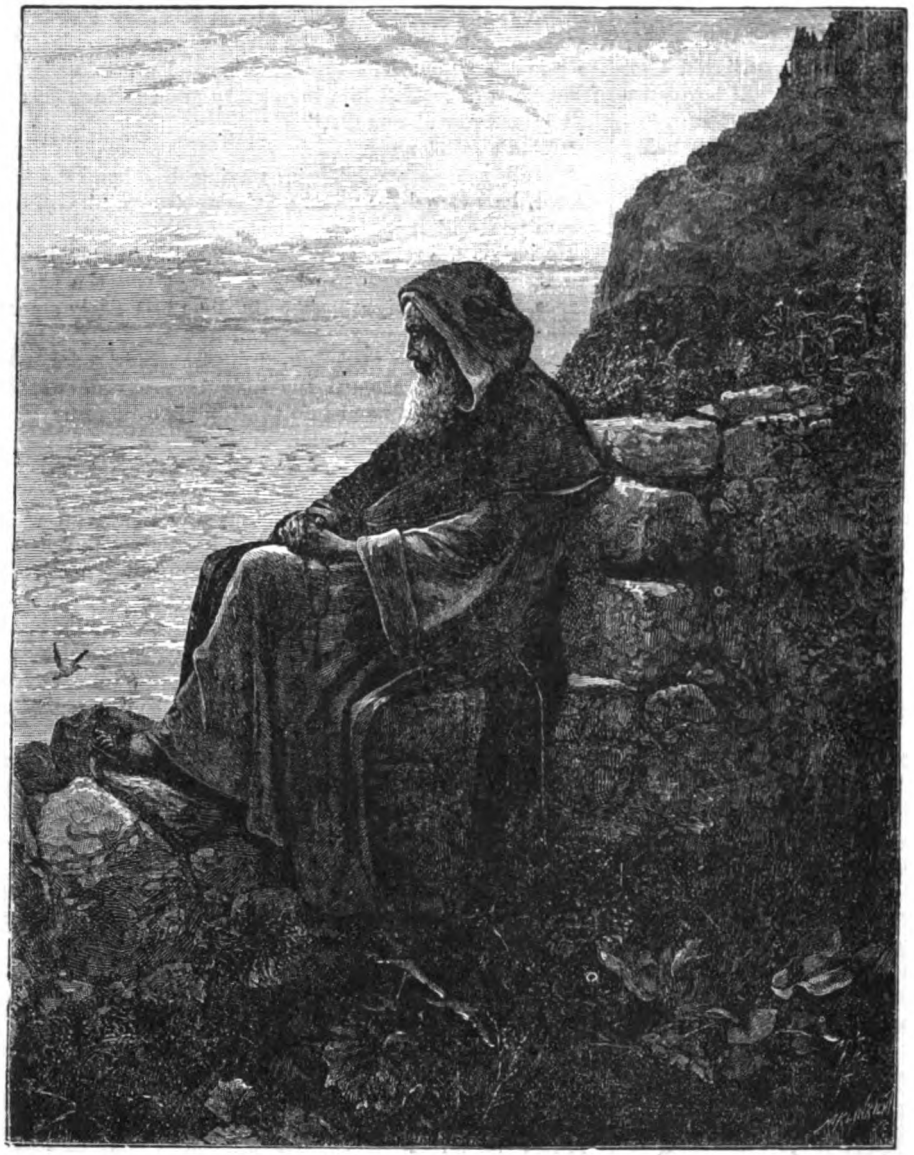
Jo Davis was a sinewy Saxon, blue-eyed, fair-haired, with beaming eyes, and a flush that went and came as a child's; he had a passionate affection for children, to whom he told stories as vividly drawn as pictures. But he grew silent and unsocial, drove the workmen with fierce sarcasms and restless energy, till half a dozen or so rebelled, and gave him the lie direct.

Into their midst he leaped like a tawny-haired lion and fought the group into subjection. They tell the story still in the old mining camps of California. "Why, he wor a Hyer," says old Tom Horogan.

Davis had scarcely reached the edge of the mine after his fight, when Chestney, his employer, met him.

"See here, Jo, we clean up and stop work here before long. To-morrow I shall shut off the water. Miss Nidever is coming up to look at the place. I want you to spend to-morrow examining the flume through the tunnel."

There was a subtle ring of defiance and mockery. The foreman's face flushed angrily at the tone; his master stood looking down, with a quiet smile, as if he had answered Jo's thought with a "Yes, I shall marry her."



"THE WORLD FORGETTING, BY THE WORLD FORGOT."

The morning came in billowy sparkles with waves of translucent mist filling the deep cañons.

John Chestney, irreproachably clad, escorted Maggie from her mother's door down the steep hill, across the black bridge, and up the mountain road to the mine.

"She'll say Yes," said the village gossips; and the boys who kicked up their heels in the yellow road dust wondered how many thousands of dollars the Union Hill would yield when work stopped and the precious metal was gathered from the dripping sluice-boxes.

"Mighty near the big mountain that mine is," said Dick Spander, setting down his beer-mug and watching them through the open door. "Gettin' dangerous. But luck always wins—leastwise in the mines it do."

Meanwhile, Maggie and John Chestney were approaching the mine. A few cabins clustered about a signal-staff. The bones of a mastodon, washed out of the mine, lay near the descending ladders. The stony floor of the great oval mine was dotted with piles of boulders; water trickled down the red-and-gray cliffs.

Maggie thought she had never seen a more desolate place. A light shone at the mouth of the tunnel, and then disappeared.

"Only the foreman," remarked John Chestney.

Then he spread his light overcoat on the hard clay and Maggie sat down, while he walked back and forth with knit brows, trying to think of some persuasion that would win, some force that would conquer the love of this maiden.

The silence grew oppressive.

"Let us go back," she said. "It is not nice here."

"Don't say that, Maggie; say you were glad to come—that you like me better than any one else."

"I can't!"

And poor Maggie was crying softly, sorry beyond expression for this grave elderly man, whose intensity of speech showed his earnestness.

She knew now, without any words of his, that he had watched and loved her for many years.

Pale and yet angry, he leaned against the pine-tree signal-staff, and the bitterness of refusal became a slow, seething anger.

Suddenly John Chestney unwound the rope, and drew the white flag from its box at the base of the staff. At least he could force her to a confession.

It had been the custom at the mine, as Maggie knew, to send by means of this flag a signal to the reservoir-keeper on the mountain-side above. He then raised the gates, and a resistless torrent fell over the cliff, and speedily filled the tunnel.

"Maggie," he said, "I shall raise the flag—for Jo's sake, you know."

She sprang up and caught his hands.

"You shall not! Oh, shame! you coward, to try and frighten me! Yes, if you will have it, your foreman is worth ten of you!"

Chestney tore loose from her clinging hands, and up went the flag, as in a sudden frenzy—half way up, in one swift, awful leap.

Then the revulsion came. He threw the rope from his hand—the bit of white cloth fluttered slowly back.

"Forgive me," he cried; "the man won't see that."

Side by side they watched the distant reservoir. Before the flag touched the ground the keeper left his cabin and climbed the bank. He had seen the flag rising, and waited for no further glance.

The next moment the water poured out, foaming and terrible. They saw it gleaming down the giant cliff.

John Chestney felt a wild desire to save his rival—to undo his work.

At the entrance to the tunnel was a heavy floodgate. If he could close it in time, Jo might yet escape.

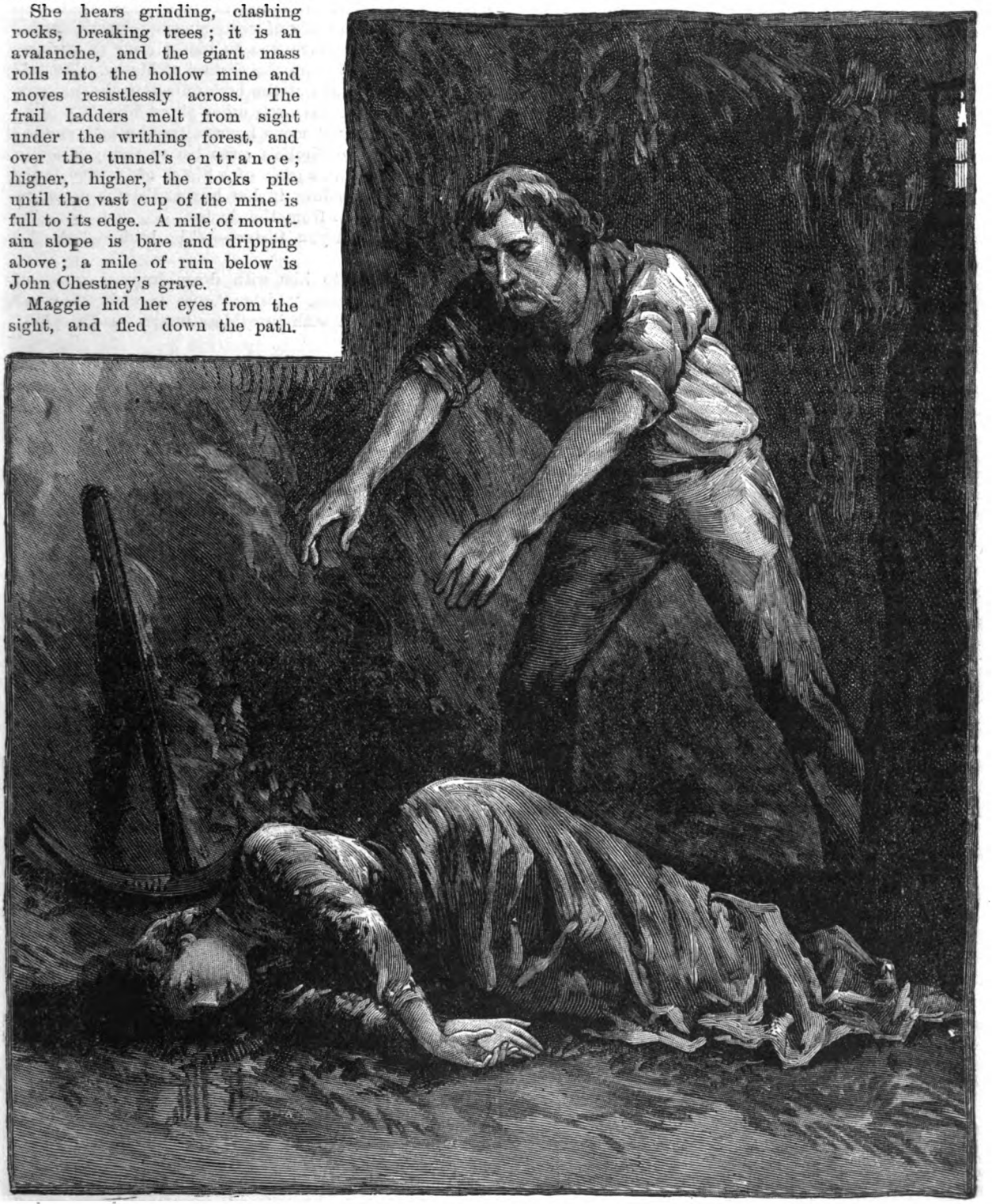
He sprang down the creaking ladders, and Maggie knew his desperate errand.

She watches, with dazed, agonized look. But is it, indeed, only the torrent that falls—that approaches? Surely, surely, it is more!—surely the mountain itself moves downward in blind wrath.

She hears grinding, clashing rocks, breaking trees; it is an avalanche, and the giant mass rolls into the hollow mine and moves resistlessly across. The frail ladders melt from sight under the writhing forest, and over the tunnel's entrance; higher, higher, the rocks pile until the vast cup of the mine is full to its edge. A mile of mountain slope is bare and dripping above; a mile of ruin below is John Chestney's grave.

Maggie hid her eyes from the sight, and fled down the path. Excited men were running from Buckeye, roused by the roar of the land-slip. She heeded them not, but ran down the slope to the river, to the mouth of the tunnel, until she stood panting in the arching entrance.

Oh, joy! only a tiny streamlet slipped into the river. Chestney had managed to close the gate before he was overwhelmed. Trembling, frightened at her own audacity, she pressed into the darkness.



MAGGIE NIDEVER'S LOVERS.—"MAGGIE SANK ON THE WET STONES, AND JO CARRIED THE WOMAN HE LOVED INTO THE BROAD SUNLIGHT."

Soon a light shone in the distance, and the tap of a hammer sounded. Maggie sank on the wet stones, and Jo carried the woman he loved into the broad sunlight.

The secret of the raised flag rests safely with the dead mine-owner, and the dead reservoir-keeper. There is a fortune under the land-slip, but it would cost another fortune to recover it, and so, year after year, the wild flowers bloom, the wild beasts trample, above what once was the Union Hill Mine.

Miles away, in a mountain valley, tilling his little farm, Jo Davis has grown prosperous, and by Maggie's side stands another Maggie, almost as tall as her mother.

THE WIFE'S STRATAGEM.

By Mrs. J. H. Walworth.

CHAPTER XVIII.

SISTER AGNES.

It was in vain that Dick Raymond, returning in triumph to his brother-in-law's bedside, assured him again and again that it "was all right." The words seemed to convey no meaning to the sick man's bewildered and scattered senses. The physician in attendance shook his head ominously, and told Dick that it was worse than hopeless to expect his patient to improve until his mind was relieved, and poor Dick was absolutely bewildered in his turn, knowing well that Fanny and Fanny alone could work that miracle.

Then he tried a daring experiment. He asked Horace a straightforward question; a question which threw the sick man into such paroxysms of rage that nothing but the active services of the doctor who was on hand prevented serious consequences.

"Horace," Dick asked him, "would you like to see Fanny?"

The covering heaved over the sick man's chest. He tried to rise, but fell back, panting and breathless; his eyes dilated, and, with one trembling hand he pointed to the door, gasping out, passionately:

"Mention that name again and I'll murder you, weak as I am!"

He fumbled under his pillow and brought out his pocket diary; with weak, trembling hands he took from it a creased and tumbled piece of newspaper. Dick could see it had been roughly torn from one of the city dailies. On it he read these lines—they were the concluding lines of a sentence that had been torn off: "The whole town is agog over the new and lovely *cantatrice*, Madame Raye. She is said to bear so striking a resemblance to the young and beautiful Mrs. Wimple, who disappeared from society so mysteriously about six months ago, that the dear public has decided it is her. Mr. Wimple still lingers abroad."

This, then, was the last drop in Horace Wimple's cup. It was this that had prostrated him when sick with disappointment at finding Leonard Cox had escaped him through the doors of death. He had turned homeward resolved to brave all his troubles in a court of justice, and give up everything but—Fanny.

Dick looked at him, pityingly, as he lay with closed eyes, panting from the frenzy of his excitement, then turned to the doctor, saying:

"This is a case for women. You and I can do nothing for him."

And straightway he went off to tell Nellie Nelson of this strange development in the case.

"The time has come to advertise," said Nellie, promptly. "I was only waiting for you to tell me that you had secured those abominable papers."

So they advertised, and from the restful seclusion of her retreat with the Sisters of Mercy, Fanny responded. Thin, worn and bloodless beyond recognition by her dearest friends; but those dearest friends, Dick and Nellie, folded her in their arms and brought the light back to her sad eyes with their words of comfort and promises of better days.

"He is very ill, my darling," said Nellie, concluding her harangue, "and it is not necessary that the doctor shall have the pleasure of witnessing a domestic drama. I'm going to introduce you to him, simply as a nurse we have procured from the Sisters of Mercy. He told Dick that they sent out the best nurses in the country, and he would not have any other about him."

And so, it was not many hours after she had reached the safe shelter of Nellie's arms before Fanny Wimple, dressed in the simble garb of a Sister of Charity, stood trembling but resolute, in her husband's sick-room, receiving her orders from the doctor.

"I have sent for you, Sister——" he hesitated for her name.

Fanny gave it to him with down-dropped eyes and meekly folded hands, "Sister Agnes is what they call me," and listened with breathless interest as the physician resumed:

"—Sister Agnes, to place a very peculiar case in your hands. I have brought the patient through the crisis of his disease. He needs no medicine now to speak of beyond an occasional opiate. I shall leave a sedative to be administered during his nervous paroxysms. The truth is, he needs relief of another sort—ahem!" The doctor's finger was laid on his lip in warning, as Mrs. Prior stole softly into the room, her hands well filled with a spoon and cup and bowl of some concoction of her own. She regarded the demure figure standing there in Horace's room with natural surprise. No one had asked her permission for this importation. Then a spasm of fierce jealousy contracted her narrow heart into still narrower dimensions, and she came close up to the doctor to say, in a hissing whisper:

"Excuse me, doctor, but if there is one thing I do pride myself on——"

The doctor made a fiercely impatient gesture. Mrs. Prior stopped, with a look of indignant protest on her sharp features. The mild-eyed Sister of Charity, who, with her shapeless garb, severe white band across the brow, and thin, hollow cheeks, bore no resemblance whatever to the lovely woman whom Mrs. Prior hated for no other reason than that Horace loved her, stood with patiently folded hands awaiting the result of what threatened to assume the proportions of an altercation.

"I was about to say——" Mrs. Prior began again, her voice getting the better of her discretion and rising to its wonted shrill accentuation, but the doctor retorted with professional asperity:

"My dear madam, I have no desire whatever to hear what you were about to say. I have employed a nurse for my patient. You are altogether too excitable and explosive to minister to a man in Mr. Wimple's condition."

Mrs. Prior retired in passionate haste. If she remained a moment longer she might find the impulse to "free her mind" too strong to be resisted, and she had no desire to retard poor Horace's recovery.

"I understood," said Sister Agnes, as the door closed upon Mrs. Prior's retreating form, "that your patient had a sister who was very much devoted to him."

"That's her," said the doctor, jerking his head in the direction of the door. "It is the queerest symptom of the whole case. His sister's presence seems to irritate him to a pitch of frenzy. I have forbidden her the room before. His mind is the trouble now. He needs everything to soothe him, nothing to irritate him."

"Lay your commands upon me, and I will try to follow them out to the letter," said Sister Agnes, in a low, sweet voice, that was in itself a sedative of the most delightful sort.

"I have none to lay," said the doctor, cordially; "your sisterhood are the ablest coadjutors my brotherhood have. But as this case is rather a remarkable one, I will give you a few hints for your guidance."

"Go on, sir; but wait." She stole softly over to the bedside, listened for a second to her husband's breathing with hands tightly clasped to her own fast-beating heart, then returned to the doctor. "He is sleeping soundly."

"Yes," the doctor answered, "he has been under the influence of a powerful opiate, but he will waken soon now. Now, my good Sister Agnes, these are the points I want to give you: All of his friends know the source of this illness. It is the culmination of months of worry and distress. First financial embarrassments; then the mysterious disappearance of his young and beautiful wife, with whom, up the hour of her disappearance, he had lived in perfect harmony. The attack he is laboring under at present is said to have been brought on by the report that his wife had gone on the stage. His brother-in-law explained this much to me."

"But your orders to me as his nurse!" said Fanny, writhing under his words. "This gossip about his private affairs is not in my line."

"True, true; you unworldly women live only to do good. My one hope of saving this man's mind, perhaps his life, lies in breaking through his stony reserve about his wife. Induce him to talk about her, to say that he wants to see her, and he is saved. How to accomplish this I leave to your woman's tact. He is the victim of settled melancholia. Now, then, I must be going. I shall feel more comfortable about him, knowing he is in an experienced nurse's hand." He wrung her hand, gave a few parting explanations about the opiates, got as far as the door, and came back to whisper, positively: "Whatever you do, guard against Mrs. Prior's entrance."

Then he went away and left her with a fast-beating heart, alone with her sleeping patient. The doctor's words rang in her ears.

"Induce him to talk about his wife and he is saved. How to accomplish this I leave to your woman's tact. To my woman's tact," she repeated, softly; "say, rather, to my woman's love. God hear my prayer and sustain me through this ordeal."

She softly seated herself in a low chair near the foot of the bed, and taking up a piece of sewing she had brought with her, began in a soft, sweet voice to sing a song that Horace had been particularly fond of in their days of courtship. He opened his eyes while she was singing. There was no surprise in them. He was too ill to experience any sensation of curiosity touching this sweet-voiced singer, in the garb that bespoke her errand and her sanctity. He raised himself on one elbow, the better to hear her sing.

She stopped singing and spoke to him cheerfully:

"Ah! awake, sir! Feeling better, I hope. I was to give you this as soon as you waked."

She went hurriedly toward the table where the doctor had left the opiate. She must not break down now. She must swallow the tears and the great lumps in her throat. She had been specially warned against exciting him. The spoon trembled so in her grasp that she could not drop the medicine readily. She had thrown it into an empty cup for the third time, when she heard a hissing whisper just at her elbow. It did not tend to quiet her nerves.

"I am afraid you don't understand your business very well. I cannot intrust my precious brother's life to such a novice."

She reached out her hand for the vial. Sister Agnes drew back from her with quiet dignity.

"Madam! the doctor's orders were——" but she got no further. From the patient himself came the almost frenzied order that sent Mrs. Prior from the room trembling with mingled rage and terror: "Out! out! murderer of my home! How dare you insult me by your presence!" His face grew quieter as Fanny came over hastily from the table with the glass containing the opiate in her hand. "Who are you? and why are you here?" he asked.

"I am Sister Agnes, from the Sisters of Mercy," Fanny answered, with a brisk cheerfulness, that cost her a tremendous effort, "and I am here by your doctor's order to nurse you and make you get well in a hurry. You will take this now, please."

He drained the glass impatiently, and asked, as he handed it back:

"Where did you learn that song?"

"That song! Let me think. What was I singing? I'm so in the habit of humming over my sewing that half the time I don't know what I am singing."

"You were singing, 'As the Days go Gliding By,'" he said, prompting her memory eagerly.

"Was I? Well, maybe I was. Did you like it, sir? I hope it did not break your sleep. It was wrong of me, but some sick people like me to sing to them."

"No! no! it was right of you. Sing it again." She sang the song again, this time a little louder. "Thank you," he said, wearily; "thank you very much."

He closed his eyes. The opiate was at work once more. He did not open them again; but as Fanny stood over him, furtively wiping away the fast-crowding tears that shut his dear face out from her hungry eyes, she fancied that a more peaceful look had already come to the haggard face of her beloved. Assured that his sleep was the result of the opiate, and would last for quite a while, she presently sank slowly to her knees by the bedside, and with her lips almost touching the hand that lay outside the coverlet, she sent her whole soul out in prayer to God for her husband's recovery, and for their safe delivery from the storm that had lasted so long, and left so much of desolation in its pathway—prayed for forgiveness for her own share in the wretchedness that had so nearly made wreck of her husband's life, and asked for strength where alone it can be procured. Asked for it and was not denied.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CHARM WORKS.

She resumed her sewing presently, apparently in a perfectly placid frame of mind. Poor Fanny! She had been so schooled in patience lately that it was not hard for her to exercise it yet a little longer, the more especially as the dear privilege of nursing her husband back to health was hers.

From the monotonous work of placing stitch by stitch in the hem of the mull kerchief she had supplied herself with, she looked up every second or so to feast her

eyes on the dear face before her. One of these excursions discovered her patient lying with wide-open eyes scanning her face closely.

"Shall I read to you, sir?" she asked, uneasily, shifting her position so that the light should not fall with betraying force on her hooded face. But he answered her listlessly, closing his eyes wearedly:

"No, my good Sister, I need nothing."

"Oh! my dear sir," she answered, briskly, "how very much mistaken you are. I understand your case better

"In matters of commerce, the fault of the Dutch, Is giving too little and taking too much."

A DUTCH BARGAIN.— FROM THE PAINTING BY MISS DEALY.

than you do yourself. I know exactly what you need. You won't be angry with me if I tell you, sir?"

Her voice was infinitely sweet, almost caressing, as she asked the question.

"No, Sister Agnes; I shall not be angry. I believe—yes, I know—I like to hear you talk. Your voice is very pleasant in a sick-room. It reminds me—reminds me——"

He closed his lips firmly, and turned his worn face to the wall.

"Reminds you of what, sir?" Sister Agnes asked, eagerly pursuing her advantage.

"Of the voice—of—a lost friend," he answered, without turning toward her; "but you boasted that you knew just what I wanted. They all make that boast—doctors, nurses, and the rest of them."

"Anything," he was thinking, within his sick soul, "to prolong the accents that remind me so much of my lost one."

"I was going to tell you," said Fanny, bending close over her sewing, "what you need to set you up again, sir; you need a change."

"A change?" his voice was sneering and bitter. "They all sing the same old tune in my ears."

"With this difference," says the nurse, smiling into his face. "The rest of them, some want to send you off to a fashionable Summer resort; others want to send you to the lonesome mountains, others, to some place where your full duty will consist of drinking so many glasses a day of nasty water."

"Yes; and you?"

"I want you to go away from here to some quiet farm, where the air is pure, the life serene, and peace and plenty prevail."

"Where shall such a spot be found? It sounds most tempting—purity, serenity, peace—oh, sacred trinity!" His voice rose almost to a cry.

"There, there, sir!" said Sister Agnes, alarmed at the emotion that threatened to overwhelm the weak frame of the sick man. "You were not to talk, the doctor said; but if you will lie still and let me amuse you by describing such a spot to you, it will do you no harm, even if you should decline to go there."

"As you will, gentle Sister; but if I should fall asleep under the soothing influences of your voice you will not mind?"

"Not I, indeed; I shall be only too glad. I have in my mind's eye," she began, speaking very slowly so as to retain command of her trembling voice, "or, rather, in my memory, just the place for you to go in search of health and happiness, sir." An audible groan broke

WHERE DRESDEN CHINA IS MADE.—THE ELBE AT MEISSEN—THE CASTLE AND CATHEDRAL.—SEE PAGE 104.

from Horace Wimple's lips with the words, "Vain, vain search."

It made it a little harder for the woman, bending there over her sewing, to go on unmoved, but she took no outward notice of the interruption, as she continued her description:

"It is a quaint old farmhouse, sitting on the crown of a breezy hill. It has a big yard in front, where the chestnuts and elms and mountain ashes grow as they will. In the springtime the peach and the apple and the plum trees fill the air with sweetest fragrance, and crown the earth with a glory of pink and white. About the old porch the honeysuckle and the ladybanks and the morning-glory climb and blossom. Down in the little hollow, to the right of the house, is a spring with a——"

"Stop!" She started, convulsively. Supporting his weak and trembling body on one elbow, Horace Wimple had placed himself so he could look her well in the face. Frightful contortions twitched his mouth and eyelids. "This is no fancy picture."

Absolute composure on her part was imperative.

"Fancy picture?—no, indeed, sir. Little profit would you gain out of a fancy picture. I knew the place well; I knew the people who lived there well, too."

"You—knew—them, Sister Agnes?" His voice was full of awe.

"Yes, indeed, sir; well. From the gentle-browed mother and the grand old father, down to the merry-hearted girl and boy that made up the little family?"

"You—knew—them—all, Sister Agnes?"

"Long, long years ago," the Sister of Mercy said, more sadly than she had yet spoken; "before the vanities of this world had pressed me so sorely that I fled to the convent for rest, I knew the Raymonds well and loved them all."

He fell back upon his pillows with a moan.

Fanny sprang hastily for a glass of water, and held it to his lips.

"I do not need it," he muttered, feebly.

"No. It's the weakness, sir. Ah, sir, if you would but try that old farm. I've not seen it myself for long years, but there are some things that cannot change. The honeysuckle must always smell as sweet, the water of the spring run just as cold, the air must be as pure, and God's glad sunshine just as bright there as it ever was. They tell me that the old master and his gentle wife have passed away; that they rest side by side under the weeping willows in the little family graveyard I remember so well. I hear their son is the master now, and when I was a farmer's light-hearted girl myself, I used to think handsome Dick Raymond was a none-such. But I've put away from me all such vanities now, and there was the daughter—but, dear me, I'm letting your drops run away over the time." She broke off suddenly and walked away to the table again. Her idea had been to make him talk about his wife. She trembled as she approached the subject. What would become of her if he denounced her to her own face? When she came back to him with the medicine, he swallowed it impatiently, and asked, with his burning eyes fastened on her face:

"Well, what next, holy Sister?"

She seated herself, fumbled silently with her work for a second, and then resumed:

"I was going to say, there was Fanny, the daughter. She had plenty of friends, too, in those young days of ours. But I think I've heard she married and moved away. We don't remember much of such gossip, even when it floats in to us at the convent."

"Should she be there, Sister Agnes, what then?"

"No doubt, sir, she'd make you sweetly welcome. She always had a kind word and a smile for everybody, when I knew her."

"Ah, that she had."

"You knew her, then, sir?" Sister Agnes asked, in tones of surprise.

"Knew her! loved her! married her! blighted her sweet young life! Oh, Fanny, Fanny, would to God, my poor wife, I could see you once again, as I saw you for the first time on that old farm-porch with the roses in your hair and the sunlight in your eyes."

Fanny stood up, impelled to throw herself on her knees by his bedside. Had not the time come when she could safely throw off her mask and, forgiving and forgiven, be clasped once more in those dear arms? She would wait until he grew a little calmer. But his emotion increased as he went on.

"I will do your bidding, holy Sister, as soon as this shattered body will let me. I will make a pilgrimage to the old farm. I will kneel upon the grave of the old man who gave his darling into my keeping, and confess that I have sinned against Heaven and against her. I will pray to Him to be my mediator at the shrine of grace, and then, perhaps, if my Fanny has not already joined the angelic hosts, she will come back to these longing, loving arms!"

"Saved! saved!"

With a cry of delight Fanny flung herself on her knees by his side, and covered his face with her kisses, mingling her tears with his. It did him no harm! She had taken him out of the stormy present, full of its doubts and its fears and its black misconception, into the pure, sweet past, where he saw his young wife as he had first seen her and loved her, and from his half-crazed mind the fog that had obscured the truth rolled away suddenly and for ever.

He held her close to his yearning heart, and in a trance of happiness he listened as she murmured soothingly in his ear:

"Yes, husband, together we will make our pilgrimage to the dear old farm. Together we will kneel at my father's grave and renew our vows in mutual love and trust. Together we will breathe the health-giving air and bask in the sunlight that plays about the old farm-porch, and then my Horace will be himself again! I promise you you shall see your Fanny once more on the old farm-porch, with the roses in her hair and the sunlight in her eyes, and——"

But words were so inadequate to their needs. Once more their lips met in close-clinging caress, and the bitterness of the past was swallowed up in the fullness and sweetness of that moment of reunion.

Mrs. Prior, opening the door softly at this juncture, stood for a second paralyzed with amazement, and then closing it again, went back to her own part of the house, more thoroughly scandalized than she had ever been in her life before! Such a sight! It was enough to congeal the blood in any respectable vein.

Horace! so ill that everybody thought him at death's door, actually lying there with his arms clasped about—a Sister of Charity! Mrs. Prior prided herself on her moral courage, and she proposed to give that Sister of Charity a piece of her mind if it *killed* her!

CHAPTER XX.

DICK'S WOOING.

More than a month after Sister Agnes had been introduced into Horace Wimple's sick-room with such beneficial results, Miss Nelson found her way toward the home which had lain in gloomy shadow for so long, with her arms laden with flowers and her heart as light as her canary-bird, although she was not skilled as he was in proclaiming her joyous moods to all the world. She penetrated the house without waiting for an answer to her second rather urgent appeal to the bell, and found Mollie dusting the library furiously. The sombre, gray holland coverings lay all in a dusty heap on the floor. Mollie's cheeks were aflame with the exercise and the excitement of the day, and her honest blue eyes were ablaze with joy.

"You just wouldn't answer my ring, Mollie, so I asked myself in," said Nellie, suddenly presenting herself in the middle of the confused room.

Mollie looked at her around the tall screen that had once played such an important part in Fanny's life.

"I beg a thousand pardons, Miss Nellie; but Pritchard's gone to meet the train with the carriage, and I suppose I've done lost what little sense I have from sure 'nough joy, or I'd have heard you myself."

"So they're really coming home to-day, Mollie?" Nellie asked, disburdening herself of the fragrant load of flowers she had brought with her.

"Really coming home to-day, Miss Nellie; and I'm just that happy seems like my feelin's must find vent on somethin'." And they did find vent on a table-cover, which Mollie proceeded to shake with frenzied energy.

"So must mine, Mollie," said Nellie, catching the infection of her joyous zeal, "so I'll arrange the flowers while you raise a dust." She went over to the mantel and tiptoed to secure a firm clutch on the big, costly vases that adorned it at either end. "And so Mr. Wimple is entirely recovered?" she said, locating herself and the vases on the sofa, where she had dumped the flowers previously.

"The madam writes," says Mollie, bustling about with the dustpan and feather brush as she talked, "he's looking handsomer and younger than ever, only a little weak yet."

"A little weak!" Miss Nelson's voice has a slight mocking ring in it as she leans back to survey the effect of the last rose she has located. "That's been the trouble all along. If he hadn't been a little weak he'd never have allowed himself to get everything into such a mess. If he hadn't been a little weak he never would have tumbled into that brain fever, and retarded explanations so long. The whole weight of this snarl has fallen on the weak sex—that's Fanny and you and me, Mollie—but we never broke down for an instant. We couldn't afford to."

"Miss Nellie——" Mollie deserted the dustpan temporarily, and coming across to the sofa, located herself in front of the flower-strewn sofa, to say, with uncommon solemnity: "If you'll allow mo to have an opinion on that subject, I reckin it's because women mos' gen'rally has conscience on their side. A good conscience is a pow'ful tonic."

"Mollie, you're a philosopher in petticoats. You have uttered very wise words. But talking of conscience, where's Mrs. Prior all this time?"

Mollie grinned demoniacally, as she answered:

"Loopin' up window-curtains with wreaths, and puttin' flowers all over Miss Fanny's room, and a-hangin' up mottoes, such as 'God Bless Our Home' and 'Home, Sweet Home!' Oh! a sweet'ner she's been to this home."

Nellie listened to her with an air of abstraction. She was looking pensively at the stepladder, which still stood under the chandelier, from which Mollie had been stripping the shrouding, and gauging her own capacity for climbing it so she might weave garlands of smilax about it.

"Smilax lights up so prettily by gaslight, you know, Mollie. I think I must venture," she said, walking in a very gingerly and unprofessional way up the stepladder, with many ejaculations of alarm and much stepping on the flounces. "Now then, Mollie, you hand the smilax and the flowers and we'll make this chandelier a thing of beauty," she said, cautiously, seating herself and tentatively stretching her arms.

"Miss Nellie," said Mollie, standing under her with her arms full of smilax and flowers, "I think you've done an injustice."

"Injustice! To whom, Mollie? Don't excite me while I am at roost, Mollie; it might have fatal consequences," says Nellie, weaving the long, supple sprays of smilax gracefully about the stem of the chandelier.

"You oughtn't to have left Mr. Dick out of our strong sex."

"Dick! Oh! Dick's unique! Dick's the saving clause of the whole male sex. No, we mustn't be unjust to him, Mollie, whatever else we are," says Miss Nelson, with dreamy abstraction, as she bent low down to select some roses from Mollie's apron-full. As she sat upright again she gave a little scream.

There was Dick Raymond himself, traveling-bag in hand, his face beaming with delight at the unexpected sight of his beloved perched on a stepladder in his sister's library.

Nellie frantically tucked her dress close about two pretty but rather conspicuous feet, and looking down at the intruder, with a sudden assumption of frigid dignity, said, coldly:

"Mr. Raymond!"

Dick smiled fearlessly up at her. She knew all that was in his heart, and if she had not approved she never would have been there.

"Mollie." He turned with a masterful nod toward Mollie, who stood grinning her appreciation of the whole situation. "Go and assist your mistress with her bundles and wraps." Mollie needed no second bidding. Dick soon found himself in possession of his opportunity. "Can I be of any assistance, Miss Nelson?" he asked, with grave courtesy, looking up to her for the first time in their intercourse.

Her rosy confusion when she first discovered his presence had been simply delicious. If she would only go on blushing that way for ever! But Miss Nelson had been able to collect her wits by this time, and if she did not see her way clearly to descending from the ladder at that particular juncture, she did not intend all the advantage should remain with Dick. She folded her hands and looked down upon him so placidly that he was quite seized with sudden confusion, and walked away from her, to play in the most senseless fashion with the fringe of the mantel lambrequin. It was a cruel but complete turning of the tables. Nellie made several furtive efforts to descend the ladder at this golden opportunity, but gave it up in despair. Dick obstinately refused to renew his offer of assistance.

"This is deeply interesting."

The observation came from Nellie, in that clear, penetrating voice of hers.

Dick walked back to the ladder and leaned against it a trifle heavily as he looked boldly up into the sweet face he loved so dearly.

"You are very beautiful," he said.

"The charm of that observation lies in its striking originality," said Nellie, mischievously.

There was something in Dick's eyes that made her take refuge in nonsense.

"And I am nothing but a clumsy country boor," Dick continued, rather in meditative monologue than as talking to another party. "It is presumption in me to look up to such heights."

"Looking up to me is rather a matter of compulsion at present, Mr. Raymond, isn't it?" she asked, not looking down at him, but stretching her arms upward and outward after a straggling spray of smilax.

"Nellie!—Miss Nelson—I beg your pardon!"

Poor, clumsy, handsome Dick! He walked away again, fiercely chewing the end of his long mustache.

"I actually believe he is afraid of me," Nellie said to herself; "Dick Raymond afraid of me! It must be of my silk dress and my bangs, then. I am afraid they are the most imposing things about me."

"Mr. Raymond!" How sweet and full of revelation her tones. She looked down upon him coquettishly. "Did you make your hay this year while the sun shone Down on the farm I mean, of course?"

But Dick, clasping ardent hands and fixing ardent eyes

upon her roguish face, asked, with ardent impetuosity :

"Nellie, don't you love me ? not the least little bit, Nellie ?"

"What a remarkably inconsequent young man ! And what an excessively irrelevant reply !"

Dick's imploring earnestness was in sharp contrast with her merry teasing.

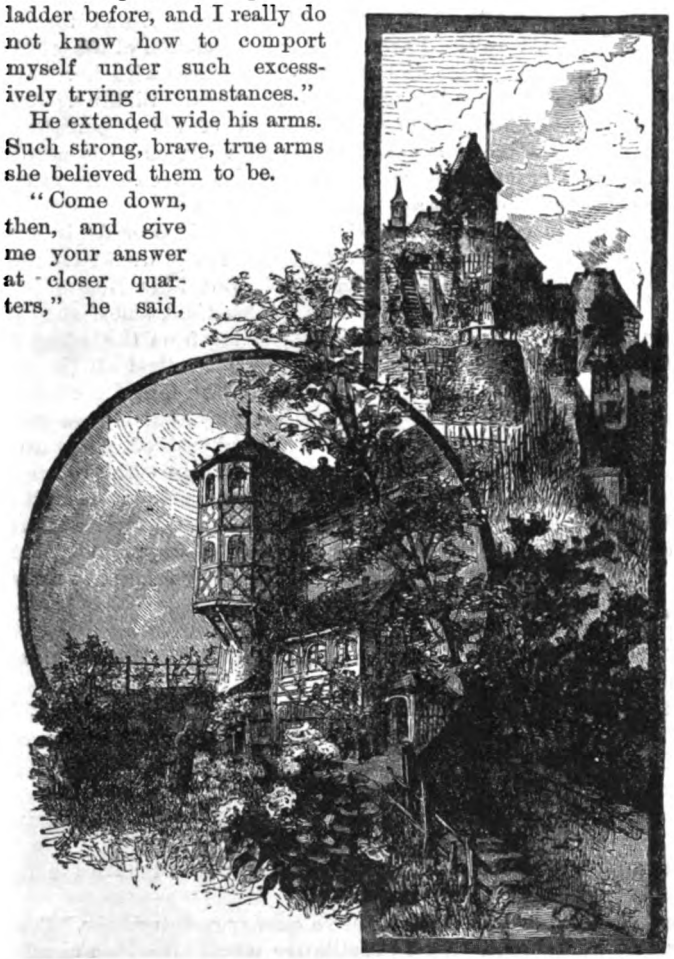
"I will let you tease me all the rest of your life, Nellie, if you'll just be serious for one little second and say, 'Dick, I love you !' "

She looked down at him with her clear, beautiful eyes full of a soft light. But Miss Nelson had a profound appreciation of the fitness of things.

"Mr. Raymond," she said, demurely, "I never was courted upon the top of a ladder before, and I really do not know how to comport myself under such excessively trying circumstances."

He extended wide his arms. Such strong, brave, true arms she believed them to be.

"Come down, then, and give me your answer at closer quarters," he said,



WHERE DRESDEN CHINA IS MADE.— VIEWS IN AND NEAR MEISSEN.

with a smile of such winning sweetness that it went hard with Nellie not to surrender there and then unconditionally. Who knows how complete the surrender might have been if at that particular juncture Mrs. Wimple had not appeared on the scene, entering the room by the door at Dick's back. Forgetting her timidity, forgetting the precariousness of her position, Nellie flew down the ladder straight into Fanny's arms.

"Oh, my own dear, precious Fanny !" Then there was a commingling of voices and an entangling of arms and a concussion of lips that sent Dick over to the furthest window in a spasm of disappointment and jealousy. Nellie did not lose sight of him for a second. A pang of remorse shot across her at thought of the length of time she had been playing on that sweet, new instrument—an untried, unsullied, altogether true heart. She stood erect, one arm encircling Mrs. Wimple's slender waist : "Dick !" It was scarcely more than a whisper, but it brought him in great strides to her side. "Dick," she said, looking him clearly in the eyes, "I do love you very, very dearly !"

It was enough. He drew her away from Fanny close to himself. Gathered her closer and closer to his side, as, with simple reverence, he looked upward, saying :

"God has been very good to me, and life is very sweet."

In absolute content he held her off from him, retaining a close grasp of her two little trembling hands and gazed upon his love, finding her altogether good and lovely. Upon the trance-like quiet of the moment a discordant sound was intruded. It was Mrs. Prior's voice, and she was standing before Mrs. Wimple in what was meant for an attitude of apology, if not of reparation.

"Sister-in-law," she was saying, "if there's one thing I pride myself on, it's moral courage. I hope I shall always find moral courage enough to tell the truth, if it kills me. I have done you a cruel wrong through a terrible mistake on my part. I've repented of it in sackcloth and ashes. Horace and Fanny, forgive me if you can, and if you can't I'll go away and not trouble you any more."

But they could, and they did, forgive her, out of the exceeding fullness of their own happy hearts and the conviction that she had already been punished enough.

THE END.

WHERE DRESDEN CHINA IS MADE.

By M. Wilcox.

Unlike "Imperial Cæsar dead and turned to clay," the inhabitants of Meissen, when they die, turn to porcelain. Even in life the belles of Saxony seem to have something porcelain-like in their appearance.

If you hesitate to trust this observation as it stands in "Weber's Deutschland," let me ask you to fancy yourself in one of the narrow streets of Meissen, and to report the first thing which you see there. Something like this you will see :

"A very narrow street
In an old, old town,
In an oldish part of creation:
Three persons meet—
One going down,
Two coming back from confirmation.

"One lifts his hat,
And begs to call attention,
With, 'Excuse me, pray, gracious madam!
I'd inform you that——'
'Oh, pray, don't mention!'—
These polite old children of Adam!

"Then one bows low,
And goes on his way;
But you will not think it is shocking,
Although, although,
For what he did say,
She pulls up her *granddaughter's* stocking!"

Something like that you will see, and confess that it is like a scene done in Dresden china.

Suvée's "Coligni"— Callet's "Bacchanalia"— Doyen's "Priam." Etc.

THE FRENCH SALON AT THE LOUVRE, 1787.— FROM AN ENGRAVING BY MARTINI.— SEE PAGE 107.

For in Meissen, not in Dresden, is made the world-famous Dresden china.

Meissen is situated on the left bank of the River Elbe, at the influx of the Triebisch and the Meisse, about nine miles to the northwest of Dresden. It was founded by the Emperor Henry I., in 928, as an outpost and defense against the Wends. Its Margraves were the direct ancestors of the present royal house of Saxony. In 1880 its population was 14,166.

Its situation is in the highest degree picturesque, for the castle and cathedral rise from a rock 160 feet above the venerable town.

The cathedral is an imposing Gothic structure of the thirteenth to the fifteenth century, containing many interesting sculptures, and some good old pictures—among these one by the elder Cranach, whom some admire and others forgive. For myself, I am able to enjoy Cranach's painting only as a foil for more artistic work.

The castle, called Albrechtsburg, erected in the fifteenth century by the brothers Ernest and Albert, has been thoroughly restored since 1863, and decorated with frescoes illustrative of its history by leading German artists. From 1710 to 1863 it was occupied by the porcelain factory which, in the year last named, was transferred to a large new building in Triebischthal, near the town. For about one hundred and fifty years this establishment has given almost uninterrupted employment to six or seven hundred hands.

After Chinese porcelain had been introduced into Europe (by the Portuguese in 1518, and afterward by the Dutch) chemists busied themselves during two centuries in the attempt to discover the secret of its manufacture. Pottery of various kinds had been made in Europe from the earliest times, but no porcelain. This secret was at last discovered by Friedrich Böttcher, in Dresden, in the year 1709.

Böttcher was born at Schleiz on the 4th of February, 1682, and was apprenticed to the apothecary Zorn, of Berlin, in 1696. Here he was attracted to the study of alchemy, and before long gave himself out to be the discoverer of the "philosopher's stone"; whereupon the authorities decided to make sure that the possessor of a secret so valuable should not escape them. Böttcher fled, in order to avoid imprisonment, to Wittenberg, in Saxony. Prussia demanded his surrender; but Augustus the Strong, Elector of Saxony, had at least as much need of a veritable gold-maker as the King of Prussia, and therefore, instead of giving him up, had him conveyed to Dresden, where opportunity was given him to exercise his art to the advantage of Saxony.

Böttcher, in terror of his life, promised to accomplish the desired result, and actually wasted large sums of money in fruitless experiments. Finally, when he saw that his knavery was about to be detected, he made an unsuccessful attempt to flee.

Now, it so happened that at this time a certain Walter von Tschirnhausen was in the employ of Augustus. This Tschirnhausen, fortunately, was engaged in the attempt to produce Chinese porcelain. At his suggestion Augustus retained the young adventurer, and compelled him to devote his talents to the same pursuit.

Böttcher soon succeeded in producing a material similar to porcelain in various characteristics; but, not content with this measure of success, he zealously continued his experiments by making pastes of various compositions, none of which, however, being subjected to the furnace heat, produced porcelain. He stumbled on the secret by an accident, so singular that I offer no apology for introducing the anecdote here.

A rich iron-master, named Schnorr, had, while riding in the vicinity of Schneeburg, noticed a soft, white clay adhering to the hoofs of his horse. Schneeburg is in the mining district of the Erzgebirge (ore-mountains, between Saxony and Bohemia), where are deposits of silver, iron, coal and lead. Schnorr reflected that this clay, occurring in such a district, might prove to be something valuable; but he could think of no better use for it than to dry it and sell it in Dresden for hair-powder. He tried it with success; large quantities were sold; the hair-dresser of Böttcher used it. The chemist, observing that his wig was heavier than usual, examined the hair-powder, and put some of it into one of his mixtures. The one substance lacking was found! The long-sought secret was discovered.

This white clay was kaolin—the Chinese name of an infusible substance, the product, it is said, of the decomposition of feldspar. Hard-paste porcelain, or true porcelain, is made by the union of kaolin and undecomposed feldspar, or petunse.

But, although the secret had been discovered, the first product was very imperfect. It was a hard pottery, varying from deep brick-red to a dark ashy-brown in color, exceedingly strong, as well as fine in grain. This is commonly known as "red porcelain" or "Böttcher ware."

The genuine white porcelain was produced not earlier than the year 1709, and a thoroughly fine quality not before 1715.

The accommodations at Dresden proving too limited for the growing requirements of the manufactory, in 1710 the business was removed to the Albrechtsburg in Meissen, whence it was transferred, as has been stated, to a building about one mile from town, in 1863.

Every conceivable precaution was taken to keep the details of the process secret, and Albrechtsburg, like a fortress in time of war, was absolutely unapproachable by strangers. Furthermore, the workmen were compelled to take an oath of secrecy each month.

Böttcher himself made overtures to Prussia respecting the revelation of the mysterious process, but this danger was averted through his arrest and imprisonment. On the 13th of March, 1719, he died.

Without attaching undue importance to the comparatively few articles which were made in Dresden, Meissen must, therefore, be regarded as the cradle of the porcelain industry in Europe.

The secret was too enormously valuable to be kept. In spite of all precautions, one year before Böttcher's death, a Meissen workman was bribed to violate his oath. He carried the art to Vienna, whence it went, in 1720, to Höchst, in the electorate of the Bishop of Mayence, and then spread widely.

In 1756 the work of the manufactory suffered interruption. Frederick the Great took Dresden, and carried from the neighboring Meissen to Berlin workmen and materials. From this event the Berlin factory dates its prosperity. But the Meissen factory resumed work, and, after the peace (1763), Dietrich of Dresden was first director.

In 1769 the first hard-paste porcelain was produced at the royal factory at Sèvres.

The leadership which Meissen had enjoyed for almost a hundred years, was contested, toward the end of the last century by numerous smaller factories; the earnings no longer equaled the expenses, and the King was called upon from time to time to advance considerable sums. The anxiety occasioned by this competition was aggravated by another circumstance: the supply of

kaolin in the neighborhood was almost exhausted. In the present century, however, the business has improved and netted large profits.

As to the best period of Dresden production, the opinions of competent critics are somewhat at variance. The period from about 1730 to 1756 may, perhaps, be regarded as best in the matters of originality in design and honesty in workmanship. During this — the King's period, as it is called—the works of Kändler were made, and also the paintings of Lindenir. It is, however, true that between 1763 and 1814 much work was executed which fully equaled any that had preceded it, and that, even later in the present century, porcelain of the highest class has been produced.

Since the recent revival of interest in the old porcelains, the Meissen factory has unfortunately yielded to the temptation to employ its old marks and forms, while, at the same time, falling lamentably short of the artistic and perfectly finished workmanship of the King's period.

In comparing the work of the Meissen factory with that of its great rival at Sèvres, the generally received opinion is to the following effect: "In true or hard-paste porcelain, in flower decoration, in birds, insects and animals in general, in figures and figurines, Meissen work has, on the whole, been superior. In ground-colors, Sèvres has vastly excelled."

THE STORY OF THE PARIS SALON. 1673-1884.

By Theodore Child.

Sancta simplicitas! Whenever I hear of the millions of the younger Dumas and the palaces of Sardou, I think of Molière playing "L'Etourdi" in a barn before an audience of peasants, and of Corneille sitting on the curb-stone and chatting with the cobbler who was patching his shoe. *Sancta simplicitas!* Whenever I hear of this and that painter building himself a magnificent house in the finest quarter of Paris, I think of Le Brun exhibiting his "History of Alexander," and Van der Meulen his "Conquests of Louis XIV.," in the open air, in a long and muddy passage at the end of the Rue Richelieu on the site of the present Place du Théâtre Français. This was the origin of the famous Paris Salon. In the year 1673, on St. Louis's Day, the members of the Royal Academy of Painting and Sculpture exhibited for the first time the most remarkable works which they had produced during the year in the courtyard of the Hôtel de Brion, without tent or cloth to shelter them from the inclemency of the weather.

Previously to this open-air Salon, picture exhibitions were not unknown in Paris. For some years past, on the day of the Fête-Dieu, after the processions, the crowd had been in the habit of going to the Place Dauphine, at the head of the Pont Neuf, where, along the walls of the houses, still hung with old tapestries and decked with green branches, the young painters who did not venture to aspire to the honors of the Academy exhibited, for an hour or two only, the best pictures they had in their studios, whether some wonderful signboard, or some study from the antique, or, more rarely, a landscape or an historical subject. And this rudimentary exhibition became popular and remained long after the creation of the official Salons, and even the grand seigneurs and famous artists used to visit it. At this exhibition of the Place Dauphine, Chardin revealed his talent in a painting representing a bass-relief which Jean Baptiste Vanloo bought, and which procured for the painter the task of decorating one of the galleries of Fontainebleau. In 1717 Lancret exhibited there two pictures which the fine connoisseurs attributed to Watteau, and which were the beginning of Lancret's fortune. In Bachaumont's "Mémoires Secrets" for 1786, we read of the balconies of the Place Dauphine being full of young girls, dressed in their finest clothes: "These were the young ladies whose portraits were exhibited, so that it was easy to judge at once of the excellency of the likeness. This new kind of coquetry attracted many amateurs who were more eager to look at the originals than at the copies."

When the Revolution with its doctrines of equality opened the doors of the official Salon to all, the exhibition of the Place Dauphine disappeared and was forgotten. It has been virtually revived in our own days, from time to time, under the name of the "Salon des Refusés."

Let us now go back to the origin of the French Academy of Painting. Toward the middle of the seventeenth century, Charles Le Brun and some others clubbed together and hired in common a studio in a house near the Church of St. Eustache, where a man named Vandeschoux posed for them nude. During six months Vandeschoux posed as Hector, Achilles, Priam, the Dying Gladiator, etc., but as Winter approached he insisted on having the studio warmed. The artists were not rich enough between them to buy a stove, and so Vandeschoux dressed himself and retired. But the idea had gained ground; other artists followed the example of Le Brun and his friends, and soon plenty of well-formed men were attracted by this novel way of earning their living by posing as models. One model, named Dubois, hired a room in the court of the kitchens of the Louvre, where he posed for a price. Two others, named Braulin and Girard, went round posing in the artists' studios, and so the trade of artist's model came into existence in Paris. This Braulin was a mason, and so finely formed that when Le Brun went to Italy he took him to Rome, where he dethroned Caporali, the most celebrated model of the day. When Le Brun returned from Rome, he and his old companions conceived the idea of opening at their own cost a school or Académie Royale, where they might work in public and teach drawing from nature; that is to say, from a nude figure posing in various attitudes—a process which has ever since been termed in French, *faire une académie.*

Le Brun's academy was very successful, and in 1648 the King encouraged it by the grant of letters patent, and so was founded the Académie Royale de Peinture et Sculpture, which was destined to prosper until the early years of the Revolution, and which we find established in 1673 in a wing of the Palais Royal, which Cardinal de Richelieu had had built for his library, on the site of the hôtel of the Comte de Brion, écuyer of Gaston d'Orléans. It appears that in 1667, 1669, and 1671 the Academy had already had exhibitions, but no trace of them remains; the first exhibition of which we have the catalogue is that of 1673, when one hundred and fifty pictures and statues were shown by the hundred members who composed the Academy. The sculpture was placed in the middle of the courtyard; the smaller pictures were placed on benches along the walls, all in the open air, and above them the immense compositions of Le Brun that now adorn the vestibule of the throne-room in the Louvre: "The Defeat of Porus," "The Passage of the Granicus," "The Battle of Arbellæ," and "The Triumph of Alexander"— and the historical pictures of Van der Meulen that now figure in the Louvre or in the galleries of Versailles.

Vien's "Hector and Andromache"— David's "Socrates"— Le Brun's "Marie Antoinette," Etc.

THE FRENCH SALON AT THE LOUVRE, 1787.— FROM AN ENGRAVING BY MARTINI.— SEE PAGE 107.

THE ROMAN MAIDEN'S ORACLE.

Having seen how the Salon was founded, we shall not need to dwell at much length on the early exhibitions of 1675 and 1683. The Academy went on prospering, and in 1699 we find it installed in the Palace of the Louvre, then occupied by miscellaneous tenants of all kinds, for since the troubles of the Fronde the Kings had not inhabited Paris, and the Louvre, still unfinished, was a curious mixture of splendor and of ruin. In 1699 the exhibition was held with great parade in the Gallery of Apollo, and inaugurated the long series of the Salons du Louvre. The Salon, however, had not yet become fashionable, and, although this exhibition of 1699 was a success, as is proved by an article in the pompous *Mercure de France*, the exhibition was not repeated again until 1704; and, until 1740, the few exhibitions that took place had but little importance and left no traces. But toward 1740, Oudry, Carle Vanloo, Boucher, Natoire, De la Cour, Bonchardon, Vernet, etc., were working for the luxurious millionaires of the Regency, and suddenly the Salon became so fashionable that in 1747 the members of the Academy demanded the authorization to exhibit every year.

From the multitude of documents that the people of the eighteenth century have left relative to their private life, we might easily reconstitute the physiognomy of the Salon as it was a hundred years ago. We should find the Place du Louvre encumbered with the low and lumbering carriages of the epoch, and toward noon the doors of the Salon are besieged by a crowd of gentlemen in powdered wigs, ladies with trains, valets in livery. In the vestibule the bookseller Le Comte has a stand where he sells all the catalogues, pamphlets and vaudevilles that have appeared on the occasion of the Salon: a perfect deluge, says Sebastien Mercier. In the vestibule, too, are loafers who, for twenty sous, offer to show the visitors the best pictures, and to sing the couplets that have been composed on the most remarkable. The crowd mounts the staircase under the imposing superintendence of a Suisse, and finally enters the Salon du Louvre, the present Salon Carré, "the largest and most perfectly proportioned which exists in any palace in Europe," says Mercier. "People go there in crowds. Poetry and music do not obtain so great a number of amateurs. The floods of people do not fail from morning until night for six whole weeks. There are moments when the heat is suffocating. You see there pictures eighteen feet long, and miniatures no larger than your thumb. . ." In the engravings of the Salons of the time we see the ladies with their immense paniers and pyramidal headdresses; the men with their swords at their side, their hats under their arms, their hair in bag-wigs and powder, their two watchchains hanging out of their fobs, their thin shoes with big buckles, and in their hands a magnifying-glass. All Paris is there saluting, ogling, gossiping. From time to time the crowd becomes silent; the Suisse strikes the floor with his halberd, and some grand seigneur or important personage enters; for, following the example set by Colbert in the previous century, the Ministers each year honor the Salon with their presence adding considerably to their attractiveness.

During the reign of Louis XVI., eight exhibitions took place at the Louvre, and at these exhibitions the two painters who attracted most attention were David and Mme. Lebrun. Curiously enough, just on the eve of the Revolution, the Salons were more gay and animated than ever, and every picture had the honor of contemporary song and verse. Paris had not yet discovered that it was living under a régime of frightful tyranny, and in this happy epoch everything found its way into rhyme. In 1789 the powdered marquises, and the fair dames with paniers and *bergère* hats, visited the Salon for the last time. At the end of the year were exile, war, emigration, the scaffold, the end of the old *régime*. When the Salon reopened two years later, a whole world had fallen into ruin, a new world had risen in its place.

The all-powerful National Assembly having, by a decree of August 21st, decided that all the painters of France were equal in talent and in rights, the Salon of 1791 was a mere bazaar of pictures, which overflowed from the Salon Carré into the gallery of Apollo, and even down the staircase into the courtyard. The crowd this year gathered before David's sketch of "Le Serment du Jeu de Paume." In 1793 the Salon opened on August 10th, and in the "Description du Salon de 1793" we read: "It will seem perhaps strange to austere republicans that we concern ourselves with art at a moment when allied Europe is besieging the territory of liberty . . . The artists do not fear the reproach of carelessness of the interests of their fatherland. They are essentially free . . . We would remind people of Protogenes tracing a masterpiece in the midst of besieged Rhodes, or of Archimedes meditating on a problem during the sacking of Syracuse.' But during this charming epoch, as we read in *Nouveau Paris*, "the theatres, the restaurants were full of tranquil gossips and newsmongers. The people watched calmly the erection of a revolutionary tribunal, and continued to go peacefully to the opera. The curtain rose exactly at the same hour, whether sixty heads were cut off or only thirty."

Nevertheless, during the Reign of Terror, the Salon very nearly disappeared, and it was only by dint of the repeated invitations and pressing appeals of the Department of Public Instruction that the Salon was at last opened in October, 1795. The exhibition was not important. The subjects of the pictures were the gloomy scenes of contemporary history and portraits of victims; and, "owing to the dearness of paper and of printing," says a note of the time, very few criticisms of it were published. In 1796 we arrive at the time of the *muscadins* and *merveilleuses*, and the Salon became annual. In 1797, in the place of honor in all the exhibition-rooms is seen, in the midst of a trophy of flags, the portrait of a pale young general with long hair who was at that time called Citizen Bonaparte. In 1798, a grand reform; a jury of admission is elected, and begins to work regularly. In the Salon of 1800 we have Bonaparte served up with all sauces: "The Battle of Lodi," "The Passage of the Po," "Portrait of the First Consul," "The General Consul Bonaparte driving a chariot with the rapidity of a hero who knows how to overcome all obstacles," etc.

The history of the Salon during the reign of Napoleon I. would of itself form a whole volume, not the least interesting chapters of which would be those devoted to the iconography of the Emperor and his battles. The number of works exhibited had increased immensely. In 1791, at the last Academic Salon, the catalogue contained 321 numbers. In 1801, 268 exhibitors sent 485 works; in 1807, 360 exhibitors sent 699 works; in 1812, 557 exhibitors sent 1,299 works; and in 1814, 507 exhibitors sent 1,359 works. In 1804 a new era began, and Napoleon, in the interval between two battles, meditated the restoration of the arts. Unfortunately, in art even a Napoleon is powerless, and the school of the Empire holds but an inferior place in the artistic history of France, in spite of the fame of its chief artists, David, Girodet, Gerard and Gros. But the Salon remained

popular, and the rhymed criticisms continued as in the past, and the portraitists of the Emperor are treated as they deserve :

"Quoi! peintres sans talent, sans goût,
Vous osez tracer son image!
Ce héros est couvert d'honneurs
Mais ses palmes seraient peu sûres
S'il n'était pas, dans tous les cœurs,
Plus vivant que dans vos peintures."

A novelty, too, was introduced in criticism, and in the minor theatres pieces were played in which the pictures of the Salon were passed in review and discussed. Such pieces were "Croutinet ou le Salon de Montargis," "Les Tableaux chez Séraphin," "Madame Angot au Muséum," "Les Portraits au Salon ou le Mariage Imprévu." This novelty did not last long.

On May 4th, 1814, "Vive l'Empereur!" was succeeded by "Vive le Roi!" The Salon opened in November, and by order of the King, in all the battle pictures the tricolor cockade was replaced by a cockade of spotless white ; and with the same facility with which they had immortalized the saturnalia of the Revolution and the glories of the Empire, the artists now celebrated the return of the Bourbons. Augustin exhibited portraits of Louis XVIII., the Duc de Berry, and the Duc d'Orléans ; Bajetta, a view of the Tuileries at the moment of the entry of Louis XVIII. ; Fremy, the "Arrivée de son Altesse Royale Monsieur à Paris"; Carle Vernet, the Duc de Berry in lancer's uniform ; Roben, "Louis XVI. in Paradise receiving the Duc d'Enghien"; Gros, "François I. and Charles Quint visiting the Church of St. Denis."

The events of 1815 prevented the opening of the Salon that year. The Salons of 1817, of 1822 and 1824 belong entirely to the history of contemporary painting. One Salon only was held at the Louvre during the reign of Charles X., that of 1827. The new names that succeed those of David and Gros are Géricault, Ingres, Horace Vernet, Léopold Robert, Foyatier, Delaroche. In 1824, the painters of the Romantic school were first represented at the Salon, Delacroix by his "Massacre of Scio," Ary Scheffer by his "Gaston de Foix," and Devéria by a Madonna—works which the critics of the time compared to canvases against which had been flung a sponge imbued with various colors. At the Salon of 1827 the Classicists were miserably beaten, and at the Salon of 1831 the triumph of the Romanticists was complete. "The struggle is over," wrote Gustave Planche ; "in another year, perhaps, the public will blush at the trivial pleasantries that it had listened to and repeated" concerning the great painters of the Romantic school. The Homeric struggle of the Romanticists and Classicists has been related by Théophile Gautier, and others. We need not dwell upon it here, now that the war is over and the dispute settled for ever. Evidently we see now that truth, the artistic sense and intelligence of nature, were on the side of the Romanticists, and it is from Constable and from the Romantic school that French landscape-painting dates—that landscape-painting of which Millet, Rousseau, Daubigny and Coret are the glories. Meanwhile, what Rousseau did for landscape, Decamps did for the East and its figures, and this renaissance of art was explained to the public by critics whose names were Théophile Gautier, Gustave Planche, Alfred de Musset, Jules Janin, Charles Baudelaire. The era of criticism in couplets was at an end, and the serious criticism, of which Diderot had traced the lines, was carried to a degree of appreciative and descriptive delicacy that approached perfection.

In the reign of Louis Philippe the Salon still took place in the Louvre, and the preparation of the galleries, together with the time of the duration of the exhibition, deprived the public of the enjoyment of the regular collections of the museum during five months of the year. The pictures of the Salon were hung on hoardings raised in front of the masterpieces of Raphael, Murillo, Rubens and Poussin. Finally, after repeated complaints of the artists, and representations of the danger in which the old masters were placed by the erection and taking down of the scaffolding in 1849, the Salon was installed in the palace of the Tuileries, then uninhabited on account of the events of 1848. Alas! even the people were not satisfied. "The palace of our kings is a detestable place for the Salon," says a contemporary journal. "The gallantry of the Republic, otherwise very noble and very praiseworthy, will only have the advantage of obliging the construction of special galleries for the exhibition. The National Assembly has only to vote the funds if there still remain funds in the Treasury, and have built a new palace in the Place du Carrousel." However, in this badly lighted Salon of 1849, 2,586 artists exhibited ; but amongst the names we look in vain for those of Ingres, Lehmann, Coignet, Ary Scheffer, Delaroche, etc., who evidently feared the promiscuity resulting from the decree that appeared in the *Moniteur* the day after the Revolution of 1848 :

"All works sent this year to the Salon will be received without exception.
"The citizen Minister of the Interior, LEDRU-ROLLIN."

One of the great successes of the Salon of 1849 was a picture of terrible interest for the Parisians who had escaped from the cholera. "The corpses, rigid, green, hideous, of a whole family are piled up on a hand-cart, the arms, heads and legs hanging over right and left. A woman drags the horrible load ; it is the mother. A madman follows behind, singing ; it is the husband." The Salons of 1850 and 1852 were held in a temporary construction in the Place du Carrousel, the jury was re-established, and for the first time the entrance was fixed at one franc.

In 1853 and 1854 the Salon, after having traveled from the Louvre to the Tuileries, and from the Tuileries to the Palais-Royal, crossed the Boulevard, and encamped in the Menus-Plaisirs. Meanwhile, a Crystal Palace was rising in the Champs-Élysées, and in the completed edifice in 1855 the artists of the whole world met in rivalry. The exhibition of 1855 was the triumph of the modern school of Delacroix, Decamps, Vernet, Gérôme, Bouguereau, Cabanel, Courbet, Glaize, Couture, Stevens, Rosa Bonheur, Gustave Doré, and hundreds of others whose fame will remain.

In the Palais de l'Industrie of the Champs-Élysées, the history of the Salon and its migrations ends ; or, rather, it becomes so purely contemporary that we need not continue it. During the last thirty years the Salon has been held regularly in that building, to the increasing glory of French art.

GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

THE oldest German University is Prague, founded in 1348 ; next comes Vienna, founded in 1365 ; Heidelberg, whose quin-centenary has just been celebrated, follows, and is the senior of the universities in the German Empire, having been founded in 1386 ; then Leipsic, in 1409 ; Freiburg in Baden, in 1454 ; Griefswald, in 1456 ; Munich, in 1472 ; Tübingen, in 1477 ; Marburg, in 1527 ; Königsberg, in 1544 ; Jena, in 1558 ; Würzburg, in 1582 ;

Giessen, in 1607; Kiel, in 1665; Halle, in 1694; Breslau, in 1702; Göttingen, in 1737; Erlangen, in 1743; Berlin, in 1810; Bonn, in 1818; Strasburg, re-established in 1872, originally founded in 1567.

A BROAD HINT.

Sir Andrew Agnew was famous for giving broad hints. The nature of them will be best ascertained by the following anecdote: Sir Andrew having for some time been pestered by an impertinent intruder, a friend one day remarked that this man no longer appeared in his company, and asked how the baronet contrived to get rid of him.

"In troth," said the baronet, "I was obliged to give the chield a broad hint."

"A broad hint!" replied the friend; "I thought he was one of those who could not take a hint."

"By my faith, but he was forced to take it," answered Sir Andrew; "for as the fellow would not gang out by the door, I threw him out of the window."

CONSCIENTIOUS SCRUPLES.

Count Medina Pomar tells the following story: "It was at the hotel at Dumbarton. I had just got up, and rang the bell for some hot water for shaving. A waiter answered my call. 'I want some hot water, if you please,' I said.

"'And what for do you want the hot water?'

"'For shaving,' said I.

"'Ye canna have hot water on the Lord's Day for sic a thing as shaving,' said the waiter, horror-stricken.

"I insisted again, but with the same effect. 'Na, na,' said he, 'ye canna have it.'

"Necessity is the mother of invention, 'tis said, and this aroused me. I thought that if I could arrange the order in such a way that it would not affect his religious scruples, he would bring the water. I therefore proposed that I should have some toddy, and told him to bring me the materials for making it, consisting of whisky, sugar, and boiling water. These he brought without the least demur. I gave him the whisky, which he drank, and I used the hot water."

ONE FOR HER.

Artless Little Thing (proud of her linguistic acquirements): "I do hope you didn't catch what I was saying just now to Mrs. Simpson, Signor Gavanti. We were talking scandal—in Italian. I had no idea you were so close. Could you hear?"

Signor Gavanti: "Yes—I could 'ear; but it's all a-right; I did not know you were speakin' my language."

WAS IT A GHOST?—"I CARRIED IN THE CANDLES AT DARK, AND I SHALL NEVER FORGET THE SIGHT I SAW. ON THE GREAT LAMB'S-WOOL MAT LAY FAIR ANNE. AT FIRST I THOUGHT SHE WAS DEAD."

WAS IT A GHOST?

By Mrs. Denison.

I can see her now, just how she looked when she came first to live with the princess.

You may smile at me for calling Madame Rickford the "princess," but you know that high and mighty way she has with her; she always had it; and we old folks that's lived with her ever since her mother died have always called her the princess between ourselves.

Good! I should say she was just as good as gold, and if she thinks she's unjust to others in the smallest particular, she grieves as if she'd committed the unpardonable sin.

But, you see, her temper is very high when she really gets excited, but, bless you, that's scarcely once in a year, and she's learning to control it. You smile, thinking of

her gray hair, maybe, but I can tell you it's never too late to learn—no, not even if you've got one foot in the grave.

But I was going to tell you about fair Anne—that's what we servants always called her, for I do think she was about the fairest thing I ever looked upon. There was that in her face that makes you think, "I don't believe she's long for this world," and we all thought so.

This is her picture. She sent it to us, framed and all—it couldn't cost less than ten dollars, so Tom says, and Tom used to deal in such things, so he knows. Like a statue, isn't it? not half so pretty as she was. Well, the princess used to like her very much. She had known her mother, and helped her at one time, and though she sent for the girl only as a companion, I could see that she meant to make a good deal of her.

"Fix up the little spare bedroom, Dorothy," she says to me, after she had written to her, "I'm going to have a young lady here to sort o' brighten up the house—the daughter of a very good woman who is left a widow. Whatever you think is needed, just let me know, and I'll get it; I want her to have a pleasant impression of the place, because I should like to keep her for some time if she suits me."

So we had new curtains put up, and the toilet-tables done over, and two or three pieces of furniture that seemed to be needed put in; among them an old bureau that was very antique, and I don't know how many generations it had been in the family.

"She can have all the drawers but that," said my mistress, "and that she won't know anything about. You see it opens with a spring," and she touched something and open flew the drawer.

It was a very small drawer, and the only things I saw in it were three pieces of shining gold that looked for all the world as ancient as the bureau.

"Oh, my!" said I; "I haven't seen a gold guinea for over forty year. Them must have come from old England."

"Yes, Dorothy, they did," she said, with a sort o' sad look. "They belonged to Susan, poor girl. She was very happy once. She was engaged to a fine young fellow in our pleasant inland home in the old country; though he had his fortune yet to make. One morning he rode off in the best of spirits to buy a wedding-ring for Susan. He had showed her the three guineas the night before, and told her that he had been saving them for that special purpose; but his horse threw him before he got to London, and his dead body was brought home. Those three guineas were found wrapped up in a paper in his pocket over his heart, and she has had them ever since. She has always been a little superstitious about keeping them there, so I guess I'll let 'em stay."

Now Susan was her sick sister—had been sick, bedridden, off and on, for over twenty years, when she came here, and she kept a nurse, the princess did, to take care of her, and Susan's room opened into the little spare bedroom, though the door was always kept locked, the key being on Miss Susan's side.

So the princess shut the little drawer, and I declare you couldn't a-told there was anything of the kind there; it just looked like ornamental work.

I'll never forget the day that child came to this house. Stormy! why it was a perfect hurricane; threw down some of the tallest trees on the place, and it did seem as if nobody could stand in it. A whirling, blinding snow, and a roaring and rushing of all the elements.

Well, I think it was the worst tempest we ever had in these parts. I know I could scarcely do my work from looking out, and when the coach stopped it didn't seem to me as if Tom could possibly get down to the gate, much less help in with the bit of a trunk strapped on behind.

I declare it made the tears come in my eyes to see that little creature all in dead black, clinging to Tom, so helpless like, for she was very much frightened, and had been al the way from the cars; for the driver told Tom that he never expected to get the coach round Tagg's Corner, where it is awfully hilly and dangerous.

My mistress felt about as bad as I did, I reckon, though she never let on or allowed herself to show her feelings to anybody unless she was dreadful angry; then look out!

Well, presently the child came in. She was a little creature, as I said, and her face was very pale. She tried to smile, but I could see the quiver in her white lips and the tears in the great brown eyes.

My mistress seemed to take to her at once, and I don't wonder, she was so pretty and winning. It seemed to me that I felt better for having her in the house, though I couldn't help wondering if she would be happy with the princess. It's so hard, you know, to leave one's mother for a stranger.

Well, some way the child seemed to fill all our hearts. Not a servant but would run for her, she had such a nice way of asking a favor, and when I'd got acquainted with her, I declare if she didn't seem almost like a child of my own.

When Mrs. Rickford went out without her, she used to come into my room and bring her sewing, and then she would talk about home and her mother. I knew, although she did about as she pleased at the house, and Mrs. Rickford was very kind to her, the child longed for her poor little home; but then the money she got kept her mother in comfort, and an aunt who was staying there helped with the housework, so that it really seemed best for both that fair Anne should be here.

She had a sweet little voice, and played and sang exactly as the princess liked, "for," says she, "I do hate the modern style of mixing up tunes, and running long strings of variations, as one would tie a tail to a kite just for show." And that's why Miss Anne's soft little old-fashioned tunes and sweet, pleasant little voice gave her such pleasure.

And then she was such a beautiful reader! I've seen the tears in my mistress's eyes many's the time when that child would read with her soul in her very voice. And that kind she was that she would bring her book to my room and read to me. It made me think of the little child I lost, and who would have been just her age if God had spared her; but then perhaps it was best He didn't.

"Well, things went on beautifully for five or six months, and then in the summer time fair Anne went home to pay a visit to her mother. I never saw such a happy child as she was the day she went.

"Oh, I shall be sure to come back—of course I shall," she said to me. "I'm getting to feel quite at home, and I love Mrs. Rickford dearly. You know I must stay here till I have paid the mortgage on our little house, and that will take a year—perhaps longer."

It was very lonesome after she had gone. Mistress was good enough to bring me her letters to read, and they were just as sweet as could be—just like her, for she always remembered both me and Tom.

It was such a pleasure to look forward to her coming, and such a treat when she did come, not in a storm this time, but the clearest sunshine, and with a smiling face, that seemed to say she was glad and happy.

I believe she was, and surely she couldn't have come in a better time, for poor Miss Susan died the week after, and that and the funeral made us very dull and miserable. But she was just like a breath of fresh air, or a ray of bright sunshine, and so thoughtful and careful of Mrs. Rickford, who mourned her sister's loss more and more as the time went on.

One day the princess came into my room where I was making up accounts for the month, with the strangest look on her face. I remember just how she came in, placing her back against the door, and so shutting it, and how I got up, being frightened at the whiteness and sort of drawn look in her face.

"Why," says I, "what can the matter be?"

"I've just found out!" she said, and then she stopped and drew a long breath.

"Margery!" she began again, "you remember the three guineas?"

"Certainly I do," I said. "They were in the secret drawer of the old bureau."

"Well, they are gone!"

"What?" says I, feeling cold and chill all at once.

"Yes, they are gone; and I have hunted high and low for them. And that drawer hasn't been opened, to my knowledge, since the day I showed them to you. Now, what am I to think?"

"I'm sure I don't know," I said, slowly, for I was mixing these coins half-unconsciously with the fair Anne, and thinking what a pity it was for her that they had been in her bedroom—not that I thought for one instant that she had ever seen or had any knowledge of them, for no one who knew her ever could, it seemed to me; but I was afraid for my mistress, because I knew she could be sort of intolerant when anything happened to put her out of temper.

"Of course, Margery, they couldn't go without hands," she kept on.

"It would seem so, madam," I made reply.

"Don't be so foolish. You know it is so," said my mistress, almost crossly.

"Then I spoke up boldly, and asked who she suspected.

"I don't want to suspect anybody," she said, looking ready to cry; "but if I can't find those guineas, I shall know what to think, and do, too."

"Oh, you wouldn't suspect her?" I cried out.

But the princess just turned round and went out, leaving me feeling just like death, I can tell you.

I was sort o' prepared for what followed. The house seemed to grow more and more quiet and lonesome.

Miss Anne kept her room, and when I did see her she was so white it was simply dreadful to behold. There was no more singing in the drawing-room—for we could always hear with the door open between—and it used to be such a treat.

I don't think the fair Anne and the princess met, except at the table; and Mistress Rickford was all the time on the go, either riding her old gray mare, or driving the pony-cart on all sorts of business.

One day, when she was gone away, a beautiful young gentleman drove up to the house and asked to see the fair Anne.

I sent him into the drawing-room, where I left him standing like a prince, looking at the great painting over the fireplace, while I took up his card to Miss Anne.

I declare, I had scarcely the heart to knock at the door of her little room; and her faint "Come in," so unlike her former way of singing it out, clear and hearty like, made me shiver.

"It's a young gentleman," I said; "and he looks for all the world like a prince or a clergyman, and he wishes to see you, miss."

"Oh, why did he come?" she cried out, in a sort of agony, looking at the card.

Then she clutched at my shoulders and hid her head in my bosom, and for a moment sobbed as if her heart would break.

What could I do? I could only pat the poor little golden head and bid her take courage and be a good dear. You know there isn't much you *can* say at such a time—at least, I can't.

After a little she wiped her eyes—there were only a few tears in them; poor child! her sorrow was too deep, I take it, for tears—and bathed them in a little cologne.

"I suppose I must go down," she said, trying to smile; "but oh! Margery, what terrible fatality brought me here? Do you know I shiver and cry all night long? Oh, if I might only die!"

"My darling, don't talk in that way!" I cried.

"How can I help it? Of course you know all about it"—and how wistfully she looked at me. "You needn't say anything. Of course you do." And, with another mournful look, she went out of the room.

Well, it was more than two hours after that, and the day was growing very dark, when the young man drove away, and a sorrowfuller face I never see.

"Surely," I said to myself, "he must be her lover, and she has said something terrible to him. Oh, woman, woman!" I said, thinking of my mistress, "what are you doing? Perhaps wrecking two sweet young lives."

Another hour went by, and the storm had sprung upon us. Then I knew that my mistress wouldn't be home, for when she went that far so late in bad weather, she generally staid all night at the rector's. I carried in the candles at dark, and I shall never forget the sight I saw. The couch was drawn up to the fire as my mistress liked to have it, but on the great lamb's-wool mat lay fair Anne. At first I thought she was dead, sure enough, but no, only how long she had lain that way nobody knew. I lifted the poor lamb when she came to, and laid her on the couch, and it did her good just to sit there and cry silently on my shoulder.

"Oh, mother! mother!" she moaned, "shall I never see you again?"

"Of course you will, my darling," I said; "don't give up so—be strong and brave."

"Oh, Margery, I'm not one of those strong and brave kind," she sobbed, still holding on to me. "I'm very weak and miserable—and Douglas has gone—left me for ever. I sent him away."

"Child, wasn't he man enough to disobey you?" I asked.

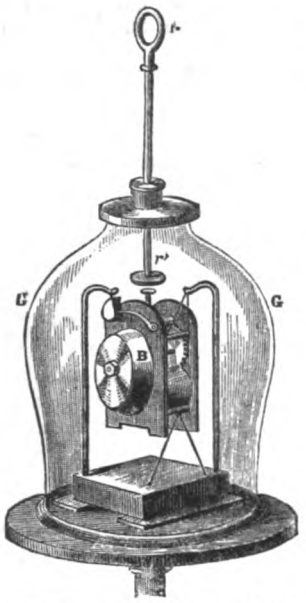
"Oh, what could he say? Do you think I would have anything to do with him, when his proud parents dislike me enough already? No, not till my name is clear. I'll never go home branded a thief! I'll die first."

"But, darling, it can't be possible my mistress believes you are the——"

"Yes, she does—she does. She believes I took those gold pieces before I went home to help pay off the mortgage with stolen money. Think of that. And when I told her what I saw she was more angry than ever."

"What you saw? Why, what did you see, my dear?" I asked her.

"It was one night when the moon was shining. I could not sleep, although I had been very sleepy when I retired, but something made me restless so that I heard the



SUNLIGHT UNRAVELED.—FIG. 1.
SEE PAGE 118.

old clock down'-stairs strike one, two and three, even. It was just before that last, however, that a slight noise arrested my attention, like a key turning in the lock of the door between my room and Aunt Susan's, you know. I was a little frightened, and lay perfectly still; indeed I could not move hand or foot, when presently the door opened, and a frightful-looking figure stood there! Oh, so terribly awful in the moonlight! It was Miss Susan—yes, you must not look so incredulous—it was Miss Susan, I tell you; a living corpse."

"Why, my dear child, it must have been her ghost. For years the woman has not left her bed. It could not possibly have been herself," I said.

"I say it was Miss Susan; whether in the flesh or out of it, I cannot tell," the girl went on, clinching my arm tighter. "She held up one finger to her lips with a most unearthly "Sh!' that sounded almost like a whistle. Then she nodded at something that seemed to be beyond me, whispering, 'Yes, dear, I will, I will. Only wait; it shall be done just as you say.' Oh, I can seem to hear the whispered words now. I can see the unearthly features. It frightens me to think of it every night."

"Well, darling, and then what happened?" I asked.

She sat, white, cowed and shivering, by my side, staring into vacancy.

"Why, then she went to the old bureau, and her back was toward me. Of course I could only see her movements; only see that she seemed to take something from the drawer. She made no noise, and that is what made her seem like a spirit."

"Well, that is rather strange. It scarcely seems possible that that poor, helpless, dying body could do all that."

"So Mrs. Rickford says. She is very angry every time she speaks of it. And the only time she called me a thief outright was when she was telling about that. She'll be sorry some time; she'll be sorry, sorry!"

Anne sat with her hands to her face, rocking back and forth. I was frightened, and drew her against my side again and pressed her forehead.

"Oh, your hands are so cool!" she said, "and my head is burning—burning! Oh, if I could only die!"

"Hush, dear! We've no right to wish them things," I said—"neither you nor I, however bad circumstances turn out. What did Miss Susan do after she had taken the money, as you think?" I asked, determined to make her tell everything.

SUNLIGHT UNRAVELED.—FIG. 2.

"She turned round again to something that seemed beyond me, nodded and repeated again, 'I'll do it, dear, just as you say,' and then left."

"She didn't vanish, did she?" I asked.

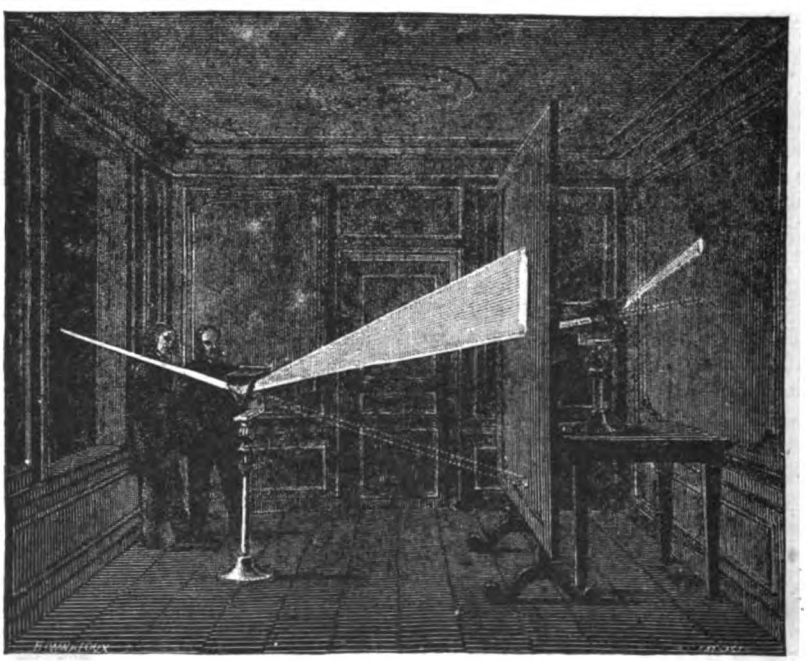
"Oh, no! She just went through the door and turned the key. That made me think it was herself, and no ghost. I got up when my strength came back and tried the door. It was locked."

"Where could the nurse have been?" I remarked.

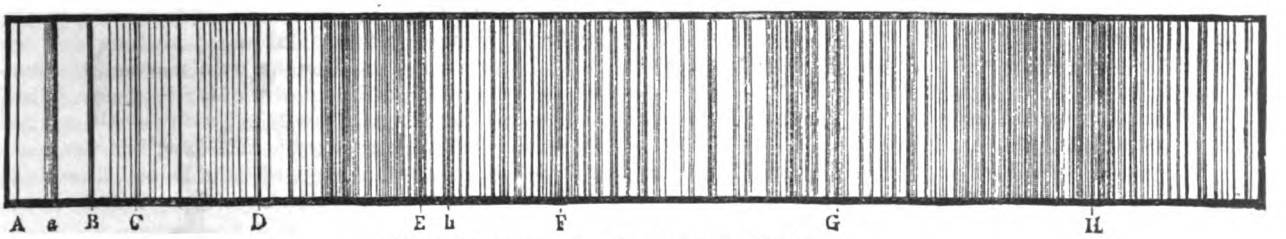
"That's what Mrs. Rickford says—that the nurse was very watchful and vigilant, and could not have been sleeping. Oh, Margery, she don't believe me—not one word I say—when it is as true as Gospel. I would not dare to lie. I abominate a lie."

"But did you tell my mistress in the morning?" I inquired.

"No. Something kept me from telling her, I don't know what, except it was the manner of the spirit, or whatever it was, that seemed to impress silence upon me. And then one can never be confidential with Mrs. Rickford. I was always a little afraid of her when she was kindest; besides, it seemed like a dream, for I was sure it, or she, opened a drawer not half as long as either of mine; and you



SUNLIGHT UNRAVELED.—FIG. 3.



SUNLIGHT UNRAVELED.— FIG. 5.— SEE PAGE 118.

know I did not know there was a secret drawer that opened with a spring—not till Mrs Rickford missed the money. I knew nothing about the secret; I can't open the drawer now if I try."

"Of course you can't!" I said, indignantly. "I wonder at my mistress. But then, you know, she can't find the three guineas. Miss Susan couldn't swallow them, though I'd as soon expect that as expect her to walk. Walk, indeed! Why, she has scarcely moved hand or foot for months. Dr. Mills said the thing would have been a miracle."

"Yes, yes, I know," she sobbed. "Everything goes against me—everybody! Oh, I cannot bear it! I wish I were dead! I told Mrs. Rickford she could easily find out if the gold was paid to the man who holds the mortgages; but she said there were plenty of ways of evading that, and it almost broke my heart. Now Douglas has gone, and my mother will hear of it! Oh, what shall I do? Will nobody believe it, when God knows I tell the truth?"

"Yes, dear, I believe it with all my heart and soul," I said, pitying her as I never pitied a mortal before; for her eyes shone, and her face had the look of fever, and her teeth glistened, and her lips were white and tightened.

"Thank you, Margery—thank you," she said; "but oh! that won't help me. I believe in my soul that Mrs. Rickford has gone all the way to London to get somebody—a policeman or a detective—to come here and frighten me to death. Oh, Margery, I'm not strong, and I don't feel like myself. I don't know what I might be led to say."

Seeing that she shivered, I made her lie down, saying that I was sure the princess would not do such a thing without first letting her know, even with her bad temper, and so I soothed her the best I could and sent her to bed.

In the morning I thought she had better sleep, so I didn't disturb her, but waited till the clock struck ten and I saw my mistress coming in her little pony-chaise, before I went up-stairs. And there I found her bedroom-door open and the bed neatly made up. Either she had not lain on it, or she had risen very early and put the room to rights. This was strange, for I had not seen her, and she was always sure to come in my way some time in the morning. I began to feel frightened, for I had dreamed a dream or seen a vision in the night, I scarcely knew which.

Presently the madame came in as quietly as ever.

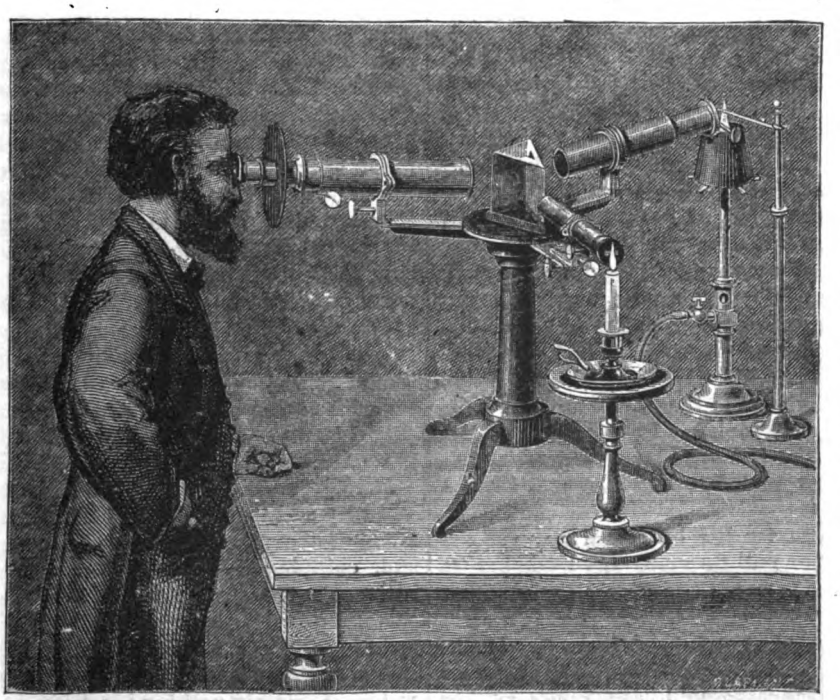
"I'm afraid," I said, "that Anne is gone."

"Gone!—gone where?" she asked, all of a tremble. "She couldn't walk home, you know, it would take her a week, and I haven't paid her month's salary yet," she said.

"She is not here, nor in her room, nor anywhere about the house," I half sobbed.

I thought the hard expression on her face changed a little as she asked me question after question, and I told her all Anne had said the night before.

"Oh, she knows how to act her part," she said; "it shows she is guilty, to run off in that way—of course she is! The money is gone; haven't I looked the house over? Haven't I made every allowance—let her stay on—given her every chance to clear herself? I'm sorry for her, especially if she had a lover—she might have hinted that—it shows how artful she is. Oh, don't tell me; I think I can read human nature, and she has acted like a guilty person right along. Just fancy her making up that story about poor Susan! Why, the child is frightfully wicked. That's my opinion about her—and to think I was becoming so fond of her! Why, Margery, I might have made her my heiress. I have neither chick nor child."



SUNLIGHT UNRAVELED.— FIG. 6.

"I do not think her story was so very improbable," I said, taking her hat and shawl, "for if I'm not much mistaken, I saw Miss Susan myself last night."

"You saw her? Are you, too, losing your senses,

Margery ?" she asked, standing stock-still and looking a little scared.

"At least, I don't rightly know whether I was quite asleep ; I don't think I was. And possibly," said I, "hearing what she said of Miss Susan made such an impression that I dreamed it."

"Dreamed what ?—what did you dream ?" said the princess, impatiently. "It seems as if we were full of mysteries just now."

"Well," said I, "I saw Miss Susan pretty much as she was in life, weak and poorly, and she says, she says to me, '*Look in the pitcher !*'"

"Look in the pitcher ! What nonsense ! As if we had not looked in everything ! Haven't we torn the house almost upside down ?" exclaimed the princess, growing pale ; then she cried out, as if the words were forced from her by electricity or something of that sort, "The pitcher ! Gracious Heaven !"

It was my turn to wonder now, for she grew as white as a sheet.

"Margery," she gasped, "I sent that old pitcher of beaten silver—you remember, it always stood at the head of her bed, the little one with a history—to Larry's mother the week before Susan died."

I fairly fell back in my chair, too weak to sit up."

"You don't mean it," I said.

"Yes ; Larry was the young man she was engaged to, and she had been talking about him ; sure sign she was going to die, for she hadn't mentioned his name for twenty years. 'I want you to send his mother this pitcher, just as it is,' she said ; 'send it now.'"

"'Shall I take the cotton wool out ?' I asked.

"No ; pack it right here and send it now from my room.'

"Don't you remember Tom took a box to the express-office some weeks ago ? Merciful Heavens ! I'll go at once and write. Or—stop. Tom shall take this telegram." And she dashed off :

"*Forest Grove.*

"MRS. COLLY : Please let me know the contents of silver pitcher.'"

Tom went post-haste on horseback, and in less than an hour came back with a telegram.

"*Elm Hill.*

"MISS RICKFORD : Three marked guineas and some cotton wool."

Then, for the first time in her long life, my mistress fainted dead away. The guineas were found, but Anne was lost.

Well, it all came out right, of course, and better for fair Anne than if it never had happened. In the course of two or three days a note came to the princess, saying that a young lady was lying at a certain parsonage very ill, but as in her delirium she often spoke of Miss Rickford, the clergyman to whose house she had wandered ventured to address her.

My, but wasn't there a stir in the old house ! My mistress acted for all the world like a lunatic ; so did I, so did Tom. The way the horses were harnessed wasn't slow, and my mistress took me with her, and there I staid.

It was just a squeeze for her life, I can tell you. I never thought to see her pull through, poor lamb, but we saved her. I am proud to say the doctor gave me the credit.

Well, after that there was nobody but Anne. It was Anne here and Anne there. No child could be dearer or more made of. The princess would have Anne's mother and aunt on, just as soon as ever she was well, and Anne's lover, too, who proved to be a fine young lawyer, and who became just the idol of my mistress.

And when Anne and Douglas were married, the princess gave them a wedding dowry of ten thousand dollars.

Now, whether I really saw Miss Susan or only dreamed it, remains to me a mystery to this day ; but this much I do know, it saved a world of trouble, and I am living with my mistress, and shall stay with her till I die.

SUNLIGHT UNRAVELED.

By Arthur Vaughan Abbot.

Standing on the seashore, who is not filled with the grandeur of a sight that has for ages been the theme of the poet ? On either hand the long line of clear white sand stretches into endless perspective ; while in front the blue waves, tumbling after each other and breaking into foam, roll far up on the beach. Glancing outward, the eye stretches over the heaving plane until earth and sky meet, and the mind pauses, daunted for a moment at the barrier imposed by the horizon, and then swiftly flies over the intervening leagues, and speculates as to the wonders of foreign shores. Such is the ocean of the poet ; sublime and majestic in the extreme ; but come with me for an hour and stand on the strand of the ocean of science, whose mighty waves pulsate from end to end of the universe, and in whose unmeasured depths our globe is more insignificant than the tiniest grain of sand that is the sport of the winds and waves on the seashore. Here, too, we can certainly speculate and, perhaps, learn something definite ; not of other lands, but of other globes and of other worlds ; for the waves of the ocean of space cast upon our little island of a globe many curiosities which, when carefully examined and rightly interpreted, will tell much concerning not only the other members of our solar system, but those dim and misty orbs which pace like sentinels on the confines of space.

The most casual examination of our world shows that we are surrounded by an almost infinite variety of apparently different substances. Air and water, the various minerals which are found in the crust of the earth, appear to have properties so dissimilar as to stamp each with an individuality peculiarly its own.

The restless human intelligence, ever seeking to explore into the unknown, has, with the lever of chemistry, pried apart the thousand and one combinations with which we are surrounded, and discovered that in reality they are simply protean forms of some sixty-five substances, which, having so far resisted our attempts at decomposition, we somewhat arrogantly assume to be elementary bodies, unsusceptible of further resolution.

Our chemical crowbar has, also, brought to light some very astonishing truths touching the physical constitution of matter, so that it is now believed that every substance is made up of an almost infinite number of minute particles, to which the name of molecules has been given.

Here is a block of ice, the smallest particle of which will be found to possess all the properties and characteristics of the original piece. Let us cut off a fragment, and, chipping its sides smooth and square, we have a little cube, measuring an inch on every side. Placing this lump in a large glass flask holding a cubic foot, and warming it for a few moments over the lamp, the hard and crystalline ice breaks down into the mobile liquid water. Certainly nothing has been added, nor has anything been subtracted—for our ice or water has, during

the experiment, been sealed in the glass globe—yet a very remarkable change has taken place. The ice was solid and hard, and to a more minute examination would have revealed itself as built up of a number of symmetrical crystalline forms. The water, mobile and liquid, unable to retain a definite position, seems to be possessed of characteristics so different as to almost preclude the possibility of its ever having been the hard and crystalline ice. If we examine yet more carefully, we shall be astonished to find that, whereas we took an exact cubic inch of ice, there is now in the flask a little more than a cubic inch of water. All this wonderful change has been accomplished by a slight heating, so it is scarcely incredible that the ancients regarded heat as a veritable, though imponderable, substance, which at pleasure could be added to or subtracted from other bodies. Proceeding with our experiment, we hold the globe a little longer over the lamp-flame. Presently the water boils, and shortly disappears, seemingly leaving the globe empty; though investigation reveals our ice or water again transformed, occupying as a transparent vapor the entire flask.

Each of these three states—the solid, liquid, or gaseous—is so totally unlike either of the other two, as to convince even the most skeptical that some powerful cause must have been at work to produce such a variety of changes. The cubic inch of ice now occupies a cubic foot as steam. The lamp's heat having torn apart the molecules of the solid ice, and forcing them asunder with a power sufficient to drive our steamships in the face of the fiercest gales, now causes them to occupy 1,800 times their original volume. Simple as is this familiar experiment, it teaches a lesson of the deepest importance; for we find that every portion of our glass globe is equally filled with steam, which, on cooling, again condenses to water; showing that, by heating, the molecules of water may be forced further and further apart, and by cooling they may be returned to their original positions. A similar line of investigation may be applied to any substance, and so, after most careful and exhaustive experiments, scientists have concluded that all substances are composed of these molecular particles, and, what is still more curious, that they are never in contact, but are separated by distances which, in comparison with the size of the molecules, are very great; and furthermore, the molecules are supposed to be in a state of constant motion, flying to and fro and round about each other. Indeed, if by a stretch of the imagination, a being small enough to live upon a molecule can be conceived, and if he be supposed to be endowed with astronomical aspirations, he would point his telescope to the molecular sky and make observations on the paths and motions of the other molecules, very much as we calculate the relations of the members of our solar system. Science has gone still further, and has measured the size of the molecules of many substances. Dipping a cambric needle into water, there hangs to the end a tiny drop. Now, says Sir William Thompson, if this drop should be magnified to the size of the earth, it would look rather rough, somewhat like orange-peel, on account of its molecular structure; while if the amplification were carried until the drop swelled to the size of the earth's orbit, the molecules would appear a little larger than marbles, and a little smaller than cricket-balls. It is these molecules, and their motions to and fro, with which the physicist has to deal in his investigations into the wonders of matter and force; for it is believed at the present time that the phenomena of sound, heat, light, electricity, and chemical action, are simply different manifestations of molecular motion.

Here is a violin. On drawing a bow across the strings, the clear musical note falls on the ear. Let us examine what has happened. As the bow is drawn, the string is pulled slightly to one side, and set swinging to and fro. The motion of the string initiates a series of waves in the air, similar to those produced on the surface of a pond by the impact of a stone. The waves on the pond extend in ever-increasing circles until they break on the shore. The air-waves from the string flow onward until they break on the tympanum of the ear, thus giving rise to the sensation of sound. Is is found that when the air-waves are less than sixteen per second the ear fails to recognize them as continuous sound; while, when the impulses rise to the rate of 40,000 per second, most ears again cease to be cognizant of them. The number of vibrations per second determines the pitch of the sound. Thus, the lowest note of an ordinary piano has some twenty-seven vibrations in a second, while the shrill piccolo reaches about forty-seven hundred. If, however, the rate of vibration be still further increased, beyond the power of the ear's comprehension, another sense comes into play, and though unrecognized as sound, the vibrations appeal to the perception as *heat*, and the vibrating body seems to grow warm. In the violin-string the motion to and fro can be readily perceived by the eye; but, long before the sensation of heat is apparent, the motion of the body as a whole has ceased, and the vibration is now a molecular one, causing the particles to swing to and fro in larger orbits, thus giving rise to the phenomena of expansion. Again, if we suppose the number of vibrations per second to be still further augmented, we find that the sensation of touch becomes at fault, and fails to recognize the vibrations as those of heat; upon which a third sense is appealed to, and when the enormous number of about four hundred and fifty billions per second has been attained, the sensitive retina of the eye perceives the vibrations as *light*.

Between light and sound there exists the most remarkable analogy; for pitch, in sound, corresponds with color in light. The low, deep tones of an organ are homologous with the dullest red, while the high notes of the piccolo correspond to extreme violet. There is, however, a curious difference between the ear and the eye; for while the ear takes cognizance of vibrations through eleven octaves, the eye is only sensitive to a little more than one.

There is, too, another difference between sound and light. Under the receiver of an air pump (Fig. 1) a bell is placed in such a manner as to be constantly struck by machinery. As long as the receiver remains filled with air, the notes of the bell ring out full and clear; but on withdrawing the air the strokes grow gradually fainter and fainter, until at last, when a vacuum is attained, the sounds have entirely ceased, even though the clapper may be still seen to be vigorously at work. On admitting the air, the sounds feebly assert themselves, growing louder and louder as the air gains access to the receiver, until, when the pressure is fully restored, they ring out full and clear as at first. Here, it is evident that the presence of air is essential to the transmission of sound-waves; but how is it in the case of light? A sunbeam falling on the exhausted receiver glances through it without suffering the slightest opposition. The most careful experiments also indicate that our atmosphere is limited; yet the remotest fixed star sends us its beams across unnumbered millions of leagues of seemingly empty space, without opposition. If light is a vibration, two things are necessary. First, a vibrating body as the source, and second, a medium of some sort by means of which these

vibrations can be transmitted ; and here, perhaps, is the weakest point in the present theory of light ; for, in order to account for the transmission of light across inter-stellar space, and through such transparent objects as glass, science has been compelled to assume the existence of a transmitting medium so subtle as to defy the most delicate balance, so imponderable as to elude the most profound astronomical researches, and yet having an elasticity capable of transmitting the luminous impulses at the rate of 180,000 miles per second. This strange substance that has never been seen, and is known only by its effects, is supposed to pervade all space — to exist in the molecular interstices of even the densest solid, and has received the name of the luminiferous ether. This ether it is that forms the boundless ocean of science. From star to star, from the most distant nebula, come the billows of light ceaselessly breaking against our little globe. Let us see if these waves cannot bring us some tidings of other worlds.

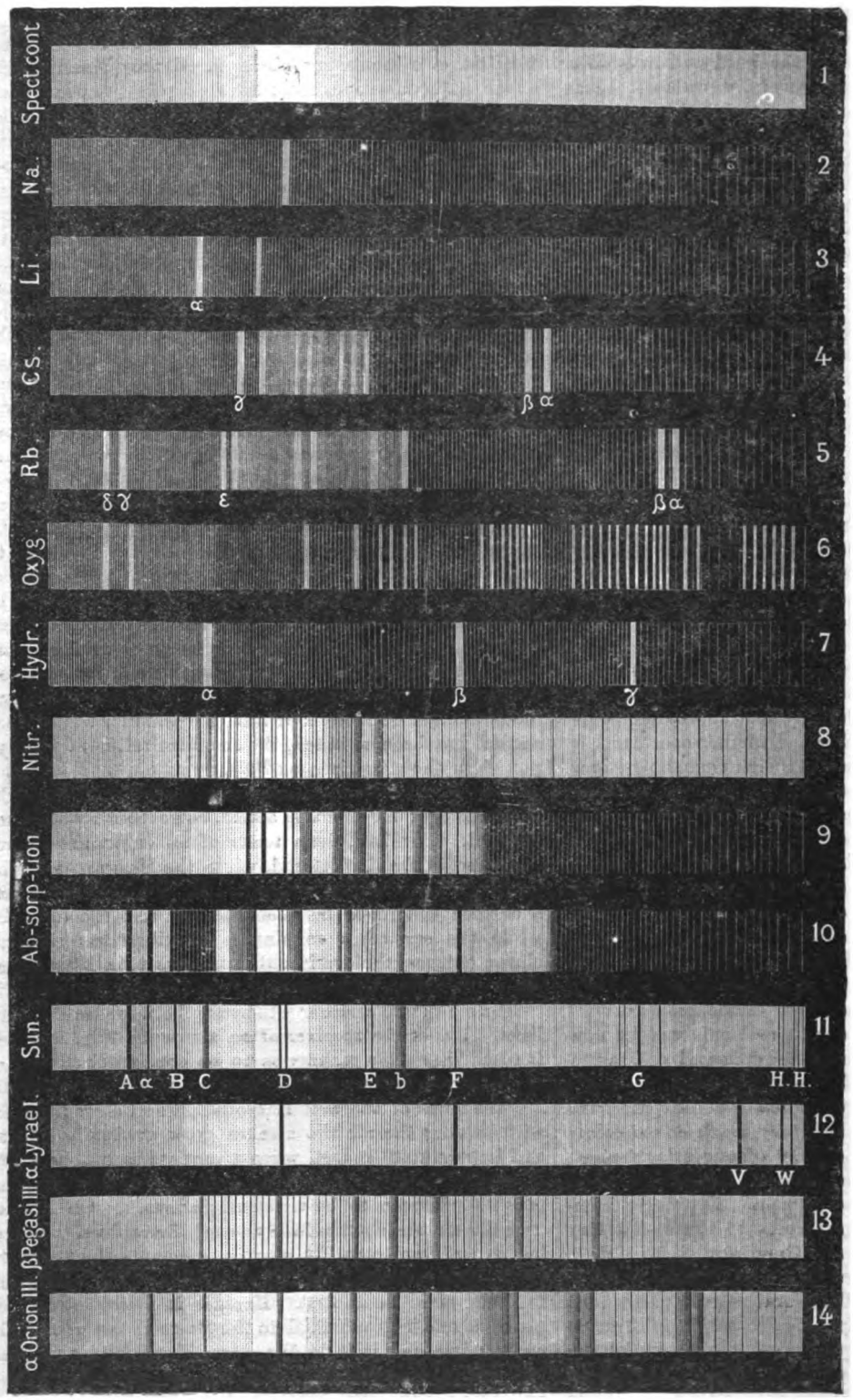


FIG. 8.— PLATE OF SPECTRA.

Here, on a little stand (Fig. 2) is a highly polished bit of glass, cut in the shape of a triangle, and called a prism. Let us place before the window (Fig. 3) a curtain, so arranged as to tightly fit the window, excluding all light, giving us a perfectly dark room In the centre of our shade is a small opening, planned to admit a narrow ray of sunshine. A little distance from the window is placed a tall screen, on which our ray of sunlight strikes, nearly at the bottom, as a round, white spot. Diffusing a little chalk-dust in the air, the path of the ray from the window to the screen is rendered very obvious. Let us now interpose the prism so that the sunlight shall strike upon one of its polished surfaces, and a most singular transformation takes place. While the light seemingly traverses the transparent glass with the utmost facility, the

ray on emerging from the prism no longer pursues its former course, striking the screen nearly at the bottom, but is bent sharply upward, and falls at the top. The original ray manifested itself as a small round spot of white light, perhaps as large as a penny. But now, after passing the prism, there is seen upon the screen a broad band, a foot or more in length, glowing with all the colors of the rainbow. What mysterious property resides in our bit of glass to thus not only bend the light out of its rectilinear course, but to tear it apart and spread it out in the colored band? Let us examine and see whether this curious effect cannot be easily explained. In Fig. 4 we have an enlarged drawing of the end of our prism, and, let us suppose F G E D is a representation of the sunlight-ray. Notice that as the ray traverses the air it falls upon the prism obliquely; that is to say, the upper

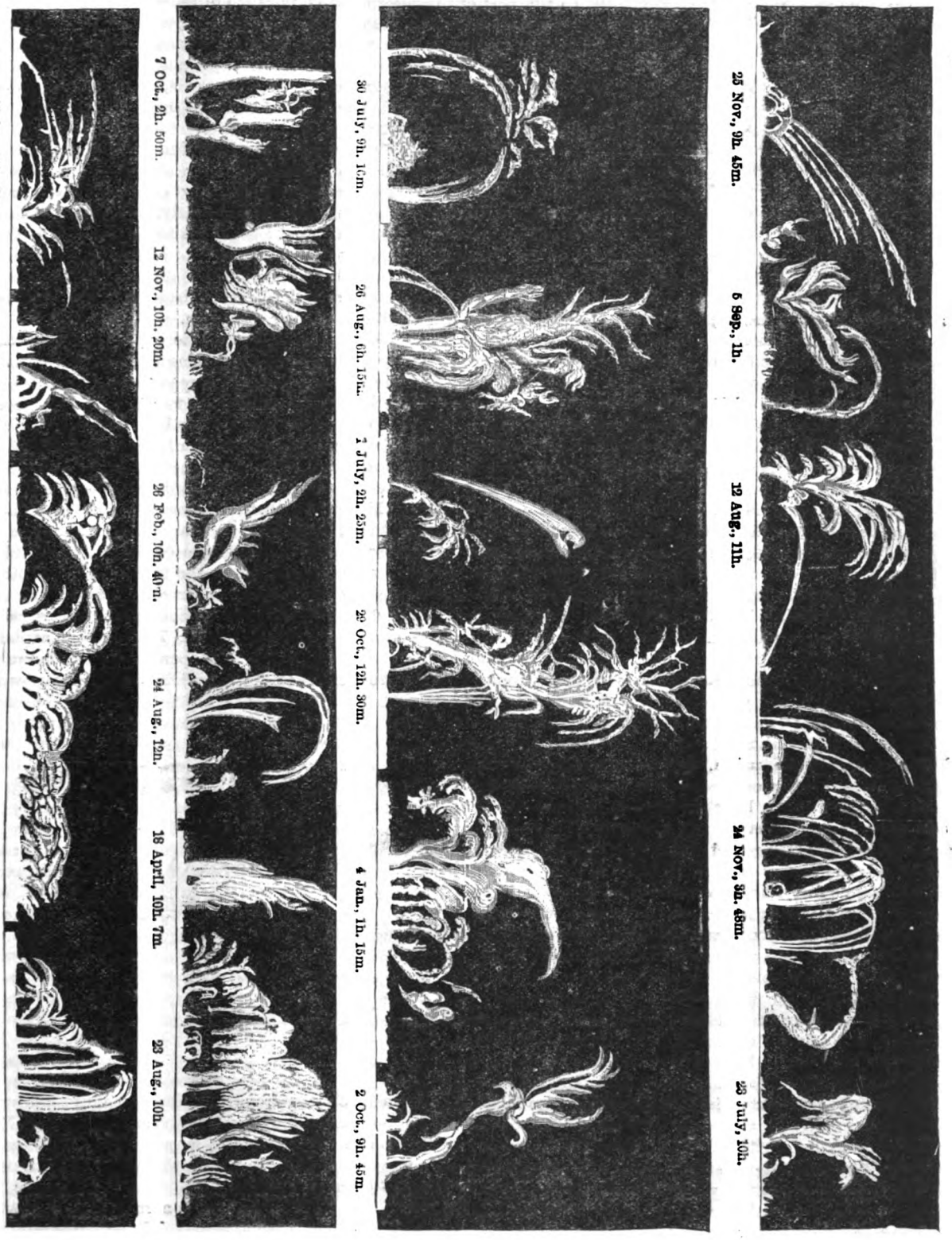


FIG. 9.—SOLAR PROMINENCES OBSERVED BY RESPIGHI IN 1870

part of the ray D E strikes the side A C of the prism, in advance of the lower part of the ray F G. Now, the glass of the prism being much harder and denser than the air of the room, the ether within the glass cannot vibrate as rapidly as that without, in the lighter atmosphere. What is the result? Evidently, as the part of the ray D E strikes the glass, the luminous vibrations

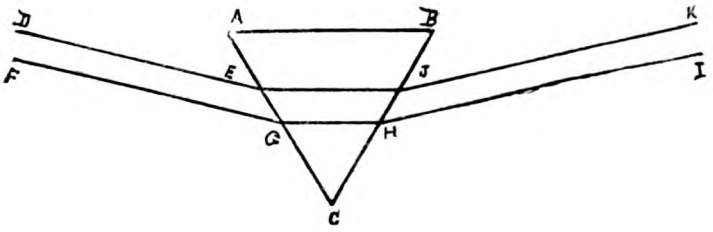


FIG. 4.

are retarded by the dense prism, while the remainder of the ray F G, still without the glass, pursues its original speed. Consequently the vibrations along F G are not retarded as soon as those on the side D E. As a result, F G gets in advance of D E, thus causing the ray to turn a corner. A parallel effect can always be produced with an ordinary rowboat. Suppose the little craft is being swiftly propelled across the surface of a still pond, under the rhythmic impulses of two pairs of oars. Suddenly one of the oars on one side is entangled in the long stem of a water-lily. The unexpected interruption interferes with the propulsion of one side of the boat. The other side, however, continues its onward course, and as a result the boat sharply turns toward the cause of obstruction. The prism is to the ray of light just what the water-lily is to the rowboat. Once inside of the prism, the ray continues its rectilinear course, but on reaching the side C B, the same phenomena is repeated, though inreverse order. The part of the ray H I reaching the atmosphere first, the ether released from its glassy imprisonment quickens its rate of vibration, while the part J K, still inside the prism, is again compelled to lag until it reaches the surface of the glass; and here a second bending of the light-ray occurs. This is all very well as an explanation of the action of the prism in making the light turn round a corner; but how is it about the broad band of *color* that replaces the tiny spot of white light? Can this be explained on a similar hypothesis? Suppose on the surface of our pond there were two rowboats instead of one, and that one was moving swiftly, and the other comparatively slowly. Should each of the boats become entangled with the lilies, it is obvious that the one having the swifter motion would turn a sharper corner and be driven further from its course than the slower craft. Will not this explanation also fit our light-ray? By an examination of the colored band, the seven familiar colors of the rainbow—red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet—are found. A moment's inquiry shows that the red end of the colored band, or spectrum, as it is called, is the lowest on the screen, and corresponds most nearly to the direction of the original ray, while the violet is the highest, being deflected much more than the red. By measurements involving the most complicated apparatus it has been ascertained that the waves of violet light vibrate about twice as fast as those of the red. Here again the parallel is complete. The dense glass obstructs the quickly moving violet waves more effectually than the slower red ones; and like the boats on the pond, the swifter is bent the furthest from its course, and thereby separated from its more sluggish companion.

Suppose in the screen a small hole be made in order to allow the red portion of the spectrum to pass through and fall upon the adjacent wall. Now, if a second prism be interposed in the path of the red ray, it is again bent out of its course, or refracted, technically speaking, and thrown higher up on the wall. But unlike the former experiment, the refraction is the only effect observed, and there is no separation of the red ray into any component parts.

A similar investigation into the properties of the remaining six colors produces the same result. Any or all of them can be refracted indefinitely, but by no means yet devised has it been found possible to decompose any of them; and so these tints have been denominated simple or primary colors, and the brilliant band thus obtained is denominated the solar spectrum.

In 1802, Dr. Wollaston, while experimenting with the solar spectrum, made a very singular discovery. Instead of using a round hole in a screen to admit the sunlight, Dr. Wollaston had contrived two adjustable pieces of metal, so as to give a long and very fine slit. It was then observed that the band of color was crossed by a great number of dark lines, as seen in Fig. 5. The origin of these lines remained a complete mystery until about 1859. Meanwhile their occurrence aroused the liveliest interest of investigators, and various attempts were made to devise instruments capable of solving this problem. These exertions resulted in the invention of the modern spectroscope, or instrument for observing the spectrum. In Fig. 6 we have a representation of the ordinary laboratory spectroscope, and in Fig. 7 a diagram explaining the principles upon which it operates. This instrument is as wonderful in its simplicity as in its power of

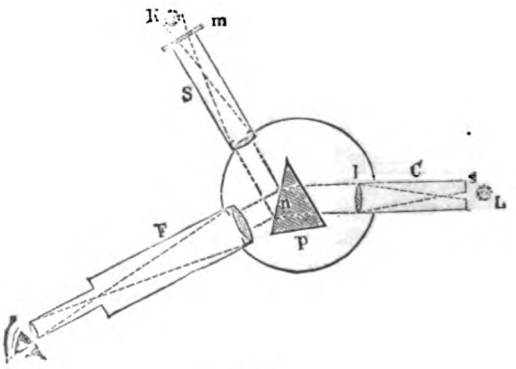


FIG. 7.

analysis. From the perspective view it is seen to consist of a small iron stand carrying a prism in the centre, and supporting three brass tubes. Referring to Fig. 7, the operation of the instrument may be readily understood. Let us suppose L to be the source of light that it is desired to examine. One of the brass tubes, C, of the spectroscope is furnished with a narrow slit at S. At the other end of this tube is lens L, for the purpose of converging the rays of light that traverse the slit on the prism P. This tube, with its lens and slit, is called a collimator. By means of the prism P the rays of light that pass through the collimator are decomposed, and form a spectrum, which is observed by means of the

telescope F; the office of this telescope being to magnify the spectrum so as to permit a more minute investigation. The third tube, S, of the spectroscope is a mere convenience attached to the instrument for carrying a graduated scale, by means of which the relative positions of the dark lines just alluded to can be ascertained. Supposing the collimator of our spectroscope be turned toward some solid luminous body, such as a piece of white hot iron, or the glowing carbons of the electric light, the observer at the telescope will then perceive a long, pure band of color, as shown in No. 1, Fig. 8. In this spectrum the red commences at the left, and gradually lightening into orange, fades into yellow, green, blue, indigo and violet, without a single break in its continuity; and on this account the spectrum given by an *incandescent solid* is called a *continuous spectrum*. Now let us replace at the end of the collimator the incandescent solid with an alcohol lamp, on the wick of which a little common salt has been placed. The heat of the lamp-flame vaporizes the salt and causes it to glow with a pale, sickly yellow, which, perhaps, gives out as much light as did the piece of hot iron a few moments since. Looking into the spectroscope, we are now astonished to find the broad colored band replaced by a single and very narrow yellow line (No. 2, Fig. 8). Here is another alcohol lamp, on whose wick a little lithium has been placed. Examining the flame, there appear two red lines instead of the single yellow sodium line of the preceding experiment (No. 3, Fig. 8).

Let the air in a glass tube be exhausted, and in its place hydrogen gas be introduced. In the closed ends of the tube some wires are sealed, so that a continuous stream of electric sparks can be transmitted through the gas. If we then examine the light of these sparks we shall find the spectrum to consist of three bright lines—one in the red, one in the green, and one in the blue (No. 7, Fig. 8). Another tube, filled with oxygen gas, gives us some thirty-nine bright lines, distributed through various parts of the spectrum (No. 6, Fig. 8). Each of the substances so examined was in the state of *an incandescent gas*. Thus our spectroscope has taught us two lessons: first, that the spectrum of an *incandescent solid* is a simple band of color, or a *continuous spectrum;* and second, that the spectrum of an *incandescent gas* is a spectrum of bright lines, or a *discontinuous spectrum*. If one substance after another be carefully examined in this manner, it will be found that the number and relative position of the bright lines is characteristic of each substance; and if, by means of the scale in the spectroscope previously mentioned, the relative position of the lines of the different spectra be carefully noted, it will be found that no two substances give the same spectrum. Therefore, should an unknown substance be presented for examination, it is simply necessary to vaporize a small fragment in the flame of the lamp, and compare the spectrum thus obtained with those of known substances until one is found, the bright lines of which correspond exactly with the lines exhibited by the substance under examination. Indeed, to the practiced observer, this method of analysis is so rapid that an examination can be made in less time than it takes to read the preceding description; and so wonderful is the delicacy of this instrument, that the most minute quantities can be instantly recognized, a billionth of a grain of sodium being readily detected. By introducing additional prisms into the spectroscope, as above constructed, and by increasing the magnifying power of the observing telescope, the length of the spectrum obtained is extended, and the accuracy with which the position of the various bright lines can be located is vastly increased.

In Fig. 10 is an illustration of a very large instrument, constructed for the Kew Observatory, and containing nine prisms. Not only the number of the spectrum lines given by a substance, but their intensity, deserves careful study. The brilliancy of the lines increases as the temperature of the lamp, or other source of heat used to produce volatilization, is augmented. Therefore, such lines as are particularly prominent at a high temperature are most likely to first appear at a lower one; and so, being most suited for the recognition of a substance, are called *characteristic* lines. Such lines, according to their relative brightness, are denominated by the letters of the Greek alphabet. For example, the three bright lines in the spectrum of hydrogen (No. 7. Fig. 8) are designated α β γ.

Allusion has been already made to the discovery, in 1802, of a number of black lines in the solar spectrum, and that these lines were for a long time a puzzle to the physicists. In 1814 the solar spectrum was very carefully examined and mapped by a German scientist, Fraunhofer, who was able to distinguish with certainty about 600 lines. Fraunhofer found that, with the same prism and telescope, these lines always kept the same relative position and order. The solar spectrum, as mapped by Fraunhofer, is exhibited in Fig. 5. Out of the great number of lines which he observed he selected eight characteristic ones, situated in the most important parts of the spectum, to which he assigned the first eight letters of our alphabet. In consideration of the labors of this scientist, the dark lines of the solar spectrum have been since called Fraunhofer lines. It will be noticed in Fig. 5 that there is a very black line in the spectrum denominated D. Two other German scientists, Kirchhoff and Bunsen, had made the discovery that the metal sodium, when vaporized in a lamp-flame, gave a yellow line (No. 2, Fig. 8).

Fraunhofer found that the yellow sodium line occupied exactly the same place in the spectroscope that was taken by the dark D line in the solar spectrum. This striking coincidence did not, however, receive explanation until 1859, when Kirchhoff put the matter to the most direct test by obtaining a tolerably bright solar spectrum, and then bringing a sodium flame in front of the slit of the instrument. "I saw," says Kirchhoff, "the dark line D change into a bright one. The flame of a Bunsen lamp showed the sodium line on the solar spectrum with an unexpected brilliancy. In order to find out how far the intensity of the solar spectrum might be increased without impairing the distinctness of the sodium line, I allowed direct sunlight to fall upon the slit through the sodium flame, and saw, to my astonishment, the dark line D standing out with extraordinary clearness. I replaced the light of the sun by Drummond's light, the spectrum of which, like that of every other incandescent solid or liquid body, contains no dark lines. When this light was allowed to pass through a flame in which salt was burning, a dark line appeared in the spectrum in the position of the sodium line. The same thing occurred when, instead of a cylinder of incandescent lime, a platinum wire was used, which, after being made to glow in a flame, was brought nearly to its melting point by the electric current." Kirchhoff could no longer doubt, from these observations, that the presence of the dark line D in the solar spectrum was due to a vapor of sodium in the sun. The sodium line, from all laboratory experiments, was a bright yellow one; but the D line of the solar spectrum

was a dark one. How were differences so great as these to be reconciled? It was left for Kirchhoff to explain this phenomenon, and to enunciate a law, upon whose dis-

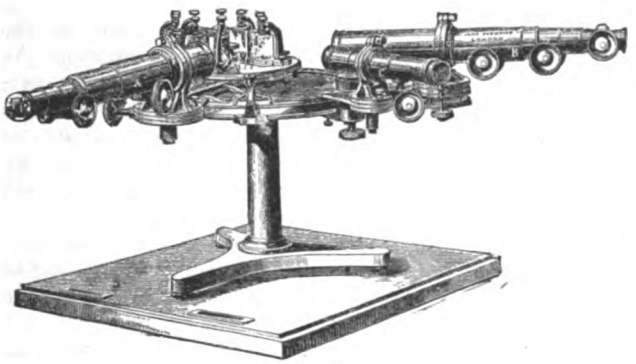


FIG. 10.

covery and proof depends all of our present knowledge of solar and celestial physics, and which will for ever shed an undying lustre upon the name of Kirchhoff. Fig. 11 is an illustration of his apparatus. S is a spectroscope, and L a lamp giving a source of light. Between the spectroscope and the lamp is situated the glass tube N, hermetically sealed, in which is placed a bit of sodium. On looking at the lamp through the spectroscope a continuous spectrum is observed, due to the incandescent particles of solid carbon in the flame, no lines of any kind being observed. By slightly warming the glass tube N the sodium within it is vaporized, and immediately in the hitherto continuous spectrum there appears the black D line. Removing the tube containing the sodium vapor, and replacing it with an alcohol lamp moistened with sodium, there flashes in the spectroscope a bright yellow line exactly in the place of the former black one. Kirchhoff reasoned thus: When a gas is heated to incandescence its molecules vibrate with a certain amplitude peculiar to the substance in question. In the case of sodium this amplitude is sufficient to give one deep yellow line in the spectroscope (Fig. 8, No. 2). In the case of lithium (Fig. 8, No. 3), the vibrations give two lines, one in the red and one in the yellow. Hydrogen (Fig. 8, No. 7) three lines, one red, one blue, and one violet; and so for every different substance. "Now," reasons Kirchhoff, "if the molecules of an incandescent gas vibrate so as to emit certain colored light, and if this same gas be interposed between an incandescent solid and the spectroscope, the molecular motion in this gas will extinguish similar luminous vibrations emitted by the incandescent solid." The scientific statement of this is: "A gas when luminous emits rays of light of the same refrangibility as those which it has power to absorb."

This discovery threw a flood of light upon the dark Fraunhofer lines, and upon the constitution of the sun itself. Inasmuch as the spectrum of the sun is one crossed by dark lines, it follows from Kirchhoff's discoveries that the shining nucleus of the sun must be an incandescent solid or liquid, as it gives a continuous spectrum, and that between us and the sun there exists the vapor of a number of different substances capable of absorbing certain portions of the sunlight, and so giving rise to the dark Fraunhofer lines. A series of comparisons were at once instituted between the bright lines in the spectra of terrestrial elements, and the dark lines of the solar spectrum. Fig. 12 shows the coincidence of the lines of iron and some of the dark solar lines. By means of this method of analysis, sodium, iron, potassium, calcium, barium, magnesium, manganese, titanium, chromium, nickel, cobalt, hydrogen, zinc, copper and gold have been discovered to exist in the solar atmosphere, and must, therefore, be present to a considerable extent in the body of the sun. It will be at once obvious that a similar method of investigation may be applied to any body that is a source of light, and spectroscopes from observatories in all parts of the world nightly search the sky to receive the messages thrown

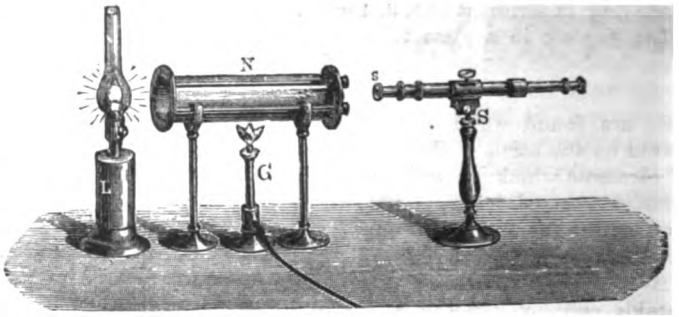


FIG. 11.

up by the billows of light. The ordinary laboratory spectroscope, as seen in Fig. 6, is not adapted to astronomical work. In Fig. 13, however, may be seen an arrangement invented by the famous American astronomer Mr. Lockyer, to combine the telescope and the spectroscope. The eyepiece of the telescope being removed, the collimator tube D is put in its place. The rest of the spectroscope is similar to that already described.

One after another of the heavenly bodies having been submitted to this most subtle analysis, much has been learned regarding the elements entering into their com-

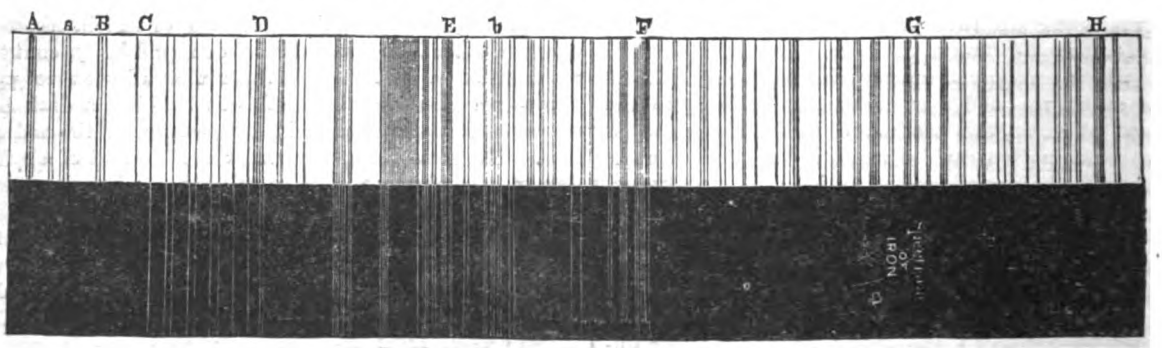


FIG. 12.

position, as well as of their physical constitution. Nos. 12, 13 and 14 of Fig. 8 are the spectra of three of the most prominent fixed stars, which, it will be seen, very closely resemble the solar spectrum. The obvious conclusion is, that these bodies resemble our sun, being masses of incandescent matter, surrounded by atmospheres containmany of the elements with which we are familiar. In the spectra of some of the heavenly bodies, however, certain

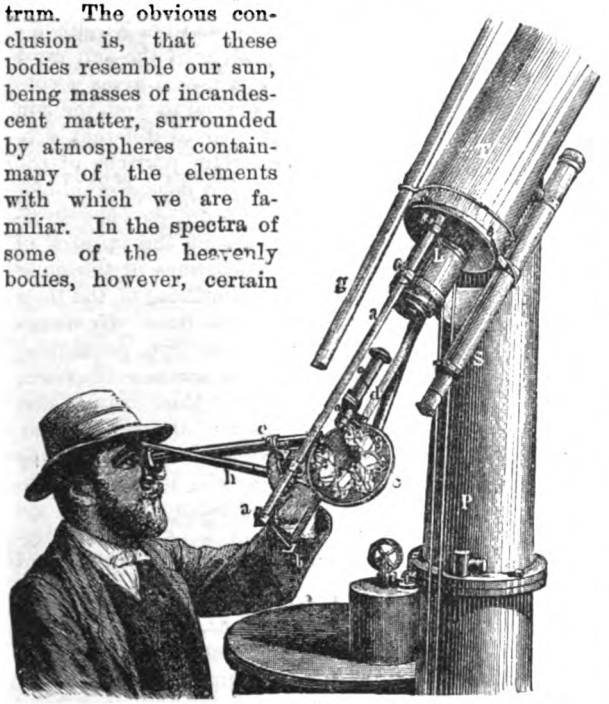


FIG. 13.

lines are found which correspond to nothing yet observed on the earth. Whether these lines are indicative of elements which do not here exist, or whether additional terrestrial investigation will reveal corresponding spectral lines, must be left to the future to show.

Ever since Laplace enunciated the incomparable nebular hypothesis, the opponents of the theory boldly asserted that if Laplace's theory were correct, there should be found in the stellar spaces some evidences of worlds still in the process of formation. Nebulæ there were in abundance, but with every successive improvement of the telescope, star-clusters which, with the more imperfect instruments, were supposed to be in a gaseous condition, were now resolved into separate and distinct stars; and it was confidently asserted that, in time, sufficient improvement of the telescope would enable the astronomer to resolve all of the stellar clouds. The advent of the spectroscope, however, was hailed as a means of confirming the theory of Laplace. It has been seen that if the spectrum of a luminous body be a *continuous* one, consisting of rays of every color, then the source of light is either a *solid* or *liquid* incandescent body. If the spectrum, however, be composed of *bright lines* only, then it is certain that the source of light is a *luminous gas.*

Finally, if the spectrum be *continuous*, but crossed by *dark lines* interrupting the colors, it is an indication that the source of light is a solid or liquid incandescent body, but that the light has passed through an atmosphere of vapors at a lower temperature, which, by their absorptive power, have abstracted those colored rays which they would have emitted had they been self-luminous. Thus, it is obvious that the character of the spectrum, whether continuous, bright-lined, or continuous with dark lines, is an indication of the physical condition of the luminous body, and so the spectroscope was called upon to give its evidence in favor of the nebular hypothesis. When Huggins first directed his telespectroscope, in August, 1864, to one of these objects, a small but very bright nebula, he found to his great surprise that the spectrum (Fig. 14), instead of being a continuous colored band, such as that given by a star, consisted only of *three bright lines.*

This one observation was sufficient to solve the long-vexed question, at least for this particular nebula, and to prove that it is not a cluster of individual, separable stars, but is actually a body of luminous gas.

In order to discover the chemical nature of this gas, Huggins pursued the usual methods of comparison, and tested the spectrum with the Fraunhofer lines of the solar spectrum, and the bright lines of the terrestrial elements. The brightest line of the nebula coincides precisely with the brightest line of the spectrum of nitrogen. The faintest of the nebular lines (3) also coincides with the bluish-green hydrogen line, or, which is the same thing, with the Fraunhofer line F, in the solar spectrum. The middle line (2) of the nebula was not found to coincide with any of the bright lines of the thirty terrestrial elements with which it has been compared. Probably this was the greatest triumph attained for the spectroscope, though it was not to be the last.

Every one who has ridden in the cars has doubtless noticed that the pitch of the bell of a passing train is strangely altered as the engine flies by. As the train approaches the pitch of the bell rapidly rises, while as the train recedes the pitch falls. Certainly the origin of the

FIG. 14.

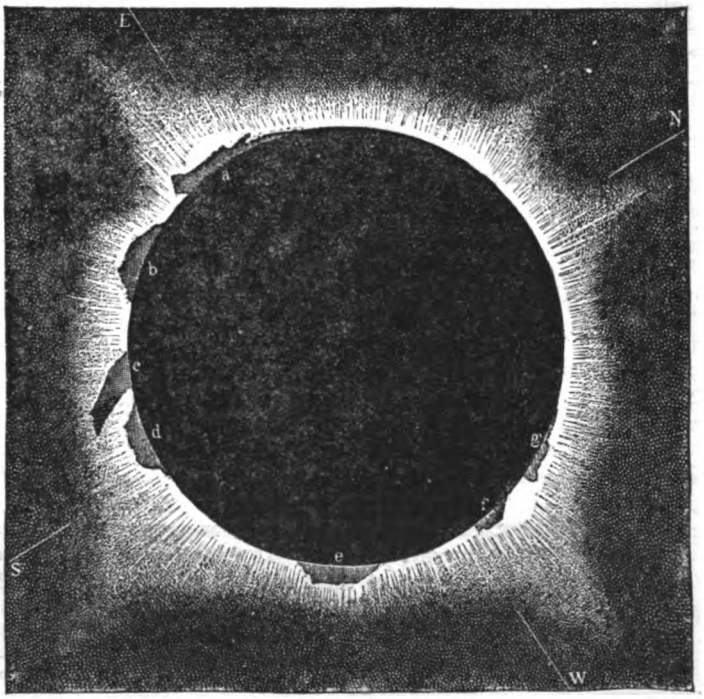


FIG. 15.

sound has been the same; what is it that has caused the change in pitch? Experiment teaches that sound-waves move through the air with a velocity of about 1,100 feet per second. The flying train may attain a speed of 100 feet per second—a very sensible fraction of the velocity of the sound-wave. As the bell approaches the hearer, the velocity of the train crowds the sound-waves together, while as it recedes the same speed pulls them further apart. In the first case more sound-waves reach the ear in a second, and in the latter case fewer waves, than if the bell had remained stationary. Thus it is seen that the motion of the sounding body to or from the observer is sufficient to alter the apparent pitch of the sound; and should the hearer be provided with sufficiently delicate apparatus, measurements on the sound would enable him to determine whether the sounding body was approaching or receding, and what the rate of speed was. Will the analogy between sound and light permit of similar measurements on the latter force? The spectroscope says "Yes!" The astronomer Huggins, by means of the most delicate instruments, made some very complete investigations in this direction. On examining the spectrum of Sirius the characteristic lines of hydrogen seen there are found to be very slightly moved out of their proper place toward the red end, showing that by the motion of the star the light-waves were pulled out a little. This displacement has been most accurately measured, and by comparing it with the velocity of light, it is found that Sirius and the earth are receding from each other at the rate of 41.5 miles per second. Similar observations have also been made on a number of the other so-called fixed stars, proving that all these bodies are in motion, approaching toward or receding from the earth.

Total eclipses of the sun have in all ages awakened the most profound interest. Previous to the invention of the spectroscope, the total eclipse was the only time afforded to the astronomer for studying the outer portion of the sun, and investigating the still mysterious corona. For excepting at the time of an eclipse the blinding light of the sun's disk completely overpowers the delicate phenomena of the chromosphere, or colored envelope, which surrounds the brilliant interior. Total eclipses are of so infrequent occurrence, and the duration of totality is so short, as to afford only the most limited scope for such observations. During the few moments of darkness some very singular phenomena have been noticed at various places around the black disk of the moon. Apparently enormous cloud-like masses, of a pale rose or coral tint, are disposed singly or in groups around the moon's circumference. These cloud-like masses have received the name of *prominences*. Fig. 15 is a representation of the total eclipse, August 7th, 1869, showing the various prominences, a, b, c, d, e, f and g, distributed around the black circumference of the moon. Early astronomers attributed these phenomena to some lunar influence; but subsequently their connection with the sun was fully established, though it was not till the eclipse of 1868 that their true character was clearly ascertained. At this time the spectroscope having taken its high rank among astronomical instruments, very careful preparations were made for spectroscopic observations on all the phenomena of the eclipse. To the prominences special attention was directed, and at the moment of totality their spectrum flashed out as a few *bright lines*. It has been learned that a spectrum of bright lines is only obtained from an incandescent gas, and by comparison the lines of the prominences are found to correspond with those of hydrogen. The inevitable conclusion is that these enormous masses, extending at times 100,000 miles from the sun's disk, are in reality stupendous flames of hydrogen gas. The possibility of modifying the spectroscope so as to observe the prominences in full sunshine then occurred to astronomers. Very nearly at the same time the French investigator, Janssen, and our scientist, Mr. Lockyer, succeeded in observing the solar flames in full daylight by means of the following method: In Fig. 16 suppose S to be the disk of the sun, surrounded by a dotted *line* indicating the various prominences. Now, suppose the slit of the spectroscope s s to be adjusted parallel with a diameter of the sun, and so as to extend over the edge of the disk across the prominences out into space. The field of the spectroscope would then consist of three parts. The first would give the familiar solar spectrum, being that portion of the slit occupied by the sun's disk. The second portion of the slit, covering the prominences, would be filled by a spectrum of bright lines; while the third portion of the slit, exterior to the sun and its atmosphere, would be dark, or nearly so. By moving the telespectroscope around the circumference of the sun the various prominences could be completely mapped by the varying lengths of the bright lines. Fig. 9 gives some of these immense sun-flames, as observed by the celebrated astronomer Respighi, in 1870. By methods similar to those already referred to as employed to determine the direction and velocity of the motion of the fixed stars, the perturbation of the prominences has been observed, and it has been ascertained that these wonderful masses of incandescent hydrogen are projected into space from the sun with a velocity of two or three hundred miles per second, and it is not at all unlikely that the explosive violence of these eruptions may be sufficient to project the glowing gas so far into space as to carry it beyond the sun's power of recall.

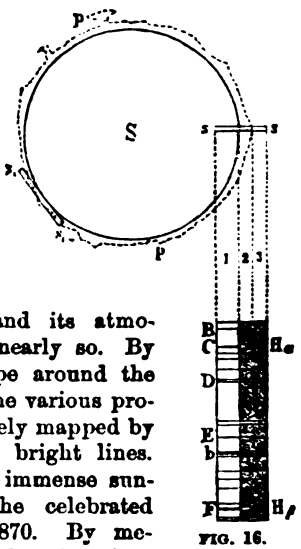


FIG. 16.

Such, briefly, are some of the tidings of other worlds cast by the billows of light on the strand of our globe, and interpreted by the spectroscope. Even the most learned scientist is as yet but a tyro with this most sensitive and delicate instrument, whose powers are great enough to grasp the uttermost parts of the known universe, and yet is susceptible of being affected by the smallest wave of light. Many messages it gathers from the furthest space, and faithfully presents to the eye of the astronomer, still too gross and dull to perceive their full meaning. But daily the mists are clearing, though each fresh discovery only adds to the possibilities of the spectroscope, and extends the fields of knowledge in which through its aid we may wander.

THE following statistics of the consumption of tobacco per head in some of the principal countries are curious:

Belgium	5.50	France	1.78
Holland	4.40	United Kingdom	1.25
Germany	3.30	Spain	1.08
Austria	2.72	Sweden	74
Russia	1.83		

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

REAL progress in knowledge is shown in each successive volume of "The Library of American Aboriginal Literature," edited and published by Dr. Daniel Brinton, of Philadelphia. The latest is an addition of the *Walum Olum*, or Red Score of the Lenni Lenape or Delaware Indians, by Dr. Brinton. In the introductory chapters is given a historical account of this celebrated tribe, which is interesting as well as accurate. The author first discusses the place of the Algonkin stock as distinct from the Iroquois, and shows that the Eastern Algonkins had a confederacy "loose and defensive," made up of all the Algonkin tribes between the Potomac and the east side of the Chesapeake and the Hudson Valley. These tribes claimed near kinship. Those dwelling in the Delaware Valley were the Lenni Lenape, divided into three tribes—the Minsi (wolf totem), who lived in the mountains near the river's source; the Unami (turtle totem), from the Lehigh Valley southward; and the Unalachtigo (turkey totem) on the lower affluents of the Delaware River and on the bay shore. Many names and locations in that region are carefully explained. The author then devotes a chapter to the political constitution, knowledge of signs and picture-writing, computation of time and religious notions of these Indians, after which their language is discussed. The history of the tribe and its migrations, its myths and traditions, are next attended to; and finally there is given the full text, in fac-simile, of the *Walum Olum*, followed by notes and a glossary. This remarkable document contains in pictures, explained somewhat by notes in the Delaware language, all the traditions of the tribe. It was probably made by a Shawnee, and it is among the most perfect and valuable writings of our native Indians extant. Dr. Brinton should receive the encouragement of all men of science in his commendable undertaking.

THE quality of cereals cultivated in ancient times compared with those now grown, formed an interesting subject for remark in one of the addresses before the last meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. The oldest specimens of seeds and fruits known are Egyptian, and consist of dried seeds, etc., taken from tombs at least 4,000 years old. By soaking in warm water these were restored to the condition of modern herbarium specimens. They are up to the modern standard. "This observation," adds Mr. Carruthers, F.L.S., "is true also of the cultivated grains which I have examined belonging to prehistoric times. The wheat found in the purely British portion of the ancient village explored by General Pitt Rivers is equal to the average wheat cultivated at the present day. This is the more remarkable because the two samples from the latter Romano-British period are very much smaller, though they are not unlike the small hard grains of wheat still cultivated on their chalk soils. The wheat from lake-dwellings in Switzerland are fair samples. My colleague, Mr. W. Fawcett, has recently brought me, from America, grains of maize from the prehistoric mounds in the Valley of the Mississippi, and from the tombs of the Incas of Peru, which represent also fair samples of this great food substance of the New World. The early peoples of both worlds had, then, under cultivation productive varieties of these important food plants, and it is remarkable that in our own country, with all the appliances of scientific cultivation and intelligent farming, we have not been able to appreciably surpass the grains which were harvested by our rude ancestors 2,000 years ago.

THE Prince of Monaco is a nobleman, not only of leisure, but of scientific knowledge and tastes. For some time he has been studying the Gulf Stream, with special reference to what becomes of it in the North Atlantic, and its influence (if any) on the coast of France. He caused 179 floats to be thrown out last year at various points to the northwest of the Azores. These were of three classes—hollow balls of copper, oak barfels and bottles. The various places of immersion formed a line 170 miles in length. The Prince not only asked mariners and coast-guards to report these, but cruised in his yacht on the same quest, and has now published a pamphlet upon the matter. His conclusion is, that as far as 300 miles to the north-north-west of the Azores the Gulf Stream shows no tendency to drift toward the northeast, and even its tendency toward the east is scarcely pronounced.

THE total eclipse of the sun was observed in Grenada toward the end of August with great success, by the English astronomers, excellent photographs and spectroscopic observations having been obtained. Two good and two fair photographs of the corona were obtained. The spectra of the solar prominences show the bright lines of incandescent vapors as in former eclipses, notwithstanding the fact that this year the sun-spots are tending toward a minimum. The development of the plates was postponed until the return to England, because the ordinary temperature of the water at the stations was so high as to destroy the film. Among the novelties was the use of an instrument to determine the intensity of the light.

THE Northern Railroad of France has found, by experiment, that nickel can be rolled upon soft steel plates in such a manner as to produce a material for lamp reflectors of equal brilliancy with those made of silvered copper. These reflectors are reported, also, not to rust, and, as the material is stronger, they are not so easily knocked out of shape. Finally, their cost is only about one-half that of silvered copper.

ONE of the most curious volcanic manifestations in the world is the group of mud volcanoes near Baku, Russia, which have been studied recently by a Swedish geologist. These volcanoes, he tells us, occur along the Caspian Sea for 120 miles, and some of the cones are 1,000 feet in height, and have a crater almost equal to that of Etna. Three violent eruptions have taken place this and last year. They were accompanied by emissions of fire, visible a great many miles. There were also violent discharges of gas, which, on one one occasion, on being fired, produced a fire-column twenty feet in height. Very interesting changes have been produced in the surrounding country through the influence of these strange volcanoes.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

NATURE abhors a vacuum. By Jingo! then how she *must* detest my *breeches pockets!*

GOOD advice is like a policeman, in that it is often to be met with when unsought, but when really wanted seldom, if ever, to be found.

A YOUNG lady says the new letter-sheet envelope will not find much favor with her sex. "It is large enough," she says, "for the letter, but there is no room for the postscript."

WHY, if you please, is a glazier like a doctor? Why, because, don't you see, he is always attending to the panes of others, and is never so well employed as when he is patching up their rickety frames.

ONE OF THE OLDEST REMEDIES.—*Young Man* (to chemist): "Can you give me anything to remove superfluous hair?" *Chemist* (thoughtfully scratching his bald head): "Hem! Why don't you get married?"

"I DECLARE, Charley," exclaimed Clara, "you take the words right out of my mouth!" "Oh, mamma," piped in the little pitcher, "now I know what Clara and Charley were doing out in the hall when she let him in!"

JONES has discovered the respective natures of a distinction and a difference. He says that "a little difference" frequently makes enemies, while "a little distinction" attracts hosts of friends to the one on whom it is conferred.

"DOXERY doodle-um dinkle-um dum,
Tum to its mozzery muzzery mum;
Tizzery izzery boozery boo,
No baby so sweet and so pitty as oo."

SIR GEORGE WARRENDER was once obliged to put off a dinner party in consequence of the death of a relative, and sat down to a haunch of venison by himself. While eating, he said to his butler: "John, this will make a capital hash to-morrow." "Yes," Sir George, if you leave off *now!*"

"DAN," said a *nouveau riche* earnestly to his eldest son, "you must be more careful when you get in any more wine." "Which wine do you mean?" inquired Dan. "The claret. I heard one of your swell friends tell his neighbor at dessert last night that the claret was very old. Get it fresh, Dan, no matter what it costs?"

A PHYSICIAN, examining a student as to his progress, asked him: "Should a man fall into a well forty feet deep, and strike his head against one of the tools with which he had been digging, what would be your course if called in as surgeon?" The student replied: "I should advise them to let the man lie, and fill up the well."

COMMENT FROM THE WIFE.—"It is a curious custom the Japanese have, my dear," remarked a husband, "of taking their shoes off when entering the house." "The custom is curious," replied the lady, "from the fact that it is practiced at all hours instead of at night only." And the husband said "Yes?" with a rising inflection, which was about all he could say.

LONGFELLOW and his publisher, Fields, were making a short pedestrian tour some years ago, when, to their surprise, an angry bull stood in the pathway, evidently determined to demolish both poet and publisher. "I think," said Fields, "that it will be prudent to give this reviewer a wide margin." "Yes," replied the poet, "it appears to be a disputed passage."

A SPANISH miser fell into a river. A peasant, seeing that the current would carry him away, held out his hand, crying: "Give me your hand!" Give! He had never done such a thing in his life, and would sooner die than begin! Luckily for him, the stream carried him close to a fisherman, who said: "My man, take my hand!" As soon as it was a question of taking, it was all right, and he was saved.

JOKE FROM THE BENCH.—In the Chancery Division some little time back, while Mr. Justice Chitty was trying a case, a loud crack was heard from the roof of the court, and a portion of the plaster, to the alarm of everybody, fell with a smart thud upon the top of the canopy which is placed over the bench. Mr. Justice Chitty at once remarked: "*Fiat justitia ruat cœlum!*" ("Let justice be done, though the heavens should fall!")

BY THE CHAMPION MEAN ONE.—In laying away Christmas cards for use next year, be careful to put a faint pencil-mark on the envelope to indicate who was the donor. It is very embarrassing, in sending out these dainty reminders of the joyous season, to make a mistake and return the card to the person who sent it to you the year before. A little care will prevent all such annoying blunders, and the marks can be easily rubbed out if you are careful to make them light and to use a soft pencil.

THE HUNTRESS OF THE NORTH.—BY E. HUBNER.

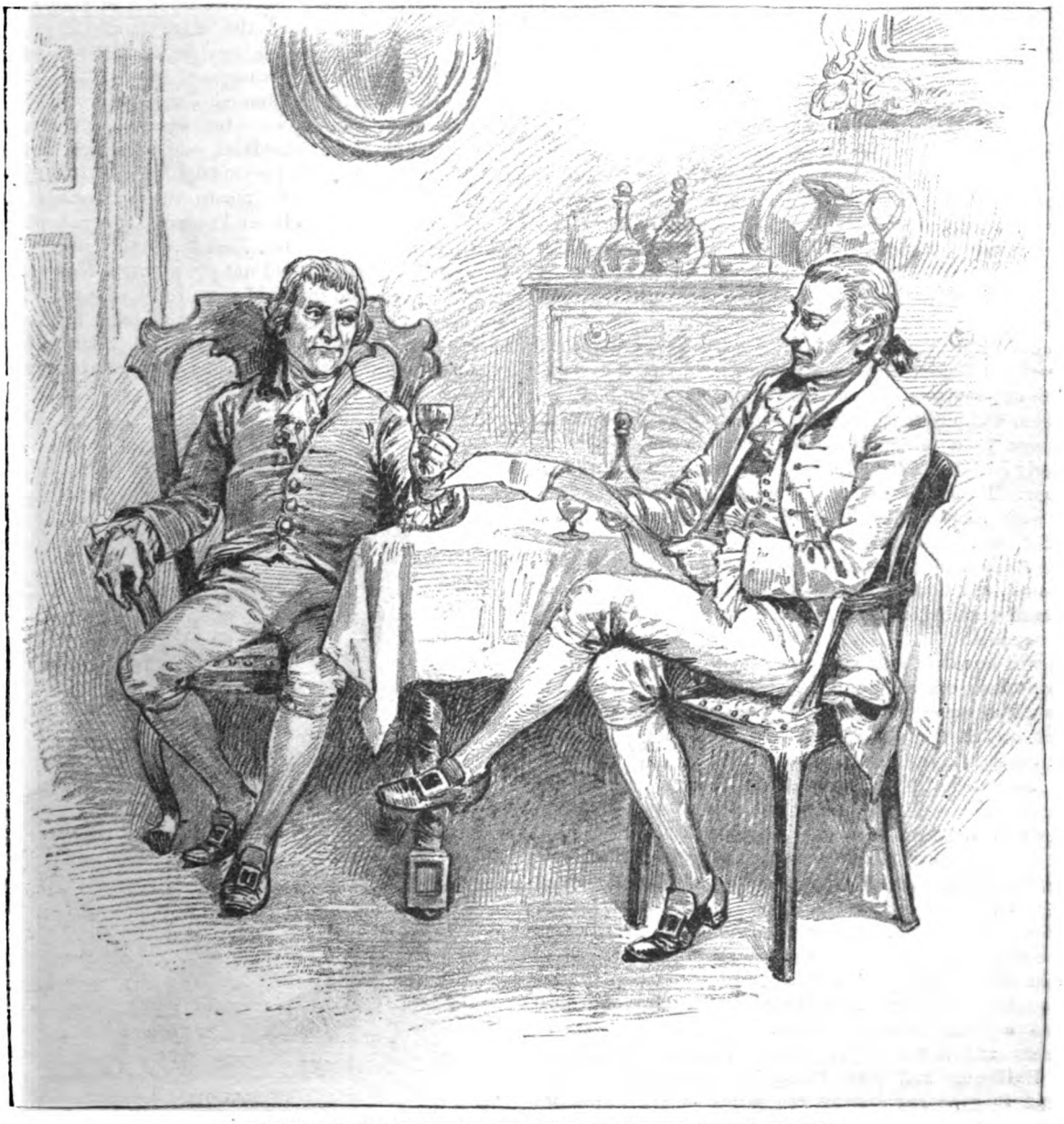
FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. XXIII.—No. 2. FEBRUARY, 1887. $3.00 PER ANNUM.

THE RISE AND GROWTH OF OUR NATIONAL CAPITAL.

BY WALTER EDGAR M'CANN.

THE founding of a great city is always an event of an extraordinary character, and it is not surprising that in after generations men living upon those sites should hold intense curiosity with regard to the beginning of their community. Very few cities have been deliberately founded. We have the strange legend of the origin of



JEFFERSON AND MADISON DISCUSSING THE SITE OF THE FUTURE CAPITAL.

THE OLD BURNES COTTAGE, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Rome; but with this, as with all similar narratives in relation to the great cities of the past, there is always some supernatural or allegoric element woven, and we find it impossible to separate fact from fancy.

Of the beginning of the wonderful towns of our day how much do we know?—that Paris was the Lutetia, with its mud huts and savage settlements, conquered by Julius Cæsar; that London was one of the chief stations of the Romans in Britain; that New York was settled by the Dutch, and so on. Usually chance or accident has determined the location, and rarely have people come together with the deliberate purpose of establishing a seat of residence. Wherever this course has been followed the result commonly has been failure, and there is more than one such monument of futile effort and vain ambition.

The City of Washington really owes its existence to necessity. The condition of Congress during the Revolution can scarcely be conceived now, when the body assembles without fuss or inconvenience, and transacts its business in a leisurely fashion that is sometimes extremely irritating. Then, everything was uncertainty and danger. By the stress and pressure of war the legislators were frequently obliged to adjourn from one place to another, and there was absolutely no spot of security. Even Philadelphia, with its comfortable homes and sober customs, was unsafe, and in 1783 the wise lawgivers of the land were driven to Princeton almost at the point of the bayonet.

It will be seen by this how greatly the need was felt of a capital or central point. Every one understood the considerations which should govern the selection of such a seat, and how much it would redound to the financial advantage of the locality where it might be situated. The eagerness of the competition which immediately arose as soon as it was determined that a capital should be established may be readily imagined.

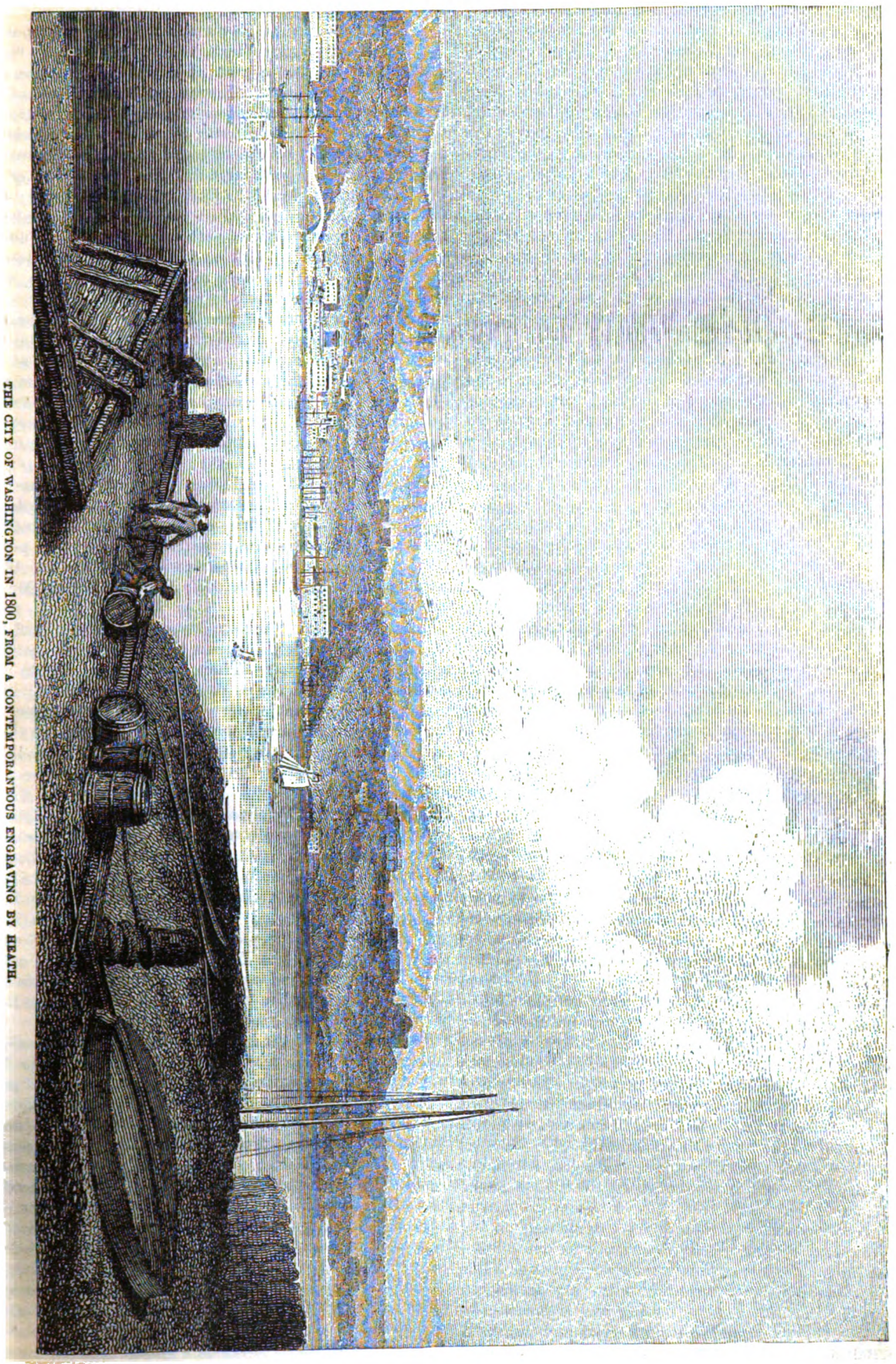
For seven years the subject was under discussion, and the rivalry of the States, always ardent, at times assumed an almost violent character. New York, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Maryland and New Jersey entered eagerly into the competition, and offers were made, sometimes of almost piteous fervor, to obtain the coveted boon. There is something amusing in reading of the arguments presented and the inducements held out, now in a vein of entreaty and now in indignation. Maryland suggested first Baltimore and then Annapolis, and, with Virginia, offered to cede any district ten miles square within its borders. Baltimore seconded the liberality of the State to which it belonged, and, like New York and Philadelphia, made the most extravagant proffers of ground for the public buildings, and of money to rear them.

The country at large, however, for reasons easily comprehended, was opposed to the location of the capital in or near a large city. It was obvious that legislation, to be properly conducted, must be free from the interference of local influences. Hence to insure this perfectly it was recognized as a necessity that a city should be expressly built.

The story of the final choice has been often told, and will always possess a curious interest. To Hamilton and Jefferson, over a good dinner and some excellent Madeira and punch, was due the ultimate decision. Here it was arranged that Philadelphia should be the capital until 1800, and that then Congress should sit in the new city yet to rise. The bitterness of the contest, and how nearly Baltimore came to being the final selection, may be judged from the fact that, on June 28th, 1790, the Senate voted on the claims so strenuously put forward by that city. There were ten yeas and fifteen nays; both Senators from Maryland, oddly enough, voting, as they had several times previously done, in the negative.

It was then moved to locate the permanent seat of Government "On the River Potomac, at some place between the mouths of the Eastern Branch and Conococheague." Baltimore did not yet give up, for even when this Bill was taken to the House, the city by the Patapsco was again proposed. The object, as some thought, was to kill the measure altogether. Mr. Scott, of Pennsylvania, objected that there was no water conveyance

ANDREW ELLICOTT.



THE CITY OF WASHINGTON IN 1800, FROM A CONTEMPORANEOUS ENGRAVING BY HEATH.

from Baltimore to the interior of the country; but, as he pointed out, from the site on the Potomac there was direct and most advantageous navigation for more than two hundred miles. Mr. Livingston, of New York, preferred Baltimore. He saw no advantage in the navigation facilities upon which so much stress had been laid, unless, as he said ironically, it should be desired to send the Acts of Congress by water to the foot of the Alleghany Mountains. His chief objection to the Potomac was the insalubrity of the site. The members would not endanger their health by attending the sessions if so pestilential a spot for their deliberations were chosen.

The Bill determining upon the Potomac was finally made a law by the small majority of thirty-two to twenty-nine in the House and fourteen to twelve in the Senate. By a lucky chance North Carolina came in at that time, and the dispute, which threatened to become almost interminable, was put an end to. Nevertheless, there was much discontent when the decision was announced. Everybody was well aware that the chief objection to the spot—its unhealthiness—was well founded, and there was some hope on the part of the disappointed that there might yet be another change of purpose. The majority of people, however, had by this time become bored and disgusted with the controversy, and were rejoiced to have it brought to a conclusion.

President Washington was now at the height of his fame, and upon him devolved the exact selection of a site. His views were entirely unhampered, and there was a general feeling of confidence in his wisdom and unselfishness. Yet it is characteristic of human nature that no sooner had he announced his preference, than sinister accusations were whispered that he made his choice in order to enhance the value of his own estate of Mount Vernon. Although a man of much sagacity, and, as his transactions in building lots afterward proved, a remarkable financier, there could have been no more unjust accusation than this. He acted with the caution which marked every performance of his life. He saw that the site he determined upon had unfailing tidewater navigation, was convenient of access to Baltimore and the other great cities, possessed magnificent sites for public buildings, and afforded unsurpassable advantages to meet the varied wants of a populous city. Locating it directly between Georgetown and Alexandria, he imagined that he was laying the foundation of a great commercial emporium.

It was on April 15th, 1791, at Jones's Point, near Alexandria, in the presence of a large assemblage, that the cornerstone was laid. The chill winds of Spring swept over the fields planted in wheat, corn and tobacco, owned chiefly by persons of English descent. The agreement had been made to sell to the Government what land might be needed for public buildings at twenty-five pounds an acre, and the rest, for streets and reservations, was tendered free. There was an immediate division into building lots, which were apportioned between the Government and the owners. For about 600 acres in the most valuable section of the city the former paid $36,000. It is now worth more than $50,000,000.

The name of "Federal City," bestowed upon the new purchase, was selected by the Commissioners, Messrs. Johnson and Carroll, of Maryland, and Stuart, of Virginia. The territory was called Columbia. It now became necessary to determine the boundaries and the location of the public squares and buildings, and for this purpose the assistance of a certain Major Peter Charles L'Enfant was called in. This was the first manifestation of that French influence which exercised such sway over the mind of Jefferson, and, indeed, was generally, at that time, so strong.

L'Enfant was in his day much criticised, but posterity has at length done him justice. There can be no doubt that he was a man of signal ability—even of genius. He was born in France in 1755, and joined the American army as an engineer. He had infirmities of temper—like all men of strong character—was domineering and impatient of the opinions of others. Naturally he followed European models. In the *Gazette of the United States*, published in Philadelphia, of January 4th, 1792, will be found a detailed description of L'Enfant's first magnificent scheme with regard to the Federal capital; but even he had no idea of its future growth, nor, indeed, had any one except Madison. He, with singular sagacity, seemed to penetrate the future. His words have the tone of prophecy, and he just escaped predicting the electric telegraph. He urged for the capital the most central portion of the country, as regards territory and population. Those nearest the seat of Government would always possess, of course, advantages over those remote. Communities would never be on a level unless it should become possible to promulgate laws instantly. He said: "If the estimate is just that we double the population in twenty-five years, we shall speedily behold an astonishing mass of people on the Western waters." His calculation, as Mr. Spofford remarks, has been signally verified. In 1790 the population of the United States was 4,000,000; in 1810, 7,000,000; in 1830, 13,000,000; in 1850, 23,000,000; in 1870, 39,000,000.

With L'Enfant's peculiarities of disposition and his arrogance of temper, it is not surprising that disturbances soon followed. There was opposition to his general theories of the work he had undertaken; also, perhaps, not a little jealousy. In the end he threw up his post and retired sulkily; but it is a sufficient illustration of the generosity of his nature that he made no effort to annoy those who resumed the design he had relinquished, nor did he even publicly criticise them. He died loyal to the country he had adopted. Quaint pictures are given of his appearance in his later years—"In a green surtout, walking across the fields, followed by racing hunting-dogs." Mr. Corcoran remembers him as "a rather seedy, stylish old man, with a long blue or green coat buttoned up to his throat, and a bell-crowned hat; a little moody and like one wronged." He lived for years on the Digges farm, about eight miles from Washington, and upon his death was buried in the family burial-ground upon the estate. There he yet lies, pretty well forgotten.

He was followed in his work by Andrew Ellicott, a Pennsylvania Quaker, and a man of nothing like his originality or comprehensive mind; but the plans proceeded under much less turbulent conditions. Ellicott is chiefly remembered through his assistant, Benjamin Bancker, a negro mathematician and a man of parts. Jefferson admired him greatly, and was his earnest friend. Bancker was sixty years old at the time he was associated with Ellicott, and was "a portly man, of large, noble and venerable presence and a white head." He wore a drab coat and a quaker hat. He is buried at Ellicott City, Maryland.

The plans proceeded. Says Mr. John Addison Porter: "The scheme of Washington has been likened to that of ancient Babylon. It has also been termed, 'Philadelphia griddled across Versailles.' Broad avenues, diverging from central reservations, in the shape of circles, squares and oblongs, make, with the intersections of

parallel streets, various triangles and other irregular spaces, some of which are owned and used by individuals for building purposes, and others kept by the city for small parks. The beauty and uniqueness of the plan, affording space without waste and symmetry without sameness, may be seen at a glance. But at the time the city was laid out it was thought to be too fanciful and chimerical."

Now came hordes of speculators from many directions, but their eagerness soon subsided. Purchasers also began negotiations from abroad, but there was something discouraging in the general aspect. There was little faith in the future, and the sale of lots languished. Washington, with his usual business energy, tried to establish land agencies in the cities, but they did not prosper. In those days the never-failing resource in public financial difficulties was a lottery, and some of the most notable projects were carried to a successful issue by this device. This also was turned to account.

The first money for the erection of public buildings was furnished by Maryland and Virginia, the sum reaching nearly $200,000. Afterward, Congress authorized a loan of $300,000, but obtaining the cash was not the same thing. The paper of the body was far from being what we nowadays term "gilt-edged." In the extended depression Maryland generously came forward with another loan of $100,000. Lots sold at this time for from fifty dollars to seventy-five dollars. Washington was opposed to the sale of large blocks.

Obviously, the site for the Capitol building was the grand plateau, and the President's House was placed at a convenient distance, although its situation has been much criticised since. The distribution of the Department buildings was to keep them from the influence of Congress.

A prize of $500 with a building-lot was offered for the best design for the Capitol, and it was won by an amateur, Dr. William Thornton, a native of the West Indies.

On September 18th, 1793, the cornerstone was laid by Washington with imposing Masonic ceremonies. The *Maryland Gazette*, of Annapolis, gives an extended account of the proceedings, and mentions that "there appeared on the southern bank of the Potomac one of the finest companies of artillery that hath lately been seen, parading to receive the President of the United States."

After the ceremonies the whole company retired to an extensive booth, where an ox of 500 pounds weight was barbecued, of which the company generally partook, "with every abundance of other recreation." The festival ended with fifteen successive volleys from the artillery, "whose military discipline and manœuvres merit," says the patriotic editor, "every recommendation."

The cost of the old Capitol was between two and three millions of dollars. The White House was, for some reason now unknown, copied from the plan of an Irish nobleman's house in Dublin. Its appearance now is little changed from what it was then.

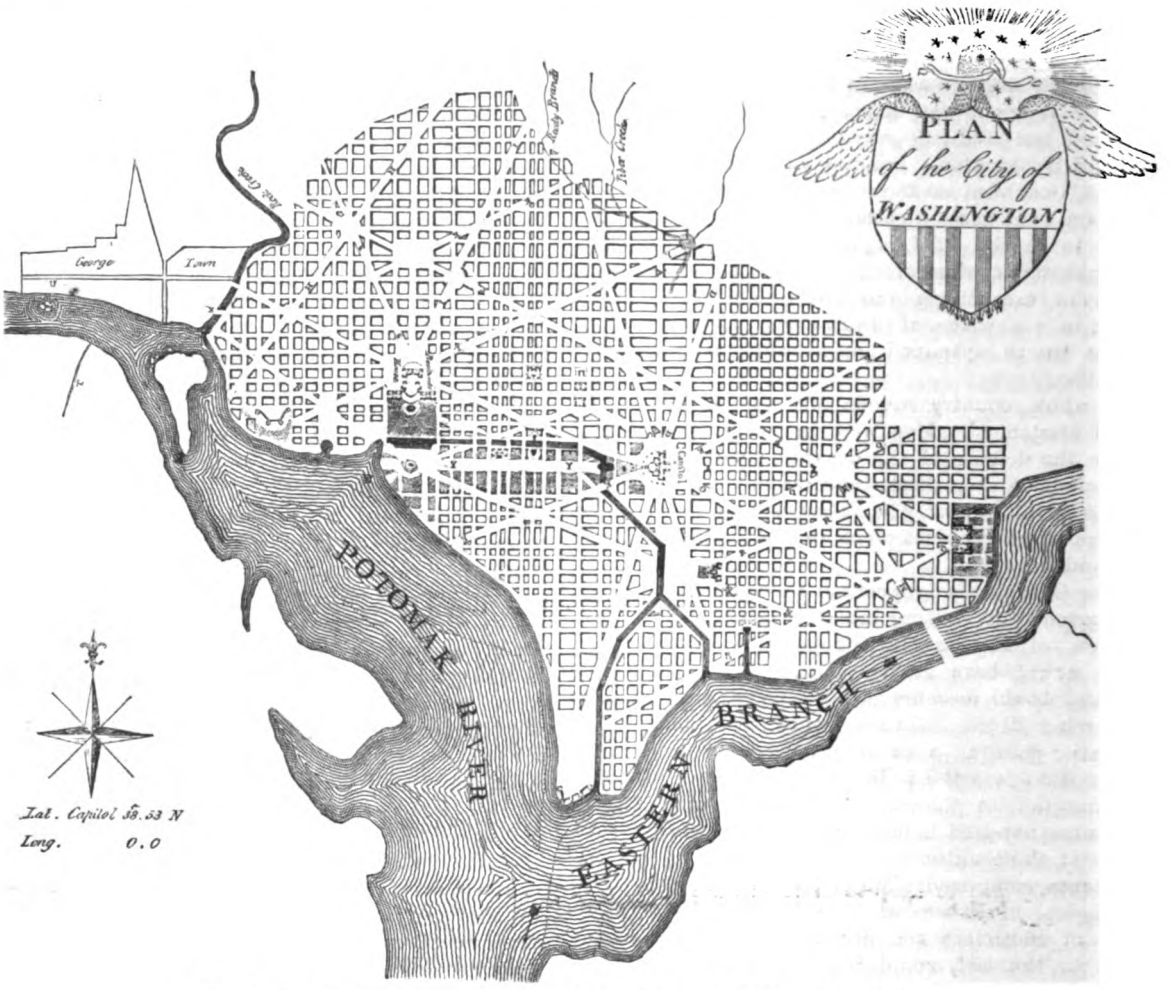
Congress moved to the city in the last year of the century. From a letter of Mrs. John Adams, written to her daughter, Mrs. Smith, in 1800, we have quite a vivid picture of the capital at that time: "I arrived here on Sunday last," she writes, "and without meeting with any accidents worth noting except losing ourselves when we left Baltimore, and going eight or nine miles on the Frederick Road, by which means we were obliged to go the other eight through the woods, where we wandered for two hours without finding guide or path. But woods are all you see from Baltimore till you reach *the city*, which is only so in name. Here and there is a small cot, without a glass window, interspersed amongst the forests, through which you travel miles without seeing any human being. In the city there are buildings enough, if they were only complete and finished, to accommodate Congress and those attached to it; but as they are not so, and scattered as they are, I see no great comfort in them."

Hon. John Cotton Smith, member of Congress from Connecticut, has also described Washington as he saw it in the same year—his narrative is graphic and a little humorous. As he approached the city he saw that one wing of the Capitol only had been constructed, which, with the President's House, a mile distant, both constructed of white sandstone, were shining objects in dismal contrast with the scene around them. Between the President's House and Georgetown a block of buildings had been erected called "The Six Buildings." There were also other blocks, consisting of two or three dwelling-houses, in different directions, and isolated wooden habitations. There were only two really complete houses —Dudley Carroll's and Notley Young's. The roads were muddy and unimproved. The Congressmen were obliged to find quarters where they could. They paired off in rooms on New Jersey Avenue, "a road with two buildings on each side of it." But they had good beds and active servants.

Sir Augustus Foster, attached to the British Legation in 1804, writes in an amusingly querulous and fault-finding vein regarding the city. We can almost imagine his letter to have been written by the typical traveling Briton of our own time. He, however, highly appreciated the pretty girls with which Washington abounded—the handsomest, as he confesses, that he ever saw. "As there are few in proportion to the men, it is one of the most marrying places in the country." The ladies were charming in appearance, indeed, but, he adds with disgust, had no literary taste. Dancing and music eked out the time, but one grew tired of the monotony of the songs. Cards were a resource, and a good deal of gambling went on. The men played "brag" and the ladies "loo." When the pretty creatures were "looed" they pronounced the word with a curious affectation, and in a mincing way, which vexed Sir Augustus. But he confesses that he liked the town.

The surface was covered with scrub oaks and malaria-dispensing shrubbery. Pennsylvania Avenue was a morass overrun with alder-bushes. Streets were an unknown luxury. There was only one sidewalk, stretching from the Capitol to the Treasury, and this was made of marble chips, which hurt the feet. The Congressmen lodged in Georgetown, and came to Washington by stage over a miserable road. They complained loudly, and declared that something in the way of improvement must be done. Immediately began vast schemes, on paper, of symbolic columns, statuary, grand squares, avenues, parks, a waterfall and a cathedral. All this, of course, came to nothing.

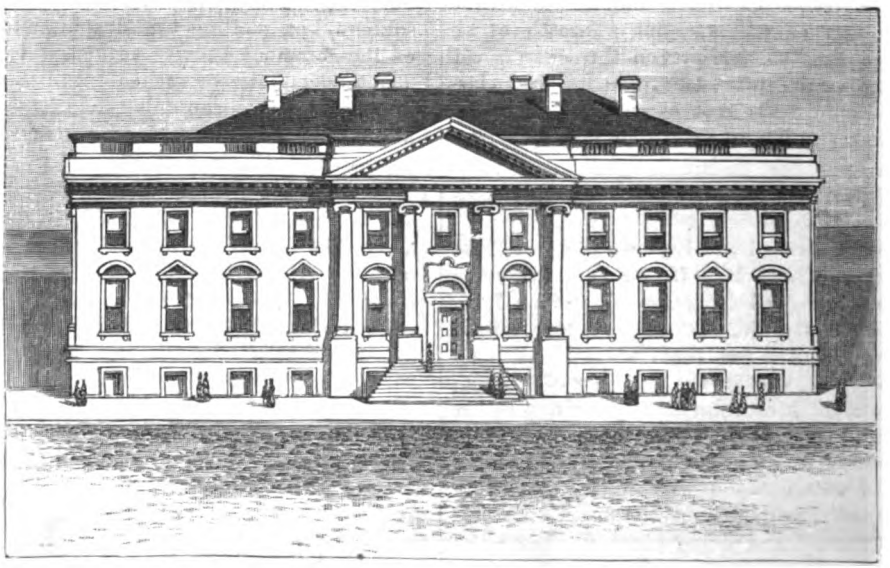
The dilatory growth of the city for nearly half a century is one of the most singular things in its history. Handsome appropriations were made, but the accusation that the money was misapplied and wasted seems but too well founded. Jefferson felt that something should be done, and expressed himself vehemently. By way of setting an example, he planted four rows of poplar-trees on Pennsylvania Avenue in imitation of Unter den Linden in Berlin.



PLAN OF THE CITY OF WASHINGTON, FROM AN ENGRAVING PUBLISHED IN 1793.

Ever since the selection of the site for the capital of the country there had been dissatisfaction. The work of beautifying the city went on so slowly, and it was such an uncomfortable place to visit that Congressmen complained, and the attractions of Baltimore and Philadelphia were grumblingly contrasted with the miserable accommodations of Washington. The question of the removal of the capital, which had been discussed by the dissatisfied ever since the selection of a site had been made, was now more loudly bruited. Nevertheless, in spite of all this, the place grew to some extent. Houses went up, and there was a gradual increase in the population, although nothing like what would have been the case under different circumstances.

Eight or nine years thus crept on, when an event occurred which, for a time, eclipsed in interest the question of the removal of the Capitol and all others. This was the breaking out of the War of 1812. Jefferson, following the example of Washington, had declined a third term, and Madison was President when, in the Summer of that year, hostilities were declared. The event was to be, though no one suspected it, of great importance to the fortunes of the city by the Potomac.



THE ORIGINAL PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.

Admiral Cochran arrived from

Bermuda, August 14th, 1814, with 3,000 troops, and joined Rear-admiral Cockburn. Their combined vessels-of-war amounted to twenty-three. Their design—as soon became known in some mysterious way, although at first the rumor was not credited—was to attack Baltimore and Washington. Landing 4,000 men at Benedict, Cockburn advanced up the Potomac.

As soon as it became certain that Washington was to be the chief object of attack, all was fright and confusion. The means of defense were exceedingly imperfect. The resources, in the shape of militia, were small, and the troops untrained and already partly demoralized.

The whole country roundabout was in a state of excitement. Men were hurrying forward to the defense of the capital; some on foot, some on horseback, and armed with weapons of all sorts. The President and the members of his Cabinet were in the saddle night and day.

It was Cockburn's proposition to march on Washington, but General Ross objected. In the view of the former, the taking of the capital would have great effect as a moral blow, and would discourage the Americans in an extreme degree. There would, also, be substantial gain, as a large ransom could be demanded to save the public buildings.

Washington at this time comprised only about nine hundred houses, scattered over a surface of three miles. The general class of inhabitants comprised plain people, living in a good deal of discomfort. There was nothing of the wealth of Baltimore and Annapolis, and hence many, almost to the last, could not credit that the British had designs upon the capital in preference to those cities. The uncertainty prevailed among the American authorities, and assisted in the general confusion which reigned. But for this, too, there might have been better measures adopted for defense.

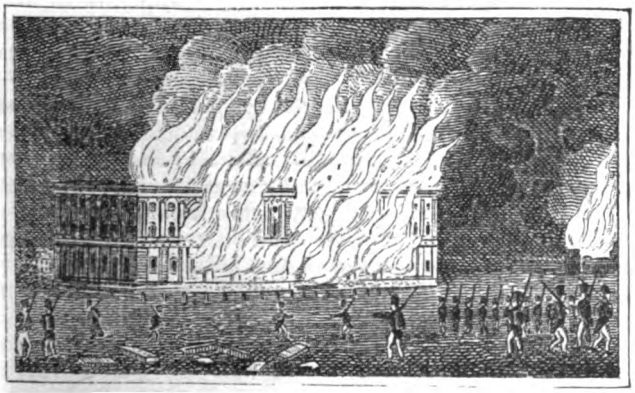
All doubt was set at rest, however, on August 24th, when the alarmed scouts brought in information that the enemy were approaching Bladensburg, where General Stansbury was stationed with the Baltimore militia. The story of the battle has been told and retold. The weather was frightfully hot. There was not a breath of air. Hundreds of the English soldiers on the march, with their heavy knapsacks and accoutrements, had been prostrated, and some never rose again.

The battle was really fought by Joshua Barney. Three times he drove the British back, and once his horse was shot under him; but his courage was useless.

JOSHUA BARNEY.

The retreat was a stampede. The Americans threw away everything and thought only of escape. The President and the Secretaries of War and the Navy and the Attorney-general fled with the rest. The British, tired out and satisfied for the moment, did not pursue.

The fugitives carried consternation to the inhabitants of Washington. All day news from the battlefield had been awaited with intense anxiety. Now came the first few stragglers with the intelligence that fortune was against the American arms. This, at first, was doubted; but immediately there followed crowds of frightened soldiers, hot, panting, and desperate to get out of reach of the ferocious cavalry supposed to be in their rear. The terrified citizens rushed out of their houses, carrying what goods they could lay hold of. Some had wagons and carts, which they hastily loaded up and hurried away. Chaos reigned.



BURNING OF THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON, FROM A CONTEMPORANEOUS COPPERPLATE.

Cockburn and Ross, attended by a guard, were the first of the British to enter. As they clattered into the city a shot was fired at them from a dwelling, which killed General Ross's horse and threw that officer to the ground. He rose and ordered a volley to be fired at the house, and then took possession of it in the name of the King. A few minutes later it was in flames.

The British Army now entered the city and seized the public buildings. The chairs, desks and other furniture of the House of Representatives were piled together and ignited, and soon the whole building was in flames. The splendid library was not spared.

A train had been laid at the Navy Yard by order of the Secretary of War, and, after a series

of frightful explosions, a terrible conflagration burst forth there and mingled its glare and roar with that of the burning capital.

Such was that dreadful Sunday night. Troops had been posted along Pennsylvania Avenue from the Capitol to the President's House and the Treasury. The flames of these great structures were dancing merrily skyward, and by their light the soldiers sat down to supper.

To add to the horror of the scene, a terrible thunder-storm burst over the city. For more than an hour the lightning flashed and the thunder rattled and roared. It seemed as if the Last Day had arrived.

Meanwhile, the President and those who had passed the day with him, including the members of the Cabinet, had fled to Virginia.

While the battle was raging at Bladensburg Mrs. Madison was seated at an elevated window in the President's House, with a spyglass, watching for her husband's approach. At the door stood a carriage filled with costly and massive plate and other valuables. Impatiently she awaited a message from the President directing her to take flight.

At length the message came. Her last act was to detach a portrait of Washington from the wall by cutting the canvas with a rude knife.

At Georgetown she met her husband, who, with his suite, was on his way to Virginia. Hasty greetings followed, and they stood for a few minutes watching the flames bursting from the Capitol in the distance. What thoughts were theirs we can only conjecture. But there was no time to lose. A hasty understanding was arrived at between man and wife, and the two separated. The President, Mr. Monroe, Mr. Mason, Mr. Carroll and others were taken across the Potomac in a small and rickety boat, and reaching the other side, mounted horses and rode away. Mrs. Madison returned toward Georgetown, and took up quarters in a farmhouse some ten miles from that place. Here through the dismal night she sat by a window and watched the distant fire.

Daybreak presented a gloomy spectacle in the smoldering city. When the drums and trumpets sounded the reveille, the drunken soldiers and negroes began to crawl forth from the coverts, where they had spent the last few hours of darkness.

Cockburn himself reappeared, his appetite for destruction unappeased. Pillage and riot were renewed. The War Office and other public buildings, and the publication-office of the *National Intelligencer*, were fired.

The British rear-admiral was in boisterous spirits. Mounted tipsily on a white, uncurried brood mare, followed by her neighing foal, he rode about the streets. Frightened women came forth and implored him almost on their knees to save their homes. "Never fear," he shouted, with drunken enjoyment of their terror. "You shall be much safer under my administration than that of Madison."

Another dreadful incident marked this day. A detachment of soldiers had been sent to destroy two rope-walks at Greenleaf's Point, near the city. The officer who had charge of the expedition, after he had completed his work, threw the lighted torch into an old well. He was unaware that into this receptacle a vast quantity of shot, shell, useless cartridges and similar material had been thrown. A frightful explosion followed. One hundred officers and men were killed and wounded. As the mutilated and the dead were borne back to the city another tempest swept over it, and the thunder and lightning again added to the horrors of the hour.

By this time the British officers began to regret the wanton destruction they had accomplished. There was fear that there might be an uprising of the exasperated and desperate people of the surrounding country, and it was decided to retreat.

At nine o'clock at night the advance-guard began to leave the scene of devastation. The camp-fires on the hill of the Capitol were kept burning while the army silently traversed the road to Bladensburg.

By the sacking of Washington, $2,000,000 worth of property was destroyed. The Capitol and its splendid library, the President's House, the Treasury, War and Post-office buildings, and five private dwellings, were burned. Thirteen private houses were pillaged, and the office of the *National Intelligencer*, two rope-walks, and the bridge over the Potomac, were consumed.

This calamity, which was supposed in Europe to be the ruin of the country, was really nothing of the kind, and certainly was of momentous importance and benefit to Washington. As already remarked, there had been, ever since the foundation of the city, a strong pressure to have the capital of the country removed elsewhere. Baltimore and Philadelphia, as well as Annapolis, had strong personal motives to urge this change. To one of the three would almost certainly fall the good fortune of successorship. In the first ten years of the city's history, three vigorous attempts were made to bring about a removal, and nothing operated so effectually as a preventive as the felicity of the site of the Capitol. After the loot of 1814 the pressure was renewed, for now there seemed an opportunity especially designed by fate. But it was argued that to remove would seem like flying before the enemy and the injurious moral effect would be incalculable. This presentation of the case settled the question for the time.

The situation was undeniably discouraging. At this period there were not more than 750 assessable persons in the District of Columbia, whose combined property was under $2,000,000, and yet it had been predicted that the city would have, at least, 150,000 inhabitants by that time. With the destruction of the public buildings, everything was, indeed, in a cheerless condition and the prospect dark. Patriotism, however, carried the day, and the capital remained where it was.

The proposition for removal did not again seriously come up until the project for the retrocession of Alexandria and the land of the District west of the Potomac arose, in 1846. Then it was that the people of Alexandria complained, not unjustly, of being political orphans—of having lost their citizenship in Virginia and yet acquired no rights under the United States. The removal of the capital was again defeated, and, as the prospect of this seemed now hopeless, property in Washington began to rise in value and the city to prosper a little.

From the beginning, the government of the District of Columbia had been a source of perplexity to Congress. Local representation in that body was an embarrassing question. In 1802 it was resolved to delegate the active administration of municipal affairs to the City Government, but Congress naturally would not entertain the idea of abandoning its own authority. The aim was to retain this, and yet to give the residents as much scope and freedom as were consistent with that design.

By the Act of Incorporation the city was divided into three wards. The Act further provided for the election of two chambers; the first Council being composed of seven members and the second of five, chosen annually on a general ticket. The smaller body was formed by ballot from among the twelve. The first election was

held in June, 1802, the Mayor being appointed by the President, and he, in turn, naming the subordinates. The system continued until 1812, when the election of Mayor was placed to a considerable extent in the hands of the people; but such nominations of the minor officials as he made were subject to confirmation by the Aldermen. The Board of the latter was organized so as to consist of two persons from each Ward, while the Board of Councilmen consisted of three members from each Ward. The former were selected for two years, and the latter for one year.

So far as the laws and police system were concerned, the greatest confusion prevailed. Even after the charter of Washington was granted, the parts of the District on opposite sides of the river continued to be subject to the laws of the States to which they originally belonged, notwithstanding the original framers had abolished many of these statutes. Rioting and gambling went on to a scandalous degree because there really were not means to suppress them. The judicial system comprised a circuit and a criminal court, but the intervals between sessions were long, and the justices were hampered for want of well-defined authority.

The general condition of the city continued to be extremely discouraging. The local Government, for the reasons indicated, was incompetent, and corruption was more than suspected. Congress continued to make some small appropriations, but the money was misapplied or wasted. A heavy municipal debt grew up. The Senators and Representatives were too busy with other things to care much about the affairs of the city in which they were obliged to reside only during the session.

Forty years after the foundation of Washington the paving of the city was disgracefully imperfect—indeed, it can scarcely be described as paved at all. A City Hall had been erected, but it was almost a satire upon the name it bore. The jail was a public nuisance. No one took interest in these matters; but it is not to be wondered at, as the officials were miserably paid. The salary of the Mayor was only $500 a year. The indifference of Congress seems now something incredible. To the Press of the country Washington was an object of mockery and contempt.

In 1860—little more than twenty-five years ago—the capital, so beautiful at this time, had a population of only about 70,000 persons, and was little better in most respects than a village. Socially, it was absolutely without attractions. The hotels were of a provincial type, and meanly kept. The streets were in a shocking condition. Pennsylvania Avenue, now so magnificent, was a long, muddy road, full of holes. In Summer the dust was blinding. There were no conveyances, except a few straggling hacks and old-fashioned stages, horse railways not being introduced until 1862. There were no parks, drives or places of amusement. Commerce was small, and that only of retail character. No sort of manufacturing business was carried on, and the residents eked out a scanty living. When Congress was not in session the city was virtually dead.

The grand transformation-scene, as the theatre bills say, occurred during the Civil War. Then every eye was fixed on the capital, and the symptoms of a great alteration for the better began to be manifest. The growth in the population was sudden and enormous. In 1860, as has been mentioned, the inhabitants numbered about 70,000. In the following decade the number was nearly doubled During the war the entire population averaged a quarter of a million.

After the war, when the armies had dispersed, and the politicians and adventurers had left the capital, the city began to languish and sink back into its old condition. By those who had its interests at heart the gloomiest forebodings were indulged. It became manifest that something must be done, and without delay. Pressure was brought upon Congress, in which narrow and provincial ideas no longer prevailed as formerly.

But it was not until the early part of 1871 that Congress passed the Organic Act, establishing and defining the powers of the Territorial Government of the District of Columbia. A number of candidates were brought forward for the Governorship, and there was sharp rivalry; but in the end Mr. Henry D. Cooke was selected. The Board of Public Works chosen comprised A. R. Shepherd, James A. Magruder, Adolf Class and Henry A. Willard, with the Governor as president *ex-officio*. Mr. Shepherd, who was made head of the Board, was a gentleman of about thirty-five years of age, and a native of Washington.

Public work was now about to be resumed for almost the first time since the completion of the extension of the Capitol in 1825. After the burning of that building by the British in 1814, the rebuilding was begun by B. H. Latrobe, on the plan of Stephen Hallett. The foundations of the main structure were laid March 24th, 1818. The cornerstone of the extension was laid July 4th, 1851, Mr. Fillmore being President, and Mr. Webster Secretary of State. The dome cost $1,100,000, the wings $6,500,000. The height of the interior of the dome, from the floor to the rotunda, is 180 feet 3 inches. The height of the exterior, from the floor of the basement story to the top of the crowning statue, is 287 feet 5 inches. The Capitol is 951 feet 4 inches long, which is 31 feet longer than St. Peter's in Rome, and 175 feet longer than St. Paul's in London. The ground actually covered by the Capitol is 153,112 square feet. The decoration has been much criticised, although it has found its defenders, too. The first artists were Italians, who overlaid the walls with florid colors and foreign symbols. The mixture of American and mythological subjects has been condemned as tasteless and grotesque.

The Board of Public Works did not enter upon its labor without difficulty. Obstructive legal proceedings were taken, which, however, were finally overcome. The work accomplished is considered almost as remarkable as anything of the kind in the history of mankind. In 1872 the work went on in most vigorous fashion. During eighteen months twenty miles of sidewalk were laid, double that number of carriage pavement, six miles of tile sewer, seven miles of brick sewer, fourteen miles of water mains, twenty miles of gas mains, twenty miles of service pipes. Before resting, the Board laid fifty miles of more than a dozen different kinds of wood pavement, four of Belgian pavement, five of round block, six of cobblestones, eight of macadam, and forty miles of graded streets and roads. The sewerage system was brought to completion, and over twenty-five thousand shade trees planted. The result of all this was that the bonds of the District, which had been twenty-five per cent. below par, came to par within a year.

Washington is now one of the most spacious, attractive and beautiful cities in the world. The streets surpass in some respects even those of Paris. Over the broad drives vehicles glide as over a waxed floor. Beautiful trees afford shade for the parks which abound in every direction Here, too, are the charming "circles," always merry with the voices of children. Pennsylvania Avenue has been pronounced the most magnificent thoroughfare in the world. Standing on the steps of

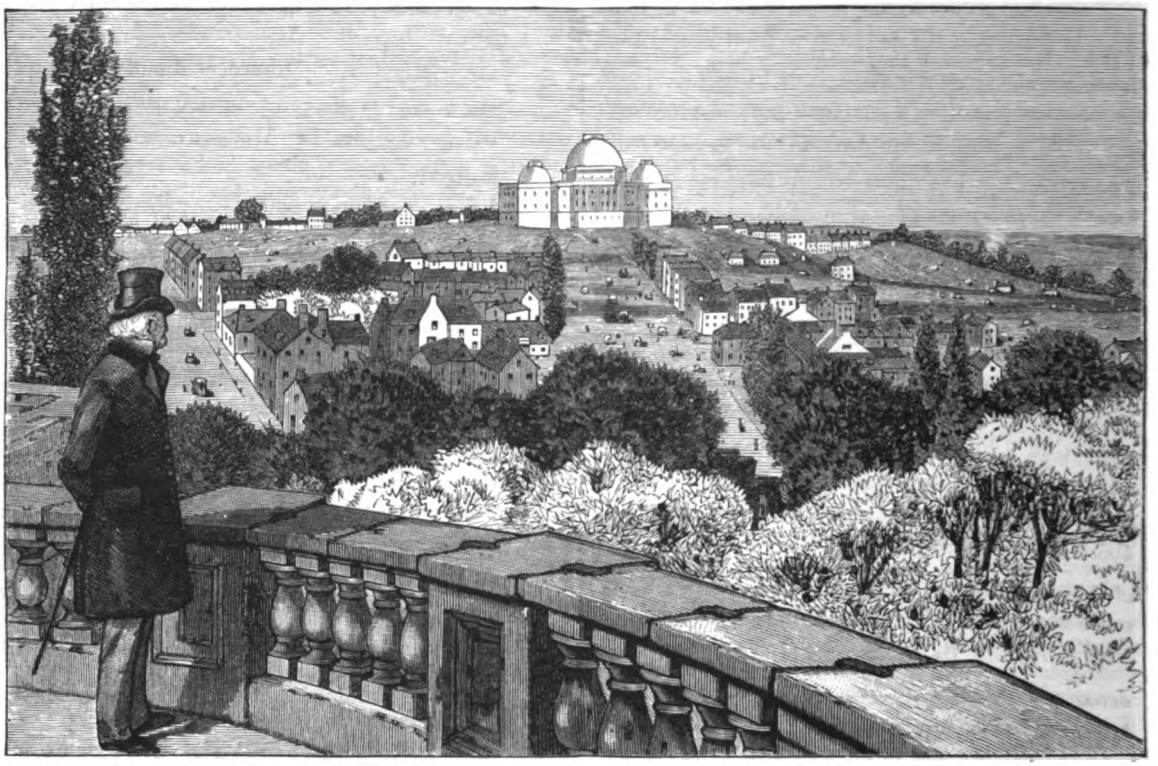
the Capitol, the scene which stretches before the eye, far as it can reach, is one never to be forgotten—one of wonderful animation—private carriages, Herdics, horse-cars, bicycles, vehicles of all sorts, hurrying swiftly and noiselessly by.

Magnificent specimens of architecture, museums, bureaus, schools of literature and science, are to be found on every hand. Here come, to put their speculations in motion, the projectors of great enterprises, and here, to find congenial quiet, retired officers and statesmen whose careers are ended ; and here, too, come the great literary and scientific lights, to consult the unapproachable library. The climate is, on the whole, delightful—rarely too warm in Summer—a breeze stirring on even the hottest days—and never really disagreeable, except sometimes, perhaps, in March. The good living which the markets afford is something of universal note.

As to society, it is curious that, notwithstanding the large transient class in the population, comprising its most important element, the permanent inhabitants should possess so much individuality. Here, people are driven together from all parts of the Union. Some come "for the season," some, for the career of the Administration, and many for an uncertain period. In the nature of things, the total forms a peculiar and somewhat grotesque conglomeration.

The varieties of dress, air, and particularly of accent, strike the observer. The hotels and boarding-houses afford a most interesting field for this sort of study. Many novels have been published about Washington, and from time to time the announcement is seen that noted authors are stopping at the capital for professional purposes—observing humanity as it is to be found there, in order to write the true novel which is yet to come. The probabilities are that, like the typical American play, it will never be written.

If Washington is not yet the ideal American city, there are many who believe that it will eventually be. It certainly is growing enormously in extent, as well as beauty. Land is being bought up in all directions about the corporate limits for literally miles and miles. Farms, which a little while ago afforded a bare living to their owners, are now held at $1,000 an acre. City lots were never so high. In the last few years the resident population has increased more than thirty thousand. The explanation of the rapid growth and improvement of the city, probably, may be found in the fact of the great extension of the number of inhabitants. Capital is attracted thither from all parts of the country, not only for investment, but to supply homes for people who have become a part of the permanent and resident population of the District.



WASHINGTON IN 1820, FROM THE PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.

THE OLD BURNES COTTAGE.

THE PLACE WHERE THE PURCHASE OF THE SITE FOR THE NATIONAL CAPITAL WAS NEGOTIATED.

LONG before the banks of the Potomac had been thought of as a site for the country's permanent capital, David Burnes had secured here a vast estate, and built upon its western boundary a small residence at the river's edge, now, however, separated from it by a wide reach of recently reclaimed morass. In this humble abode, Washington conducted with its owner the negotiations whereby a site for the country's permanent capital was secured—this tract constituting what is now the central portion of the city.

Before the transfer of this large domain had been finally consummated, many interviews with the proprietor were made necessary, for he was found irritable, if not obstinate. Washington's patience was sorely tried, and, it is reported, he yielded on one of these occasions to intemperate language, when the obdurate Scotchman ventured the intimation that the former's greatness was

Cheuth

Terra Epi Baiocensis.

In Lecet de Sudtone. In Lebestan hund.

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Isde Anschrall ten de epo Horstune. p uno solin se defd.

only a result of his intermarriage with the Widow Custis! What followed in this relation is not recorded, but over the transferred acres now falls a shadow from the highest monument ever erected.

After David Burnes's death, which occurred in 1799, his widow and only child, Marcia, continued to reside in the cottage. The young lady had many admirers, charmed by her wit and learning. Of the number was John P. Van Ness, the handsome Congressman from New York, who proved the successful suitor; and, soon after the marriage, built a stately residence near the old cottage, which still stands dominating the humbler structure. But cottage and castle alike, in their lonely seclusion, are gradually yielding to the ravages of time—and without the friendly intervention of some antiquary, for there are no descendants to whom these historical relics might make their mute appeal—the old cottage will fall into inevitable ruin.

THE DOMESDAY BOOK OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

By E. C. Thomas.

The closing days of last October witnessed the commemoration of the eight hundredth anniversary of the compilation of the great survey known as "Domesday Book." Under the auspices of the Royal Historical Society, arrangements were made for a series of meetings in Lincoln's Inn Hall, London, at which papers were read by students of what has been called the "Science of Domesday," and for two exhibitions of ancient manuscripts and records—one at the British Museum and the other at the Record Office. The great building in Fetter Lane is the present home of the august monument in whose honor this celebration was held. Its first place of deposit appears to have been the royal treasury at Winchester Cathedral, but, from a notice in the well known "Dialogus de Scaccario," it seems to have afterward become the inseparable companion of the Royal Seal, and Sir Henry Ellis quotes an entry from one of the wardrobe accounts of Edward I., to show that in the twenty-ninth year of that monarch it was with the King at Lincoln. It is not known when it was deposited in the Exchequer at Westminster, where it was kept in an iron chest, which is still preserved, under three locks and keys, in the charge of several officials of the Exchequer. In 1696 it was removed to the Chapter House, and from there was finally deposited in Fetter Lane, where it is in the care of an official specially charged with its custody. The old binding of wood, covered with leather and ornamented with brass, is still kept; but the volumes have been put into modern bindings of leather with silver fittings, and are carefully preserved under glass. Though not, of course, the oldest, yet, when we consider the greatness of the events of which it is at once the outcome and the record, it may well be considered the most reverend of our early records, and as we look upon this "miracle of clerkly and executive capacity," we can scarcely fail to realize more keenly than before the greatness of that king who but twenty years before its compilation had landed on England's shores as a stranger and an invader.

As to the meaning of the name of "Domesday Book," various conjectures have been made. This name nowhere occurs in the book itself, where it is indeed once spoken of by name as "Liber de Wintonia." In the "Dialogue of the Exchequer" by Richard Fitz-Nigel, Bishop of London, and sometime Treasurer of the Exchequer, which was written about 1176, we find the statement: "Hic liber ab indigenis Domesdei vocatur, id est Dies judicii per metaphoram," which he latinizes into *liber judiciarius*, because, as he explains, its judgment upon any disputed point was final. Rudborne tells us that it was so called "quia nulli parcit, sicut nec magnus dies judicii." The suggestion that the name is derived from the first resting-place of the record at Winchester, as though Domesday were a corruption of *Domus Dei*, scarcely deserves serious notice. The name appears to have become generic, and we find various local Domesdays, or lesser records of a similar character called by this name, such as the "Domesday of Chester," and the better known "Domesday of St. Paul's," made by Dean Ralph de Diceto, the historian.

"Domesday Book" is written in contracted Latin. The two volumes of which the book consists are not uniform in size or extent. The first contains the survey of thirty-one counties, beginning with Chenth (Kent), and is a large folio written on 382 folios of vellum, in double columns, and in a small and clear hand. The other volume is in quarto, and is written in a larger character on 450 folios in single column, and contains the survey of the counties of Exsessa (Essex), Norfulc (Norfolk) and Sudfulc (Suffolk), in a longer form than that of the first volume. This longer and more detailed form suggests that the second volume of the Exchequer Domesday is the original record of the survey, like the "Inquisitio Eliensis" (a survey of the lands of the monastery of Ely), and the "Exon Domesday," which contains a fuller account of the western counties. But Mr. Eyton has shown that "no single entry of the Exchequer codex was copied or abstracted from the Exeter edition."

There is no account of the counties of Northumberland, Cumberland, Westmoreland and Durham, possibly because the ravages inflicted by William upon the three former counties had made it impossible or unnecessary to make an exact survey of them, and because Durham was already a Palatine county. Portions only of Lancashire are described under Yorkshire and Cheshire. In many cases, moreover, entries belonging to one county have been placed in another, apparently for reasons of convenience or with the view of putting together the properties of a particular landowner. London, Abingdon, Winchester and a few other towns are also omitted, probably because they compounded for all dues and customary payments. A note at the end of the second volume fixes the year 1086 as the date of the completion of the survey. But our authorities vary as to when it commenced, some carrying it back to 1080. The "Saxon Chronicle," however, says that it was ordered to be made in 1085; and a careful examination of the internal evidence afforded by the record itself confirms this date, and from it Mr. Eyton concludes that the survey, and the transcription and codification of the returns, were completed in less than eight months. Of the mid-winter Gemót at Gloucester in 1085-86, at which the great task was decided on, we have a full account; we are told that "the king had mickle thought and very deep speech with his witan," and their thought and speech, amongst other things, were "about this land, how it was set, and by what men." Among the causes which impelled William to undertake the work may have been the difficulties in collecting the Danegeld, which he had imposed in the year 1084 at the rate of six shillings on each hide of land. But William may well have regarded the preparation of this inventory of the kingdom as the crowning act of the long process by which he had established and secured his power alike over his own vassals and the people he

had come to rule over. It was a splendid conception, and it was splendidly executed. The whole country was divided into districts, of which there appear to have been nine; and a body of commissioners—*legati Regis*, as they are styled in the record itself—were appointed to each district. From the names of the few who are known to us, it is evident that men of high position were appointed to the office. Their manner of proceeding was one not new in England; they gathered their information by the oaths of the sheriffs, the lords of manors, the parish priests, the bailiffs and six villeins of every village. The scope of the inquiry was most exhaustive.

They were to inquire the name of the place, who held it T.R.E—*i.e.*, in the time of King Edward—and who was its present possessor; how many hides there were in the manor; how many carucates in the demesne; how many men, how many villeins, how many cottars, how many serfs, how many freemen, how many socmen; how much wood, meadow and pasture; how many mills and fisheries; how much had been added or taken; what the total value was in King Edward's time and then. Then the value was to be ascertained at three periods: the time of Edward, the time of the grant by William, and the time of the making of the survey. And, last but not least, the commissioners were to report whether its value could in any way be raised. That the national sentiment resented this inquisitional method, and that in many places the inquiries were accompanied by violence and disturbance, may well be understood. The thoroughness of the survey and the national indignation find forcible expression through the Chronicler, who says of the King: "He let write how mickle of land his Archbishops had, and his Bishops, and his Abbots and Earls, and though I it no longer tell, what or how mickle ilk man had that landholder was in England in land and in cattle, and how mickle fee it were worth. So very narrowly he let spear it out, that there was not a single hide nor a yard of land, nor as much as—it is a shame to tell, and it thought him no shame to do—an ox, nor a cow, nor a swine was left that was not set in his writ."

The returns made to the commissioners were entered by them upon separate rolls, which were then sent to Winchester, where they were breviated and arranged by the King's clerks. The returns, or at all events the abstracts of them, were made in a methodical manner. In each shire the abstract begins with a list of the principal landowners in it. First comes the King, then the great ecclesiastical and temporal landholders, equally followed by the smaller landholders, arranged in classes such as *servientes regis*, *taini regis*, the whole serving as a table of contents to the body of the survey. This is arranged under hundreds, the King and other landholders being arranged under each hundred with the various particulars required to be returned. The commissioners did not, of course, affect to deal with questions of conflicting claims to proprietorship, but simply recorded the facts for the King's information. In some shires such notes of disputed rights are set down apart under the head of "clamores," while in some shires cases of violent or wrongful possession are set down under the name of "occupationes" or "invasiones."

It was only natural that the method of inquiry and of noting the results should differ in minor points in the case of the various bodies of commissioners, and it thus becomes possible to determine, by internal evidence, the way in which the shires were distributed into groups for the purpose of the inquiry. In some cases the jurors appear to have made fuller returns, or the commissioners to have made more searching inquiries, than in others. Thus, in the "Exon Domesday," in the second Exchequer volume containing the eastern counties, we find the number of oxen, cows and swine carefully noted, while they are left out in the abstract of the other counties forming the first Exchequer scheme. Again, it is characteristic of the corps of the commissioners for the five western counties that they were heedless of registering parish churches and parish priests. In this and one or two other instances to which we have already referred, we happen to have the two forms of the return—the original record and the abstract made at Winchester. In the case of the "Exon Domesday," moreover, a few leaves of a somewhat similar but less exact and minute inquiry of the geld-inquest of 1084 have been preserved by being bound up with the Domesday itself.

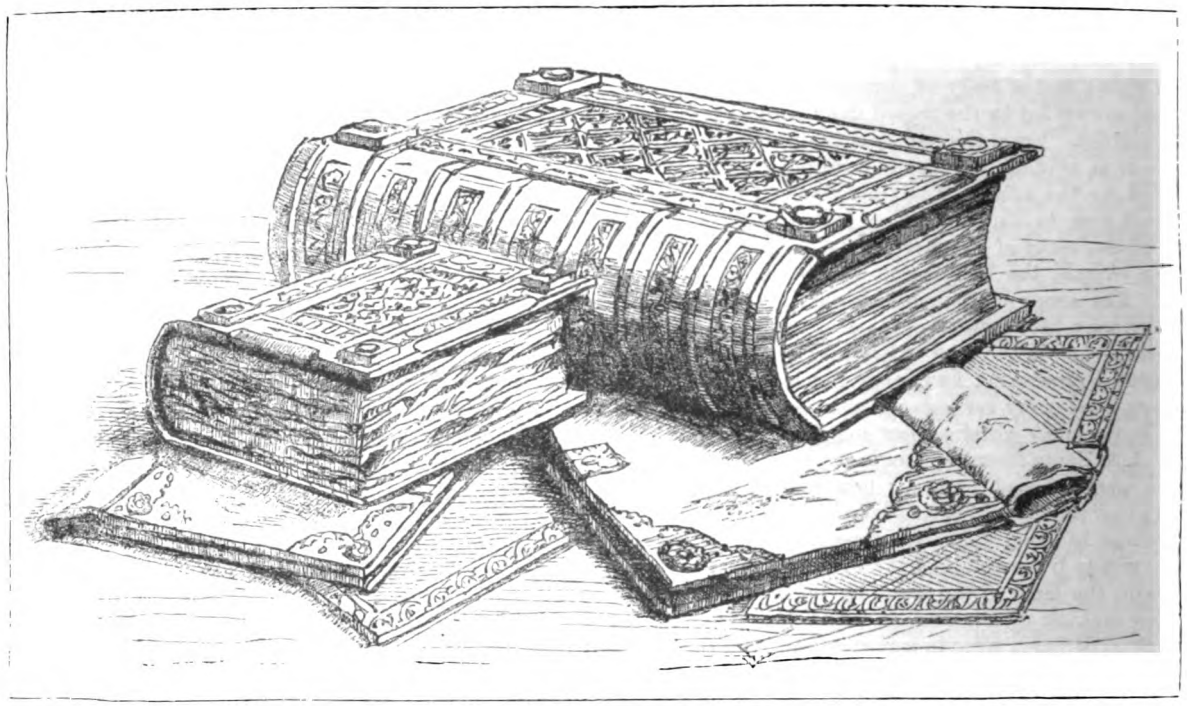
The digested abstract of the searching investigation carried out with so much particularity and exactitude, and at the same time with so much energy, that it was completed within a period of some eight months, presents a document which, as Professor Freeman has pointed out, stands alone among the sources of national history as the first known statistical document of modern Europe, and, what is more, a most admirable map and picture of England at the great turning-point of her national history.

Of what may be called the bibliography of "Domesday Book" it is not possible to say much; and it is not creditable to English scholars or to a great nation that it should be so. If Domesday had been a French or German document, it is safe to say that it would have been edited and re-edited, glossed and commented upon, and illustrated in the most exhaustive way. It was not printed at all until the year 1783, when it was issued under the direction of the Record Commission, in two large, unwieldy volumes; to which were added, in 1816, two volumes containing indexes and a general introduction by Sir Henry Ellis, together with similar records, viz., "The Exon Domesday," "The Inquisitio Eliensis," "The Liber Winton" and "Boldon Buke." The form of these volumes is awkward and inconvenient, and the text is printed only in the original contracted form.

In 1862-65 an edition in fac-simile of the survey of each county was published under the direction of Sir Henry James, of the Ordnance Survey. This edition enables the student to become acquainted, to some extent, with the aspect of the original. In 1876, Professor Freeman, who has done more than any one to show its boundless importance, and has made a close study of it for the purpose of his history, pointed out that: "A really critical edition of the whole Survey, bringing the full resources of modern scholarship to bear on all the points suggested by it, is an object which ought to be taken up as a national work."

Since that time we have studies made by the late Rev. R. W. Eyton upon the surveys of Dorset and Somerset, in which local knowledge is brought to bear upon the elucidation of the methods of the survey and the meaning of much that is obscure in its technicalities and phraseology. It seems but reasonable to anticipate that a great stimulus to Domesday study would be given by the publication of an extended text in a handy and convenient shape. If the present commemoration results in the production of such a work, it will have done good service, and fresh force will be given to the words of old Agard: *Qui plura de his scire velit librum ipsum consulat.*

The picture that we get from the "Domesday Book" of the England of 800 years ago is as unlike the England of to-day as it is possible to imagine.



THE DOMESDAY BOOK.—THE VOLUMES AS THEY NOW EXIST.

Vast districts were then covered with parks and forests of many thousand acres in extent; and innumerable herds of swine were turned loose in them to feed upon the acorns and mast.

The eastern counties, now so productive and healthy, were then dreary swamps, undrained and almost profitless.

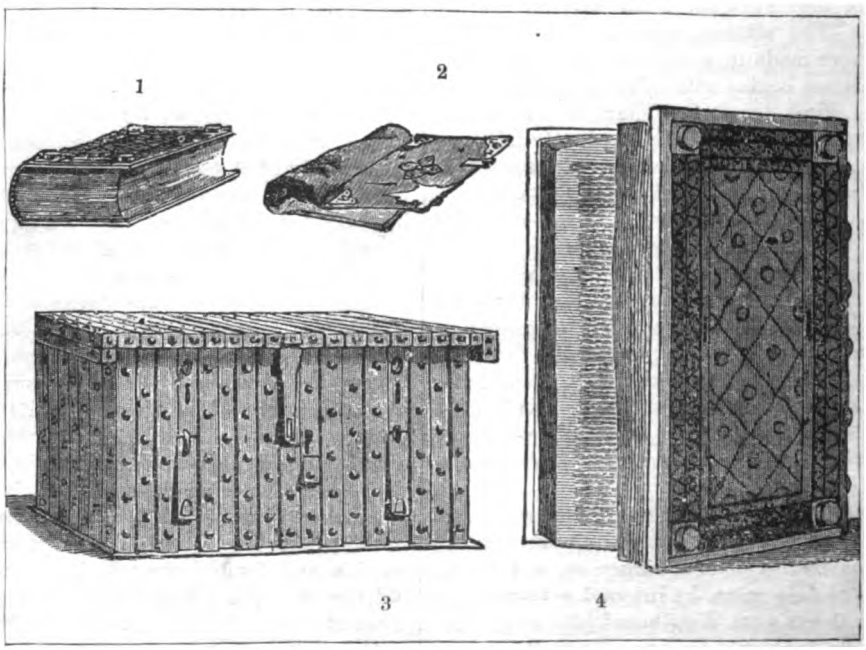
Westminster Abbey and St. Margaret's stood nearly alone, backed by a thick wood, which sheltered thousands of swine.

The country seats of the upper classes were then four-roomed houses, with the staircases, as a rule, outside, and rarely possessing the luxury of either chimneys or glazed windows; and as to the laborers' cottages, they were nothing but mud hovels.

Again we find that the trades followed by our forefathers were very few and simple compared with those in our day. Of course, there were smiths, tanners and carpenters; but the "manufacturing interest," as represented in Domesday, is confined to clothworkers and potters.

The women of the various households were, as we learn, so industrious and clever as to do away with the necessity of employing bakers, brewers, tailors and weavers; they were quite able to perform these tasks for their own homes and families.

It would take many pages to give all the points of interest concerning the social, political and religious condition of the people at the time that "Domesday Book" was written. We are enabled to present to our readers a fac-simile, very slightly reduced, which gives a fair idea of a page of the Kent Survey, and will enable them to obtain a good notion of the handwriting and the peculiarities of this famous book of which England is so proud.



1. LITTLE DOMESDAY BOOK. 2. OLD BINDING OF DOMESDAY BOOK. 3. TREASURE-CHEST OF THE EXCHEQUER, IN WHICH THE BOOK WAS KEPT. 4. DOMESDAY BOOK.

THE cares and anxieties of life will be felt by us in a greater or less degree in exact proportion as we enjoy at the time a greater or less degree of health.

AN INCIDENT OF THE SAN GABRIEL VALLEY.—"HE FIRED JUST AS A GIRL STEPPED FROM THE CAÑON. THE RABBIT LAY DEAD AT HER FEET. SHE STOOPED AND PICKED IT UP."

AN INCIDENT OF THE SAN GABRIEL VALLEY.

By Mrs. E. B. Perkins.

I met him in the village store. I had gone there for my mail; he, for supplies.

He attracted my attention. I think the most unobservant would have noticed him. He was unusually tall; six feet three in his stockings, as I learned afterward, and as slim as a pole. He had on a blue flannel shirt and red suspenders, and wore his gray corduroy trousers tucked in his boots. His legs were straight, if they were thin, and measured a distance in their strides that savored of seven-leagued boots.

He was as brown as a Mexican; his features large, and his expression kind and frank to a degree. When he took off his sombrero he showed a heavy head of soft flaxen hair, more like baby's hair than anything else. It seemed a most incongruous capping, but when I came to know him I found it entirely in keeping with one phase of his character.

I had spent the Winter in the San Gabriel Valley, loafing. I had gone there to regain broken health, and had devoted my exclusive attention to that object without seeing many returns come in. This fellow looked so strong that I think my first sentiment toward him was resentment.

The storekeeper was postmaster as well. The bags had just come in on the stage, and I had sat down on the counter to wait for the mail to be distributed. The stranger made his purchases standing beside me; then gathered up his parcels and bolted out. He evidently expected no letters. Following an impulse, I went after him. He was stowing away his packages in a pair of saddle-bags, thrown over the back of an animal quite in keeping with himself, being of an uncommonly large breed.

In California one talks to any and everybody. To

loafers like myself, there is nothing to do but to exchange experiences. I commented on the height of his horse.

"Vell, yes; he is sixteen hands. I finds it more pleasant to haf my feet skip the ground," he replied, with a comical sort of measurement of his long limbs. "Been here long?" he asked.

I told him I had wintered in Southern California.

"Hafn't tried a Summer. George!" It came from down in his throat and was expressive.

"Hot I suppose?"

He placed his hand impressively upon my shoulder.

"I tell you 'bout this climate, stranger. The Vinters are berfect Summers, the Summers are hell."

Then he laughed. He had a tremendous laugh. It made me jump. It always did, even after I got used to it. His speech was a sort of mongrel, that put me in doubt as to his nationality. I learned afterward that his father was a French-Canadian, his mother a German, and that he had acquired his English in a Montana mining camp.

"What makes you stay here if you don't like it?" I asked.

He laughed again.

"You see, I vas such a fool. I came over the range and got into this beautiful valley, and I thought I vas just in heaven vidout the inconvenience of dying. So those real estate scamps got me. They lied me into von orange ranch, twenty-five acres, twelve thousand dollars, cash. Now I stay till they lie me out."

I asked him where his ranch was. He gave me explicit directions, and urged me to visit him, adding, as an inducement, that he had not "anybody to bother; none but von dirty Chinaman vot did the vork."

Well, of course, I went. Your roving invalid always accepts an invitation.

I don't remember how it came about, but within ten days I had taken up my abode with him. It was such a relief after the hotel, that I jumped at the chance.

It would be difficult to find a spot in the San Gabriel Valley that is not "beautiful for situation," but this was especially picturesque and wild. It was well up in the foothills of the Sierras and commanded an extensive view of the valley, while the Arroyo Seco, a swift mountain stream, flowed through a cañon in full sight. Jean's Grove—by-the-way, my friend's name was Jean Manuel—was ten years old, and the yellow fruit hung in great abundance among the dark, handsome leaves of the orange-trees. There was no house on the place. Nomad-like, he lived in tents, using one to sleep in, another to eat in. The Chinaman's quarters—a red wood shanty, which more resembled a dog-kennel than anything else—being close at hand.

When I had been there about a fortnight, we were one evening sitting outside our tents smoking. It was at sundown, and I was watching the lights and shadows on the Sierras which made them a different range with each atmospherical change. I was much impressed with the beauty of the scene and the stillness of the hour, and we sat for a long time in silence. At length I made some remark about the stateliness of the orange-trees.

"Bah!" he said. "They are too stiff and bropper. Berhaps you haf dreamed of the joy of vandering through a grove vid your sweetheart. Ah, mine friend, the delight of walking in an orange-grove is reserved for the man who follows the blow; blowed ground hasn't any poetry about it. Gif me an Eastern apple-orchard, vid each tree an individual looking like itself, not like every other von in the row; vid grass so charming to the eye and soft as the paths in heaven to the feet."

Though sometimes reckless in his speech, he was naturally religious, and when he spoke of anything sublime his voice took on a reverent tone and he uncovered his head as if entering a church.

I, too, had longed for the Eastern grass, but the semi-tropical beauty of the valley had an irresistible charm for me, and I asked how he ever came to think of selling.

He laughed his big laugh.

"It all came of mine breacher. You haf not seen mine breacher?"

I shook my head.

Hong, the Chinaman, was smoking his pipe a short distance off. The breeze brought the smoke our way.

"Bah! I might as vell haf the vile stem in mine own mouth," he said, and held his excellent Havana between his fingers, as if to toss it away; then, on second thought, called the coolie to him. "Hong, I likes your bipe not at all. Buy some more tobacco, and smoke him a long way off! *Subé?*" he said, with a twinkle in his eyes, and, putting two bits in the Chinaman's hand, Hong went off, laughing the characteristic laugh of his race; a childish, meaningless sound which yet has something of shrewdness.

When we were alone, Jean took a long pull at his cigar. The man was an anomaly. He had spent the most of his life in a mining-camp, yet he had fastidious tastes. I could enjoy a cigar in a smoking-car and would never have discovered the flavor of a solitary pipe. In many respects he was epicurean. After a little he said:

"I tell you about it." He had the habit, common to those who spend much time alone, of taking up a subject just where he had left it. I have known him to resume a story in which he had been interrupted after the lapse of a week, and continue it without explanation or repetition with the nicety of a serial in a periodical. He always assumed that his listener's thoughts were in harmony with his. "He is my neighbor," and he waved his hand to where, about a half a mile distant, a redwood shanty stood in the shade of some pepper-trees. The smoke was curling from its chimney, and it had a homelike aspect. "They are hafing their supper," he said, and his face wore a wistful expression. He had taken off his sombrero, and his soft yellow hair fell over his forehead. He looked like an overgrown, homesick boy. I was about to ask who constituted the "they," when he continued: "I had been here von month. Long enough to find out that mine grand, stylish orange-trees wouldn't bay interest on mine investment, and I vas just getting mad clear through ven the breacher came to call on me. I vish you could haf seen him. He is a middling long chap like mineself."

As he spoke he stood up and began to illustrate. He was very earnest in conversation; always got on his feet before he finished a story.

"He vas a show, that's a fact, any vay. He had on von coat in twenty pieces. It hung in strings from the collar down. His bantaloons looked as if he washed all the dishes, and vidout an apron, and his gray hair just got right up out of the crown of his hat, vich vas for the most part rim. After passing a few vords he began to extol this country, vid its great bosibilities, and to get enthusiastic about the fine thing it is to be von cultivator—that's vot they call the poor devil that follows the blow down here—and he said he'd been here nine years, in as boastful a tone as if he'd got something by it.

Vell, I just took in the situation. If it only took the breacher nine years to get to cutting such a figure, vat vas to hinder me, that vasn't a breacher at all, and had never had any bringing up, to get there in half that time. So ven he said Good-by, I just walked down to that real estate scamp—I was too mad to ride—and I tell him to sell my grand orange ranch or I shoot him."

And he sat down and laughed until the birds in the eucalyptus trees hard by awoke out of their first sleep and twittered, and we heard Hong's sympathetic te-he-he in the distance.

When he had become sober he took another pull at his cigar, and was silent for some time, looking off toward the mountains, his face grave and wistful again. I knew intuitively that his thoughts were in the redwood shanty.

Presently he came back to the subject.

"You see he is an Episcopal breacher on the 'retired list,' as he calls it, vich, I suppose, means being paid a small consideration to stop preaching. He has von acre and a few fruit trees, and—he has von daughter."

Then he abruptly changed the subject. We had little more conversation that evening. I am a quiet fellow at my best, and my friend was in a thoughtful mood,

I left him sitting in the moonlight. I did every night. He required less sleep than any man I ever knew.

The moonlight in Southern California is marvelous. Yellow, clear, ambient. The nights are full of sounds. The song of the mocking-bird mingles with that of a thousand insects. The coyotes prowl about in search of prey, and occasionally give vent to their fiendish howl, while, as Jean said, "the darned fools of roosters crow every hour."

I always kept my curtains open, and usually fell asleep watching the tall form of my friend as he strode back and forth in front of the tents.

The last thing I remember thinking of that night was the wistful tone in which he had said, "He has von daughter." As a natural sequence I dreamed of that one daughter, and that Jean was a lover. The next day I saw my dream verified.

It was in the afternoon, and we were out hunting, or, at least, Jean was. I sat my horse and held his while he picked off his game. We were on the first bench of the Sierras, where the underbrush was thick. He was after a rabbit which, startled by our presence, was making for one of the cañons. He fired just as a girl stepped from the cañon. The rabbit lay dead at her feet. She stooped and picked it up. I glanced at Jean. He was as pale as death, and staggered where he stood. He went toward her and placed his hand on her shoulder.

"I might haf shoot you!" he said, his voice trembling with excitement.

"But you did not, my friend," she replied, trying to make light of it, though her color had heightened.

"I might haf shoot you!" he said again, and the blindest could not have failed to discover the love, in fact the adoration, in his face.

She glanced at me. Her manner was a trifle embarrassed. Jean stepped back and also looked at me. He had forgotten that I was there. He had the *abandon* of a child.

"Wilson"—he called me by my surname—"this is mine breacher's von daughter."

She bowed in acknowledgment, a little smile of amusement lurking around her very handsome mouth. She gave him the rabbit which she had been holding, and came toward me.

> "A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
> And most divinely fair,"

I found myself quoting. She seemed to know all about me, and asked some questions regarding my health with a womanly interest that was very winning. At length she apologized for having interrupted our sport, and made as if to leave.

"I shoot no more to-day," said Jean, with a faint smile, and the quiver of excitement still in his voice. Then he added, in his honest way: "My hand is too shaky."

The preacher's daughter assumed not to hear him. At that moment she gave a low, long whistle. I expected to see a dog answer. Instead a horse came from the cañon and stood while she vaulted, unaided, into the saddle. He was a wicked looking broncho, with the very devil in his eyes. Jean also mounted, and we went down the bench together.

It was a three-mile ride which we had, and impressed me as the most delightful I had ever taken.

Her manner toward me was exceedingly frank and attractive. She only occasionally glanced toward Jean, yet I felt convinced that she was intensely conscious of his presence. She seemed to calculate how much of her favor it was safe to bestow upon him.

When we reached the road which led to the redwood shanty, she said she would be glad to have me come some day with Jean to see her father, and waving an adieu, rode away. Jean followed her. I should have been surprised if he had not.

In Southern California it is natural to the idler, whether sleeping or waking, to dream. There is an indescribable quality in the languid, delicious atmosphere conducive to reverie. A glamour steals over the spirit which Jean claimed prevented one from seeing anything in its true light. He said a man could not tell the truth after living there three months, and argued that God, having made the climate, and consequently understanding its effects, would not judge a California liar by the same standard as those of other sections.

There had been a time when I had ordinary energy, but I had long since succumbed to the alluring climatic effect. Why, one does not want to even read anything heavier than a novel in that country. The mind will not act; it is in a state of passive receptivity. Of course I mean the average mind. One drifts, just skims the surface. Yet it is charming.

I had thrown myself down in the shade of the eucalyptus-trees after returning from our hunt. I don't think I slept, yet so far had I been from the actual present that I sat up in amazement when the savory odor of roasting game reached me, and found that the sun was gone and the chill of the evening already in the air. Jean had returned. He was sitting in his tent-door, like Abraham of old. There was a distant look in his eyes, and a boyish smile upon his face. He was dreaming of the "von daughter." I became conscious that she had been the central figure in my visions. She had immense personality. It was perfectly natural to think about her.

"She is a young person of motives. She is capable of calculating," I said to myself.

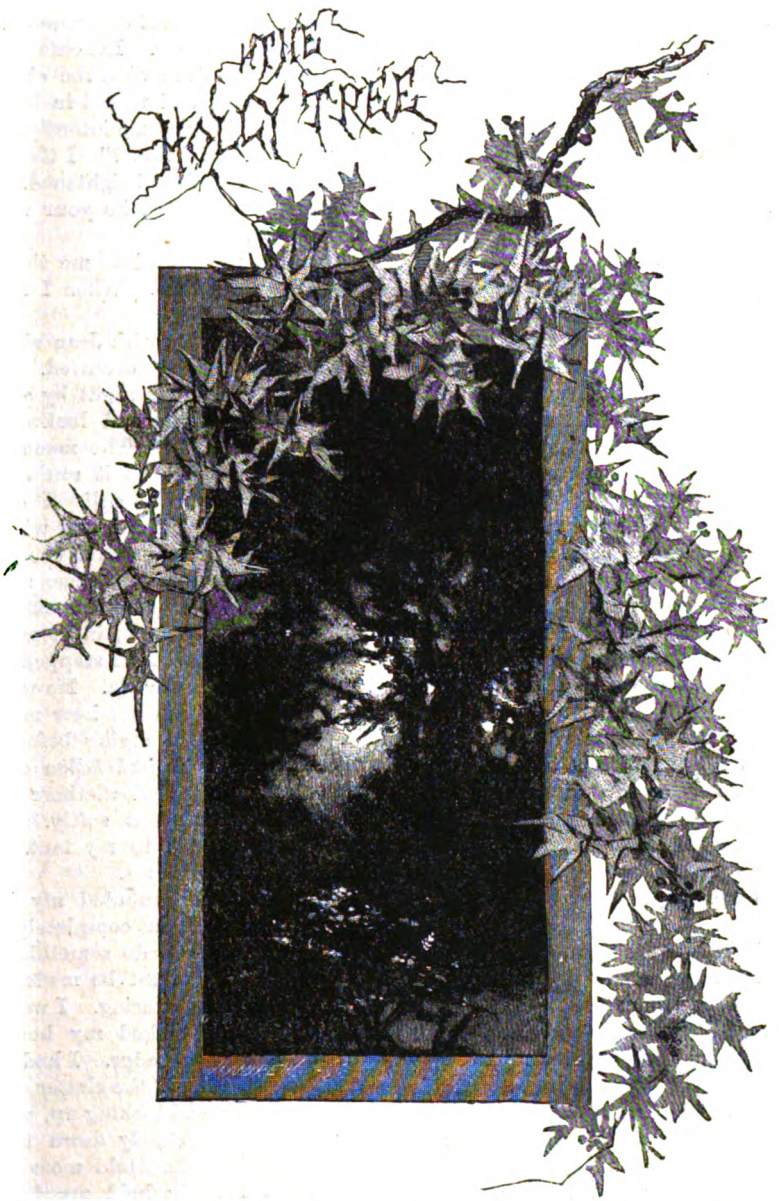
My mind had not framed anything so definite as this in regard to her before. But I was awake now. The chill in the air and the odor from the Chinaman's quarters had done that for me. I felt a sudden indignation toward her. I believed she was playing with him. I could imagine how his mother would pity him, and put her hand caressingly through that soft baby hair of his if she could see him that moment. My precaution was needless. He was wholly abstracted. Hong called him to dinner three times before he heard him.

WHISPERINGS OF ST. VALENTINE.— DRAWN BY CHARLES CATTERMOLE.

"Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate;
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And Summer's lease hath all too short a date."—*Shakespeare.*

I shall not forget the first time I saw the preacher. I proposed visiting him the Sabbath afternoon following our ride. Jean objected at first, because he wanted me to meet him, as he had, in his working attire, and not in his clerical clothes.

We found him walking alone among his few fruit-trees. His daughter got her exceeding fairness and her rare graceful height by direct inheritance. His commanding form was clad in a white linen duster, starched and spotless from the Chinese laundry. It was so long that only the bottoms of his black pantaloons showed. His handsome head was uncovered, and his long white hair looked fresh from the brush. He bade me welcome, upon Jean's introduction, with easy cordiality, and, leading the way to where some chairs were placed under the pepper-trees, began—as all Californians do in meeting a stranger—extolling the State of his adoption. Jean entered the house without knocking, like one long since become familiar. He came out almost immediately, bringing the lady with him. There was a brightness in her eyes, and a soft flush on her cheeks that made me conscious that the greeting she gave me was a sort of reflection of what Jean had received.



The preacher did the talking. He had the habit of ministers in common—whether on the retired list or active—he monopolized the conversation. He was a pleasing talker; evidently had been a wide reader and had considerable culture. He was an enthusiast. No language was too glowing, no terms too extravagant, to express his admiration for the "Golden State," especially this southern portion, this "Garden of the World," as the inhabitants delight in calling it. Jean occasionally interrupted him, in some such wise as this:

"Bah! It is all climate. Ven you haf said climate, you haf said all." And again: "It is all bromise, mine friend. In so many years, so much is to be realized. Some men may lif upon the future; gif me the present." Then he added, with a gallantry that was graceful because heartfelt, and taking his hat off to the fair lady opposite, as he spoke: "To-day is good enough for me. Anything better vould be von bit of heaven."

Presently the minister and I were left alone. We could see the pair as they stood talking among the lady's roses. She had given them especial care, and had many varieties. The Gold of Ophir and the Lamarck fairly covered two sides of the shanty and dignified it into a thing of beauty. From the distance, I should have said that the two who stood talking were lovers. Jean's manner was full of devotion, and the lady seemed exceeding kind. Perhaps I had misjudged her. Why should she play with him? He was worthy the love of any woman. Presently I became aware that my companion also had been watching them, for, when at last our eyes met, he said, with a smile:

"I am glad you like our friend. He is a diamond; not in the rough, no, clear and polished, but in a unique setting."

A moment later he took me in to see their cabin. It was divided into four large rooms: two chambers, a kitchen and living-room. The walls and ceilings were bare redwood, but finished until they were as smooth and pretty as mahogany or cherry. Two sides of the living-room were devoted to shelves of books, which reached from roof to floor. The floors were covered with matting. There were easy-chairs and a general air of comfort. You could see the touch of a woman's hand everywhere, and the house was full of the scent of roses.

We lingered over his books until the afternoon was wellnigh spent, and then went out to find those two still where we had seen them last. They came to meet us, and I proposed going home. Jean looked very happy, but there was a wistful expression in the lady's eyes, as she gave me her hand good-by that went with me.

We scarcely spoke all the way home. Jean was absorbed; so was I

"There is everything to make her marry him. They are poor. Her father is getting old; she will soon be alone. He is noble, manly, tender as a woman—what more can she ask? Yet there had been that wistful look in her eyes." So ran my thoughts, and, with slight variations, they kept in that groove until I met her again.

In the meantime, Jean, I know, saw her every day, and I could always read her treatment of him in his face when he came home. Sometimes it was troubled and perplexed, sometimes flushed with happiness. He never spoke of her, but when the next Sabbath came he told me the minister had asked for me. After that we fell into the habit of spending every Sunday afternoon there; or, rather, I did; for I learned that it had been Jean's habit for a long time.

I never made a study of any woman excepting this one. At that time she was the only woman I met; that may have been one reason why she took such possession of my thoughts. Then, too, I had given a spontaneous, unequivocal affection to my new friend, and jealousy for his happiness, I think, was what first led me to watch her so critically. As I look back, I find that I made a sort of psychological study of her. I detected motives in her slightest actions, and had her continually before my mental judgment-bar. Sometimes I was conscious of making her very uncomfortable. I remember one instance in particular. She and Jean and myself were under the pepper-trees. She was fastening a rosebud in his button-hole. I watched her do it. Her hand trembled a little, and suddenly she looked at me, and there was something of defiance in her glance. I felt embarrassed.

Jean unconsciously relieved the situation. He placed his hand on her shoulder, and said, in his kind, gentle way:

"No blace vill you find such roses, mine friend, though you likes this spot not at all."

When the preacher indulged in his raptures over this fair land, I had noticed that she was always silent. Now I said:

"You do not share your father's enthusiasm?"

I was quite unprepared for the torrent that followed. It was not so much the words as the manner of them. Her voice trembled with repressed excitement. Her face was flushed, and her eyes full of a brilliancy that yet was suggestive of tears. She spoke so rapidly that the words crowded each other in the impetuosity of her utterance:

"I—I think I hate it! It is so far removed, and these mountains so inclose it from the world, that you cannot even feel the pulse. I believe if you could wholly keep the world on the other side of the range and shut off all communication, in a few years the people would return to the condition of the Mexicans. The influences of this climate are enervating to the body and deteriorating to the mind. Once in a while I realize my own inertia, and am shocked to see how my old standards of intellectual excellence are getting further and further beyond me. Then I grow wicked; so wicked that no sacrifice of myself or my friends seems too great, if only it would enable me to escape this living death, this feeling the mold grow over me before I am dead."

In her excitement she had revealed all the inward struggle that I had been searching out. In her brief moment of honesty she pleased me better than she ever had before. The next instant she gave a little, heartless laugh.

"I am afraid I have been tragical! Pray pardon me!" she said.

Jean looked at her in a perplexed way. His hand still rested upon her shoulder. I thought neither of them were conscious of it, when the lady took it away kindly in her own. She might have stepped one side, and thus have freed herself and still not have been rude. There was something pitying in the action.

"If she marries him she will always be good to him, and perhaps that will satisfy him," I thought.

She went into the cabin then, on some pretext, and Jean and I were left alone.

In the weeks that followed that little conversation I was almost persuaded that, after all, she did love him, and if these relations resulted in marriage it would not be wholly a marriage of convenience. In these weeks Jean was an enigma to me. In some way he was changed. I scarcely could tell in what the change consisted. There was an expression of unrest in his face. Occasionally I found him looking at me intently. One of those times I said: "Well, old fellow?" I thought he had something to tell me. His face brightened.

"If you say vell, I take your vord it is so;" he said, and laughed.

It suddenly occurred to me that I had not heard him laugh in a long time. When I realized it I felt that I had missed it.

I had been living with Jean about five months when what I have to relate occurred.

I was awakened one night by something that sounded like a sob. I sat up and looked out of my tent-door. No one was in sight. The moon was up. I could see the valley for miles as it ran along the base of the Madres. It was very still. I concluded that I had been mistaken, and the sound which had awakened me had only been the mournful coo of some dove. I was about to lie down when it came again—an unmistakable sob. I got up, threw my dressing-gown about me, and went outside. When again it was repeated I knew it came from Jean's tent. I stepped to where his curtains were parted and looked in. He was asleep. I spoke his name twice. He did not hear me. I went to his bedside. He had been crying before he slept. His soft, curly hair, where it had fallen over his face, was wet with tears. While I stood there he sobbed—sobbed in his sleep. I stole out softly. My own lashes were moist. I went back to my tent. It was a long time before I closed my eyes.

The next day I mounted my horse and started off alone, aimlessly. I was completely unnerved. It seemed as if I would have to do something about it. I thought the girl should at least be made to appreciate the unhappiness she was causing. I went down to the bed of the Arroyo Seco, staked my horse, and threw myself down on the water's edge. I had been there only a few minutes when I heard the clatter of horse's feet traveling at a furious rate, and looking up, saw the broncho and his rider dashing recklessly down the first bench of the mountains. Jean had told me she was a fearless horsewoman, yet I fairly held my breath at the headlong speed. She caught sight of me and rode directly toward me. In fording the Arroyo she stopped midstream to let her horse drink. I had never thought her so fair and handsome before. She threw a light, careless greeting to me.

I think my face and voice were both grave, for I saw her start a trifle, and she gave me a quick, searching glance. Presently she rode up beside me, and dismounting, stood holding the bridle in her hand. I had risen.

"There is something wrong. You are not so well, or

perhaps Jean is ill?" she said, in the kind, womanly way that became her best.

I had no right. It was presumptuous, yet I spoke my mind. I was very severe. Her cheeks flushed—she seemed angry; but when I told her about the sob, she buried her face in the broncho's mane and cried. Suddenly she looked up.

"It is like everything else in life—cruel! It is a hateful fate that cannot be avoided." She spoke under great excitement. "He knows that I do not love him well enough to marry him. He has known it a long time. I thought he was getting past caring. He has tried to make me think so; but he never will. Such things leave their scars." Her voice trembled exceedingly. "Why couldn't I love him? There was everything to make me wish to marry him. If I had been a little more wicked than I am I should have done so, for I do care for him in a certain way. I always want to pat him on the arm or hand and say, 'Jean, you dear old fellow, I love you,' as I would to any dog or my horse." Suddenly her face took on a tender look. "No, that does not express it. I think if I had a child of my very own I should love it in some such way as I love Jean."

She was as fearless in her speech as in her riding.

There was a brief silence, then she held out her hand toward me as if for help. There was a strange new look upon her face.

"Tell me what I shall do," she said.

I started toward her, but before I could touch her outstretched hand she vaulted into her saddle and rode away.

I did not go home until evening. Jean had been looking for me. He had been anxious. He took both my hands in his, and seemed so glad to have me back.

"Mine friend, I feared you had met vid some accident," he said.

Suddenly he looked long and searchingly into my face. He grew pale, then the blood rushed to his forehead. A moment of silence followed. It seemed like an hour under his clear eyes. At last he placed his hands upon my shoulders and smiled.

"Mine friend, you haf found it out at last. Your honest love for me haf made you blind. Mine God, how blind! But you vill luf her now."

For the time the great, generous heart had stilled its own sorrow. It touched me inexpressibly to see him pleading her cause. I was so shaken I could not speak.

"Oh, mine friend, you do luf her. It is only because you are sad for me."

It had been a sudden revelation, but it was none the less true, and I did not deny it.

THE BOOKS FOR THE GIRLS AND BOYS OF TO-DAY.

Girls, like boys, in recent years have been remarkably favored in the matter of their reading. They cannot complain, with any justice, that they are ignored in the piles of juvenile literature laid annually upon the booksellers' shelves. Boys boast a literature of their "very own," as they would call it. So do girls. If the son has enlisted in his service such able pens as those of Reid, Greey, Knox, Verne, Kingston, Aimard, Hughes, Adams, Ballantyne, Frith, Fenn, Reed, Blake, Aldrich, Edgar and others, the daughter may claim allegiance from a band scarcely less numerous and not less brilliant and worthy. Among them may be mentioned Mesdames Alcott, Dodge, Marshall, Banks, Browne, Beale, Symington, Owen, Sewell, Wetherell, Holmes, Meade, and Yonge. These ladies have endeavored to do for girls what has now for some years been done for boys. To a considerable extent they have succeeded. But to write for girls is very different to writing for boys. Girls' literature would be much more successful than it is if it were less goody-goody. Girls will tolerate preaching just as little as boys, and to hit the happy medium between the story of philistine purity and the novel of Pandæmonical vice is not, apparently, always easy. Girls' literature, properly so called, contains much really good writing, much that is beautiful and ennobling. It appeals in the main to the highest instincts of honor and truth of which humanity is capable. But with all its merits, it frequently lacks the peculiar qualities which can alone make girls' books as palatable to girls as boys' books are to boys.

THE FOREHEAD.

By Joseph Simms, M.D., Physiognomist.

(Copyright by J. Simms, M.D., 1886.)

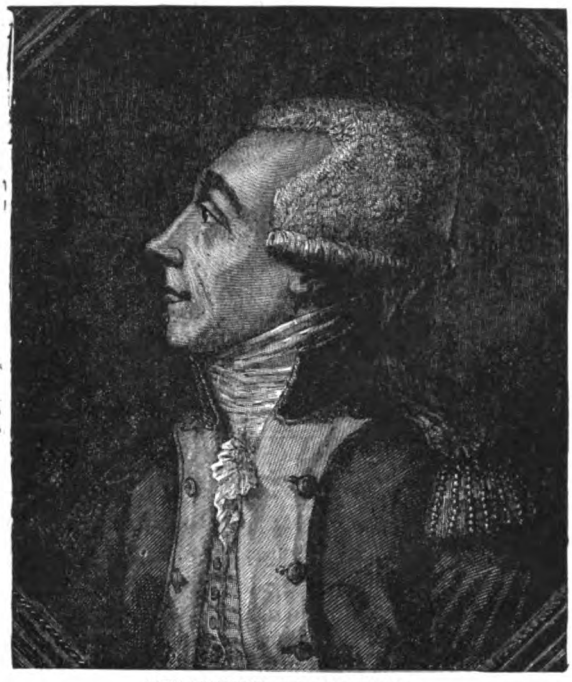
Many who are quite willing to concede that a head of large circumference is no certain sign of mental power, do yet contend that a high, wide, bold or vertical forehead is always found connected with superior intellect, and *vice versa*. This theory, however, will not stand the test of practical observation, either with respect to nations or individuals. The forehead deemed intellectual is very common among the people of China and India, as well as the Arabs of Northern Africa and Western Asia—nations that are extremely stationary in whatever civilization they possess, and apparently destitute of originality or inventive genius. In their dress and their mode of arranging their hair, as well as in their mechanical works and the habits of their social life, every one copies his neighbor, and no variety is to be met with. If a Chinaman sees another drive four nails in a board six feet long, he will certainly put the same number into the same length of board evermore. A description of an aristocratic dinner party in the fifteenth century would give no idea of any English entertainment of our day; but the Arab chief exercises hospitality with little change of fashion from generation to generation.

Descending lower in the scale, there are found tribes not having even the stationary civilization above mentioned, yet displaying the capacious forehead which, to the vulgar eye, appears promising as respects the mental status. "The Tai tribes inhabit a fertile country (in China) with a salubrious climate. The land has almost run to waste. Skull is a void, with a great expanse of forehead." ("Races of the Old World," p. 149.)

The inhabitants of New Holland living in 16° 15′ south latitude are perhaps the most miserable people on earth. They are tall and slender, have large heads and round foreheads, large noses, thick lips, wide mouths, eyes half shut, curly hair, thick eyebrows and no beard.

Dr. Livingstone remarked that the heads of the Caffres were strongly European; and he was struck with the resemblance which some of them bore to some of our notabilities at home. ("Races of the Old World," p. 280.)

The Houzouanas, a warlike tribe in Southern Africa, are of low stature. Their noses are even flatter than the Hottentots'; rather, they seem altogether destituto of nose, having only two broad nostrils, which project at most only five or six lines from the face. Seen in profile, the Houzouana bears considerable resemblance to an ape. When beheld in front his appearance is, at first sight, extraordinary, for half the face seems to be

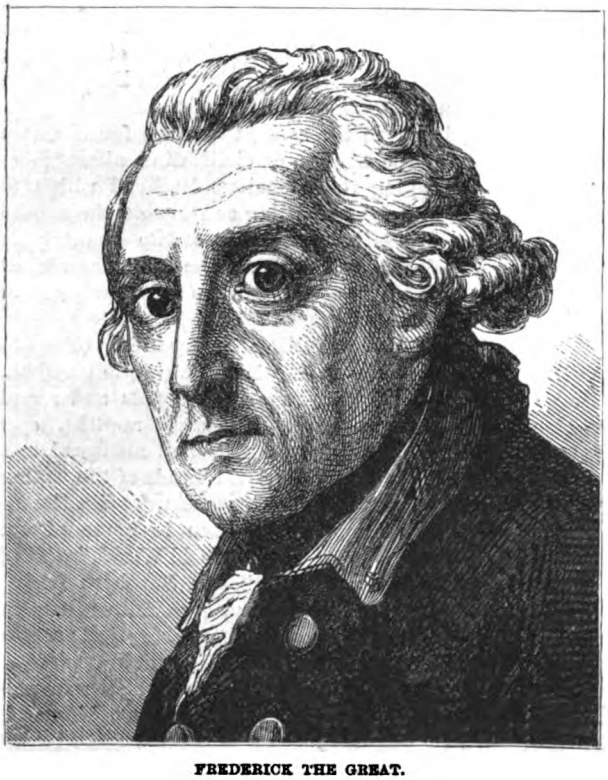


THE MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.

forehead. These people are supposed to have emigrated, at some former time, from the mountains near which they now dwell.

Receding foreheads are far more common in the white race, that to which the world almost exclusively owes its inventions and improvements, facilities for traveling by sea and land, mechanical appliances and scientific discoveries. And with reference to individuals the same character of forehead has been noted in many of the most celebrated.

The following quotation is from a scientific journal:

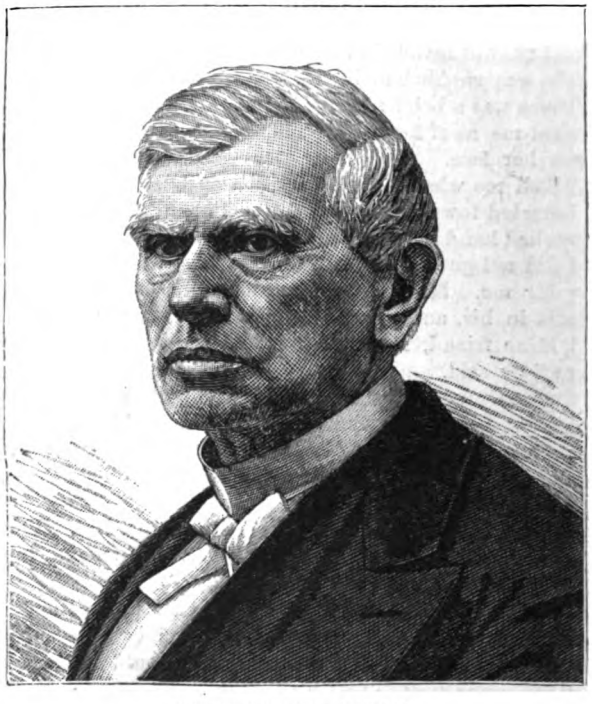


FREDERICK THE GREAT.

"A receding forehead is generally condemned; nevertheless this feature is found in Alexander the Great, and, to a small extent, in Cæsar; also in the Sphinx (1,400 B.C.), which must have embodied the Egyptian ideal of perfection; in Savonarola, of Italy, and in our own James Watt.

"Other great men have positively small heads; that of Lord Byron was 'remarkably small,' also those of Cosmo di Medici and Lord Bacon."

"Many men of genius of ancient times have only what may be called an ordinary or everyday forehead; for instance: Herodotus, Alcibiades, Euripides, Plato, Aristotle, Sophocles, Æschyliades, Epicurus, Severus, Lucius Verus, etc. And among the moderns, Swift, Goldsmith, Otway, Bunyan, Calvin, Erasmus, Luther, Linnæus, Rembrandt, Ariosto, Johnson, Molière, Chaucer, Wedgwood, Caxton, Moore, etc. Many are of a medium size, as Ramses II., Homer (reputed bust), Æschylus, Demosthenes, Augustus, Leonardi da Vinci, Otto III., Cer-



BISHOP MATTHEW SIMPSON.

vantes, Loyola. . . Addison, Chatham (Pitt), Crompton (male), Cartwright (loom), Moritz Retzch, Watteau. . . . Then, again, some are even low-browed, as Robert Burton (Melancholy), W. Kalf (painter), Diogenes, Sir Thomas Browne (forehead remarkably low and depressed), Macmillan; monarchs in plenty: Nero, Caracalla, Trajan, Louis XIII., etc.; Albert Durer, Raphael, Luther, Arkwright (spinning fame), Alexander, Militiades, etc." (The *Journal of Science*, London, Dec. 1882.)

The above list embraces philosophers, statesmen, orators, poets, painters, divines, and men of practical genius."

The *Phrenological Journal* (1849, page 49), says of Sir Thomas Browne, who was a celebrated physician, philosopher, and author, in the seventeenth century: "The skull was sound, and still contained a mass of brain. Unhappily for the phrenologists, the forehead was narrow, low and receding; whereas that part appropriated to the animal propensities, was unusually large." To which we add that the cast shows the head to have been

low in the place assigned to veneration. Notwithstanding his extremely small forehead, "A superior genius," says Hallam, "was exhibited in Sir Thomas Browne. His mind was fertile and ingenious, his analogies original and brilliant, and his learning so much out of the beaten path that it gives a peculiar and uncommon air to all his writings."

Lavater, of whom Goethe wrote "he was the wisest, best and greatest man I ever knew," had by no means a high head, and his forehead was very receding, notwithstanding his own theory on this subject, which would have made him a man of ordinary ability. The "Encyclopædia Britannica" (sixth edition), says: "The work lately published by M. Lavater on the subject has, indeed, excited attention, and may, perhaps, tend to replace physiognomy in that rank in the circle of the sciences to which it seems to be entitled."

CHARLES DARWIN.

Thomas Carlyle's biography of John Sterling has this description: "Head, high over the vertex; in the brow, of fair breadth, but not high for such a man."

Spurgeon's forehead is not high, neither were those of David Hume, Charles James Fox, Charles Sumner, George Law, Dr. John Hunter, Liebig, Bishop Simpson, General Lafayette and Washington.

Lafayette's low and greatly receding forehead did not prevent his manifesting great reason, good judgment, superior intellect, and rising to fill one of the most important places in our country with superior ability and honor to himself and to the nation. For his services in the Revolutionary War Congress voted $200,000 as a compensation. He was chosen commander of the National Guards of France, hence he was considered a man of unusual power of mind in France as well as in the new Republic which he helped to form. In "Lippincott's Biographical Dictionary" his virtues and masterly in-

LÉON GAMBETTA.

tellect are thus mentioned: "Perhaps no man ever lived through such vicissitudes of fortune and such severe trials of his virtue with a character more free from just reproach than Lafayette. The high-toned consistency

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

of his conduct is expressed in the assertion of Madame de Staël, 'that you could certainly predict what he would do in every contingency.'"

In March, 1885, we had the pleasure of measuring the famous cast of General George Washington, taken from life by Houdon, and now kept at Mount Vernon. The following were the measurements: From the left meatus auditorus, external, to the right one, over the forehead, immediately above the eyebrows, 12 inches; the transverse arc from one meatus to the other, 14½ inches—which denotes a low top head for such a tall man, notwithstanding his great moral character; height of forehead, 2½ inches; width of the same, 4½ inches. His forehead was also receding as well as very small.

By far the largest portion of the men living in the City of New York or London would afford greater measurements than those above given of the cast of Washington.

These measurements of this famous cast confirm history where it says of Washington: "His head is small." See "Life and Times of General Washington," London, 1836, p. 363.

In the "Life of George Combe" (vol. 2, p. 242), we have the following about Charles Dickens: "His head also is under the average in size; but the anterior lobe is not one of commanding dimensions, nor are his moral organs above an average in height." So the *Lancet* of February 16th, 1833, speaks of "the small development of the anterior portions of Voltaire's brain."

The Hon. John C. McDonald, Premier of Canada, has both a low and extremely receding forehead. So has Henry Irving, the famous actor, and Richard H. Stoddard, a famous American poet.

The forehead of John Ray, F.R.S., is thus described: "In the likeness of Ray the phrenologist will look in vain for indications of those intellectual faculties which are displayed in his writings. The forehead is contracted in all its dimensions, so as to form a direct contrast to that of Cuvier, another naturalist of equal industry and zeal, but perhaps not of more comprehensive mind." ("Lives of Eminent Zoölogists," p. 182.)

Cuvier himself says this highly eminent English botanist and zoölogist's labors "may be considered the foundation of modern zoölogy, for naturalists are obliged to consult them every instant for the purpose of clearing up the difficulties which they meet with in the works of Linnæus and his imitators." His botanical and zoölogical writings laid the foundation of the classification of the vegetable and animal kingdoms. ("Beeton's Dictionary of Universal Biography," London.)

He wrote the "Synopsis Methodica Stirpium Britannicarum," one of the profoundest works that has appeared on the subjects of which it treats.

The forehead of another eminent naturalist, H. D. Thoreau, an American, is stated to have been neither broad nor high.

"Brow contracted," is the character given to that of Zeno, in "Burrowe's Encyclopædia."

We have still to note several eminent individuals who exhibited low foreheads, and these for the most part narrow and receding, in comparison with most of the ordinary common-minded persons that are met with every day.

Frederick II., who was deservedly called "the Great," King of Prussia, possessed the low and receding forehead, yet for genius, vast intellectual ability, force of character, enterprise and heroism, he has rarely, if ever, had an equal among monarchs. He filled the Prussian throne upward of forty-six years; in the meantime he distinguished himself in literature by writing twenty-three volumes. He fought many battles with general success, amended defective laws, civilized and enlightened his subjects, built public edifices and upward of three hundred villages and towns, established numerous educational institutions while he retrieved the misfortunes of his country, and "his alliance was courted by every Power in Europe." One writer justly says of him: "This illustrious monarch possessed almost every characteristic of greatness. He was at once a hero, a philosopher, an historian, a legislator, a poet, a musician and a wit. In either of these endowments he had sufficient ability to have formed singly an eminent character."

René Descartes, an illustrious philosopher and mathematician, possessed, as may be seen in his portraits, a low and receding forehead, although he produced a great work on the "Method of Reasoning Well, and of Investigating Scientific Truth," which announced important discoveries in higher mathematics. At a later date he published "Principles of Philosophy." In 1690, his works were published in nine volumes, which contained a host of noble thoughts, grand truths, and reasonable maxims. Hallam says: "He worked a more important change in speculative philosophy than any who had preceded him since the revival of learning; for there could be no comparison in that age between the celebrity and effect of his writings and those of Lord Bacon."

Mrs. Siddons, the great English actress, is shown in portraits as having a very low and receding forehead.

George Canning, a distinguished Prime Minister of Great Britain, was a famous statesman, poet, wit, orator, brilliant debater, and leader of his party, notwithstanding his extremely squat and inconsiderable brow. Lord Brougham ably portrays the intellectual capacities of this renowned genius thus: "If ever a man was made for the service and salvation of a party, Canning seemed raised up for that of the Tories. His declamation, though often powerful, always beautifully ornate, never deficient in admirable diction. . . Of his powers of argumentation, his capacity for the pursuits of abstract science, his genius for adorning the least attractive subjects, there remains an imperishable record in his celebrated speeches."

Lord Bacon and Sir Isaac Newton are represented in fine marble statues, full-length and life-size, in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, England. In these costly old statues the foreheads appear quite protruding immediately over the eyes, then receding very much in the upper parts. The prints of these famous men represent them otherwise; doubtless as a concession to the vulgar error that a great philosopher must have a larger development of what are called the intellectual organs. The foreheads of Charles Darwin and of Dr. Blumenbach, the father of anthropological science, had the same character as the above philosophers—low and receding.

Dr. J. F. Blumenbach was a celebrated German anatomist and physiologist, and filled the professional chairs of anatomy and medicine at Göttingen more than half a century. He was the first who divided the human species into five races. Alexander von Humboldt was one of his pupils. Dr. Blumenbach was member of about seventy learned societies. Dr. Hoefer says: "He was the first who placed natural history on a scientific basis—comparative anatomy."

M. Vogt tells of a friend of his, Dr. Emayer, who had a very receding forehead, yet was a distinguished physician of the insane. His head, and that of a celebrated Danish gentleman, Kay Lyke, distinguished as a statesman in

the seventeenth century, exhibited remarkably this and other peculiarities of that ancient type of skull known as the Neanderthal. Gordon has given a drawing of the skull of St. Mansuy, Bishop of Toul, in the fourth century; and here the extremely receding forehead and other characteristics appear more strongly marked than in the Neanderthal skull itself.

The cranium of Bruce, the hero of whom Scotland is so justly proud, is another specimen strikingly resembling the Canstadt or Neanderthal type. See "The Human Species," pp. 309–310.)

George Eliot, according to her life, by Cross, says of the poet Schiller: "In his bedroom we saw his skull for the first time, and were amazed at the smallness of the intellectual region. There is an intensely interesting sketch of Schiller lying dead, which I saw for the first time in the study; but all pleasure in thinking of Schiller's portraits and bust is now destroyed to me by the conviction of their untruthfulness." Rauch tells us that he had a wretched forehead. Waagen says that Tieck, the sculptor, told him there was something in Schiller's whole person which reminded him of a camel.

The brain of M. Asseline, a journalist in Paris, was found to be largest in the right frontal part. His characteristics were, extraordinary memory, wit, gentleness, refinement, modesty, timidity—very consistent with our theory; unfortunately for the phrenologists, his brain was coarse and thick, and he had other supposed indications of an inferior mind, as we are told in the *Scientific American* of November 15th, 1880.

Léon Gambetta, one of the most celebrated of statesmen, a peerless orator, of this century, had a relatively narrow and receding forehead, and when he died from a pistol-wound, at forty-four years of age, his brain was found to be exceedingly small, and much lighter than that of any other famous man, and far below the average weight of male brains of ordinary men. His brain weighed 40.9 ounces. The fact was stated in the *Medical Times and Gazette*, London, May 12th, 1883, p. 525.

Not only are common impressions as to the shape of the forehead wrong, but the belief in a large brain as indicative of great mental power rests on no solid foundation.

Table I. of the average weight of the human body and brain, compiled from 2,000 post-mortem examinations, and published by J. and A. Churchill, London, shows that boys of 7 to 14 years of age average 45.96 ounces of brain, and those of 14 to 20 years of age have an average of a little more than 48½ ounces. Dr. Flint, in his "Physiology," gives the average male brains in New York at a fraction over 50 ounces. Hence we find that Gambetta, the powerful leader of the Republican party in France, had not only a forehead of much less than usual size, but he possessed less brain than ordinary boys of 7 to 14 years, and far less than the average man in New York, London or Paris. The following notices of Gambetta give but a faint idea of his real genius and true mental power. The *Saturday Review*, London, January 6th, 1883, puts it thus: "M. Gambetta was not notorious, but famous, and his fame was the fame of greatness." The *Times*, London, January 2d, 1883, says: "The death of M. Gambetta in the prime of life is one of those momentous events which seem to change in a moment the destiny of nations, and to turn aside the course of the world's history. . . He was still the embodiment of the Republic. He was the man who had made it and saved it; who had guided its destinies at many a crisis, and who sooner or later must have been called again to control its fortunes. His untimely death is nothing less than the sudden extinction of a powerful individual force; one of the most powerful, indeed, of such forces hitherto operating in Europe. . . M. Gambetta was of late the foremost Frenchman of his time; that he had profoundly impressed his countrymen with the force and fire of his character—that he had established his claim to be placed in the very front rank of European statesmen—this was, at the time of his death, the almost unchallenged judgment of the world."

Every part of the human body, and especially that which first and chiefly attracts the eye, indicates some particular kind of mind and disposition, and our more natural instinct is generally a surer guide to the interpretation than the rules laid down by ignorant and superficial teachers. A few general principles about foreheads may here be indicated, reserving a fuller exposition for a future work.

The examples already given must be held sufficient to prove that a superior mind is not inseparable from a large, perpendicular brow. We now fearlessly assert that a moderate-sized and more or less receding forehead may be taken as the general characteristic of philosophers, discoverers and inventors—those who observe closely and reason deeply on the facts observed—men such as Louis Agassiz, the Swiss naturalist; Richard Owen, the comparative anatomist; Descartes, the French metaphysician; Copernicus, the father of modern astronomy; J. B. Porta, the inventor of the camera obscura; W. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood; and Captain Cook, the celebrated navigator of unknown seas.

Close observers such as these men were will always have strong projecting bones about the eyes. But this is not, as phrenologists teach, because certain parts of the brain are largely developed there, for there is usually no brain nearer the eyebrows than from three-fourths to a whole inch. It is that these bones serve as a miniature telescope, and assist the vision by excluding the surplus light that would confuse it, and would thus prevent accurate observation. It is rare that we see a man with a relatively large forehead that makes his mark in any department of natural science. Those who do so have, as a general rule, ordinary-sized foreheads, with massive backheads and capacious chests. The chest must be large to supply a sufficient flow of healthy blood to sustain the intellectual as the corporeal life; and if the brain is sufficiently large to provide both body and mind with nervo-vital fluid, it matters little whether that brain is in the front or side or back part of the skull. An immense forehead with a thin chest bespeaks weakness and mental incapacity.

Guliemus Gratolorus, an able observer, says: "Those who have a great forehead are dull; they may be compared to oxen."

Peuschel in his German work has it: "A forehead of an *excessive size* announces a man slow of conception, but who retains so much the more tenaciously what he has acquired. Dull and sluggish in forming his ideas, he will find equal difficulty, and feel equal reluctance, in executing them."

We quite agree with what Lavater says about perpendicular foreheads in his "Essays on Physiognomy" (vol. 4, p. 61, quarto edition): "Perpendicularity always indicates coldness of temperament, a want of elasticity and capacity. . . . A perfect perpendicularity and a total want of judgment signify one and the same thing."

The narrow, high, bold forehead betokens not only little originality, much deficiency in judgment, an inability to grapple with great principles, but it generally

indicates a good share of self-conceit and a disposition to be insolent to others. What such persons achieve is chiefly in the way of collecting the ideas and imitating the works of more talented men. They often display

DR. J. F. BLUMENBACH.

considerable facility for embodying their borrowed ideas in fine language, and thus attain to popular reputation for superior talent.

We have some conspicuous names connected with foreheads full, broad and even protrusive in the upper part, talented men in their way, but whom no one would characterize as profound thinkers. It may suffice to instance "Mark Twain," "Sam Slick," or Judge Halliburton; "Mother Partington," or B. Shillaber; Edgar A. Poe; Wagner and McCabe, the actors; and Fernando VII. of Spain.

The same character of forehead has appeared remarkably in men noted only or chiefly for their crimes. Ex-

JAMES CRONIN, MURDERER.

King Theebaw of Burmah, the most feeble yet barbarous and cruel monarch of our day, is thus described in the *Times* (London): "Theebaw is a stout, young and good-looking man about thirty, with a weak face. He has not the receding forehead which has always been a distinctive mark of the descendants of Aloung Pra." Thus we find a weak, ignorant, cruel ruler possessed of that vertical forehead which some phrenologists say betokens true depth of mind, with original genius and general power of intellect. The facts in this case prove the theory untrue and delusive. The face betrays the weakness of his character, but the form of his head conceals it. Quite often we read of murderers having large foreheads, "immense brows," "big heads," "voluminous foreheads," "head wide at top and narrow at the base," "towering head," "well-shaped head"; "healthy, heavy brain, with little in the animal region, a large quantity in the moral department"; "an excellent head according to phrenology," etc.

Le Roy, hanged for murder at San Francisco in 1885, and Maxwell, arrested for a similar crime at Auckland, New Zealand, may both have been clever fellows in their way, and both were remarkable for the form of forehead we refer to.

William H. Harper, a murderer, hanged in Greene County, Arkansas, October 30th, 1885, was "forty-five years of age, and had a commanding forehead."

"TRUGANINI," NATIVE OF TASMANIA.

Bishop Cannon, a leading Mormon polygamist at Salt Lake, is thus described in the *Saturday Globe*, Utica, N. Y., October 17th, 1885: "His head is very large and quite round." This man lived in Salt Lake City, Utah, which is about 4,000 feet above the level of the sea.

The likeness of "Truganini," one of the aboriginal inhabitants of Tasmania (originally called Van Diemen's Land), shows a grand, high, protruding and fully developed forehead, which stands well out forward of the eyes and ears. According to some teachings this prominent brow represents a strong intellect; but alas! the facts are that this black woman possessed the same bold form of forehead as is shown by all the photographs of members of her tribe, yet she, with the rest of her sable people, were little removed, intellectually, from idiots, or the level of the wild animals which were their former companions in savage, cannibal life. The improvident, ignorant and weak-minded ways of these people have caused their entire extinction; and this mental deficiency is clearly exhibited in "Truganini's" infantile face, though not in her head.

James Cronin murdered his father and mother, yet his profile, herewith given, represents a somewhat bold,

high, salient forehead, which shoots well forward over a weak and imbecile face, which reminds us of the words of Charles Dickens: "There is nothing truer than physiognomy taken in connection with manners." The English "Cyclopædia" says: "The character of a man can be read in his face, though perfect skill in that language be rare." His picture shows his brutal and destructive

PROFILE OF CHARLES SKINNER.

nose, also his thick ear, turning back on itself, which alone would mark any person as self-willed, ignorant, unsympathetic and extremely vicious.

There was in the asylum for idiots, New South Wales, Australia, a girl who, though twenty years of age, was a congenital idiot, and could not feed herself; but her head was as high as usual, with as broad a forehead as is common to women.

Another, idiot from birth, of similar age, was as high and broad in the front-head as the ladies in Sydney, or other seats of civilization. Another, thirteen years of age, manifesting extreme idiocy, which had been her

FEMALE IDIOT.

misfortune from birth, had the usual height of forehead. Two boys I measured at the Dunedin Asylum (New Zealand) had capacious and well-formed foreheads, not unusually receding, but, on the contrary, bold and wide in front, yet they were idiots from birth.

But the boldest, widest and highest forehead I ever

CHARLES SKINNER—FULL FACE.

saw was that of a congenital idiot, in the institution for idiots at Newcastle, New South Wales, Australia. He was neither epileptic, hydrocephalic, nor rickety. This boy's name was Charles Skinner. I saw him, and measured his head last on September 24th, 1883, when he was sixteen years of age, and then had him photographed. The likeness is here given. The following enormous measurements were then carefully taken: Horizontal circumference of the head, immediately above the eyebrows and the tops of the ears, 26½ inches; from one meatus auditorus external, or hole in the ear, over the vertex to the opposite meatus, 18¾ inches; from the top

THOMAS CLARK.

of the nose, over the vertex to the occipital hollow, at the top of the upper portion of the back of the neck, 19⅛ inches; from one meatus to the other, around the forehead, immediately above the eyebrows, 13⅜ inches; from one meatus to the other, around the upper part of the forehead, one inch below the hair, 16¾ inches. This boy has been in the institution nearly all his life, can

barely talk a little, feeds himself, yet cannot sit up alone. Has generally been healthy. His eyes are gray, with fine brown hair.

We present the likeness of Thomas Clark, an idiot from birth, who has been reared in the same institution as the last. He is twenty-two years of age, not epileptic, and enjoys very good health. He is about five feet ten inches tall, talks poorly, can feed himself, and is able to work as he is told. His hair and eyes are brown. The head was unusually large, the horizontal circumference 24¼ inches. From the top of the nose, over the vertex, to the occipital hollow at top of the neck, 16¼ inches; from one meatus external, or hole in the ear, to the other, over the vertex, or the top-head, 16¾ inches; from one meatus, around the brow, immediately above the eyebrows, to the opposite meatus, 13 inches. The distance from one meatus to the other, measured around the upper forehead below the hair, 15¼ inches.

John Auburn was a very healthy, strong, congenital idiot, in the same institution as the two preceeding. His age was twenty-two years, and like the two before-mentioned he was neither rickety nor hydrocephalic nor epileptic. The circumference of his head was 23¼ inches; transverse arc from one meatus to its opposite fellow, 14¼ inches; vertical arc, from nose to occipital hollow, 16¼ inches. He is about five feet high, and is deformed in several parts of his body. Has dark brown hair and eyes.

The measurements of the last three described idiots may be compared by the reader with those before given of George Washington, or with those which may be made on persons in any community.

The likeness of a "Female Idiot" is given in this article; the portrait was copied from "Lectures on Mental Diseases," by Dr. A. Morison, London, 1826. He describes her as having "a *large* head and good-humored expression. She attended to the calls of hunger and thirst, but was never able to dress herself. . . . She had been taught some words." Please observe her stupendous forehead.

Children are generally full, and often quite protrusive, in the upper part of the forehead, where Lavater, long before Gall, located the reasoning powers; but where do we find such reasonless mortals as these? Boys in their teens have generally more perpendicular foreheads than men of fifty, which change is produced at maturity by the outer, lower portion of the plate of the frontal bone in the forehead spreading outward, and apart, at the diploe, from the inner plate of the skull, thereby forming an opening between the two plates of the skull above the eyes and nose. This opening is called the frontal sinus, which is often sufficiently capacious to hold two to six ounces of liquid. This spreading outward of the outer plate of bone in the forehead immediately over the nose and eyes, more or less in different cases at maturity, gives the appearance of receding, which, with a person of creditable education, good health and noble habits, is characteristic of natural strength of mind, joined with honesty of purpose and sound judgment.

A NIGHT OF HORROR.

By C. F. Gordon Cumming.

Of the many legends wherewith in my childhood a Highland nurse was wont to hold us entranced, when on long Winter evenings we gathered round the fire craving for "stories," one especially has remained deeply impressed on my mind, though, alas! treacherous memory fails to recall the names of those concerned or of the castle wherein the scene was enacted. It may be, however, that some one who reads this page may recollect both, and be able to supply these missing links.

The castle which was so minutely described, and so vividly realized, was an old baronial fortress, whose massive gray walls, many feet in thickness, harmonized well with the weather-worn rocks around and the precipitous crags which frowned in the background. Many a quaint turret crowned the angles of the castellated towers, and from niches in the battlements armed clansmen had in times of siege poured molten lead on the heads of their assailants.

Though successive generations had converted the upper stories to the uses of modern comfort, the stone cells of the basement, with heavy doors and rusty iron-grated windows without glass, were still more gloomy than many modern prisons, and though now only used as household offices, suggested that in days of old feudal tyranny they might well have served as dungeons for many a luckless captive taken in tribal foray. The most spacious of these dismal cells, which served as a hall of feasting for the clansmen, was partly hewn from the solid rock, as was also the great baronial kitchen, so that, in truth, the castle seemed but a part of the solid rock on which it was so securely founded. Nor was it always easy to shake off something of an eerie impression, even in the dwelling-rooms on the upper floors, with their antiquated, comfortless furniture and grim portraits of bygone generations. Such a home could only be cheery in the bright sunshine, and when ringing with the laughter of joyous young voices; but at the time of which I speak, the old house was left wellnigh as desolate as the deserted nest from which the full-fledged brood have flown.

Wellnigh half a century had passed since the day when the late owner of these broad lands brought home the comely bride who had ever since filled her place so well in the hearts of the people. Sons and daughters grew up around them, and the ghostly walls re-echoed their childish glee. But as the years rolled on, one by one forsook the old roof-tree--the sons to seek their fortunes in foreign lands, while of the daughters—"some were married—some were dead."

Then came a day of bitter woe, when the lord of the castle (no longer so strong of hand as of yore) was thrown by a restive horse, and was brought home only to close his eyes in death.

Long years had passed by since then, and still his widow dwelt alone in the gloomy castle, wisely ruling over all the interests of her first-born son, who still continued to hold high office in the service of his country beyond the seas. Her one mainstay in any unusual difficulty was a brother, known to all the country side as "The Colonel," a brave old officer who, after many years of active service, had now returned to end his days in peace on a small property within a distance of about six miles.

Her household consisted for the most part of old and tried retainers, the most recent importation, at the time to which I now refer, being a butler (whom the coachman and other old servants considered quite a newcomer because he had *only* been at the castle seven years) and a lady's-maid who had been engaged but a few months previously, on the death of the valued companion of half a lifetime. This woman was personally good-looking, and came armed with the highest recommendations as to character and skill in millinery, and was also described as a tender nurse in sickness. Nevertheless, her new mistress could not conquer a natural

instinct of distrust, against which she fought in vain, telling herself how unreasonable and unjust was such unfounded prejudice against a person of such well-certified excellence. But so resolutely did she strive to overcome this unsympathetic feeling, that no outward sign ever betrayed its existence, for a kinder mistress never lived, and, besides, the conduct of the woman was irreproachable. So no ripple on the calm surface of domestic life betrayed that any manner of evil lay hidden in its depths.

Summer had slipped away, and with it the glory of golden gorse which lighted up the barren moorland with its gleaming gold. Now Autumn had kissed the hills, clothing them in fragrant purple; a cheery party of friends had assembled at the castle to witness the village sports, and enjoy some days' sport in pursuit of the moor-owl, and for a while all was stir and movement. But when the guests had all dispersed, the silvery-haired hostess was more than usually conscious of a sense of loneliness, as she sat by herself in a spacious room wainscoted with dark old oak (whose color told how many successive generations had come and gone since those parent oaks were felled). Musing of bright days long gone, and of loving faces and voices far away, she still sat on in the deepening twilight. Then opening the latticed casement (and thereby starting a flock of jackdaws from their roost in the ivy-covered turret), she looked out to the cloudy night, and watched the play of dim moonlight on the pale mists and on the gloomy morass which lay outspread beyond the castle.

Many a time the same outlook had soothed her and whispered peace, but to-night she only felt its eeriness. Earlier than was her wont she retired to her tapestried bedchamber—a sombre room, furnished with handsome old oak tables and cabinets, and a richly carved bedstead, heavily draped with gold-embroidered velvet, which had once been crimson; but its color had long since faded, and the gold was tarnished beyond recognition. Bidding her maid heap on a blazing wood-fire, she dismissed her for the night. Then, unlocking a curious Flemish cabinet, she opened several drawers, rapidly glancing at the silken and morocco cases containing her bridal jewels, now laid by until her son should in his turn bring home a bride, on whom she would lovingly bestow them. Then from an inner recess she took several packets of old letters, and was soon so thoroughly absorbed in memories of the past that the hours slipped by unheeded, and the fire had burnt low ere she roused herself to a consciousness that it was time to seek forgetfulness in sleep.

But that night sleep was wooed in vain. Her mind was too thoroughly awake; even the hooting of the owls in the great tower seemed tenfold louder and more ghostly than usual, and ever and anon the rising breeze caught an unruly ivy-branch and drew it sharply across the window-pane. She resolved that the errant bough should be duly trimmed on the morrow, and again tried to compose herself to sleep, but without effect. She found herself watching the occasional faint glimmer of the smoldering logs, playing fitfully on the dim tapestry, and presently, though by no means given to indulging in nervous fancies, she felt convinced that the curtain which half draped the door was shaken.

Another moment proved that this was indeed no fancy. Slowly and silently the door opened, and her heart stood still with horror as she distinctly saw her trusted butler, holding in one hand a lighted candle, in the other an unsheathed dagger—while close behind him followed the lady's-maid.

With a sudden instinct of self-preservation their mistress closed her eyes and feigned deep sleep. Not a tremor disturbed the regularity of her breathing as the would-be murderers came close to her and passed the light before her eyes. "I cannot do it," she heard the man whisper. "She's so fast asleep that she is quite safe. You go on while I keep watch." She heard a low murmur of dissent, after which, while conscious that the man's eyes remained fixed upon her, she heard the woman searching for her keys, and then proceed to unlock the Flemish cabinet and open the various drawers in which were stored her most valued jewels, after which she passed to an inner dressing-room, wherein were sundry objects of considerable intrinsic value.

Having collected her booty, the woman once more returned to urge her companion to the foul deed of murder. "Better do it," she said; "better make sure—dead folk tell no tales!"

Happily his heart failed him. "I cannot kill a sleeping woman," he said. Then, with a sense of indescribable relief, the feigned sleeper was conscious that the light was withdrawn, and that the cautious footsteps retreated to the door, and her sharpened ear followed their sound as they passed down the long corridor. No sleep was hers through the ensuing dark hours of vigil, as she lay in a stillness of great horror longing for the dawn.

Meanwhile she had decided on her course of action. Knowing the difficulties of getting away from the castle except by borrowing a horse from her own stables, or by sending for one to the nearest town, she was convinced that though the robbers might take advantage of the darkness to conceal their booty outside the house, they would scarcely attempt to start before morning. She therefore waited quietly till, at the accustomed hour, her maid came to call her, when, with her usual calm, she went through all the prolonged mysteries of the toilet in such a manner as completely to allay all possibility of suspicion. Of course she was especially careful not to ask for anything which she supposed might possibly have been removed.

She then went leisurely down to breakfast, at which her butler waited with all due care. On his inquiring whether she had any orders for the carriage that morning, she replied that she had not, as the weather looked showery. But as he reached the door she recalled him, and with the most perfectly assumed carelessness said, "Yes, I think I had better take a turn. Bid the coach come round at eleven." So, at eleven the carriage came to the door, and the lady gave directions for a short drive to certain farms. The coachman drove leisurely down the stately lime avenue and through the bird-fringed glen till he was well out of sight of the castle, when his mistress, throwing off her assumed calm, bade him take another road and drive to the colonel's house as fast as the horses could go.

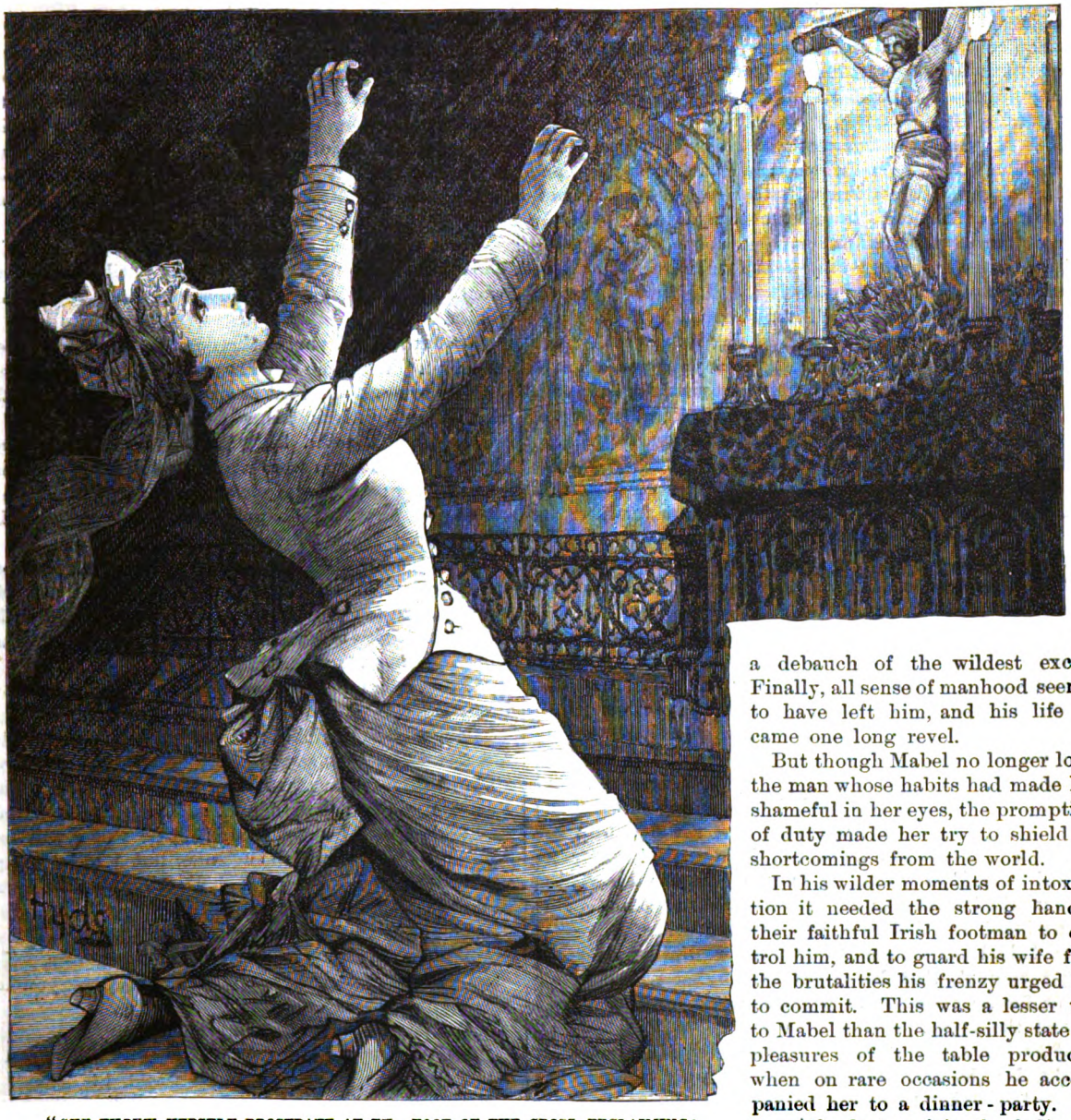
In an incredibly short time her tale was told to one who was ever ready for prompt action, and who lost not a moment in ordering out his own fresh horses (the speed of the colonel's grays was proverbial throughout the district). Leaving his sister, now thoroughly worn-out with the prolonged nervous tension, he started in hot haste, and, urging his willing steeds to a gallop, he reached the castle just in time to arrest the guilty couple, who had completed their arrangements for flight with all their booty.

As the carriage dashed up the avenue, the panting horses betokening unwonted pressure, the butler was heard to exclaim, "It's all up! look at the colonel's

grays !" And "all up" for him it proved, for both he and the maid were forthwith arrested and committed to the county jail to stand their trial at the next assizes, and in Scotland, at the close of the last century, hanging was the penalty not only for sheep-stealing and cattle-lifting, but for all manner of theft.

The peculiarity of the present case was that the comeliness of the female prisoner so affected the jury (there were no women on that jury ! !) that, in the very face of direct evidence to the contrary, they chose to assume that the woman was acting under the man's influence. So he who had persistently refused to murder a sleeping woman was condemned to be hanged, whereas the temptress who had urged him to the crime was pardoned ! Such were the peculiarities of legal justice in the days of our grandparents.

A POMPEIAN FRUIT-GIRL.— BY DIANA COOMANS.



"SHE THREW HERSELF PROSTRATE AT TH FOOT OF THE CROSS, EXCLAIMING: 'FATHER, FORGIVE ME!'"

THE STORY OF MABEL.

By Marguery.

When Mabel Gardner married Victor Prescott, the society of B—— shook its head and whispered, quietly, it is true, that it would turn out badly, for Victor had been wild, it was said; nay! was still too fond of wine and cards to settle down into a steady and devoted husband. But his friends hoped much from this alliance with the fair and beautiful maiden, whom he seemed to love with passionate devotion.

And now, five years after the marriage, everybody knew that he loved dissipation better than wife or home, and both were neglected for haunts of vice. And Mabel? She still kept the place in society that birth and fortune gave her, and none knew that under a smiling exterior was hidden a heart from which love had fled. At first she had tried with fondest entreaties to win her husband from his wayward courses, but the promises he made and sealed with kisses on her lips were soon broken, and a period of sobriety would be followed by a debauch of the wildest excess. Finally, all sense of manhood seemed to have left him, and his life became one long revel.

But though Mabel no longer loved the man whose habits had made him shameful in her eyes, the promptings of duty made her try to shield his shortcomings from the world.

In his wilder moments of intoxication it needed the strong hand of their faithful Irish footman to control him, and to guard his wife from the brutalities his frenzy urged him to commit. This was a lesser trial to Mabel than the half-silly state the pleasures of the table produced, when on rare occasions he accompanied her to a dinner-party. Always the last to join the ladies, he seemed unable to tear himself from the fascinations of the wine-cup, and when his loud voice and louder laugh were heard above all others, Mabel would quietly withdraw from the parlor, order her carriage, and, meeting her husband before his situation was known to all, coax him to go home with her, sending by a servant an apology for her abrupt departure.

But at the date of our story Victor had almost withdrawn from the society of his equals, and his intercourse with his wife was most uncertain and informal. Her large fortune, settled strictly upon herself, gave her an ample income for all her wants, and it was tacitly understood that all invitations were accepted by Mabel alone. Many pitied her forlorn position, for she was an orphan, and without brother or sister to share what must have been a terrible grief to her.

A year before she had met at the house of an intimate friend a young French artist, Paul Villiers. Possessed of ample means, he was making an extensive sketching tour of our country, and, armed with the best letters of introduction, had been at once received by the most

exclusive society of B——. He had not been long in the city before, meeting constantly our heroine, he heard her sad story, and meeting also the unfortunate Victor, felt his soul moved to pity for the terrible fate of a young and beautiful woman bound to such a man for ever.

He had passed the Summer with a family whom Mabel visited, and had been thrown much in her society, and before either of them knew the dangers of such an intimate association, each found the companionship of the other necessary for happiness.

The Summer was all too short for Mabel. Her husband was away on a long yachting cruise, and the fear of him was for a time removed. And surrounded by loving friends, who strove to make each day bright with some new pleasure, and in the society of a young and handsome man, always ready for each new pastime, time flew on rapid wings; for now the early Autumn had come, The first light frost had touched the tender plants, making them droop and die. Nature had hung on vine and bush and tree its blood-red signal of warning that Winter would soon approach. It was time for Summer birds to flee, and Mabel's friends were preparing for departure, when a summons came from her husband, and Mabel knew she must return to the cheerless mansion she could not call home.

It was not until she had parted from him that Mabel realized how dear to her was the young artist.

Too correctly nurtured to admit such an idea as that of unlawful love, she passed the hours of each night in fruitless argument and expostulation with herself, only to welcome the dawn and anxiously watch the hands of the clock, that moved so slowly on to the hour when Paul would make his morning call before going out for the day's sketching. She was ignorant of the fact that her handsome friend was deeply in love with her, for he forced himself to conceal it, fearing that the knowledge of it would banish him for ever from her presence. But an accident revealed each heart to the other.

Paul had called, one evening after dinner, on some slight pretext, that he might see Mabel one moment alone, for he expected to pass the whole evening in her box at the opera.

After the first greeting was over, they sat, almost silently, by the fire which glowed upon the hearth, too happy to speak. Victor had been away all day, and his wife knew not when he would return. In fact, she was generally ignorant of his movements, his valet only knowing where he could be found.

Suddenly they were startled by a noisy and forcible entrance into the outer hall, and a loud voice was heard calling:

"Max! Max! I say! Where in the deuce is that fool? He is never round when I want him!"

It was Victor, who, in a terribly drunken condition, was shouting for his servant to assist him to his chamber.

The door from the drawing-room into the hall was open, and Mabel, who sat quite near it, rose to close it to shut out the disgraceful sounds. Her husband caught sight of her, and said:

"Oh, it's you, is it, my lady? Come here—I want you."

Not daring to refuse, Mabel approached him. Something had evidently angered him, for his eyes blazed with fury. Somewhat timidly, Mabel said:

"What is it you wish, Victor?"

He held in his hand a pair of heavy driving-gloves; he raised them and struck her a blow across the face.

"That's what I want; to spoil your beauty, curse you!"

But at this moment Patrick hurried into the hall, caught his master's arm before he could strike a second blow, and half led, half carried him up-stairs to his apartment, where, calmed by the care and attention of his servants, he soon sank into a drunken slumber.

Poor Mabel! it was no new thing for her to be abused before the servants, but had Paul witnessed the shameful scene?

She covered her face with her hands and sank into a chair. She sat for a few minutes until she had somewhat recovered from the blow, and then re-entered the parlor.

She found Paul pacing the floor, in a state of great excitement. When he saw her, he took her by the hands, led her to a seat, and sat down beside her. He still held her hands tightly in his, and exclaimed:

"Oh, that I could kill that fiend who has dared to strike you. If you were mine, how tenderly would you be cared for; but I am powerless to prevent such usage of one I love. Nay, do not start away from me, Mabel; did you not know I loved you?"

He seemed completely unmanned by the scene he had witnessed, unable to control himself, and words of passionate devotion poured from his lips, frightening Mabel by the intensity of his emotion. He soon saw her terror, and, stopping for a moment, said:

"Forgive me! I forgot myself. On my knees will I beg pardon."

"No, no," said Mabel; "I beg you to arise. You do not mean what you say; your pity for me moved you to speak rashly. You must never forget yourself again, for I esteem you as a dear friend, and value your friendship so highly that I do not wish to lose it. I will forgive you, and we will still be friends, but I must say good-night, Monsieur Villiers. I shall not go to the opera to-night."

"And may I come to-morrow?"

"Yes; to-morrow, and all the to-morrows. Forget what you have seen here or I can never look you in the face again. It was nothing."

"Nothing?" he exclaimed, vehemently.

"No, no; say no more. Good-night."

"Good-night, madame," and he took his leave.

Mabel hastened to her chamber. Impatient to be alone, it seemed as if her maid had never been so long undressing her.

"Give me that white dressing-gown; I am not going out to-night. You may put away my dress, and then leave me. I will ring if I want you. Tell Patrick to say I am ill, if any one calls."

She sat down before the fire and sank into a reverie. Her heart was beating with passionate throbs, and threatened to burst its walls; her cheeks glowed with unwonted blushes; a delicious feeling crept over her. Paul's words kept sounding like sweetest music in her ears.

"He loves me," she murmured; "how wrong, but yet how sweet! No, no; I am wicked to say that. He is my friend, and it is only friendship, true and sacred, that he feels for me."

It was late before she slept, and then her slumbers were disturbed by curious dreams. The next day the young artist came early to see her, and every day the friends were together. His visits were made when Mabel was alone, and at that part of the day when callers were not expected. They often read from some favorite author, or sang together delicious love-songs, each speaking

to the other in strains of sweetest music, what neither would have dared to say in more prosaic tones.

Mabel did not know how dangerous was this new friendship, made so different from their former intercourse by the few words of love Paul had spoken to her. He was always in her thoughts. The kisses on her hand, with which in true French style he always saluted her, burned like fire; without him, life would be nothing. Yet such was the innocence of her nature, she never dreamed of wrong, or of the fearful abyss that yawned before her unconscious feet.

But the gossips of the city were not ignorant of the intimacy of the young artist and our heroine, and strange rumors were circulated of their friendship. Her friends, knowing her pure and tender nature, could not believe the stories that were whispered about her. At the clubs, opinions varied, but the men were unanimous in saying that if ever a *liaison* was justified, it was this one; for the conduct of Mabel's husband left no honor for her to protect, no love for her to cherish. And so society still smiled upon the pair, guilty in its estimation, though no open scandal as yet defiled its pure ears.

One evening, late in the season, Mabel attended a large party, the last to be given by an intimate friend before her departure for the seaside.

Never had she been so particular about her dress. "Right fussy," her maid said, after she had gone. She wore a sheeny satin dress of delicate pink, like the lining of a seashell. Its garniture was of lovely pearls. The corsage was without sleeves, showing the beautifully molded arms, and square at the throat, displaying the lovely neck, softened and beautified by folds of costly lace. Her face was radiant with happiness. The gloom of her home, the shameful conduct of her husband, were forgotten, for she would see Paul, the friend she so dearly loved.

As soon as possible she took his arm and passed out of the heated parlor into a conservatory that, dimly lighted, afforded a retreat for those who desired to be alone.

They found a secluded seat behind a statue that was completely covered with a luxuriant creeper, forming a screen from curious eyes. They sat hand in hand. Neither cared to speak; it was enough that they were together. From the distant parlor came faint strains of music, mingling with the splashing of a fountain that cooled the air. Without, some night-bird was calling in tender tones for his mate.

The quiet of the place and the semi-darkness gave a curious feeling to Mabel and her friend. They seemed in the world, yet not of it; each felt that their world was in the other. Heart spoke to heart the sentiment that had been so long repressed. Paul's arm stole about her waist, and for the first time he was about to imprint a kiss on her lips, when they were startled by a loud voice near them.

Two ladies had entered the place, evidently in search of cooler air, for the evening was sultry.

"Yes, Julia," said one, "it is much cooler here—let us sit down and rest a while," and they seated themselves near the statue.

Mabel and Paul, completely concealed by the green foliage, could see and hear without being discovered. After a few moments' conversation one of the ladies said:

"Did you see Mrs. Prescott? She looked very handsome, didn't she? I wonder how she can look so happy when she has left a miserable, drunken husband, nobody knows where. For my part I should think it in far better taste if she remained at home. I know I couldn't go into society if *I* had such a husband."

"Thank Heaven, Julia, that you haven't any husband," said her friend. "But haven't you heard about Mabel Prescott and Paul Villiers? My dear, he is perfectly devoted to her. And they say she returns his love with interest. Why, she is wild about him. I don't imagine she ever remembers she has a husband. It's a wonder to me she doesn't get divorced. She has sufficient cause, for that drunken brute has often abused her; and it would be advisable, before her conduct becomes an open scandal, and so prevents her getting her liberty. But, then, I don't suppose Paul Villiers would marry her if she did. He is a Roman Catholic, you know, and his Church would forbid."

"Oh! yes, my dear," said Julia, "I've heard all about the Prescott scandal. But I don't believe Paul Villiers would marry her, any way. Men never do marry that kind of a woman. It's a fine excuse, though, isn't it, when a man tires of a woman to make his religion a cloak for his shortcomings? But, dear me! I feel too cool now. Let us return to the parlor;" and arm in arm they passed out of the conservatory.

Mabel, who had heard every word of this cruel conversation, would have confronted her slanderers, but Paul held her firmly, and would not permit her to move. After the ladies had gone, she exclaimed:

"Oh! Paul, what bitter, cruel things they said of me. Who could be so wicked as to call our friendship such an awful thing? Paul, what did they mean? I do not know. I am bewildered by what they said of us."

"Mabel, my darling, your innocent soul knows not what a wicked world can say of even a pure friendship like ours. But, Mabel, listen to me. It is something more than friendship I feel for you. I have tried to hide my love from you and to seem like a friend, fearing that, if you knew how passionately I adored you, you would banish me for ever from your presence; but now I can endure this life no longer, for I love you so madly that either you must be mine or I must leave you for ever. That brute whom the world calls your husband has severed every tie that bound you together. You are no more his wife. Promise me, darling, that you will be mine. Though no priest can sanction our union, yet the bond between us shall be stronger than any Church could give, for in the sight of Heaven I promise to be a true and faithful husband to you. Do not shrink from me. If I read you aright, your heart answers Yes to what I am saying."

Mabel covered her face with her hands, and her life passed like a shifting panorama before her. The loneliness of her home, her most sacred feelings outraged, even her life endangered by the man who should be her comforter and protector—the sweet and tender friendship with Paul, which the world called a wicked tie. To leave him—ah! what would life be to her? Did she love him? She knew she did; that the touch of his hand, the sound of his voice, yes, even the echo of his footstep, caused the blood to flow with quicker pulsations through her whole being, dyeing her face with crimson blushes; and that only when with him did she forget the trials of her life, and was happy. She did not speak, but nestled closer to him, and placed her head on his shoulder. His arm stole around her waist, and he pressed a long kiss upon her unresisting lips. They remained a few moments in happy silence. Then Paul said:

"Listen, dearest, to me. We will leave B—— to-morrow night for New York. A steamer sails the following day for Havre. In the sunny land of France you will forget your past existence, and, happy in our love, we will live only for each other. I will not go to your house

to-morrow, but will send you a note telling you where to meet me. Good-night, my darling; always my darling, and dearer to me than life itself."

That night Mabel never closed her eyes. Always before her was her handsome lover, and sounding in her ears the cruel slanders she had heard. Then she thought of her flight. Who would miss her? Not her husband. He had long ceased to regard her, except, perhaps, as a stumbling-block in the broad path that was leading him to swift destruction. Her friends? Ah, perhaps, the very ones who fawned upon her were circulating the cruel reports she had heard; and now she was leaving it all behind; all the cruel, shameful life that had been so bitter, so hard to endure.

She was going to another land, where she would have the tenderest care, where she would be almost worshiped by the man who had given up his whole life to her. A note came early from Paul, arranging the plan for her escape. All that day she seemed to be living a dual existence. She received callers, talked and laughed with them, made plans for future gayety, and all the while every throb of her heart made the note she had hidden in her breast rustle; it seemed to her so loudly, that all must hear. And even when surrounded by her friends — and never so many called as on that day — she kept saying to herself, "To-night I leave them all. To-night I go with him."

A DASH THROUGH THE GREEN ISLE.— DEVIL'S GLEN.

It had been a warm and sultry day, oppressively so for the early part of Summer. As night approached, Mabel dressed herself in a dark, unobtrusive costume. She had given her maid a holiday, well knowing that none of the other servants would notice her departure. She had given orders that she would not be home to dinner, and her husband, as usual, was absent.

It grew very dark as she left the house; the sky was overhung with heavy clouds, and distant peals of thunder could be heard. A severe tempest was coming; such an one as sometimes visits our clime and expends itself with tropical fury. Mabel did not notice this, so engrossed was she with her own thoughts. She had gone but a few blocks from home when the rain began to pour in torrents. Awakened from her reverie by the shock, Mabel looked around for some place of refuge, hoping she might see an empty carriage that would take her to her destination, but the street was deserted. She could not return home. No; Paul would be waiting for her. She must hasten on. But the lightning now blazed so fiercely, the storm was so severe, that, scarcely knowing what she did, she entered a church, whose door stood invitingly open. Vespers had long since been over, yet this church was never closed, and Mabel sat down quite near the altar to wait until the storm had passed. The interior was but dimly lighted, yet a few candles which burned perpetually before the figure of the Virgin cast a faint light over the golden crucifix that was suspended above the chancel. It had been the offering to the church of a wealthy devotee, and the figure upon it was a marvel of carving, so lifelike it seemed. In the obscurity the eyes, still patient though full of agony, seemed turned in reproach upon her. The hands, fastened with the cruel nails, seemed stretched toward her. The whole attitude was one of appeal and entreaty to the lost and sinful. Still the storm raged with fury without; flash after flash of lightning illumed the face of the dead Christ. It seemed as if the lips were moving. Hark! above the noise of that terrible thunder, did she hear the sacred words, "Daughter, thy sins are forgiven thee." Alas! she was, indeed, a sinner. For the first time she realized that she was taking a fatal step on that downward path from which there was no return. Was it too late? Before that agonized face, what was earthly affection? Here could she find solace for all her woes. She threw herself at the foot of the cross, exclaiming through her tears, "Father, forgive me!"

Half unconscious, she knew nothing of the storm that raged over the city, making even strong men shudder at the intensity of its fury, and women crouch together and whisper tremblingly that the end of all things was coming. And for Mabel it *had* come. A thunderbolt, hurled from a cloud that hung over the church, attracted perhaps by the golden crucifix, on its way to earth, killed the repentant woman, even while the prayer for forgiveness was upon her lips.

The next morning the sun rose in a cloudless sky, and shone sparkling and bright over the rain-washed earth; and the body of Mabel, her hands still clasped in prayer,

was found at the foot of the altar. The lightning had done its cruel work and left no mark behind, save on her breast was printed in lurid colors a figure of the cross at which she had knelt. And with that blessed sign of our salvation upon her, placed there by Heaven's own hand, who will dare to say that her sin was not pardoned?

Her husband died soon after, in the wildest delirium, at a low haunt of vice he frequented.

And Paul? A broken man, old before his time, and bearing a burden almost too heavy for a mortal to bear. He it is who tells you this story of one who, if she sinned like a woman, died like a saint.

THE VALLEY OF THE DARGLE, WICKLOW.

A DASH THROUGH THE GREEN ISLE.

By Noel Ruthven.

What could I do with my ten days? I was stopping in London. I had a return ticket to New York by the palatial *City of Rome*. I had ten days to spend, and with them twenty golden sovereigns, or one hundred dollars. Paris?—no. Twenty pounds in Paris would melt even more rapidly than one hundred dollars in New York. The English Lakes? A happy thought! A trip through Wales? Another happy thought!—Wales! Holyhead! Holyhead, sixty-four miles from Dublin. Aha! Why not take a dash into Ireland—"ould Ireland"? I rang the bell for a "Bradshaw," and found, after considerable cross-country work, that a train left Euston Station at 8:10 P.M., striking Holyhead at 4 A.M., and Kingstown at 7:45, or Dublin at 8.

The same evening found me spinning down the London and Northwestern on the train known as the "Wild Irishman," in company with two of the National Party in the House of Commons, bright, witty, joyous, well-bred men, who shared their Irish whisky with me *con amore*, and told me more about the United States

than ever I knew before, and foretold Ireland's glorious future with a sincerity that carried conviction to my innermost soul.

As we had talked and laughed and sipped for nearly seven mortal hours, I slept like a top on the steamer, and it was a superb August morning when, upon coming on deck, I beheld the Hill of Howth, clad in a purple mantle of heather; on my right, the Wicklow Hills, also dyed in purple; to the left, the Dublin Mountains; in the middle, at their base, the shining terraces that compose Dalkey, Kingstown and Salthill; while distant spires and a solid, dark mass, a little to the right, proclaimed Ireland's capital, the "Second City of the Empire," as Dubliners are pleased—and mightily pleased—to term the ancient Eblana.

Kingstown Harbor is spacious and magnificent. Two great granite piers run out into the bay and inclose a miniature bay of smoothest water in their encircling arms. Handsome yacht-clubhouses—the St. George and the Royal Irish—guard on either side a commodious jetty, and a special pier with a covered way, the haunt of the detectives, accommodates those who come and go over the sixty-four miles of sea separating the Emerald Isle from the ancient Kingdom of Wales. At the entrance to this pier stands a dumpy granite pillar, surmounted by a crown, erected by the loyal Irish, and who, as Byron hath it, "danced in chains" when the "biggest blackguard in Europe" *alias* His Most Gracious Majesty King George IV., honored his obsequious Irish subjects by intrusting his bloated and decomposing body amongst them, in the year of grace, 1821.

Newspaper-venders greeted me with horse whispers of *Freeman's Journal*, *Irish Times* and *Daily Express*, as I plunged for a first-class compartment; and oh! how fusty and stale and stuffy its blue-cloth, sun-baked cushions smelt! Ten minutes, while the baggage—I beg pardon, luggage—was being transferred from the boat to the train, and with a shrill whistle we were *en route* to "dear, dirty Dublin."

The bay lay on our right for three-fourths of our ride of fifteen minutes—Dublin's citizens occupying terraces and cottages and villas and domains on the left. Sandymount, a cheap, faded-looking place, lies at the city gates, and by it Irishtown and the North Wall, where, in the days of our grandfathers, travelers were detained for weeks at the Pigeon House Fort, for fair winds to ferry them to Liverpool.

At the Westland Row Depot everybody has to scramble for his or her luggage, and woe to the weak or the timid. It is *sauve qui peut*. The jarvies, who drive outside jaunting-cars, and the Jehus, who charioteer cabs, are lying in wait to pounce on your luggage, if it be responsible-looking; and the "gintleman" with handsome *impedimenta* is sure of one of the best vehicles, while those with more modest belongings are compelled to wait until they catch the speaker's eye, since all the drivers are yelling and bawling the merits of their respective vehicles with a mendacity and vigor of imagination equal, in every possible respect, to their fearful and wondrous lung-power.

"Here's yer own car, yer honor!" "Here's a baste fit for the Lord Liftinint!" "Here's action, sir!" "Come along wid me, sir—I'll rowl ye to the castle, me lord!" "Here's the horse that won't ax a pinny if he doesn't give the hoighth of satisfaction!" "Here's *the* vacancy for yer lordship!"

My appearance must have been somewhat impressive, for I was the centre of a struggling, gesticulating, vociferating crowd, and ere I was aware of what I was about, found myself seated upon an outside car, minus my baggage.

"Lave yer bag wid me, me lord, and fight like the divvle for the rest of yer luggage. Here's me number."

Acting upon the suggestion, I did "fight like the divvle," and after a severe skirmish succeeded in bringing off my *impedimenta*.

I had read so much about Morrison's Hotel in Lever's novels that I resolved upon sojourning at that venerable hostelry, in preference to the more meretricious attractions of the Shelbourne, and spinning along Nassau Street, established myself in a spacious apartment overlooking Trinity College, the Provost's Garden, and the College Park, wherein a few agile lads were practicing at cricket.

The cheerful chambermaid, who escorted me to my room, having observed the magic letters "N. Y." on my valise, gleefully exclaimed:

"Bedad, ye're aigar for to ketch a sight of the ould Parliament House! If ye climb on this table an' stretch clane out of the windy, ye'll see it betune the ind of Grafton Sthreet an' the front of the Colledge."

I was not so eager as this worthy lady imagined, but, nevertheless, thanked her warmly in the shape of a shilling for her courteous and well-intentioned ciceroneship. After a capital breakfast, I sallied forth in quest of adventure.

Now, as this is only a dash through the Green Isle, I do not pretend or intend to serve up a few *réchauffé* pages from a guide-book—the saints, especially St. Patrick, forbid! I shall mention what I saw, and that, too, after my own fashion.

I found Morrison's Hotel at the corner of Nassau and Dawson Streets. Along the former runs a handsome granite wall, surmounted by an ornamental railing, inclosing the park attached to Trinity College. Dawson Street is wide, and it boasts of the buildings of the Royal Irish Academy and the Mansion House, the residence of the chief magistrate, of which, and its flesh-pots, more anon.

My great desire—and here the cheery chamber-wench guessed aright—was to behold College Green. A hundred yards from Morrison's brought me to the corner of Grafton Street, and a hundred yards along Grafton Street planted me opposite the old Parliament House, with the charming statue of Henry Grattan standing in the centre of the once Green, in the attitude in which he uttered his famous *Esto perpetua*.

Anything more elegant than the façade of "Old House" it is impossible to conceive; anything more impressive in architectural beauty than this little bit of Dublin it is difficult to imagine. To the right is Trinity College, founded by Good Queen Bess, her effigy, as stiff as her ruff, surmounting that portal so fatal to the happiness of alumni addicted to the "wee sma' hours ayont the twal'." On either side of the entrance stand exquisite statues of Oliver Goldsmith and Edmund Burke. College Street, with the Provincial Bank, stretches to the right; Westmoreland Street, revealing O'Connell Bridge and Sackville Street, opens in the centre, while on the left is the Royal Bank, and a fine structure of the last century, once the famous Daly's Club House, where, after the passionate debates on the ill-starred Union, members would repair to order coffee and pistols, and fire off witticisms and play cards until the daydawn bade them repair to Fifteen Acres in the Phœnix Park, there to settle the disputed question at twelve paces, perhaps less.

Turning to the left, Dame Street greeted my gaze with its long vista opening up that wondrous old pile,

Christ Church, whose foundation was laid before St. Patrick ever planted his sandal upon a shamrock.

I crossed over to the old House, at present the Bank of Ireland, and, deeply impressed by a set of gorgeous flunkies in green coats with gilt buttons, scarlet waistcoats and high hats, who ought to be bank directors at the very least, entered the cash-office, where a dull rattle of coin was relieved by the occasional giggle of some pallid clerk over the joke of a facetious client. Passing through this melancholy hall—there is more business done in a New York bank in one hour than here in a week—I was led into a very handsome, but gloomy, chamber, which, at the period in which Ireland was sold into the Union, was the House of Lords. The same tables, the same chairs, the same tapestried hangings, await Parnell's trumpet. And soon may he play it, or play upon it!

"You'll be turned out of this some fine morning," I observed to the liveried porter, my guide, as I slipped half a crown into his all-too-willing palm.

"Yis; but will we be compinsated?" was his very pertinent rejoinder.

The chamber used by the Commoners, and called the "Goose Pie," on account of its oval shape, no longer exists, and, as I passed out, I bethought me of the Titans who caused its roof to ring with their marvelous oratory—Grattan, Flood, Curran, Burke, *et id genus omne*—and indulged myself with a fervent hope that the day was close at hand when Irish eloquence would again be heard within an Irish Commons House, with Ireland a Nation.

Crossing College Green, I visited Trinity College, its Dining Hall adorned with portraits of Ireland's greatest sons; its Museum rich in all that delights the heart of the antiquarian, including Brian Boroimhe's harp, and manuscripts ripe as the dust of ages; Botany Bay; Oliver Goldsmith's Room; the Library, wherein were seated "Sam" Haughton discussing Home Rule with the grave Professor Galbraith, for I heard "Sam" say, "I tell you that Parnell may be able to——"; the Coronation Hall; and the New Buildings, where Dr. Shaw, sunset-bearded, was exploiting some quaint fad to his son-in-law, "that beardless boy Tyrrel," albeit a Fellow, and a very learned one to boot, though Mohaffy, the "General," will scarcely admit the fact. Mohaffy, too, I beheld, and heard his Alcibiadian lisp, as, with a cricket-bat under one arm, and one of the aides-de-camp of the Lord Lieutenant under the other, he strode onward in the direction of the Cricket Ground; for Mohaffy has pitched a wicket at Marathon, and bowled out one Goulding.

Quitting the groves of the Academy, I strolled up Westmoreland Street and inspected the statue to Sir John Gray, Kt., a man of great ability and untiring industry, and to whom the citizens of Dublin are indebted for as fine a water supply as this wide world affords to any community. As I visited the source of this supply, in the Wicklow Hills, I shall have to speak of Sir John Gray later on. The statue of that pure but dull patriot, William Smith O'Brien, faces D'Olier Street, famous for Kinahan, of "LL" fame, and Burton Findon's, an oyster-house where the real Poldoody oyster from the County of Clare was to be had for the asking, washed down by a pint of Guinness's "XX."

Crossing the noble O'Connell Bridge over the unsavory smelling Liffey, I was confronted by Dan's statue, a magnificent ornament to Sackville Street, which is one of *the* streets of the world. The O'Connell statue is a monument in every way worthy of the great Tribune. Sackville Street finished my day's sight-seeing, and I returned to Morrison's to dinner; after which I repaired to the Gaiety Theatre, a pretty little house, where I heard "The Chimes of Normandy" admirably given.

I rose rather late next day, for your Dubliner is late o' nights, and, as a consequence, does not *rise* with the lark. I sauntered up Dawson Street, visited the Royal Irish Academy, a veritable casket of ancient Irish literature, and turned into the Mansion House, next door, to write my name in the visiting-book of Dublin's patriotic Lord Mayor.

"It's a fine lump of a house, sir," said an obliging and gorgeously attired flunky. "Wouldn't you like to see the Oak Room and the Round Room, where the big banquets does be?"

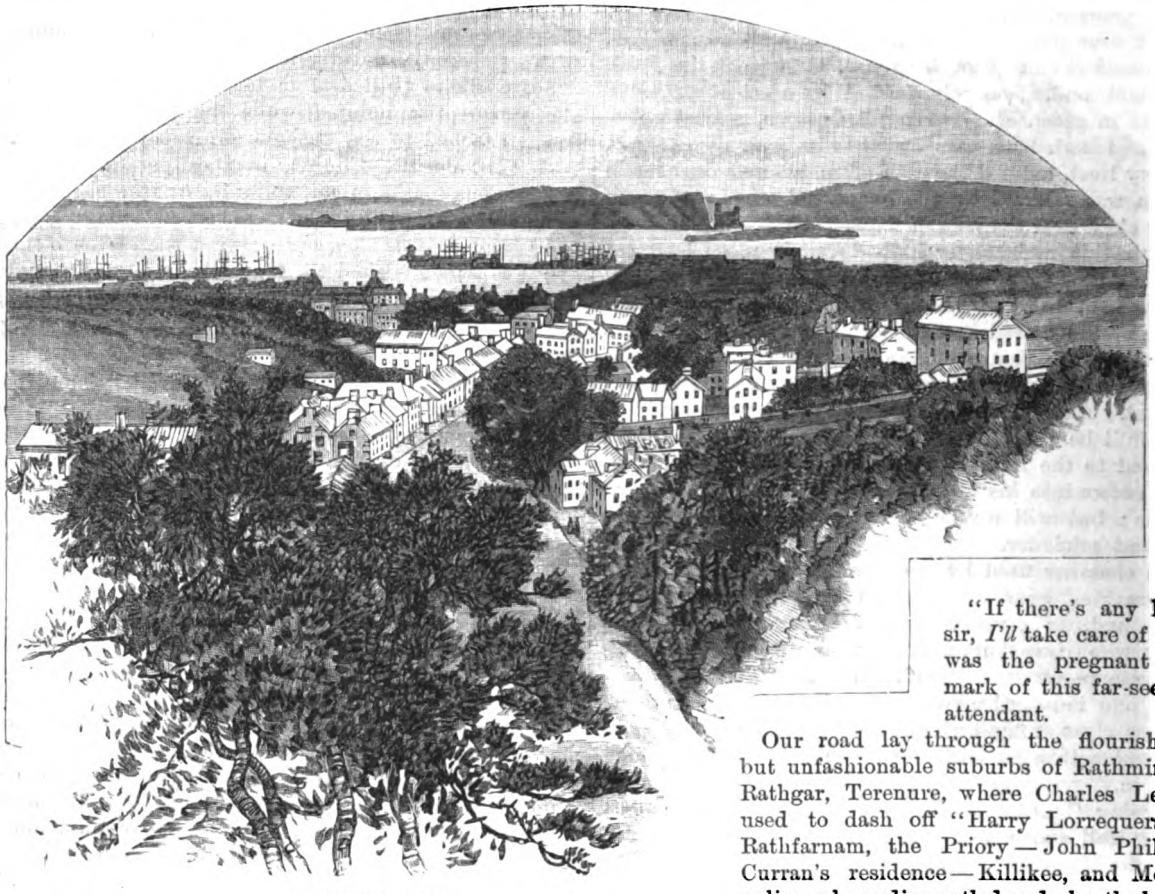
Gladly assenting, this courteous official led me into a truly imposing oblong apartment, wainscoted in oak black as ebony from age, the panels also being disfigured by portraits of past Lord Lieutenants and Lord Mayors; from thence into the Round Room, built in a few days by a Lord Mayor—at the expense of the citizens—with an eye to a baronetcy, for the purpose of dining and wining that "bolting hutch of beastliness," King George IV., for whose character, etc., *vide* Thackeray.

It is the habit of the Lord Mayor to give his inaugural banquet to about seven hundred citizens in this room, and, up to within a few years, it was his custom to invite the Lord Lieutenant, in order to allow that high and mighty personage to make a speech bristling with cooked statistics in relation to the prosperity of Ireland. The farce, however, became too stale, the audience went behind the scenes, and would have no more viceregal buffoonery. The "Cawstle" and the Mansion House no longer hobnob, and "His Ex" has to exploit his cooked statistics before an English audience, who are actually beginning to exhibit symptoms of revolt.

Out of Dawson Street I lounged into St. Stephen's Green, making a call at the Shelburne Hotel. The park is very pretty, very tastefully laid out, and tolerably well kept. Around Stephen's Green are numerous imposing structures, notably the club-houses on the north side, and the College of Surgeons on the west. The Catholic University is situated on the south side, once the residence of one "Buck Whalley," an eccentric Orangeman, whose bones would rattle, if they could, at the bare idea of sanguinary "Papishes" holding his fort.

The mashers affect Grafton Street, late in the afternoon. They are a very "job-lot" looking set. Their clothes are wretched misfits, and as for the boots and shoes—well, a tightly folded umbrella would seem to be part of the paraphernalia of the Dublin masher. The fashionable quarter lies southwest, the principal squares being Merrion and Fitzwilliam. The former is very large, but its houses have a bald appearance, like faces without eyebrows. The North Side, being solely occupied by physicians, is facetiously named Pill Lane; while the South, on account of its occupancy by members of the Bar, is known as Chancery Row. On No. 1, North Side, was born *the* Oscar, his father, Sir William Wilde, and "Speranza" occupying it during that momentous event. Sir William was as skillful an oculist as he was a good and genial friend. He was a scholar to boot. On the occasion of my visit fashionable Dublin was either at Kingstown, Killarney, Bray, or living in back rooms, the blinds in the front ones hermetically sealed. Dubliners are genteel or nothing. Alas! it is the shabby-genteel all the time.

On the north side of the city are Rutland and Mountjoy Squares. The former is very spacious, and surrounded by some magnificent old houses, all of the pre-Union



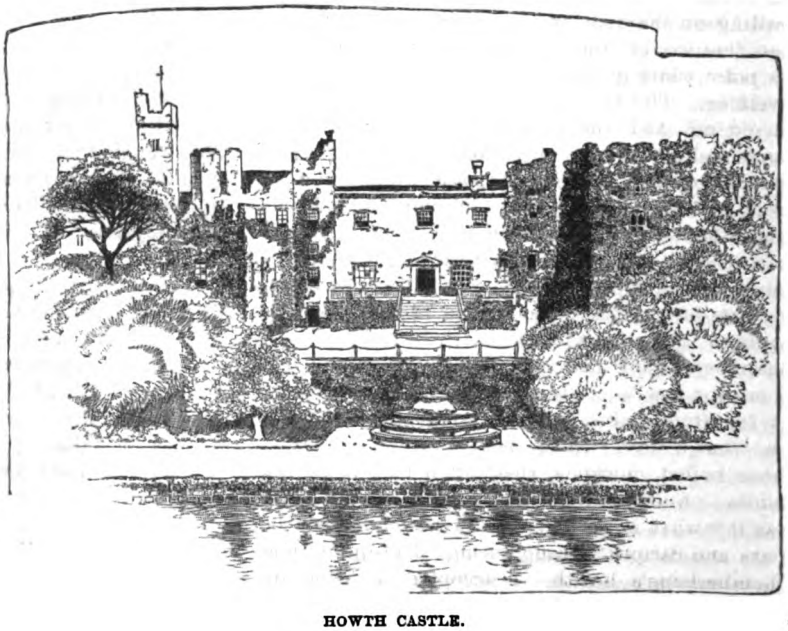
VIEW OF HOWTH.

"If there's any left, sir, *I'll* take care of it," was the pregnant remark of this far-seeing attendant.

Our road lay through the flourishing but unfashionable suburbs of Rathmines, Rathgar, Terenure, where Charles Lever used to dash off "Harry Lorrequers"; Rathfarnam, the Priory — John Philpot Curran's residence — Killikee, and Montpelier, whose dismantled and ghostly-looking castle was the headquarters for the famous, or infamous, Hell-fire Club, of one hundred years ago. On the top of the mountain we struck the famous Military Road, so called since it was constructed in 1798, the year of the Rebellion, by the soldiery, in order to open up a very patriotic portion of the country. The barracks is now a Roman Catholic Juvenile Reformatory, and in this peaceful solitude crime is nipped in the bud, and washed away by the mountain-dews. I spent "a long hour by Shrewsbury clock" in this noble institu-

date. The Rotunda, that hall whose walls have witnessed so many sensational episodes in Ireland's nineteenth-century struggles, stands on the south side of the square. It is a large, circular apartment, dingy and dirty-looking in the extreme; but I was behind the scenes, and the footlights were not yet lit, nor had the audience been rung in. Umbrageous elms, "as old as the hills," shade the grassy slopes, verdant walks and lover-fashioned alleys. From Mountjoy Square, I strolled up Eccles Street, past the residence of Archbishop Walsh and the magnificent Mater Misericordiæ Hospital, and by the sign of the Thatched House at Phibsborough on to Glasnevin Cemetery. In this necropolis sleep many of Ireland's gifted sons, notably O'Connell, whose monument is of rare, but simple, beauty.

The next day being Saturday, and having been invited to a dinner at the Quoit Club, up in the Dublin Mountains, at a place with the poetic name of Glenismoel, or the Valley of the Thrush, I started at 9 A.M. for a visit to the Reformatory at Glencree. A waiter at Morrison's, possessed of bibulous tendencies, with whom I had established one-shilling relations, chartered a first-rate outside car and horse, and also undertook the feed for "baste" and man; stowing away as much meat and drink in the "well" as though I was off for a week, instead of for half a Summer day.



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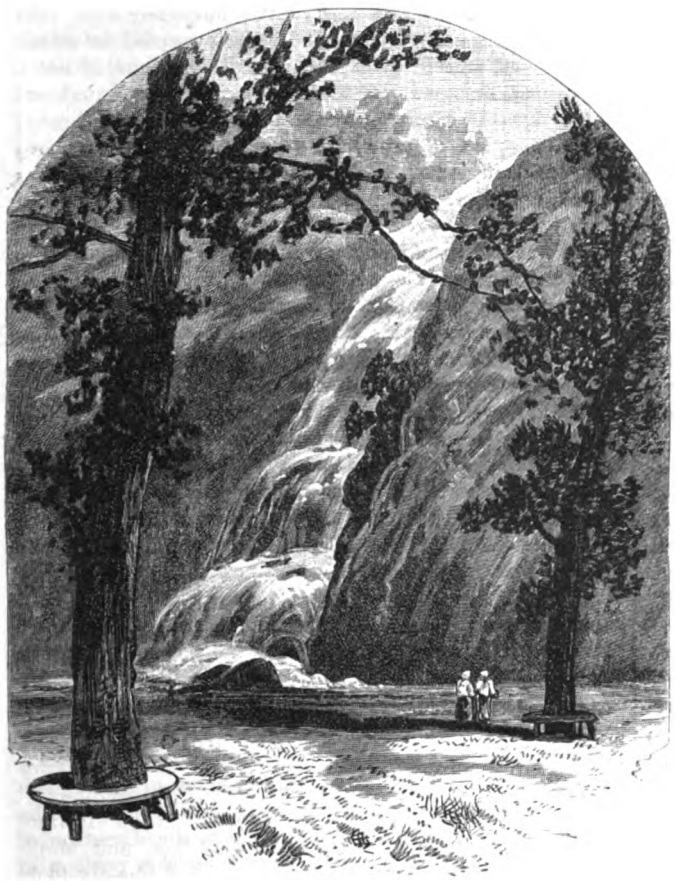


POWERSCOURT FALLS.

tion, and a finer, healthier, or cheerier lot of little lads I have never seen together. From Glencree I strolled on to Lough Bray, the sometime residence of Sir Philip Crampton, Surgeon-general, who, some fifty years ago, was the handsomest man in Dublin, and the ablest man with the knife. I struck—to use an Americanism—Glenismoel just in time for dinner, five o'clock. The Quoit Club has found its quarters in a quaint old monastery, nestling on the side of a hill, and commanding a view that would almost compel a monk to forget his *pater* while gazing out upon such unadorned loveliness. The last game of quoits had just been played off, and the players were washing their hands and taking nips of a most seductive liquor, known to them as "Mild Scotch," doled out to them by Mat Chamberlaine, the most genial and sympathetic individual whom I ever chanced to meet. A strapping lay-brother, in the brown habit of the Order, with a rosary of wooden beads the size of pigeons' eggs girdled to his waist, announced dinner, and we marched into the old Refectory, where ham and chickens, a boiled leg of mutton "with," a tail end of beef, and a saddle fit for Bucephalus, greeted our expectant eyes. Ah, what a feed! That ham and that cabbage, those boiled chickens, that colonel's cut of the saddle! And, ye gods! the Mild Scotch! What was it? what is it? Nectar! I responded for the Stars and Stripes. I sang a song. I proposed Mat Chamberlaine's health. I accepted a dozen invitations, and invited the company to deviled bones and fizz to the masthead at Morrison's on the way home. That *was* an ambrosial night!

Sunday I devoted to the churches. The Roman Catholic Cathedral in Marlborough Street (Grecian) disappointed, while the Byzantine Chapel attached to the Catholic University fetched me. The Jesuits' Church, in Gardiner Street, is famous for its organ, while St. Andrew's, in Westland Row, boasts the most "swell" congregation, and it is *de rigueur* to attend the eleven o'clock Mass. I visited St. Michan's, and in its vaults, which possess the quality of preserving the bodies of the dead, I beheld several corpses in a strange condition of semi-mummifaction.

St. Patrick's Cathedral, restored by the brewer Guinness, is in a very dingy quarter of the city, known as the Liberties. Its monuments are chapters in history. Dean Swift, the author of "Gulliver," lies here, beside Mistress Hester Johnson, better known as Stella. A distiller, Roe, not to be outdone by a brewer, resolved upon restoring Christ Church Cathedral. In performing this admirable work he so crippled himself (the cost was $2,500,000) that later on he went to the wall, and as my guide feelingly added, "More's the pity!" and so say I. The present Chancellor of Christ Church, the Rev. Dr. Tisdale (Charlie), is one of the wittiest men of the time, and is noted for his delightful companionship. A divine, a scholar, a gentleman, and last though not least in old Ireland, a judge of liquor. As in St. Patrick's, the monuments in Christ Church are chapters of history.

On Monday I did Dame Street; turned into the Chamber of Commerce and the City Hall. Here, in a very handsome chamber, adorned with

LAKE GLENDALOUGH.

portraits of past Lord Mayors, the City Fathers meet, and hold hot debate, as in a miniature House of Commons. The Lord Mayor presides, on a high oaken chair, the arms representing Irish wolf-dogs. Beneath him sits the Town-clerk, the Mace-bearer and the Sword-bearer standing on either side of the chair. The Conservatives occupy the benches on the left, the Nationalists the right. The few Liberals or Whigs have no happy hunting-ground. The Hall is very fine, surmounted by a dome supported by pillars. A statue of O'Connell, by Hogan, and one of Grattan, by Chantrey, occupy prominent positions. Here is also a very clever statue of Lucas, a pre-Union patriot.

Dublin Castle is next door to the City Hall, and, like to many neighbors in other places, they are on the worst possible terms. They do not speak. They hold one another in contempt, and lose never a chance to insult and revile.

The Upper Castle Yard is known as the "dirty half-acre," from the jobbery and lickspitting that flourished since the time of Castlereagh, and still flourishes within the quadrangle. Two brutal-looking Tommy Atkinses, two English Hodges, pipeclayed into English guardsmen, flung bulldog glances at me as I passed into the "Yard." Another guardsman kept watch and ward over a ragged flag that had been stormed at with shot and shell, standing in the centre of the Yard. I crossed over to the entrance to the state apartments, wherein the gilded puppets of this Brummagem Court live, move and have their being. Two more guardsmen crossed bayonets as I attempted to pass a glass door. Luckily I was provided with a Chamberlain's order to view certain portions of the "Cawstle." An imposing flunky scanned me, then the order, and a private soldier, "his bayonet by his side," escorted me up a wide staircase, at the head of which Lady Tyrconnell received James II., after the battle of the Boyne, with that withering rejoinder which is as a flash of light in Ireland's history. I passed into the Throne Room — save the mark!— where the Lord Lieutenant, with his wife, receives at "levée" and "drawing-room," and where His Excellency is privileged to kiss young ladies on being "presented"— on the cheek—ahem! There have been Viceroys who—but no matter. *I* don't blame them. St. Patrick's Hall is a noble apartment, and when lighted up for banquet or revel, presents a scene of brilliancy difficult to match. The Long Drawing-room contains portraits of the Viceroys from almost the first Lord Lieutenant General and General Governor of Ireland, and a more sensual, imbecile looking set of worthies it is impossible to conjure up to the mind's eye. Greed and rapine are written on many of their rascally countenances. I visited the Birmingham Tower, where the genial and unerring Sir Bernard Burke, Ulster King-at-arms, does his historic and important work. It is a grim old fortress, and could tell many a bloody tale of the fortunes of the "City of the Hurdles." Two gentlemen were crossing the Lower Castle Yard, both notables, wits and worthies. One was Dr. Nedley, physician to the police, the other the Rev. Father Hely, P.P. No swell dinner-party is complete without either of these racy Irishmen, and the host lucky enough to secure both marks a red-letter day in his diary.

Chartering a jaunting-car, I crossed Grattan Bridge, formerly Essex, and "rowlin'" along the quays, entered the famous Four Courts, that hotbed of Irish eloquence and Irish wit. The Hall, where men of the greatest names on the bright bead-roll of Ireland's glory so often paced as briefless barristers, was very crowded and very noisy, and the appearance of the members of the Bar, in black stuff gowns and perky little horsehair wigs, held me in fascination. All seemed to be occupied in eating sandwiches, and in gossiping after a frivolous, if not a boisterous, fashion. In the Courts, I was pointed out the judges by name, ensconced on high, under heavy, stuffy canopies, the Royal Arms being conspicuous above the seat occupied by their lordships. Baron Dowse has a North of Ireland accent, so keen that his "i's" and "u's" fairly cut through the air, while Lord-justice Barry's mellifluous Limerick brogue falls on the ear like Munster music. I spent the remainder of the day in prowling about the Courts, intensely interested; not because of what was going on just then, but because of the traditions of the building under whose dome I was for the time being so aimlessly wandering.

The following day I gave to Phœnix Park. The Wellington Testimonial is a huge obelisk—O'Connell christened it "an overgrown milestone"— the bass-reliefs, illustrating episodes in the sanguinary conflicts out of which the Iron Duke rode Copenhagen so successfully, being beneath criticism. The Fifteen Acres, so famous for the good old times when a man could not call another a liar without having to pay the penalty opposite the pistol's mouth at ten paces on this magnificent greensward, were traversed by me on foot; and oh, what a springy turf! it felt like a flat tight-rope.

The Vice-regal Lodge and our White House are as like as two peas. A deep haha or fosse keeps the *oi polloi* from this sacred ground. A red-uniformed bulldog kept the gate. A cricket match was being played by the Vice-regal eleven and the Phœnix first eleven. The Royal Standard floated in the breeze in the direction of the Dublin Mountains. The view from this portion of the "Phaynix" is delightful. The Three-Rock Mountain in the purple distance; Montpelier, with its ruined castle; the Liffey, flowing like a silvern thread beneath the picturesque village of Chapelizod and Knockmaroon Hill, so well known to Dubliners who, during the season, take a jaunt to the famous Strawberry Beds, or the Spa at Lucan. The trees in the Phœnix Park are magnificent, especially the giant elms, while the hawthorn abounds everywhere, and the "merrie month of May" is one mass of bloom, the perfume making itself felt for miles. The spot where Lord Cavendish and Under-secretary Burke were done to death is now one of the sights of the Park. Poor Burke was raised in the polluted atmosphere of the "Cawstle," and, although of fine Irish stock, was an Englishman at heart, ay, and Cromwellian to boot.

I pottered around Dublin for another day, and then started for the County Wicklow. The run from the city to Bray is through exceptionally lovely scenery — the view as the train speeds out of the tunnel at Dalkey being marvelous in beauty; the exquisite vale of Shanganah, guarded by the twin Sugar Loaves and the wooded heights over Powerscourt demesne and the Dublin Mountains, dappled with mansions peeping from thick copses, and purple and yellow blossoming furze for a background. We swept by a scimitar-shaped bay, and in less than one hour were decanted at the picturesque and fashionable town of Bray.

Two very large hotels adjoin the depot; that run by Edward Breslin, a jolly good fellow, being *the* most aristocratic hostelry in the country. The sweep of strand, over a mile long, is bordered by a strip of green, level and rich as a well-laid-down carpet. Bray Head, steeped in purple heather, blocks the way after a most resolute and frowning fashion. I lunched at Breslin's, the worthy Boniface refusing to take payment.

"No, sir!" he gleefully exclaimed. "You come from New York, and you know my kinsmen, the Breslins of the Gilsey House. I was out there two years ago, and I was treated like the son of an Irish king. Not a half-penny will I take, and"—here he dropped his voice—"I've put a bottle of the real John Jameson, eight years old, into the well of your car."

All honor to Edward Breslin, who would thus repay his welcome in the United States! Let him come again—who's afraid?

I did the Dargle, a wooded glen of the most romantic and picturesque description, the favorite picnicking-ground of the Dubliners. Every available corner was occupied by a white tablecloth, with its attendant cold chickens, tongues, lamb, ham and lobster, and bottles *ad lib.*, and every secluded spot was availed of by two—need I say that one was of the sterner, the other of the gentler sex? Through the trees came the sounds of fiddles, singing and laughter. I felt inclined to exclaim, "Where do I come in?"

Tinnihinch, the demesne purchased by a grateful people for their idol, Henry Grattan, and now occupied by his lineal descendants, runs along one side of the Dargle. A sweet, sweet place, embosomed in woods and loveliest foliage. It was from here that he was carried from his sick-bed and borne by four horses to Dublin, to burst into the Irish House of Commons and thunder against the Union.

En route to the Powerscourt Waterfall, we passed the house, a pretentious-looking building, but of no account. It contains some third-rate pictures. Lord Powerscourt imagined that he was the possessor of a Holbein till the late Tom Taylor mercilessly tore the vail from his belief. The drive to the Waterfall is through a thick wood, and the Fall comes to you suddenly. It resembles a cotton thread laid out on a gray board, standing almost perpendicularly. Here the picnickers were thick as leaves in Vallombrosa, and one set insisted upon my taking a glass of cold punch, and upon being informed that I hailed from the States, I was compelled—no, not against my will—to toss off another, and then another.

Was it the punch? but certainly as the car ascended Sugar Loaf Hill, I thought the view over the valley was *the* loveliest I had ever laid eyes upon.

Across a country of bog for eight miles, with the Mountain and the hill over Luggelaw flinging purple shadows on the scrubby heather, we reached the village of Roundwood, where the great reservoir for the supply of water for the City of Dublin and its suburbs wells into being. Murphy's Hotel, where I stopped for the night, is one of Charles Lever's, and the waiter a rare specimen of his profession. The broiled chicken and "musharoons," washed down with my friend Breslin's J. J., was a supper over which memory licks its chops; and the fresh eggs, and the mountain mutton-chops and the delicious tea with *such* cream, the next morning, equally to be savored over. And the bill—ye gods!—supper, 1s. 6d.; bed, 1s. 6d.; breakfast, 1s. 6d. Total 4s. 6d., or one dollar!

The uniformity of charge was soothing in its sameness. A neat little horse and a capital car "rowled" me up to Lough Dan, and a boat ferried me to a golden strand where I struck a lovely valley, by the side of a saucy little fern-kissed trout-stream, till I arrived at Luggelaw, "a gem without a flaw." I recalled Gerald Griffin's lines, later on—

"In Luggelaw's deep wooded vale!"—

as I stood beneath the towering mountains in as peaceful a spot, far from the madding crowd, as any sane mortal could conjure up in visions. Returning by another road—it *was* collar work to climb out of the valley and reach my car—I tapped the Roundwood Reservoir, a basin three miles long, in the widest part a mile broad. The house for the accommodation of the Waterworks Committee of the Dublin Corporation when they set forth on visits of inspection is a commodious structure, and the dining-room can seat fifty. The Valve Chamber is well worthy a visit, being the most perfect of its kind in the world. On the walls, in bronze, are the names of Sir John Gray and John Tarnesa, respectively chairman and vice-chairman of the committee which promoted and carried to completion—after obstructions the most grievous—this truly great and magnificent work. The son of Sir John Gray is Mr. Edmund Dwyer Gray, a Member of Parliament, who has made a brilliant mark in the House, and is proprietor of the Dublin *Freeman's Journal*.

Leaving the Waterworks behind me, I sped down-hill to the Devil's Glen, a dark and romantic tree-embowered rift in the hills, and struck the Newrath Bridge Hotel—with *such* a garden, a blaze of flowers—for dinner; and then to a small station on the Dublin and Wicklow Railway, where I caught a train that bore me to the Wooden Bridge Hotel, in the heart of the sweet Vale of Avoca. And there is *not* in this wide world a valley so sweet, with its meeting waters, and its wooded hills, and its caressing air of calm and peace.

I stood on the little russet bridge that spans the brown, brawling Avonmore, and made way for a tall, broad-shouldered, bearded man to stride past. The face was familiar. Where had I seen it?

"More power, Masther Charlie!" cried a cheery voice from the slope in front of the hotel, and then a number of the guests rushed out, and there came from stentorian lungs:

"Three cheers for Parnell!"

It was Charles Stuart Parnell, the uncrowned King of Ireland, with whom I had shared the dust on the gray and russet bridge.

Later in the day I walked over to Avondale, Mr. Parnell's residence, and contented myself by a peep at the house, a fine roomy, old-fashioned eighteenth-century mansion, without any pretenses to beauty or style in architecture. I continued my walk, the road almost dark by overlacing trees, on to Rathdrum, where I chartered a car for a twelve-mile ride to Glendalough and the Seven Churches. This is a wild—very wild—and picturesque drive. The habitations are few and far between, and of the natives we did not encounter one. Passing Castle Kevin and Derrybawn, we spun up to Jordan's Hotel, the driver gayly warbling:

"'As St. Kavin wanst was walkin' through a place called Glendalough,
He chanced to meet wid King O'Toole, and axed him for a shough.
Sez the King, Ye're but a sthranger, for yer face I've niver seen,
But if ye've got a taste of weed, I'll lind ye my dudheen.'"

I was by that lake whose gloomy shore skylark never warbled o'er, bright and early the next morning. I hired a garrulous guide who stuffed me with chestnuts (if I had had a bell, it would have been ringing all the time), and was glad after I had done the ruined churches to skim the lake in a boat, my old man of the sea being compelled to go by a goat-path in order to indulge me with an echo. I climbed into St. Kevin's Bed. I've been in as hard out West, and am proof against rheumatism, having seated myself in the saint's chair; he *was* a hard man

and found it hard lines. If Kathleen, the ill-fated, bore any resemblance to the lady who now personates her, the saint would have been safe had I been on the jury—safe as a round tower.

I caught the night train up to Dublin, slept at Morrison's, raised the cockles of the hearts of my waiter and chambermaid by having seen Parnell, and next morning started from the railway Depot for Galway, the City of the Tribes, and for the wilds of Connemara. Five hours' ride by rail landed me at Black's Hotel, in Eyre Square. I spun across the Shannon at Athlone, and got a peep at Ballinasloe, that most famous of all fair-grounds in Ireland, barring Donnybrook, which, by-the-way, is now laid out in terraces, inhabited by church-going clerks at $1,000 per annum.

Galway presents a forlorn, decayed, slow and melancholy aspect. Great stone warehouses, with doors rotting on rusty hinges; quays, luxuriant in grass, with a fishing-smack here and there roped to a granite post that would hold an ironclad. In the good old times Galway did a roaring wine business with Spain, hence the *patio* or courtyard—as in Spanish dwellings—in the houses here. A certain warden of Galway, "who grimly sentenced his own son to death," still lives in history, and his residence is shown while the ghastly story is told with almost bated breath. The *Claddagh* is a fishing village close to the city. It was on these yellow sands that one or more of the Spanish Armada was wrecked, the crews being saved by fate to marry with the Irish maidens, and to this hour those dark eyes one meets with in Andalusia, the blue-black hair, and, above all, the wondrous sweeping carriage, are all to be seen in perfection among the women of the Claddagh. Their dress is peculiar and picturesque; a blue petticoat and a red cloak of a strange and special hue. I bought one of these wraps for a certain lady in New York who has a legal claim upon me, and who prefers it to a mantle that cost me five times the money at the Bon Marché in Paris. To stand on the bridge at Galway and gaze into the depths below, *paved* with salmon, is one of the sights. A canal runs from the city into Lough Corrib, and on the canal a small steamer. We passed close to Menlo Castle, a feudal stronghold of the Blakes, and puffed over the Lough and through its 365 islands amid wild and romantic scenery, backed by the mountains of Connemara.

Four hours landed us at Cong, where XX porter has erected a palatial mansion for Lord Ardilaun, *née* Guinness, and who was in the worst possible odor with the people of the surrounding country on account of having just imported 80,000 ball cartridges—for what? The ruined Abbey of Cong is very celebrated, having been built in the seventh century and again in the twelfth. The architecture is Norman, and much of it is in the finest condition of preservation. Lough Mask adjoins that of Corrib, and marks the boundaries of the Joyce country.

THE VALE OF AVOCA.

I hired an "iligant" car and an "iligant" lump of a horse, and albeit the traces were *suggawns* or hay ropes, and the cuticle of the driver was visible in the fundamental portions of his bifurcated garment, I "rowled" merrily along the Joyce country till I came to the territory so long and autocratically ruled over by the Martins of Ballinahinch, the celebrated "Dick" Martin having been the uncrowned monarch of Galway. The people love the name to this hour, and speak of "Miss Martin," who died in the United States some years ago, as though she were "beyant in the Castle." And such a stronghold! with its lake in front, a sluice in readiness to fill the moat; its prison for evil-doers on an island in the middle of the lake; the magnificent banqueting-hall, where claret used to be consumed by the hogshead, and the best blood in Ireland roistered right royally; its stables of Connemara marble, with fifty loose boxes for

VIEW OF LAKE DAN.

hunters! *Ay de mi*, all is changed. The cursed Union, fast living, hospitality that recognized no limit, and improvidence, have eaten away, inch by inch, every acre of this princely estate, whose gate-lodge was *forty miles* from the house, and until there is never a Martin in Ballinahinch. Times go by turns, and it would not surprise me to learn that Mr. Charles Peshal, the great-grandson of "Dick" Martin, a prominent and very able young lawyer of New York, and the best judge of a dog in the United States, was "some day" to step into the "ould acres," and restore the ancient glories of his lordly house on a basis sure, secure and solid. Why not? I hinted this possibility to the tattered driver.

"Glory be to God, sir?" he exclaimed. "Av that war to come thrue, there'd be a bonfire on every hill from Lough Inagh to the Killeri s."

All along the road we were chased by strapping barefooted lasses, who offered knitted stockings for sale, their own handiwork—a run of five miles for fifty cents, often a run of ten for nothing. Exquisitely limbed, and agile as goats, their red petticoats could be seen for miles on the vividly green bog, as they bounded onward to head off the car. Having a son in knickerbockers, I bought largely of their wares, and had enough blessings showered on my head in Irish to produce a nimbus over my dust-covered *caubeen*.

Clifden is a very dull little town, and owes its unenviable notoriety to the "Soupers," the nickname for the members of the Proselytizing Church Mission Society. The verse of a song warbled by a ragged youth, as he drove a lean calf to grass, I almost remember as I write; it ended with:

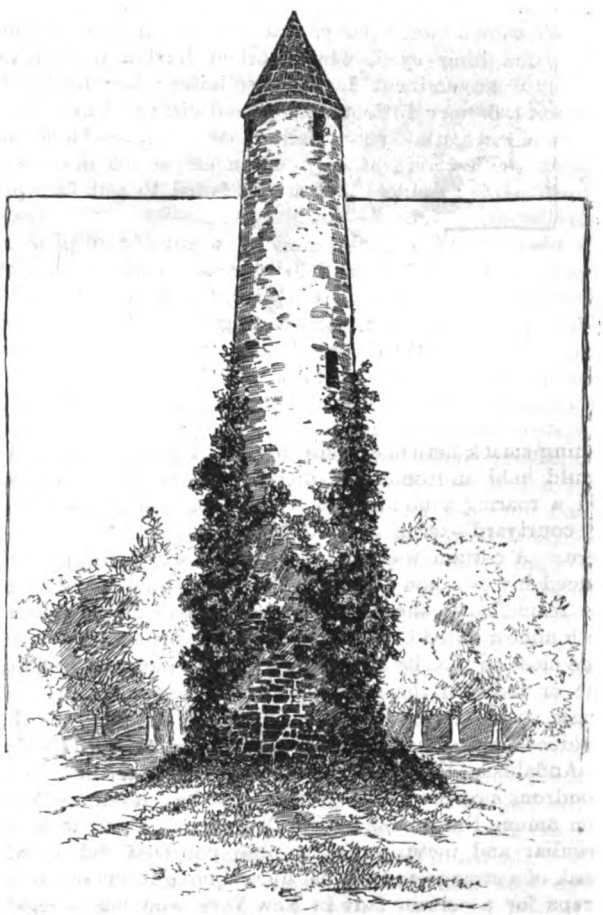
"Sell yer sowles
For penny rowles,
An' hapes o' hairy bacon."

The "Twelve Pins," a group of sharp-pointed mountains, proclaimed Kylemore, and Kylemore proclaimed the magnificent Tudor Castle, erected some twenty years ago by Mr. Mitchel Henry, an enormously wealthy Manchester man, who, however, claims relationship with our immortal Patrick Henry. Mr. Henry was M.P., and *the* man for Galway till Mr. Parnell came to the front. Mr. Henry trimmed and—went overboard. His son-in-law is Lieutenant Henn, who did *not* discover Livingstone, and did *not* beat the *Mayflower* in the recent aquatic contest for the American Cup. The Castle hangs over the road and lake, and, being of granite, presents a feudal, lordly and romantic appearance. The late Sir William Wilde, Oscar's father, had a fishing-lodge on Lough Muck, close to Kylemore, and in these solitudes the youthful Oscar allowed his hair to grow long, and his imagination to run riot over half tones and tender tints that led up to the full blaze of the sunflower.

I lay that night at Leenane, a quaint little village on the shore of the Killeries, a land-locked bay, the high, gray mountains sheer over it. The next morning I caught the Lobster Car that plies between Clifden and Westport, an enlarged outside jaunting-car, holding six persons on either side, two with the driver and "a dog in the well." It is a long eight-hours' ride, dreary enough, and only relieved by a sight of Croagh Patrick, the highest mountain in all Ireland that towers by the broad Atlantic. At Westport, another melancholy, faded and decayed town, I found the railway, and took the night train for Limerick, the "City of the Violated Treaty."

"Och, Limerick is a purty place,
As everybody knows."

So sings Boucicault in the "Shaughraun." It is a "purty" place, at least that portion of it lying by the



THE ROUND TOWER AT ANTRIM.

Shannon's shore and the old Castle, dating from the thirteenth century, now a barracks. The celebrated siege will ever shed its ray of glory on history's page, and the infamy that marked the violation of the Treaty will live but to add to that glory. I visited the stone where the Treaty was signed, and gazed upon its weather-beaten surface as intently as on any illumined scroll. The Gothic Cathedral, dating from 1194, is highly interesting, and the view of the lordly Shannon from the tower repays the leg-aching climb.

I had two days left for Killarney, then, hey for the *City of Rome* at Queenstown, and the six days on the pond! From Limerick to the junction and a change at Mallow, and later, Killarney. The evening was a glory as we slowed in, and the mountain of Mangerton a sheen of gold and purple. After dinner I strolled out to Ross Castle, on the edge of the Lower Lake. The night was a night of nights. The earth was bathed in the liquid pearl of a delicious moonlight. The outlines of the mountains were soft yet dark, promising exceptional beauty; the lake of molten silver was still as a mirror. In the distance lay the island of Innisfallen, while a few lights on the right announced the Victoria Hotel. Presently from behind a small island came sounds of voices in harmony, and a boat glided out, the oars causing a thousand bars of silver to shimmer on the disturbed waters. Yes? No! Hang it!—

"For he's going to marry Yum Yum, Yum Yum!"

The "Mikado" drove me hotelward, and to bed. At breakfast I joined a carriage and boat party to do the Gap of Dunloe, and round by the Upper Lake, the Eagle's Nest, the Old Weir Bridge, Dinis Island and Muckross Abbey.

We were a merry party. Three were English. A very fine, laughing-eyed, white-toothed buxom woman, the wife of an eminent London solicitor; her husband's sister, a dapper little tailor-dressed girl; and her *fiancé*, a pale, interesting young fellow, very well bred and very polite—a law student engaged in eating his dinners at the Temple; dinners that as yet failed to put fat upon his bones.

We bowled along a level road in a sort of mail-phaeton, with the Lower Lake and its glorious softness of scenery on our left. Then we came to the mountain, where we deserted our carriage, partook of goats' milk from an old fraud impudently calling herself "Kate Kearney," and mounted sturdy squat ponies. As the older lady was the possessor of dainty feet and unexceptionable ankles, she gave no trouble about her skirtings; but the younger, not being similarly blessed, led her gentle *fiancé* the life of a half-pay officer during the ride through the Gap, and until we reached the boat awaiting us at a fern-covered bower at the Upper Lake.

I am not going to describe Killarney. I could not if I would. It grows upon you. Its delicious scenery sinks into the very soul, and the eye asks for no more than the gazing upon it. You are silent, intoxicated with the subtle essence of its beauty. I have now said my say.

In the boat was a substantial luncheon and a bottle of rich golden sherry. As we glanced back at the Foil Dhuv or Black Valley, we toasted the Gap of Dunloe; then, when passing along the reach of water underneath the Eagle's Nest, we toasted the Nest; then we had a glass after shooting the Old Weir Bridge, and if *we* did not take tea in the Queen's Cottage, in Dinis Island, why, we took something stronger, that's all. Perhaps Victoria put a stick in that tea—who knows? John Brown is dead!

"Sweet Innisfallen" we visited, and the ladies gathered maidenhair-fern, while I made arrangements for the next day, in the shape of salmon to be broiled on a fire kindled of arbutus-wood.

The next day came, and with it Muckross Abbey, Torc Waterfall and O'Sullivan's Cascade. Muckross possessed a special interest for me, as its lordly owner, Mr. Henry Arthur Herbert, was known to me in the United States, where I met him gallantly fighting the battle of life "like any other man," and pluckily endeavoring to mend his broken fortunes by honest, hard-fisted work. May he win!

We caught a salmon and we—tell not Henry Bergh—crimped him. And the ladies—bless them!—lighted a fire, and the boatmen adjusted the fish over the sputtering logs at the right minute. And while his salmonship broiled, the cloth was spread, and a couple of red bonneted champagne-bottles delivered up their souls. What a joyous feed that was, and how affectionate the engaged couple became, and how jolly I felt, and volunteered the "Star Spangled Banner," while my companion followed with "God Save the Queen." And how full of exquisite fun our joke seemed when, as the engaged couple emerged from a grove of arbutus we greeted them with—

"For he's going to marry Yum Yum, Yum Yum!"

I parted from the trio that very evening, for I had to tap Queenstown and sleep at that abominably kept hotel. Why does not some Yankee "catch on," and, running a hotel on the American plan, make his little pile? I parted, I say, from that trio, swearing eternal friendship, and contracting to send the married lady, at Yule-tide, terrapin and canvas-backs in return for a side of Southdown mutton and a plum pudding. I slept at Queenstown, prowled about the place till the tender was ready to start for the *City of Rome*, and at the last glimpse of Erin, I exclaimed, aloud:

"Well, old fellow, you put in a royal ten days in A Dash Through the Green Isle."

To Englishmen it is a matter of astonishment that so few Americans of wealth seem to appreciate the pleasures of a country life. With the exception of a few places on the Hudson River, there are no residences which rise above the rank of large villas. This is the more extraordinary, as the number of Americans possessing an annual income of over $100,000 is very large, and would probably be found to surpass those that England could produce. It is matter also of notoriety that she possesses millionaires whose incomes double and triple those of the plutocracy of Great Britain. These same men are content to spend thousands in erecting residences at Newport or Lenox, which they call "cottages," sometimes (especially in the former place) on small plots of ground, scarcely an acre in extent, and overlooked by their neighbors. For these little plots of ground they have to give exorbitant prices, sometimes even as much as $10,000 an acre, whilst within easy distance of New York and Boston there are vast tracts of the most beautiful, mountainous, well-wooded country, which can be bought for a song. In one of the most lovely districts of New Hampshire, land can be obtained for $7.50 an acre. In many places, owing to the competition of the West, the Eastern farmers are throwing up their farms and migrating westward. There being often no demand for these farms, the lands are sometimes deserted, and can be obtained almost for the asking.

LOVE AND GOLD.

[BALLAD.]

By Rosa Vertner Jeffrey.

Warm with the bliss
Of sunset's kiss,
The breakers shoreward came,
Veiled in the dyes
Of Western skies
And crowned with crimson flame.

A maiden fair
Was lingering there,
A red rose on her breast;
Her sad eyes turned
Where Venus burned
A lamp in the golden West—

Where a far-off sail,
'Neath the amber vail,
Of the evening star grew dim,
And a whispered prayer
Stirred the twilight air,
With the gush of the tidal hymn.

A parting gift,
That rose was left
To fade, and die above
A heart so true,
It never knew
But one unchanging love.

Two lovers swore
For ever more
Their hearts should beat as one,
Though stars might fade
And endless shade
Eclipse the Summer sun.

Not deeper glows
That crimson rose
Than her fresh lips, aflame
With love's first kiss,
Too pure a bliss
To bear an earthly name.

Tides ebb and flow,
Ships come and go,
The tear-washed rose turned pale,
Love's missives ceased;
But from the East
Came not his homebound sail.

Long years sped by!
She did not die.
To those who breast the tide
With earnest will—
Though hopeless still—
Death's mercy is denied.

And where was he?
Ah me! ah me!
His tale is quickly told;
A nabob now,
With sunburned brow,
And pathway paved with gold.

'Neath tropic sun,
He wooed and won
A widely sought-for prize,
Too sure to please
With red rupees
A man thus worldly wise.

But, when he swore
No love before
Had filled his heart and soul,
He heard the knell
Of a last farewell—
Love's *de profundis* toll.

And tender eyes
Through sleep's soft guise
Disturbed his pampered rest;
For hearts thus sold,
And bought for gold,
Are not the hearts most blessed.

* * * *

In the gloaming pale
A spectral sail
For a sad-eyed woman gleams,

And a rose, long dead,
Still glows blood-red,
As she kisses it in dreams.

EARLY HISTORY OF GERMANY.

The number of tribes that originally inhabited Germany was very great, each with its own head or leader; and among these, Herman, or Armin, stands pre-eminent as a noble example of true patriotism. Fighting for freedom, not for conquest, his sole idea was a united Germany, free from the Roman yoke; for notwithstanding their first successes, both Cimbri and Teutons had in the end to succumb to the better-disciplined armies of Rome. But having at last won independence for his native land, in the grand victory of Teutoburger Forest, the account of which reads like some ancient epic, he shared the fate of many a hero who has striven for the welfare of his fellow-men. His own people rose against him, and he fell at the early age of thirty-seven. His wife, Thusnelda, one of those noble women of whom Germany may well be proud, was delivered by her father, who sided with the Romans, into the hands of her country's enemies.

The next stage of German history is "a game of Puss in the Corner, only without the laughter," and with tears and bloodshed instead. The Huns suddenly appeared and fairly overran the country, causing terrible consternation, many of the German races changing their habitation. The tribes had by this time formed themselves into large confederacies, among the most important of which were the Allemanni, the Franks, the Saxons, and the Goths. These last were by far the most cultured, having been converted to Christianity by Bishop Ulphilas, whose translation of the Bible into old Gothic, in silver letters on a purple ground, is still preserved in the Library of Upsala. The first Frank sovereign of any fame was Clovis, who was converted to Christianity by his wife Clothilde, and of whose baptism at Rheims Mr. Gould gives a splendid account from the writings of Bishop Hincmar. But the great kingdom left by Clovis did not long remain in the hands of his sluggish descendants, and Pepin, the energetic Mayor of the Palace, acting on the Pope's reply—that he who governs, not he who wears the crown, is king—shut up the last of the Merovingians in a monastery and seized the throne.

A strong missionary spirit was developed about this time by the Irish monks. They penetrated into all parts, and it is a curious fact that some of the earliest Irish manuscripts have been found in Switzerland and Germany. Crossing over to England in rude wicker-work boats, covered with tanned hides, they made their way through the island, and again taking boat, penetrated up the Rhine and Scheldt, pushing through almost impenetrable wildernesses, teaching the heathen, and establishing bishoprics wherever they possibly could.

A Silly Habit.—Smelling-salts do considerable injury. Not that the salts contain injurious properties, but simply from the fact that they produce irritation, the same way as any powder or snuff inhaled frequently. This constant irritation, in many cases, destroys outright the sense of smell. One day a lady had a large bouquet of fresh flowers in a vase. She smelled them and said: "Doctor, these flowers are beautiful, but entirely devoid of odor." I knew then what was the matter, for the flowers were especially fragrant. "Madam," said I, "here is a piece of quartz that has no odor; if so, it is very peculiar." I gave her a small lump of asafetida. She smelled it and declared it had no odor. Then, when I told her that her sense of smell was gone because she used a smelling-bottle too often, and her throat was sore from the result, she nearly fainted, but admitted the fact.

THE FIRST WIG.

PHILIP THE GOOD, Duke of Burgundy, lost, in consequence of a malignant fever, the whole of his hair. The misfortune was the more severely felt by him in consequence of his approaching marriage with the beautiful Princess, Isabella of Portugal. Among his friends and in public on ordinary occasions he could wear a cap, but who could remain thus covered in the presence of his beloved? The distress of the duke was great, and he looked in vain for help; his deep grief was apparent to all, and induced a learned prelate to inquire the cause.

"My lord," said the bishop, "your excellent citizens of Brussels are inconsolable at the grief of your highness; are there no means of alleviating your suffering?"

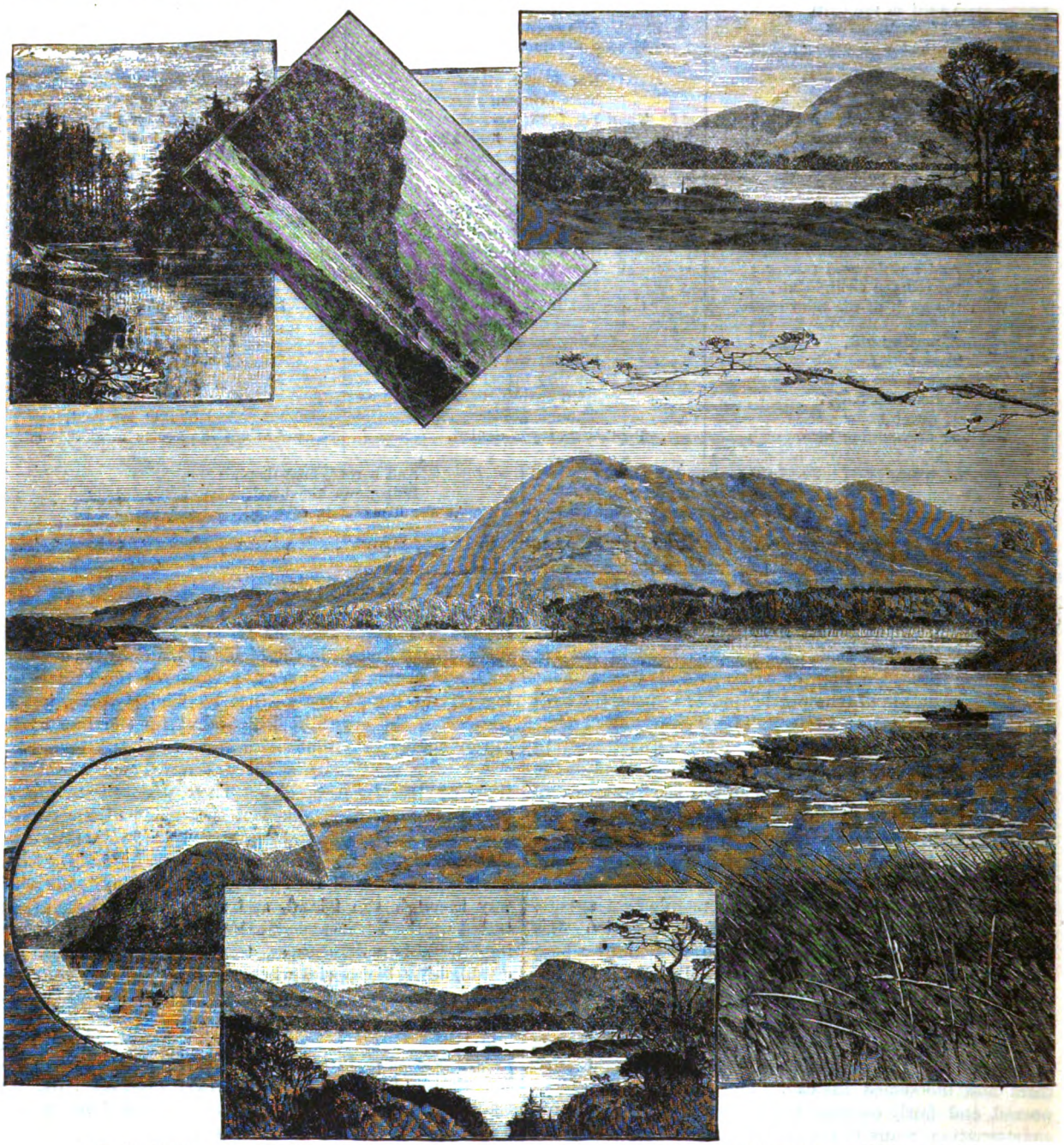
"It is impossible," said Philip; "my disorder is incurable; and I can never hope to please my affianced bride."

The prelate was deeply interested in the case; he said that he thought it not beyond hope; he offered a premium for some suggestion as to a remedy; and—behold the power of money!—a stranger appeared, demanded an introduction, and produced what seemed to be a human scalp, but was in reality a wig of auburn hair.

"Thy name?" said the overjoyed prelate.

"Pierre Lorchant, barber, of Dijon."

So the heart of Philip the Good revived within him. With his newly acquired treasure he could hope again for the love of Isabella; and that night at the ball there was not a merrier dancer than Philip.



1. Poul-a-Gurm. 2. Eagle s Nest—A Corner of Muckross Lake. 3. Middle Lake. 4. Torc Mountain. 5. Muckross Lake.

A DASH THROUGH THE GREEN ISLE—KILLARNEY.—SEE PAGE 165.

THE BAD DESMOND BLOOD.—"HER TEARS WERE FALLING AS SHE THREW BACK THE LID OF THE CHEST." . . . "'BURN—BURN AWAY!' SHE SHRIEKED, FLINGING HER ARMS WILDLY ALOFT. 'I COULD DANCE FOR VERY JOY!'"

THE BAD DESMOND BLOOD.

By Retf Winwood.

Laurel Deane climbed the rickety stairs for the last time. The place was a shabby tenement-house in the Latin Quarter of the City of Paris.

Her knock elicited a feeble invitation to "come in."

The room Laurel entered was long and low, with two small windows looking down upon long stretches of glittering roofs. A veritable "sky parlor" in all save its dingy shabbiness.

The sole occupant of the apartment was an old man, who lay in a mean bed, with his face turned to the wall. He did not look up or stir at the sound of the girl's light, quick step.

"How do you find yourself to-day, Mr. Desmond?"

"No better."

"I am sorry. I leave for America in the morning, and am come to say Good-by. I hoped to leave you on the road to recovery."

"It is another sort of road I have set out upon."

The sick man turned as he spoke. Laurel saw his face for the first time—a thin, ghastly face that had changed for the worse within even a few hours.

"And so you are really going back to your native land?" he added, paying no heed to her start of recoil.

"Yes."

"You have been a great comfort to me, child. I shall be utterly alone when you are gone. It is sad to die in a strange land without a single friend to receive your last sigh." He suddenly stretched forth his hand. "Don't go, child. I cannot give you up. Wait until all is over."

Laurel's eyes filled. She had a tender, sympathetic heart, and it was full of pity for the lonely, friendless old man. She had seen him for the first time on one of the public streets where he had fallen down in a fit. He was a countryman, and looked a decent person; that was enough for Laurel. She had had him taken to a public-house, and watched beside him until he recovered. Since then she had been very kind in many ways, giving him all the time she could spare out of her busy life.

"Do not leave me," Mr. Desmond urged. "The end is near—nearer than you think. It will only detain you a few days. You will be rewarded. All I possess in this world will be yours when I am gone."

Laurel could not forbear glancing about the shabby room. It could not well have been more meagrely furnished. Besides the bed, it held only two chairs, a table and a small, brass-bound chest. Poor man! Instead of being made richer by his death, she would be compelled to pay the expenses of his burial, perhaps.

It was not this thought that made her hesitate. For twelve months she had been studying French under the best Parisian instructors with the expectation of teaching the language in America. Her means were wellnigh exhausted. When her passage-money was paid, she would have fifty dollars left with which to begin a new career.

But it seemed heartless to forsake a dying man in his need. Laurel began removing her hat and shawl.

"I can sit with you an hour," she said, drawing a chair to the bedside. "Then I must go away for a while to countermand my orders for to-morrow."

"You will remain?"

"Yes."

Nothing more was said upon the subject. The sick man did not even thank her. Laurel listened patiently to his complainings, administered the medicine at stated intervals, and prepared a bowl of savory gruel by a neighbor's fire, the ingredients of which were purchased with her own money.

As she rose to go, Mr. Desmond looked at her steadily, and said:

"Make no change in your arrangements until you hear from me again. It may not be necessary, after all. There, now, do not ask me what I mean. Go, and—good-by."

Though puzzled by his words and manner, Laurel saw that he really did not wish to be questioned. So she returned to her own cozy quarters in another street, not far away, and sat down to think.

A ring at the door disturbed her reverie. It was only a boy with a note from her sick friend, as follows:

"Good-by, my friend. I shall never forget your kindness; but it would be selfish to keep you here when you are longing to be away. I appreciate the sacrifice you would have made, but cannot accept it. You must take passage on the *Asia* to-morrow, as you intended. RUEL DESMOND."

Laurel was greatly disturbed by this note.

"No," she said, without a moment's deliberation; "I will trust in Providence, and remain to close the poor man's eyes."

Resuming her street wraps, she went hurriedly back to the dingy attic. No voice responded to her knock, and she pushed open the door.

The room looked the same as before, only the sick man was gone from the couch, the brass-bound chest from its place in one corner.

The occupant of the next room had a singular story to tell. The moment Laurel's back was turned, Mr. Desmond had sent for some strange man who was with him, perhaps, half an hour. Then the two went away in a carriage, taking the chest with them, but leaving the few sticks of furniture for the *concièrge*.

"He may not have been so badly off as he pretended," was the concluding remark. "He walked down-stairs and climbed into the carriage without assistance."

Laurel felt hurt and astonished. But Mr. Desmond's abrupt disappearance left the way open to her. She would return immediately to her native land.

Two days later, as she sat upon the deck of the *Asia*, a step sounded near, and the steward stood beside her.

"Are you Miss Laurel Deane, please?" he said, in a hesitating tone.

"That is my name."

"You have a friend on board who wishes to see you. Be good enough to follow me."

A friend! It seemed impossible. Startled and curious, Laurel arose and accompanied the steward to the cabin.

He did not pause there, but was passing on to one of the staterooms beyond, when Laurel detained him, saying, in an excited voice:

"I think there must be some mistake. Pray tell me who it is? You can inquire, if you do not know the name already."

At that instant a feeble voice called to her from beyond the half-open door.

"Come in, child. You have no reason to fear one who loves you so well."

Laurel staggered across the threshold. It was Ruel Desmond who lay panting in the narrow berth.

She saw at a glance that his hours were numbered.

"The fatigue and exertion of getting here were too much for me," he said, feebly extending his hand. "It has hastened the end. I hoped to reach my native shores, but it is not to be."

Laurel stumbled over the brass-bound chest in trying to reach him. It stood right before his berth, where he could see it without raising his head.

"You have been rash and foolish!" she cried. "Why did you leave Paris? It would have been no hardship to remain to nurse you."

"I am content. You are with me, dear child, and there is nothing left to desire. Do you know why I am so fond of you?"

"No," she answered, slowly, in a wondering tone.

"It is not because of your goodness, though you have been an angel of mercy. But your eyes and smile remind me of one who was very dear to me in my happy youth. May God bless you, Laurel, for brightening the last hours of a friendless stranger."

A brief silence ensued. When he spoke again, his words had a feebler sound.

"I am going fast. Take this key, child. It unlocks the chest beside you. I leave it as a dying legacy. Let them bury me in the deep, and when the blue waters have closed over me for ever, do you come back and examine the contents of the chest. Promise me."

"I do," Laurel said, through her falling ears.

"The chest and its contents are your own. I could not leave them to one more deserving. I have only one word of caution to add. Beware of the Desmond blood! It is false and treacherous."

He turned weariedly, a spasm convulsing his face.

"Kiss me, child. God bless you. Now call the captain and mate. I wish them to hear my last instructions. They will be your witnesses should trouble arise in the future."

A moment later the little stateroom was filled with grave, anxious-looking men.

Laurel sat holding the dying man's hand until it grew cold and icy in her clasp.

What followed seemed like a dream. She tried vainly to conjecture what had been Ruel Desmond's history, and why he had quitted Paris so secretly to follow her on board the steamship.

When the solemn rites were over, and the sea had received one more among its dead, Laurel returned to the deserted stateroom alone. Her tears were falling as she threw back the lid of the chest.

It was full. Quite at the top lay a folded document, to which had been pinned a slip of paper containing some penciled words addressed to herself:

"Read carefully my last will and testament, which you will find herewith; and may Heaven guide and keep you."

Laurel's eyes were so blinded, she could not make out a word of the document, so she put it aside for a moment to examine the further contents of the chest.

She found several pieces of rich silk and velvet, some yellow old laces, a pile of papers whose import she could not comprehend, and quite at the bottom of the chest an ebony casket with a key in the lock.

Laurel started back with a cry of irrepressible amazement as it flew open. Reposing on the black velvet cushion was the most dazzling array of jewels she had ever beheld—diamonds, rubies, pearls, amethysts, and in the centre a great yellow topaz that seemed to glare at her like a living, human eye. Like one in a dream she picked up a necklace of rose diamonds and suffered it to slip through her fingers in drops of flickering light.

"How beautiful!" she murmured, in a bewildered tone. "I thought Ruel Desmond a poor man; but those jewels would purchase a prince's ransom."

When she picked up the will the measure of her surprise was complete. It was dated two weeks back. Besides the jewels, there was a bewildering enumeration of houses and lands, bank and mining stocks, deeds and mortgages; the sum total amounting to half a million. And this immense fortune was left unconditionally to Laurel.

"It's all a delusion!" cried the girl, hysterically.

Appended to the will was a clause that Laurel did not observe until later. It ran thus:

"I have quarreled with my relatives, and shall give them nothing. They are a bad lot and deserve to be punished. To deprive them of the fortune they covet is the bitterest revenge I could take."

This paragraph gave Laurel ample room for thought. Who were these unknown relatives the dead man had disinherited? Perhaps he had misjudged them. Had she a right to keep this immense wealth, when a fraction of it might bring happiness and comfort to the suffering?

"I will hunt them up and judge for myself," she decided. "It is a duty, and I have nothing else to do."

Fortune favored the plan. The first daily paper she took up on arriving in New York contained the following advertisement:

WANTED—An intelligent, agreeable young woman who is willing to go a little distance into the country, and be nurse and companion to an invalid. Address,

"MRS. CYRIL DESMOND, Fair Haven."

Laurel could not be sure this lady was one of the family she wished to find. But she answered the advertisement at a venture, and received a favorable reply.

A queer adventure befell her on the way. The "little distance" proved to be nearly a hundred miles, and the journey must be made by water. When Laurel went on board the steamer in the gray dusk of early evening, she noticed a pale, handsome man, with a singularly refined face, leaning against the railing. He gazed at her earnestly, and involuntarily raised his hat—then colored at his own audacity.

"I beg your pardon," he said, in some confusion. "For a moment it seemed as though I was greeting an old friend instead of a stranger."

Laurel passed on, full of vague wonder. Oddly enough, she had experienced the same feeling, though there was not the slightest reason for believing they had ever met before.

The look of sadness in the man's dark eyes haunted Laurel's dreams that night. Suddenly she was awakened by a shrill succession of screams and cries, and a quick hurrying to and fro. In a moment she was dressed and outside her stateroom-door.

As she paused there, bewildered by the roaring, crackling sound that filled her ears, and nearly suffocated with smoke, one of the crew rushed past.

Laurel attempted to seize the man's arm, but he drew roughly away.

"What is the matter?" she cried.

"The steamer is on fire!" he answered. "Quick! Save yourself!"

Laurel never knew how she gained the deck. A fiery glare of light flashed suddenly in her face. The heat was intolerable, and her heart sickened as she caught the muttered groans, cries, prayers and curses that arose on every side.

Then a hand fell upon her shoulder, and the handsome stranger stood there, hastily binding a life-preserver about her slender figure.

"Thank God!" he uttered, huskily. "I feared you would be lost. I had hunted everywhere. Are you willing to trust yourself to me?"

"Yes," she answered, simply.

No need to describe the scene when the gallant steamer, burned to the water's edge, went down.

Later, Laurel found herself drifting in the dark, with only a few frail planks between her and a watery grave.

But she did not despair, for the sad-eyed stranger, who seemed a host in himself, was still beside her.

Few words passed between them; but once he stretched out his hand, and grasped her own.

"Are you afraid?" he whispered.

"No," she replied.

"It may be death or life. God alone knows. We will meet the issue together, whatever it may be."

"I hope you will save yourself and let me go, should it be necessary."

"Never!"

It was a long, long night. When the fires of dawn flashed in the eastern sky, sending long shafts of deepening light along the water, they were picked up by an open boat, almost exhausted.

With safety assured, Laurel's hardly strained fortitude gave way, and all was blank for a season.

Later, she seemed to waken out of a dreamless sleep, to find herself in a strange room, with a woman bending over the couch where she lay—a woman with a beautiful face, almost like marble in its pallor, and great burning eyes of a yellow tint, that reminded one of a beast of prey.

A shiver of repulsion ran over Laurel, and she involuntarily put her hands before her face.

The gesture made the woman smile.

"You are afraid of me," she said. "That is strange. Most persons find me very fascinating." In the next breath she added: "You have passed through a terrible experience. I am deeply interested. Pray tell me all about it — every circumstance — even your words and thoughts."

"It was too dreadful," said Laurel, looking up in simple wonder at the request. "Do not ask me to recall the terrors of that frightful time."

"You are the person my husband saved, and therefore I cannot treat you as an utter stranger."

"Your husband!" Laurel cried.

"Yes. He was on the steamer, and took you in charge. You stood beside him half the night, looking death in the face. You two can never be indifferent to each other after such an experience."

Laurel felt a sickening sense of loss and disappointment, for which she was unable to account.

GALATEA.

"He—your husband—is he safe?" she faltered.

"Yes, but utterly exhausted. He is lying down. He sent me a telegram the moment you were safely landed, and I came on the next train. I have been here an hour. Now tell me something of yourself. Where were you going, and what is your name?"

"I am Laurel Deane, and——"

A cry broke from the woman's lips, and she grasped the girl's wrist firmly with one long, white hand.

"Laurel Deane!" she whispered. "That name! How very strange! I wonder if he knew?" Then she spoke aloud: "You were on the way to Fair Haven. I can tell all about you now. I am Mrs. Cyril Desmond."

A sudden trembling seized Laurel. It was fate, and she felt frightened. Should she go on and keep her engagement?

Mrs. Desmond seemed to be weighing the same question, though from her own standpoint. At length she spoke:

"Of course I shall take you home with me. I see no company at Fair Haven—the condition of my health will not admit of it. I have many lonely hours when my husband is away. Cyril fancied I should find life more tolerable with a constant companion of my own sex. It was to please him I advertised."

Later, when Mr. Desmond entered the room, looking very pale after the night's terrors and exposure, Laurel saw at a glance that his wife had told him all.

"I had no suspicion whose life was being periled with mine," he said, in a low tone that thrilled the girl strangely. "I am glad you are going to Fair Haven, Miss Deane. My wife cannot help deriving pleasure and benefit from your companionship."

"But, sir," she faltered, "I was considering mentally the question of turning back."

"Oh, you must not do that."

Happening to glance up at that moment, Laurel encountered Mrs. Desmond's yellow eyes fixed upon her. She had entered the apartment unperceived.

"No, Miss Deane," she said, advancing. "I lay claim to your services. I think we shall get on very well together. You will forget your antipathy in a little while, and learn to endure me."

Laurel murmured a confused response. After that there was but one course to pursue. Moreover, it seemed a duty to learn if the Desmonds were her benefactor's relatives before losing sight of them for ever.

"The next day found them all at Fair Haven—a quaint old place, with wide verandas, mullioned windows, and old-fashioned, wainscoted rooms that charmed Laurel from the first moment.

"The house was built by a Desmond in Colonial times, and has never known an alien owner," Cyril said, observing her mute look of admiration.

Mrs. Desmond did not share her husband's liking for the place.

"I find it gloomy and disagreeable," she confided to Laurel, when they were alone. "I never cared a rush for the dead-and-gone Desmonds, though I am one of them. That was my name before I married—Cyril and I are cousins. I have asked my husband to sell the place, but he would almost consider it sacrilege to dispose of the home of his ancestors. But I shall build a mansion of my own when my ship comes in."

"Your ship?" Laurel repeated, struck by the quotation. "Then you have expectations?"

"Oh, yes. A handsome fortune will fall to me some

OLD NEW ORLEANS.—GOVERNOR BIENVILLE'S HOUSE, CHARTRES STREET.—SEE PAGE 186.

day. I am tired with waiting for it. She sighed deeply. "We are not what you would call poor, but our resources are limited. I should enjoy riches."

Laurel longed to question, but refrained. She felt a growing conviction that the fortune for which Mrs. Desmond waited was the same that had been lavished upon herself.

Certainty came a day or two later. Entering Mrs. Desmond's dressing-room one afternoon, she found the latter pacing the floor, pallid with fury.

Clinched in one hand she held a letter that had just been received — a letter bearing a foreign post-mark.

"Read that!" she cried, her eyes blazing luridly, as she turned and thrust forward the crumpled sheet. "Read, and see how cruelly I have been disappointed!"

Laurel's agitation was so great that she failed to understand the beginning of the letter, save that it had been written by a Parisian notary at his client's request.

Finally a single paragraph arrested her attention:

"Ruel Desmond will be no more when this reaches you; but it was not his wish that you should delude yourself too long with false hopes. The wealth you covet has been bequeathed to a stranger—a young lady every way deserving of her good fortune. Not one dollar will ever come to you. My deceased client wished me to say that *you will understand*, without any word of explanation, why you were passed by."

Laurel read no more. Mrs. Desmond's frenzy absorbed her attention.

"The revengeful demon!" she muttered. "I could curse him in his grave. I have waited so long for the money, based so many hopes upon its possession. It was almost within my grasp once. Oh, why did I fail——"

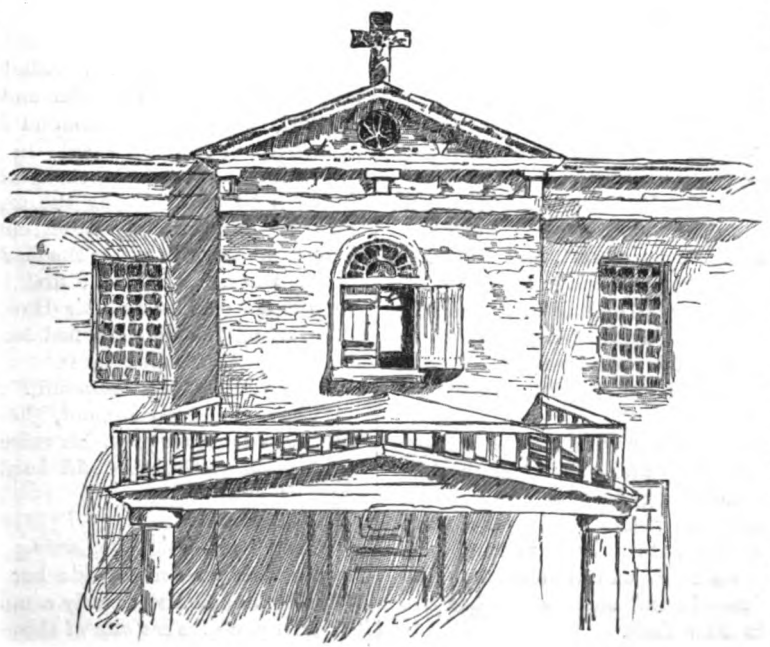
She broke off abruptly, and fell to the floor in violent convulsions.

A physician was hastily summoned, but some hours elapsed before the medicine he administered produced any perceptible effect.

Cyril Desmond happened to be absent at the time. His wife was lying in a heavy slumber when he returned.

As he stood, white and troubled, beside the couch, Laurel put the notary's letter into his hand.

"You should



THE ORIGINAL URSULINE CONVENT, NOW THE ARCHBISHOP'S PALACE.

know at once the cause of Mrs. Desmond's illness," she said.

She noticed a sudden darkening of his face as he read.

With a shuddering gesture, he tore the note into fragments, and dropped them into the grate.

"That accursed money! How much sin and misery it has caused!"

Observing Laurel's wondering look, he added:

"If you knew all, you would not wonder that I shrink from the mere thought of the fortune that has been lost. It is a bitter blow to Elinor, but I am glad the money is to go elsewhere."

What did he mean?

Laurel had been upon the point of confessing the truth—that she was the lady referred to in the note; but his words, and the strange, shuddering tone in which they were uttered, sealed her lips.

When Mrs. Desmond awakened, long afterward, her first eager inquiry concerned her husband—whether he had been home and had learned of her disappointment.

When answered in the affirmative, she fell back, muttering:

"I would have showered the riches all upon him, had they been mine. They might have helped me win the love I have hungered for all these years."

The words were no revelation to Laurel; she had seen from the first that, while all the wife's passionate heart was given to the husband, he barely tolerated her presence. Ever polite and courteous, Cyril would shrink and turn pale if even if her garments brushed against his.

Instead of love, it was shuddering horror she inspired.

Laurel wondered that he had ever married her; but the gossip of the servants threw light upon the matter.

"She reminds me of a tigress ready to spring," said one of the maids. "My heart leaps into my mouth every time she turns those yellow eyes upon me. No wonder Mr. Desmond passes so much time abroad."

"Was it always like this?" Laurel could not refrain from asking.

"Ever since I have been in the house. Master never wanted to marry her. Another man in his place would have refused outright. My lady's father was alive then. He begged and pleaded with master, and my lady groveled at his feet. They made out between them that my lady was slowly dying of disappointed love, and only this marriage could save her life. Master was too kind and generous not to make the sacrifice, but I know he has bitterly regretted it since. Some very dark pages in my lady's history have been hinted at."

"Dark pages? What do you mean?" asked Laurel.

But Meggins could not intelligently explain. She only knew that the circumstances dated back to a time when a rich bachelor uncle was in the house.

There had been trouble of some sort, and Ruel Desmond had gone away abruptly and never returned.

It was the same relative who had disinherited Mrs. Desmond; and as he had been fond of her at first, once going so far as to make a will in her favor, some powerful motive must have decided him to leave all his possessions elsewhere.

After this Laurel scarcely knew what course to adopt, whether to reveal her identity and offer them half her fortune, or be silent a while longer. Ruel Desmond had not wished them to have the money, to be sure, but it seemed like defrauding the natural heirs to keep it all.

It might be better to wait. As an initiatory step, however, she sent for the brass-bound chest which had been left for safe-keeping in New York.

Mrs. Desmond happened to be crossing the hall when a servant brought it in. She had been restless, almost wild, since receiving the notary's letter, taking little notice of anything; but, at sight of the chest, she stopped short.

"Where did that come from?" she demanded.

"It is mine," Laurel answered, stepping forward. "I sent for it, and it has just arrived."

Mrs. Desmond gave her a swift, searching look, that had in it something of menace, and put her hand before her face.

"It is a singular-looking chest. Will you tell me where you got it, Miss Deane?"

"A—a—friend gave it to me," Laurel faltered.

No more was said. Laurel did not feel sure at the time whether Mrs. Desmond had seen the chest before, and recognized it, or not; but that night she was awakened by a rustling sound in the anteroom where it had been left, and on rising and softly opening the door, she beheld Mrs. Desmond standing in a flood of brilliant moonlight, that streamed in at the large, shutterless window, slowly passing the glittering meshes of a diamond necklace through her firm, white hands.

The chest stood open beside her, the moonbeams playing like lambent flame about the jewels in their velvet-lined receptacle.

"These beautiful things are mine by right," she muttered. "I will have them yet."

Then her quick ear caught the sound of Laurel's breathing, and dropping the necklace with a crash, she fled.

Laurel struck a light, and went to investigate. She found her own key in the lock of the chest—Mrs. Desmond had stolen it from under her pillow.

Everything was in disorder. While attempting to regulate the contents of the chest, Laurel accidentally struck a spring at the bottom, and discovered a tiny, shallow receptacle in which was a folded strip of paper containing a few written words:

"This hiding-place may never be discovered—it will be as Heaven directs. But I feel impelled to leave a silent witness against Elinor Desmond. It was her treachery that made me a wanderer in foreign lands. She is a wicked woman—the bad Desmond blood flows in her veins. She attempted to murder me to gain possession of my wealth. I do not know whether her husband was implicated in the plot, but I will never look upon the face of either again. RUEL DESMOND."

Laurel's heart sickened with horror as she read this message from the dead. She understood now what were the dark pages in Mrs. Desmond's history to which Meggins had referred.

No allusion was made, the next morning, to anything that had occurred during the night.

As the day wore on Laurel chanced to meet Cyril in the conservatory, whither she had gone to gather flowers for the vases. It was the first time she had seen him alone since coming to Fair Haven. The expression of suffering on his pale, refined face was so marked, that she felt quite startled by it.

"Are you ill, Mr. Desmond?" she asked.

"I have no bodily ailment," he replied. Then added, with a sudden change in his voice: "But mental suffering may be a thousandfold harder to bear than mere physical pain."

She understood.

"True," she said, beginning hastily to gather the flowers within reach to hide her agitation.

Cyril watched her eagerly a moment.

"Will you give me one of those roses?" he said, then.

Laurel selected the most beautiful of them all.

"It is only returning what is yours already," she said, as he took it from her hand.

Happening to raise her eyes, she saw Mrs. Desmond standing at the open door, a glare in those yellow orbs that made them look more like a wild beast's than ever. Before Laurel could speak, she set her teeth viciously into her under lip and had turned away.

The day was oppressively warm. As it waned, Laurel had taken a book into the cool shade of an arbor, where, lulled by the drowsy drone of insect life all about her, she had finally fallen asleep.

A smell of smoke and the sound of an almost breathless struggle aroused her. When she opened her eyes, a piece as large as her hand had been burned out of the skirt of her dress, and Mrs. Desmond, with the face of a fury, was struggling and panting in her husband's arms.

"Oh, what is it?" Laurel cried, starting up in alarm.

Mrs. Desmond laughed strangely as she released herself.

"Your garments caught fire, and Cyril seems to think I did it. As though I could be tempted to harm so dear a friend!"

An expression of keenest agony crossed the man's haggard face.

"I saw you apply the match," he said, just above his breath, turning away.

Mrs. Desmond laughed again. But there was a look in her eyes as though she longed to tear the trembling young girl in pieces.

"Do not listen to him," she said. "He always puts the worst possible construction upon anything I do. The fire was kindled by accident, and I was putting it out when he pounced upon me."

A nervous trembling seized Laurel when the woman had left her. She could no longer doubt but that Mrs. Desmond was insanely jealous of her, and in a fit of frenzy had attempted her life.

"I must go away," she told herself. "This is no longer any place for me."

Cyril stood at the door when she returned to the house. He was evidently waiting for her, and paused for a few hastily uttered words.

"Your life is in danger here, Miss Deane. Go at once, within the hour. Nothing else will save you from that madwoman's vengeance."

The warning was scarcely necessary. Laurel gathered her few possessions together, and by that time Meggins appeared, with a scarlet-looking face, to say that the carriage waited below.

"Master thinks you had better go to the hotel in the village until you can mature your plans."

Laurel did so, passing a sleepless night. She had but just breakfasted the next morning, when a maid-servant from Fair Haven—not Meggins, but another—entered the room.

"My lady has sent for you to come back," said the girl. "She is like one distracted, and bitterly reproaches herself for being the means of driving you away. She declares you are her only friend."

"But how can I return?"

"She calls for you constantly, Miss Deane, and says the house is like a tomb since you left it. Unless you come back immediately she will take her own life, or do something quite as desperate."

Laurel shuddered. It was very strange that Mrs. Desmond should even wish to see her again.

"Better go," said the maid. "You have no idea what a state my lady has worked herself into. I believe she will lose her reason if you refuse."

That plea was not to be denied. She would go back and remain until Mrs. Desmond was calmer, and reconciled to the separation. But she left the brass chest at the hotel, in the landlord's care. It was better that Mrs. Desmond should not see it again.

The gray old house seemed very still as she approached it. There was quite an affecting scene. Mrs. Desmond looked humble and remorseful, falling upon Laurel's neck with a burst of hysterical tears.

"I missed you so!" she cried. "There was no comfort or peace to be found anywhere. You are my only friend, and had been driven away by my ill-treatment. I may as well confess the truth—I was wickedly jealous of you! You are just the sort of woman my husband might have loved. No matter—I am jealous no longer. You are too good and true to make trouble. You must never leave me again."

She appeared so softened and remorseful, genuine pity was awakened in Laurel's heart. After all, it might be her duty to help guide and control this undisciplined nature.

They remained in Mrs. Desmond's dressing-room all the morning, and lunch was brought to them there.

It was mid-afternoon when some errand took Laurel below, and she encountered Cyril face to face in the hall.

He started back as if she had been a ghost, growing deadly pale.

"You here? What madness is this?" he exclaimed.

"Mrs. Desmond sent for me. I could not refuse to return."

"You must not remain!" he cried, in an agitated voice.

"Your wife needs me just at present. She is nervous, hysterical, totally unfit to be left alone, and has expressed her regret for what has occurred."

He gazed at her, a sort of deadly horror growing in his face.

"You do not know that woman, Laurel," speaking rapidly, and wholly unconscious that he had used her name. "A pure nature like yours is incapable of understanding one so morally warped and deformed. Have you ever heard mention made of the bad Desmond blood? It runs in a turgid tide through Elinor's veins—the corrupt outgrowth of a dozen evil generations. Do not trust her; she is false and treacherous—most dangerous when she speaks the softest. Fly, before it is too late!"

With these wild words of warning and appeal, he abruptly left her.

Laurel re-entered the dressing-room in a strange state of perplexity and uncertainty. Cyril would never have spoken in that way unless he believed the danger real.

She had had that experience in the arbor as a warning; but Elinor met her with such a gentle, pensive smile, it was impossible to harden her heart against her.

"We will be like two sisters, and forget the past," she said, wreathing her arms about Laurel's waist. "I love you dearly. Cyril is going abroad one of these days, and you and I will be left in undisturbed possession of the old house. It is beautiful at this season of the year. I know we shall be very happy together."

She paused, her yellow eyes darkening visibly as she asked:

"Were you ever in the 'tower chamber', my dear?"

"No."

"Then you have missed the greatest glory of Fair Haven," Mrs. Desmond said, with a strange laugh. "It is little better than a ruin now, in the oldest portion of

OLD NEW ORLEANS.— SCENE ON THE LEVEE.— SEE PAGE 186.

the house, and seldom entered; but the view is charming. We have nothing better to do; let me take you there and point out its many beauties."

Laurel consented. She was ready to conciliate her employer by every possible means, and so pave the way gradually to a final separation.

Their destination led them directly away from the inhabited part of the house. There seemed to be one dusty, echoing corridor stretching after another, and at last they came suddenly to a long, precipitous flight of spiral stairs. Here the woodwork was beginning to crumble away, and the boards creaked dismally under their tread.

"Faster!" cried Mrs. Desmond, excitedly, as she led the way up the winding stairs. "I am impatient to be there."

The "tower chamber" was about twenty feet square, with windows on every side looking down on the gray, mossy roof of the mansion, and commanding a view of the country for miles and miles around. A stout oaken door, provided with bolts and bars, and in which were two narrow slits to aid in lighting the long flight of stairs, shut it in.

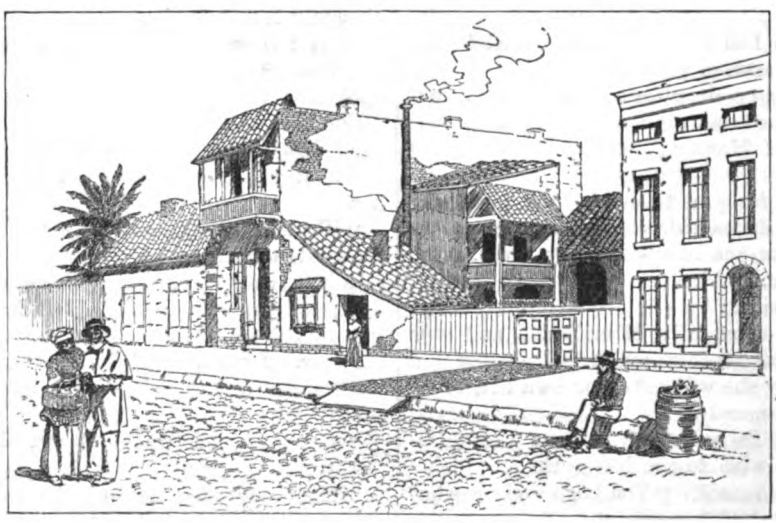
"I will tell you what I had resolved to do if you refused to return," Mrs. Desmond said, in a low, husky voice, as they stood together in the centre of the apartment. "I was coming here to throw myself from one of these windows, and the result would have been certain death."

Her reckless laugh curdled Laurel's blood. She turned and looked at her, a suspicion of the woman's sanity for the first time crossing her mind.

"It is such an uncanny place," she faltered. "Come, let us go back. I should not enjoy the view in the least."

"One moment. Tell me who it is coming up the avenue?"

Laurel stepped to the nearest window. Mrs. Desmond's dreadful laugh sounded behind her, and the next instant she heard the door close with a bang,



OLD NEW ORLEANS.— THE SPANISH QUARTER.

and the bolts slipped sharply in their sockets. She was a prisoner!

Through the narrow apertures in the door Mrs. Desmond was visible, furiously tearing the decaying woodwork into fragments and splinters, and piling them against the oaken barrier.

"Do you know what I am going to do?" she said, meeting the girl's horror-stricken glance. "Burn you alive! I enticed you here for that purpose. Nobody saw us come this way—I shall not be suspected—I shall pretend to be heart-broken over your loss. It will be set down as a mysterious disappearance. Ha, ha! Uncle Ruel's money, and all those gleaming jewels will be mine, and Cyril will learn to love me. I have hated you bitterly from the first. It was only to wreak some terrible vengeance upon you that I suffered you to come here. What matters a life more or less when it is a barrier between me and happiness?"

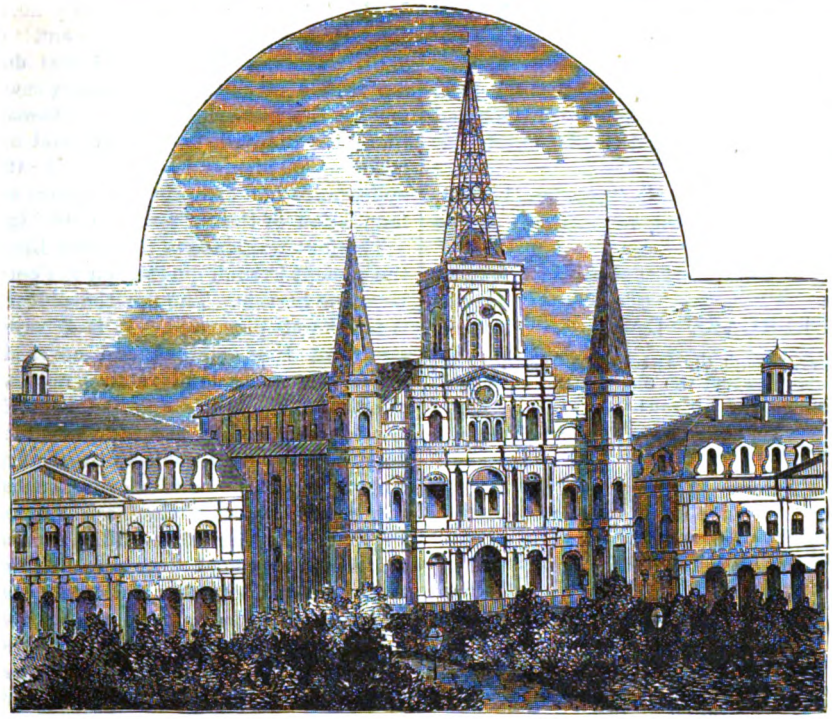
Laurel could not utter a word. She stood white and motionless until the woman had gathered a sufficient quantity of the dry material, and applied the match.

Like one fascinated she watched the first trembling spiral of smoke, and then beheld the tinder-like fragments burst into flame.

Mrs. Desmond had fallen back a step. There could no longer be any doubt—it was the fire of insanity that glittered in her yellow eyes.

"Burn—burn away!" she shrieked, flinging her arms wildly aloft. "I could dance for very joy. Let tongues of fire kiss those lovely cheeks, and arms of flame enfold that graceful form!"

Laurel could never clearly recall what happened afterward, but as the madwoman capered wildly about, she seemed to lose her balance all at once, and fell back against the railing. It was old, rotten, and gave way instantly under her weight. One shrill scream of unutterable agony, one glimpse of a pallid, distorted, upturned face, and she disappeared in the gloom and darkness. There was the sound of a dull thud as she struck the paved floor fifty feet below, then—silence!



OLD NEW ORLEANS.—THE CATHEDRAL.—SEE PAGE 186.

Laurel felt her senses going. As she reeled backward, there came a sound of flying footsteps on the stairs, the burning embers were torn violently apart and trampled out, a stalwart shoulder made the door quiver and tremble, and the next instant Cyril Desmond was in the room, holding her in his strong arms.

"In time to save you!" he gasped, huskily. "Thank Heaven!"

* * *

Laurel returned to New York, and lived very quietly until a year had elapsed; then, one perfect June day, Cyril came home from the Old World, where he had been aimlessly roaming.

"I have only a broken life to offer, Laurel," he said, "and the bad Desmond blood, that you have every reason to distrust, flows in my veins. But I am trying to live uprightly before God, and atone for the sins of my race. I can only add that I have loved you tenderly and devotedly since the hour of our first meeting."

What more could Laurel ask? She put her hand in his with a happy smile.

They spoke of Elinor but once afterward.

"I believe her mind had been unsettled for some time previous to that fatal day," Cyril said. "Poor soul! she

THE "SUISSE" OR BEADLE IN THE CATHEDRAL.

was scarcely responsible for her acts—we can afford to forgive the dead."

* * * * * *

On their wedding-day, Laurel brought Ruel Desmond's will and laid it before him. Though Elinor had known, no suspicion had ever entered Cyril's mind that Laurel was his uncle's heiress.

"The king shall have his own again," she gently said. "It seems a strange way of making restitution. But—I am glad."

A FEBRUARY DAY.

Gone half of the year, though the sweetest to follow,
Since the death of the rose and the flight of the swallow
Robbed joy of the sun!
And the day has come round when, in Winter's despite,
Under skies cold and clouded we hail with delight
The birds wooed and won.

Not yet does the wind bring the cry of the plover,
Not yet does the nightingale answer her lover
Between twilight and morn.
Nor the swifts in mad flight cleave the air like a flame,
Nor the voice of the cuckoo is heard to proclaim
That the Summer is born.

Dusk and brown lie the woods, for the sun's lessened glory
Reveals the bare boughs where the wood-pigeon's story
Was cooed 'neath the leaves.
Far afield comes a carol, clear, loud, and unbroken;
What signal of Spring the earth needs for a token
The lark's song achieves.

O'er pasture and heath rings her song of the morning,
While a wayfaring thrush flings her passionate warning
To the city's dark street,
And the world is awakened. The Spring's feet outrun
Our longing impatience. What birds have begun
Leaf and flower will complete.

OLD NEW ORLEANS.

By Stamford.

In 1717, after exploring the banks of the Mississippi, Governor Bienville selected the present site of New Orleans as the most appropriate one whereon to build the chief city and capital of the Province of Louisiana. He appointed Sieur le Blond de la Tour to survey the ground, stake off the squares and mark out the streets. He ordered that the city be laid out in imitation of Rochefort, the town from which he and his brother D'Iberville, with Sauvolle, had sailed on leaving France to renew La Salle's explorations on the Gulf of Mexico.

The position of the Parish Church—now the St. Louis Cathedral—was selected by Bienville, and the exact location of the edifice was traced on the ground by him with the point of his trusty sword, which France had bestowed on him and the Church had blessed. The Presbytery, Conseil de Ville and City Warehouses were also assigned their exact situations by him. Leaving fifty men to clear the ground and erect cabins, Bienville returned to Fort Biloxi to make preparations for removing the colony. Meeting with opposition from the Home Government, unfortunate in having his work interrupted by the overflowing of the Mississippi, he did not succeed in actually getting New Orleans settled until 1723. In the meantime he continued improving the then frontier town of New Orleans, to which he had gradually transferred the troops and Government stores. Bienville erected for his own occupancy a brick residence, considered in that day a spacious one; this he took possession of in August, 1723, at the same time formally declaring New Orleans the provincial seat of government.

Charlevoix, a chronicler of that day, writes: "There are in the city fifty log cabins, placed with little order among the brambles and trees, three dwellings—one of these was Bienville's—a chapel and storehouse; a population of 200 men and a few women; the town presents the appearance of a camp in the wilderness." Such was the foundation of the "Crescent City" in 1724.

The first residence of Governor Bienville exists still in the ancient French quarter, on the corner of Chartres and Ursuline Streets. Though the oldest house in the city, it is yet well preserved. It is a large, low, thick-walled structure, time-stained and covered with picturesque brick tiles; a style of roofing not in general use until after 1794, when the city had been, for a second time, almost destroyed by fire. This building is so antique in appearance, that it causes others surrounding it, which have themselves stood for over a century, to look new by contrast. Although they are mellowed and furrowed by time, they seem veritable *parvenus* who have encroached on ground already made sacred by the history, traditions and legends of a remote era. The Governor's grim mansion was once the centre of wealth and power; there congregated the beauty, fashion and chivalry of colonial days. The mystic charm of a brilliant past hangs over it and the narrow street where once resounded the clink of cavaliers' swords, knightly spurs, and the tap, tap of red-heeled slippers worn by high-born dames. The impress of former grandeur is heightened by stepping within the age-darkened house where are now offered for sale quaint china, dusty bronzes, carved furniture whose rich upholsterings are faded and worn. These are relics of former greatness, sad mementoes of the decay of noble families whose descendants dire poverty has compelled to part with their old heirlooms. The whole form a mute, but eloquent, appeal to our sympathy for a people whose grandeur and influence have perished.

Hard by stands, sombre and grand, another relic of the French *régime*, the Archiepiscopal Residence, once the Ursuline Convent. This venerable pile was erected in 1727 by the West India Company, for the Ursuline Nuns who, with several Jesuit Fathers, arrived in New Orleans, August 10th of that same year, after having spent nearly six months in crossing the ocean from France. As the monastery was not completed until several years later, the courtly Bienville, who received them most kindly, offered the ladies the use of his new residence in the country. This was large, two-storied, and capped by a flat belvedere roof. The doors and windows were numerous, the sash-frames being filled with fine linen cloth instead of glass. A flower-garden bloomed in front; in the rear were the vegetable-garden and poultry-yard, the whole surrounded by a forest, through which crept sluggish bayous. At the present writing (1886), the ground then so occupied forms one of the busiest portions of New Orleans—that square now bounded by Bienville, Chartres, Condé and Decatur Streets. The religious removed before very long to a plantation presented them by the West India Company. On July 23d, 1734, just seven years after their arrival in Louisiana, they took possession of the Chartres Street Convent, only then completed. Here they took, as boarders, the daughters of the aristocracy; held day-school for the poor whites, and evening-classes for the Indians and negroes. They cared for the orphans, tended the sick at the hospitals, besides ministering to the needs of the poor. In 1824 the Ursulines moved again, this

time to a larger and more magnificent structure some three miles further down the river, and for a while the old Convent remained closed. In 1831 it passed through an episode never anticipated by its founders. The State House having been destroyed by fire, the sessions of the legislative bodies of Louisiana were temporarily held within the walls of the old convent. Still a few years later it became, and has ever since remained, the home of the presiding prelate of the Diocese of Louisiana. The Archbishopric is securely cloistered in from the secular world by a high brick wall, and is, to all outward appearances, seemingly the same as when the nuns bade it farewell fifteen decades gone by. Entrance is obtained through the porter's lodge, a substantial brick house set in the wall. An immense and heavy door of cypress opens in from the street to the walk which leads up to the palace beyond. A huge iron knocker, a curiously wrought grille and old-fashioned latch, adorn the street side of it. The massive brick walls of the "Bishop's Palace" are as solid as they were 160 years ago. Their bluish fresco is mildewed by age, and deeply scarred by time and weather, though they have defied the leveling action of both for near two centuries. The building is fortress-like. The bricks are laid in a cement which has become as hard as granite; its many small windows, filled with little panes of greenish glass set in its sombre, tomb-like walls, are protected by solid blinds of cypress, hung on heavy iron hinges, and are as sound as when first cut from the forest. These openings show how securely the nuns could have protected themselves from an attack at the hands of the Indians, an event of likely occurrence in those early times.

The Archevêché is of composite Tuscan architecture, and is as grim interiorly as exteriorly. Everything about it seems to bear the imprint of vanished hands. The staircase is banistered with railing of hammered iron; the hollows worn in its steps were made by feet which long ago passed over the portals of eternity. The low-ceiled passages and furniture of antique make tell a tale of a period long gone by. A silent protest against vandalism is impressed on the mind of the visitor. Relic-hunters depart empty-handed from this historic mansion, which, it is to be hoped, will pass inviolate to future generations, a dumb, yet eloquent, link between their day and a past era.

The lower portion of New Orleans wears a foreign aspect, captivating to the stranger who finds himself in a city different from all others in the United States, one having its history so legibly inscribed in its architecture as to be plain to the most casual observer. As France left the record of her dominion in houses such as Bienville's and the Archbishopric, so did Spain leave traces of hers in the adobe structures, which are in some cases even now occupied by the descendants of Spanish colonists. A large number of these dwellings are single-storied; their very thick walls are composed of strong wooden frames, filled in with adobe mixture, which is made of brick set in cement, so as to resist earthquake shocks, the possibility of which was credited at that date. Adobe houses are usually stained yellow, and stand on a line even with the *banquette* (sidewalk). The windows are full length, with thick green shutters outside and sash-doors within. Many of these windows have iron or wooden railings, like those of a balcony, run across them, while in the upper part of each shutter is a small diamond or crescent-shaped aperture for the admission of air at night. The roofs extend beyond the front walls just sufficient to shade the doorsteps—generally two or three—leading down to the pavement. Here, airing herself, sits the gray-haired *abuéla* (grandmother) crooning sweet songs in the liquid accents of Spain to olive-cheeked children. Inez and Carlos chatter gayly to her in Spanish, for her knowledge of French is limited, and English she disdains altogether; but the little ones are conversant with the three languages, as are most Louisiana creoles. Many pretty pictures of domestic life are witnessed around the doorways of these ancient adobe homes, for the foreign population which congregates "down-town"—still called *en ville* or *in* town by the creoles—has brought with it many Old World customs. The women, clad in *blouses volantes* (loose wrappers), their ebon locks coiled high on the tops of their well-poised heads, or hanging in one or two loose plaits down their shoulders, love to sit outside in the mellow light, deftly drawing the needle, heedless of the passing throng. When the men rest in the evening hour, the doorsteps are chosen as the place for leisurely smoking a cigarette and an occasional talk with a neighbor or passing friend.

These unpretentious buildings are often filled with furniture so rich as to make the heart of the modern millionaire covetous. On the bare floor, scoured with a mixture of pulverized brick and ochre until golden-hued, may stand a cabinet presented by a king to the powder-haired marquis, with a cross of honor on his breast, whose portrait hangs on the whitewashed walls, and smiles down on the grand and great-grandchildren, who are so very proud of the *sangre azul* coursing through their veins and drawn from his. Through the simple curtain of white, bordered with fluted ruffle, and looped back with bright ribbon, which acts as a *portière* betwixt parlor and tasteful bedroom, is seen an *armoire* (wardrobe) of solid mahogany—no veneering there—whose mirrored doors turn upon heavy hinges of silver. Made of the same precious metal, and inlaid in the cornice, are the initials, monogram or coat-of-arms of La Condessa ———, daughter of the Dúque de ———. She was a court belle ere she bade *Adios* to her native land and came to the Province of Louisiana, the bride of a gallant cavalier, whose sword owed allegiance to Spain. Her Castilian loveliness is reproduced vividly in an ivory miniature lying within the *armoire*, and in the face of her great-great-granddaughter.

Occasionally the tinkling of a guitar enlivens the night. Juan is serenading his lady-love, the instrument being the very same used by his great-grandfather when attending the college at Grenada, which King Charles III. established, as he himself asserted, "for the education of the young American nobility." Some day Juan will marry the maiden of Castilian descent. It will be a mating of pride with pride, though fortune exists on neither side, for their immediate ancestors lost all, real estate and slaves, by war, and times have not prospered since. They will be happy, however, in the fact that their children's heritage will be the bluest of blue blood and an untarnished name, which has made its mark on history's page.

Not only in the homes of Spanish creoles are plain exteriors found concealing handsome contents, but in those of French creoles also. Even in its colonial incipiency, in spite of the difficulty of transportation and other drawbacks, New Orleans contained abodes so luxurious as to excite wonder, were not the fact recalled that many of those who came with sword and ax to carve out additional possessions for the Kingdom of France were high-born nobles—men of culture and courtly demeanor; their wives were refined, delicately reared ladies, accustomed to the pomp and splendors of the Old World. It

THE OLD URSULINE CHAPEL.

is not to be wondered that such persons endeavored to gratify their tastes by importing comforts and luxuries from the motherland.

At the early period of 1743 there begun in Louisiana an epoch of display and extravagance that created in other American colonies both astonishment and envy. It was then the Marquis de Vandreuil, surnamed "Le Grand Marquis," owing to his royal manner of disbursing funds, arrived in the province as its Governor. His wife, the gay and fascinating marquise, accompanied him. Under such influence pioneer life was abolished, and the courtly manners of a French drawing-room introduced. The military donned gayer uniforms, ladies vied with each other in the richness of their apparel; in fact, all New Orleans bloomed into dazzling and expensive personal adornment, which up to the present age has not been surpassed.

The love of dress extended to all classes, receiving no check until 1786, when Governor Miro published a manifesto, denouncing its follies and forbidding quadroons from wearing jewels and feathers. He ordered that the *tignon* (the bandana handkerchief) be their sole headdress. Doubtless he thought this head-gear would be sufficiently unbecoming to lessen their vanity; not so, however; they bound it gracefully about their brows, tying it in a coquettish bow at the left of the head, and raising it high at the back over a Spanish comb, thrust in the hair underneath. This lent an additional charm to their faces, especially when accompanied by a long, narrow vail of black lace thrown over the head and shoulders, which was the mode in vogue with them for church attendance. The *tignon*, once worn by the entire female colored population of the South, is now relegated almost entirely to country negroes and a few old black *mammies;* these last cling to it as a badge of respectability, distinguishing them from the frivolous young negresses of the present day.

The quadroons of *ante-bellum* fame have about passed away; those of this epoch are more common, and dress according to prevailing fashions. Rarely are their progenitors of gentle birth; they are generally found in the Gascon butcher of the market-place, the Italian fruit-vendors on the streets, the Diego keepers of cheap oyster-shops, the proprietors and the frequenters of low French and German *cafés*. But let the paternity of octoroons, quadroons, mulattoes, and others of mixed blood, be what it may, the impress of the African ancestress is, as a rule, so plainly stamped on features or physique as to be unmistakable.

In 1796 Baron de Carondelet, Governor of Louisiana, to whose spirit of enterprise the universal use of tile-roofing was due (he having, after New Orleans was a second time nearly destroyed by fire, requested the king to offer a premium to all citizens so protecting their homes), lighted New Orleans with oil lamps, eighty in number. Poles were erected at opposite street-corners, and the lanterns swung on ropes looped across. The expense of this illumination was defrayed by levying a tax

SCENE AT A CEMETERY.

PRALINE-WOMAN.

of nine shillings per annum on each chimney in the town. It is difficult when watching the electric lights of 1886 flash over the face of the old St. Louis Cathedral, silhouetting distinctly the shadows of the trees in the park fronting it, that its surroundings, just one hundred years ago, were enveloped in darkness, excepting as some private citizen passed, preceded by a slave, an animated "Will-'o-the-wisp," bearing a lantern or torch of fat pine. It is difficult, also, to picture to one's self the original place of worship of the colony, so small, so humble, which was the predecessor of the present magnificent structure dedicated to St. Louis. As the population grew in numbers the pioneer church grew in size. In 1803, by the efforts of Don Andres Almonaster y Roxas, perpetual *regidor*, and Alferez Réal, it was remodeled and enlarged to its present dimensions. The architecture of this venerable pile is by no means pure in style, though not wanting in grand effect. The first story of the front is of a peculiar Rustic order, flanked on either side by half-projecting, octagon towers, displaying at each angle Tuscan *anta*, while above are pilasters of plain mason-work, belonging to the same order; the whole being adorned with frieze and antique wreaths in keeping with it. The main entrance, situated in the centre of the front, consists of a semi-circular, arched doorway, having a group of Tuscan columns on either side. It is flanked, right and left, by smaller doorways matching the grand entrance. The second story, between the two corner towers, is of similar design, but Roman-Doric in order. Above all rises the central, or principal, tower; its first division, adjoining the roof, is square; the upper, wherein hangs the famous "Cathedral Chime," is hexagonal; this is, in its turn, surmounted by a tall spire lifting heavenward a gilt cross. During the war, when the churches of New Orleans volunteered their bells for the making of Confederate cannon, no one dreamed of disturbing those of the Cathedral, which were connected with so much that was bright and so much that was sad in the history of the city and in the lives of its people.

The interior of the Cathedral is one of the most imposing in America. The sanctuary is large, and the high altar of elaborately carved Belgian marble was the gift of a monarch. The bishop's throne is notable for its rich upholsterings in crimson velvet. Imbedded in the sanctuary-walls are several marble tablets "in memoriam" of episcopal dignitaries interred at the foot of the high altar. The side altars are of great beauty; one is dedicated to St. Francis of Assisium, the other to Notre-Dame-de-Lourdes; this latter is said to be a faithful imitation of the Grotto of Lourdes, in France. Before this shrine are ever many supplicants in prayer. The number of *ex-votos*, small squares of marble on which expressions of thanks are traced in gilded letters, testify to the gratitude of many who visit it. The exquisite fresco-work adorning the Cathedral is from the brushes of the artists Canova and Rossi. Only one picture has since been added; it is by

GERMAN FLOWER-WOMEN.

Burgmuller, and represents St. Louis distributing the crosses among the Crusaders. This fresco is of more than ordinary merit, and is noteworthy for the fact that the faces are all portraits, many of them being those of prominent Catholic citizens of New Orleans.

Inlaid in the marble pavement, at the base of each side altar, where their descendants pass over them daily, are the tombstones of some of the old French and Spanish nobility of New Orleans; family coats-of-arms and epitaphs are cut on their faces. Some of these inscriptions date back to 1728, and are so worn as to be well-nigh illegible.

One of the singular foreign customs maintained in the Cathedral is the presence of a Beadle, called here "*Le Suisse.*" This dignitary always precedes the bishop and priest in church processions, or paces up and down the aisles during service—his approach announced by the thump of his spear—seating strangers and keeping order throughout the congregation. His uniform is composed of dark-blue trousers, scarlet coat, gold-laced; black scarf, decorated with the Papal coat-of-arms, in silver; on his head a cocked hat, trimmed with gold lace and black plume; in his hand he bears a gilded spear.

Just back of the high altar is a door opening from the Cathedral into a tiny flower-filled inclosure—Père Antoine's Park. It is peaceful now, but in ante-American times was a famous dueling-ground. Once, in the long ago, "the code" was strictly observed among gentlemen in this goodly town, and this wee park has been the scene of many an *affaire d'honneur.*

Returning within the sacred edifice, passing under the shadows of the choir-loft in front, without halting at the quaintly carved confessionals, we pause just outside the entrance with attention arrested by another of the foreign customs of New Orleans—that is, funeral notices tacked on the portals of the Cathedral. It is a creole habit not only to announce deaths by the ordinary newspaper medium, but by *des annonces funebrès*, printed on black bordered note-paper; these are put up on church-doors, lampposts, and other prominent places.

Alongside the Cathedral-door we find a *vendeuse de pralines.* She is an elderly creole negress, can express herself in genuine French or broken English, but decidedly prefers the patois, to speak which is here termed *parler créole.* This patois is the nursery language of all creoles, it is also used in addressing servants familiarly, and is euphonious in the extreme, particularly when the voice is sweet, which it notably is among creoles, even when pitched high and shrill.

'Tasie belonged to *une famille très aristocrate* during her slave life. She knows their pedigree; is as proud of it as though it were her own personally. She delights in relating the past glories of her former owners, embroiders on them somewhat, mayhap; but is truthful in the main. She nursed *les 'tits enfants de madame*, and it was for their delectation she learned of *vieille maîtresse* to make the toothsome sweets she sells. 'Tasie's table is placed against the iron railing which separates the Cathedral from the *banquette.* It is covered with spotlessly clean linen. On a waiter are *pralines*, made of grated cocoanut or pecans, or *pistaches* and sugar, also *conserves*—these latter are fit for the feast of an Eastern prince, and are a creation of fragrant orange-blossoms, or sweet violets, or odorous pink rose-petals smothered in crystal of snowy sugar. In strong contrast to these delicate confections is a compound of flour, molasses and ginger, baked in coarse-looking brown cakes with scalloped edges. These bear the comical name of *estomacs mulatre* (mulatto stomach). 'Tasie will sell you a big one for five cents. Over the entire table and its burdens is thrown a bit of rose-hued tarlatane, and 'Tasie uses a Swiss broom of white curled wood to drive away the flies. She lays it down occasionally to examine a number of bottles of *bière douce* she keeps standing in buckets of ice water. This nectareous beverage is a fermentation of ginger, pineapple and sassafras.

Leaving the Cathedral, a visitor naturally crosses the street and enters the square opposite, which until of late years was called La Place d'Armes. The central object of the park is Clark Mills's equestrian statue of "Old Hickory" (Andrew Jackson), whose name the square now bears. This historic ground was presented to the city by the Baroness de Pontalba, daughter of the public-spirited Andres Almonaster, who expended over two millions in city improvements near the close of the period of foreign rule in Louisiana. Within a period of ninety-six years the Place d'Armes had six different flags floated over it, Louisiana having experienced that many changes of government in less than a century. It passed from the hands of Louis XIV. in 1712, to the commercial dominion of Anthony Crozat. In 1717 it was under the authority of the "Compagnie de l'Occident." In 1731 the undelegated power of Louis XV. was in the ascendant, followed by the possession of Spain in 1762. France became again possessor of the coveted domain in 1803, and within twenty days the Tricolor was lowered, and Louisiana was added to the territory of the United States, and the last banner of foreign rule disappeared from the Crescent City and from the old square. In 1861, the ordinance of secession being passed, the Stars and Stripes were lowered to make way for the "Southern Cross" of the Confederacy, which in the brief space of less than two years was succeeded by the flag of the Union. Since then Jackson Square has been the scene of various stirring incidents still fresh in the memories of all Orleanians.

"Cheapee banannes! Ban-a-n-n-e-s, cheapee, cheapee! fif a cens a dozena!" comes floating in mellifluous tones over the park as the Italian fruit-vendor goes by. His accent, so strikingly peculiar, falls pleasantly on the ear of a stranger. Following its sound the levee is reached, beyond which is the general landing of the small schooners and luggers engaged in the tropical fruit trade. These vessels are owned and manned by Italians and Spaniards, who dispose of their cargoes in lots to suit wholesale dealers and petty vendors. The last mentioned generally cry their wares through the streets.

Standing on the levee, from which he can obtain a view of the vessels in port, a stranger can form some idea of the commerce of New Orleans. So early as 1790 her sail-craft could be counted by the thousands; now her eleven miles of wharfage is bordered by a forest of masts, decorated with the flags of all nations. Vessels, big and little, stand out in the stream and line the opposite shore as well. On the inner side of the city levee puffing locomotives snort under the strain of their heavily loaded train, and the presence of a large number of sugar-sheds indicates the importance of the saccharine interest. Leaving these, the steamboat-wharf is reached. One viewing it for the first time is bewildered with the bustle and confusion. Drays load and unload, freight is received and discharged, roustabouts rush noisily back and forth as they handle the wealth of Louisiana cotton, cane and rice fields.

Turning from the river-front, the eye is at once centred upon an immense gray structure; this is the United States Custom House and City Post-office, built of New Hampshire granite. This building is the second in size

in the United States, being the next largest to the Capitol at Washington.

Nothing can be more interesting to a visitor in New Orleans than a saunter on the Boulevard Canal during the morning hours of a pleasant day, when the fashionables are on dress parade and the types of nationality exhibited are as varied as the figures of a kaleidoscope. The population of this cosmopolitan town is from all quarters of the globe and a perpetual source of surprise to strangers. Prominent and easily recognized by "those to the manner born," are the creoles. Those who are ignorant of the true meaning of the term creole believe it to signify a class of native-born Louisianians of French and Spanish extraction miscegenated with negro. A fearful error! Creoles are not of mixed blood; they are native Louisianians of French or Spanish ancestry; their pedigree is generally patrician, and has frequently a strain of English, Italian, German, or even Irish, blood in it. To hear of Irish creoles may seem strange to many, yet they are no rarity in Louisiana, where there exist Maccartys (originally McCarthy) and O'Briens, whose infant lispings were in French, whose English is strongly accentuated with it, and whose features are as genuinely French as the *fleur de lys* which blossoms on the flag under whose folds the noble predecessors of their pretty mothers were born.

That distinguished-looking man purchasing flowers bears a Spanish name inherited from ancestors who, centuries ago, held the right to wear a crown; he, too, is a creole, although of good old English stock on the maternal side; for while he is by birth a Louisianian of unadulterated Circassian origin, his father is of Spanish heredity. The flower-girl—or, rather, woman—he is buying of, has a Teutonic face, yet in it is something foreign to German features. She combines a knowledge of "mein faderland's" tongue with those of France and Spain, for the three countries clasped hands in wedlock in the "Queen City," and she is one of the results. Her neat cottage is out on the Chemin Gentilly. She converses with her German husband in his national language, sings French nursery-songs to her babies, and gossips in Spanish with her neighbors; she, too, is a creole.

The notice of a "looker-on" is drawn to the Chinaman, proprietor of a prosperous laundry, in invariable blouse of blue, with his uncut pigtail wound tightly around his shaven poll, who pauses, charmed by the notes of an Italian peasant-girl, in national costume, chanting songs learned in sunny Italy. The nickels bestowed on her are collected by a good-looking fellow, in knee-breeches of black velvet and crimson silk waist-scarf. He is her husband, and labors no more than do "the lilies of the field."

Out of a side street into Canal files a solemn *cortège;* the horses walk with measured tread to the strains of a funeral march. Black crape floats from the furled banners and colors of the company or of the association to which the deceased belonged. With slow step his companions and friends follow the hearse bearing him to the tomb, or vault of his family or of his society. Music is much in vogue for certain classes of funerals in New Orleans, and it is not uncommon to meet in one day several, so accompanied, wending their way toward the cemeteries. The universal mode of interment here is in tombs, which border the walks like narrow streets, in which the "cities of the dead" are laid out. The sepulchres are built with three or four divisions, one over the other, like the stories of a house, each with space for several coffins. Some tombs are imposingly beautiful and stand alone in flower and tree planted plots, surrounded by iron railings. Others are in rows, forming crowded blocks. After a burial, the opening of a tomb is closed with cement and brick, over which is placed a marble slab, bearing inscription. Flowers are always placed around a new-made grave.

On All Souls' Day, November 2d, the quiet homes of the dead become "cities of life." For days previous men are whitening the tombs, trimming plants, reshelling paths, and making the "silent cities" attractive to the living. On the morning of the festival services for the repose of departed souls are held in all Catholic cemeteries, and sad-faced women in mourning garments deck with fragrant blooms the resting-places of their loved ones. All the long day the tramp, tramp of many feet is heard, as those who are still here visit the homes of those who "have gone before." Verily is it the reception-day of the dead, the custom of keeping which binds angel spirits to sorrowing souls yet earth-inthralled, a golden chain of souvenirs linking this world to that beyond the stars. The touching habit of laying garlands on the tombs of the dead was transplanted from France by the very earliest colonists. From it has arisen the touching custom of placing floral offerings on the graves of fallen heroes, and from the decorating of Confederate burial-places in New Orleans, on a day set apart for that purpose, the fashion spread North as well as South, until it became a national one throughout the States.

New Orléans is a city of strong contrasts, of anachronisms, even; the past exists ever here in the present. An American city, yet its Cathedral perpetuates the memory of a French monarch. Its streets bear the names of the great men of France and Spain. It has its being under a republican form of government; but its society is controlled, to a great extent, by the manners and opinions brought nigh two centuries ago from the courts of Paris and Madrid; a society which has its *ancien régime* of old-time aristocracy, to which birth and culture, not gold, form the obligatory "open sesame" as truly as ever they did to the famous *salons* of the Faubourg St. Germain. Nor are the above facts ever regretted by those who are so fortunate as to obtain admission within the select circle where gather the *ante-bellum* creole aristocrats, recognize the spotless purity of their wives and daughters, the untarnished honor of their men, and realize the influence which they so fully exemplify of *noblesse oblige*.

THE days of the early New Englander were not all dark. There was much of the austere in them, but there was also a grain of mirth and cheerfulness. We must bear in mind that the clergymen were the early historians of the country; and they put much gloom in their writings. The mirthful side of social life was expressed at the parties and meetings for hilarity; for such they often had. The young delighted themselves in each other's company, the same as to-day. The young gentleman and his lady either walked to the party or rode on one horse. Parties began in better season than now. The assembly met in the latter part of the afternoon, and the dancing, where dancing was the order, began at about four o'clock. This was truly in good season, but, if our information is correct, they kept even later hours than the parties of to-day.

TO ERR on the side of humanity is never a disgrace.

ROSE.—BY ALFRED PEREA.

"'GO IN,' HE SAID, STERNLY, 'AND TRY TO BE HAPPY. SO FAR AS YOU AND YOUR HOME ARE CONCERNED, YOUR LIFE IS TO BE AS THOUGH I HAD NEVER BEEN. WHILE YOU LIVE HERE I SHALL SIMPLY BE *the man outside!*'"

THE MAN OUTSIDE.

BY

CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE WAGES OF SIN," "THE LOVE AND LOVES THAT JACK HAD," "OF TWO EVILS," "THE SHADOW FROM VARRAZ," ETC., ETC.

PART FIRST—THE GREAT BANK ROBBERY.

SUMMARY OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

WE are introduced to a strange recluse, Jasper Jahnway, sitting in his solitary home reading a manuscript that he had picked up in his own extensive grounds at Jahnway Park. Its many pages told of a murder committed, and of the assassin's startling discovery that a MAN OUTSIDE witnessed the crime, as his face was pressed to the storm-washed window of the room. In a pleasanter and more cheerful house, Gilbert Senn, cashier in the village bank, is giving check to Walter Aldrich, a well-to-do lawyer, who rescued him, a mere tramp, from a fearful death from an approaching train, as he lay helpless on the rails, and had ever since befriended him. His friend of friends, to whom he felt an idolatrous devotion, was about to marry the banker's daughter, and Senn feared that the old friendship might cool. Senn walked the streets that night, but returned a changed man. A mystery had arisen in his life. That night Donald Barron tossed in uneasy sleep, freighted with startling dreams. There was a run on his bank. A certificate of deposit for a large amount was suddenly presented. He went to his safe for his reserve, kept in a tin box, but the box contained naught but ashes. So impressed was he by this dream that, in the morning, Sunday though it was, he went to

the bank. The heavy safe-door rolled open, obedient to his hand, but the tin box had disappeared.

The electric tongue summoned a detective from Boston, and J. B. Prier came. Nothing in the bank gave any clew, though Prier found clews to the robbery or some other crime. That official soon learned that the combination of the lock was known only to Barron, his daughter, and his cashier, Senn. Prier sounded Barron. He did not rob himself; of that he was convinced. He saw the daughter. That she was suspected, caused her wrath to blaze forth.

But the detective, when the father asked him to say that she was innocent, was overcome with emotion, and would only answer, "I do not know!"

CHAPTER IV.—(CONTINUED.)

MR. BARRON and Mr. Prier entered the bank together, and passed at once to the private room of the former. The cashier looked up as they entered. He was very worn and weary-looking and pale.

The two men did not delay long. The cashier was sent for. He came promptly.

"Mr. Senn, this is Mr. Prier, of Boston," said Mr. Barron.

Gilbert Senn scarcely looked at Mr. Prier, and made no motion toward shaking hands with him.

"A detective, I presume?" he asked.

"Yes. You know of the need for one?"

"I know of the loss. The money-box is not in the safe."

"And Mr. Prier says that the safe was opened by some one who knew the combination."

Mr. Senn bowed.

"I agree with him," he said.

"You are aware that only three persons knew of the combination?"

"I am."

"You know that I have not robbed my own bank?"

"I know you have not."

"My daughter says no one has learned the combination from her."

"I believe that is true."

"Oh, Gilbert Senn, Gilbert Senn," cried the old man, holding out his hands toward him with a strange yearning written upon his face, and with a grand faith in his voice, "who can have learned it from you? Tell us; help us; who was it?"

"No one. I never revealed the combination."

"But, Gilbert, you surely cannot be guilty. I should learn to distrust every one if I found that possible. There must be some explanation—some clew. Only say that you are innocent—only say it—and I will believe it in spite of anything which chance or circumstance may have piled up against you."

"Thank you."

The old man's hands trembled where they rested upon the desk before him. It is sad when a man who has found only goodness and truth in the faces of his fellows his whole life long must look out from under gray eyebrows, searching in sorrow and suspicion for sin and fraud.

Mr. Senn turned toward the detective.

"You are in the employ of Mr. Barron?" he asked.

"I am."

"And not in that of the authorities?"

"*So far as this robbery is concerned*—no."

"And you will do his bidding, and his only?"

"Yes—*as regards the robbery.*"

"Very well; I——"

"Will you not say it? say it soon?" interrupted Mr. Barron; "say you are innocent!"

"*I am guilty!*" said Gilbert Senn.

"Guilty?" shouted Mr. Barron.

But Mr. Prier, who seemed to take pleasure in comparing those with whom he had to deal with the characters of history—especially Bible history—muttered a name to himself. Again, as in his earlier morning interview, it was not more than a question—a dubious and unsatisfactory question:

"*Ananias?*" was the uncomplimentary term he used.

"I took the money," said Senn, answering Mr. Barron's incredulous cry.

The detective sprang to his feet.

"This is unprecedented," he said; "absolutely unprecedented. Have—have you thought of—of the consequences in making this avowal? Have you considered—er—er—everything?"

Senn turned frankly and bravely toward Prier

"I think I have," he said, quietly.

Whereupon the detective seated himself and relapsed into silence. His face was grim enough, but you would not have guessed that he would ever smile again.

"I shall send you to prison," said Barron.

"I think you will not," replied Senn.

"I certainly will."

"Then you will be ruined. Touch me with the power of the law and you will never see a dollar of your money again. It is hidden—well hidden."

"It can be searched for."

"It will not be found. Besides that, you cannot afford delay."

"I think I can. No one knows of this loss."

"All the town knows it. I have told a dozen men this morning that it is missing."

"Then I am ruined."

"Not quite. I have urged that you be allowed today in which to find the money. The request will be granted, I think."

"And then?"

"I will return the money."

"You will return it?"

"On certain conditions."

"Name them."

"Freedom from prosecution."

"I grant that."

"Admission to partnership with you."

"Your terms are hard, but I must submit. I grant that, too."

"*And the hand of your daughter in marriage!*"

"Never, you scoundrel! My daughter is engaged to an honest man."

"She must break her engagement."

"Never, you hound!"

"It is that, Mr. Barron, or ruin."

"Welcome ruin, then. I—I—— Do you love my good and beautiful daughter?"

"*I never saw your daughter's beautiful face in my life.*"

"What—what——"

He paused. The door opened. Miss Elsie Barron stood on the threshold.

CHAPTER V.

FOR A FATHER'S HONOR.

THERE are possible events which are worse than ruin, worse than loss of money, worse than loss of friendship and faith and confidence. There are alternatives presented to suffering men and women, again and again, where the choice would be death—death in any awful and sudden and agony-filled form—rather than the other side of the terrible question. Do you wonder that men

and women find their hands nerved for self-destruction, sometimes, and that "no reason is known" is too often all that the world can learn regarding the saddest and most fearful of human tragedies—the tragedies of self-sacrifice?

Donald Barron knew that into his life, if he lived, was coming that which would embitter and darken it for ever. It was written in his daughter's face as she stood in the doorway, half hesitating before she came forward, bravely and lovingly, as great a heroine as poet and sculptor ever made immortal; it shone in her smile; it appeared in every movement and gesture. Could a great angel, clothed in cloud, and bright with majesty and power, have bent down from the heavens and offered the old man the choice between instant death and that future which a noble human purpose had planned for him, his last breath would have been spent in making his answer—his last thought would have been, "Thank God!"

There are heights of self-abnegation so far removed from the ordinary plane of human experience that most men doubt their existence until some sudden inspiration clears the mists and doubts away. Mr. Prier knew what was coming when he saw Elsie Barron open the door of the private office. He had seen all the depths of human depravity; he had watched vile cunning and treacherous meanness; he understood how low crime may go, how wicked the heart may learn to be; but something from the other extremity of the long line of human impulse and passion was acting itself out before his eyes. He had seen men go to the gallows, and he knew that they usually went with an air of bravado which was of little credit to them. He had read, with a true cynic smile, of the bravery of martyrs on their way to the stake. He was watching the bravest woman, now, of whom he had ever heard; he was waiting to see her do the bravest thing he had ever seen done.

She walked straight to Gilbert Senn, did this woman, who had heard his audacious demand as she stood for a moment just outside the door.

"I will marry you," she said, "and guarantee the other conditions you mentioned."

Then she turned toward Prier.

"I hate you," she said, fiercely, "and I always shall; but one likes the respect of one's enemies. I swore I would do anything for my father; I swore that I was innocent. Do you believe me now? Are you convinced?"

"I am. I crave your pardon. I——"

"Father!" she cried, springing toward the old man.

He had fainted.

Prier and Senn both hurried forward.

"Help me place him upon the lounge; call for help; send for a physician." These were her hurried words to the man whose everlasting and relentless enemy she had said she would be!

"Stand back! Keep your hands off! I will kill you if you touch him!" That was what she said to the man she had just promised to marry!

Ah, well! Consistency may be a jewel; it will never find a woman's heart a fitting setting for itself until woman no longer bears, in martyr-like silence, and with saint-like resignation, the heaviest burdens laid upon the race.

* * * * * *

Expostulation had been of no avail. There had been none to try its power with the devoted girl, save her father and the detective; no others knew fully of Senn's confession and demand; few others knew of her purpose. Senn had been firm. He would recede from nothing. He would modify no condition.

Prier had had no power with her. His opposition had rather strengthened her purpose; his angry vehemence had stimulated all her obstinate resolution to the point of absolute rebellion.

Mr. Barron's opposition had grown weaker and weaker. Her sacrifice would save everything else—his name, his life, his honor. She hid her pain. She was brave. There was a smile upon her lips. So the end was what she knew it would be—knew from the moment she went into her father's private office at the bank.

And the end had come!

It was evening—Monday evening, the seventh day of November, eighteen hundred and seventy. It had been snowing for hours. The wind swept everywhere in icy waves, tossing the snow into drifts of fantastic shapes. It was a fitting night—the sky like lead and the dead earth in its shroud—for a beautiful woman to give her life and her future for a father's honor.

The little church, standing back from the road, a little way from town, nestled among the trees, through whose branches the black wind weirdly whistled, was dimly lighted up. Few knew why its narrow windows were aglow. Few inquired. Passers-by drew coats or cloaks closer about them and hurried on. That is the world's way, you know. One hasn't to go far in search of tragedies in this world of ours—one has only to pause where the wintry wind wails or where the Summer sun scorches—pause and watch and wait.

It was late when two closely curtained carriages drew up at the church-door. They left their loads there, and were driven swiftly away again. It seemed as though the occupants must be ashamed of their errand, so much did they evidently desire privacy. Indeed, had Rev. John Kane been asked by one of whose honor and worth he had had less assurance than he had in Donald Barron's case, he might have wondered—doubted—investigated—*declined!* As it was, he only wondered and doubted.

Gilbert Senn came in the first of the two carriages, and came alone. You would not have taken him for a man about to be married. As solemn a sacrament as marriage is, his gravity and seriousness—his deep and impenetrable gloom, perhaps I ought to say—could never have originated in the mere contemplation of his responsible present and his possible future.

Nor would Gilbert Senn have been picked out as a criminal. His head was erect. He looked steadily about him. It would have been hard to believe that he would have shunned the eyes of any one whom he might have met. He did not look like a man who had put himself in danger of imprisonment and disgrace. He did not seem a scoundrel and an outcast. You can find in a half-day's observation among your acquaintances a dozen men and women of pure and blameless lives whose cheeks would color quicker and whose eyes would falter sooner under suspicion than would those of Gilbert Senn.

The second carriage brought four persons. Donald Barron descended first. He was very pale. One could not help thinking that he must almost have his grave in sight, as he came down the carriage-steps so slowly and languidly. He was an old man—in years. He was an older man—in thoughts and feelings. He had grown very old and very feeble in the hours which lay between this storm-cursed night and this day's morning.

Donald Barron waited for his daughter. Her hand trembled as she laid it upon his arm to support herself in leaving the carriage. She looked as little like a

bride as one could imagine, dressed in black from head to foot, and with a thick vail of heavy crape across her face and about her shoulders. She looked like a mourner; it was well she did. Was she not about to bury her hopes—her love—her womanhood—her future?

"I wish——" she began, wistfully, as they stood where the light from the open church-door fell upon them. She paused, then, hesitatingly.

"Well?" said her father.

"I wish I dared defy Mr. Senn, when I am his wife, and shut the door of my old girlhood's home in his face."

"You cannot do that. Once his wife, the law makes you his. Where he goes, he may command that you go also, and you must obey. It is a terrible fate, Elsie, a terrible fate. Why marry him at all? I have urged you not to sacrifice yourself thus for me. I had rather die than that you should. Let us go back."

Her hand trembled upon his arm.

But she looked back, with a silent shiver, at the two who were following them. She shook her head. Her old-time friend and companion had bravely approved, though only partly understanding, her ideas of duty; should she allow herself to fall below the merit of the praise she had won? Detective Prier had urged that she abstain from the sacrifice of her young life; should she give him the satisfaction of victory, after all? Never! Never! She only clasped her hand a little tighter over her father's arm, and hurried a little now, as though her resolution was proof against everything—tears—sorrow—heartbreak—everything, *except time!* They entered the church.

Elsie Barron's lady companion had objected to coming to the church; she had, as I have already said, strengthened Elsie's resolution by her strong words of approval; but she shrank, so she told her friend, from being a witness to the sacrifice; at the last moment, however, she had consented to come. She kept her vail down, never raising it from the time she left her room until she was safely in it again, and Mr. Prier, who took a deep interest in her, notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Barron and his daughter had both neglected the formality of an introduction, felt certain that she cried constantly from the time she entered the carriage until she entered it again, when the ceremony was over, to return to Mr. Barron's house. It would have been strange, could one have suddenly lifted her vail, to have found other than tears—laughter, for instance.

While Mr. Barron and his daughter exchanged the few sentences which have been recorded, as they went up to the church, Mr. Prier and Elsie Barron's friend followed in silence. Mr. Prier had politely offered his arm; the lady had declined it with a gesture. After which the two walked well apart. Just at the church-door the lady slipped. Prier sprang to her assistance, and her thick vail just escaped his fingers. She recovered her footing without aid, however, and Mr. Prier pushed back into his pocket the casket which had almost slipped out. It came very near going down under-foot.

It isn't expedient, just at present, to explain how near these two inconsiderate characters of mine, with careless footsteps and insecurely kept packages, came to spoiling my story. Which, with the heroine and—and another prominent character—about to unite their futures in marriage, would have been, from a historian's point of view, utterly without excuse.

Elsie Barron and her father went forward to the altar. Gilbert Senn was already waiting there. J. B. Prier took a seat in one of the front pews. The lady took a seat across the aisle from him. She seemed strangely hysterical; her frame shook with suppressed emotion during the whole time which she sat there. Indeed, out of all those present, Gilbert Senn and Elsie were the two calmest and most self-controlled.

Rev. John Kane began the marriage service, the beautiful service of the Episcopal Church. I hope for the sake of Rev. John Kane that he did not even dimly guess how much of a mockery it was.

"If any man can show just cause why they may not lawfully be joined together, let him now speak, or else hereafter for ever hold his peace."

The clergyman made a longer pause than he had ever made before at that place. But no one spoke.

Gilbert Senn bowed his head a little lower than he had held it before. Elsie Barron, soon to be Elsie Barron no more for ever, could be heard weeping softly behind her thick, black vail, as the gale outside half ceased—as though the very elements were listening for a righteous interruption. Elsie's father grew paler, if possible, but what could he say more than he had said already? Elsie's friend sat listening expectantly, but she said nothing; what was there for her to say at a time like this? Mr. Prier said nothing; he was like the rest in that. But, if he had only spoken his thoughts aloud, I think the Rev. John Kane would have sent Elsie Barron home, Elsie Barron still. These were the unvoiced thoughts which stood just behind his firm lips, waiting for the tongue which made no sign: "Or else hereafter for ever hold his peace!" Should I speak? I am going to betray this man to the authorities, not for a paltry robbery, but for an atrocious and pitiless murder. Little by little, link by link, I am going to weave the chains of proof about him. I shall convict him. I shall use money and influence at the beginning of every road which might lead to freedom for him; I shall watch at every door where he might find pity and mercy; I shall be sleepless and tireless; I shall merit success, merit it through courage and energy, and I shall win it. And so, one day, this man will look up into the blue sky through a closely fitting noose—look up for the last time; they will draw the black cap down over his eyes; and then—and then——"

The clergyman was speaking again. Mr. Prier would not have put his words into audible language, but if he had intended, for a moment, to do that, it was now too late.

"Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife, to live together after God's ordinance in the holy estate of matrimony? Wilt thou love her, comfort her, honor, and keep her in sickness and in health; and, forsaking all others, keep thee only unto her, so long as ye both shall live?"

Elsie Barron raised her vail with a sudden motion which was full of grace and dignity. Pale and tearful, she had never been so lovely in all her life before. It may be possible that she had had a half-formed hope that the sight of her suffering face would move Gilbert Senn to pity, and so save her. If she had such a hope, if she had cherished such a dream, she lost. Senn drew back; the agony in his face deepened in intensity; the tears stood in his eyes. Why? Can you not make a reasonable guess at the reason? She was a beautiful woman—a radiantly beautiful woman—standing there in the lamplight, a sort of comb, ending in an old-fashioned cross, set with pearls, looking as though it might have been an heirloom in the family for generations, thrust carelessly into her hair, her only ornament.

"I will," said Gilbert Senn, his voice hoarse and harsh. And, if there was any mental reservation in his marriage with this woman, let us not now inquire too closely.

The ceremony was soon over. J. B. Prier signed his name in the register as a witness, and hurried out upon the stone steps; the church seemed so close and hot that he was almost stifled; he almost wished he had spoken. "I'll be blamed if I don't hang somebody!" he muttered.

The other witness, Elsie's companion and friend, was more leisurely than the detective had been. Indeed she had scarcely got her glove off by the time Mr. Prier was outside in the wind and storm. She signed with care. "Lurline Bannottie" looked very well, indeed, when she was done, though the cross to the *t's* and the dots for the *i's* were made a little spitefully, not to say viciously. "It's just as well——," she said, thoughtfully to herself, but was thoughtless enough (if I've used the right word) to leave her self-addressed statement unfinished.

"You will take me home—that is, to my father's home—I presume, Mr. Senn, until you have—have—have completed the necessary business with my father?" asked Elsie.

"Certainly," answered Senn.

They waited a little for the carriages, some of them standing just without, and others just within, the church.

It was a strange group.

Prier stood just outside, vigorously chewing a cigar which he had forgotten to light. Senn had moved close up to him, as though there was something of safety there, and more comfort in that silent companionship than could be found elsewhere.

Donald Barron and his daughter stood inside, the old man leaning heavily and feebly upon her. They seemed to have forgotten the presence of any others.

The clergyman, not far away, tried to think of something appropriate to say to Miss Bannottie. He had the reputation of being a gifted conversationalist. I believe some one classes silence as a strong feature in the character of a man who would rank as a great converser; if that be correct, the fame which the Rev. John Kane enjoyed was undoubtedly his due; he could think of nothing appropriate to say; he said nothing.

The Rev. John Kane, however, was emphatically a man who must talk—a typical American, if you please. If Miss Bannottie's presence could not be an inspiration to him, some one else's must. He came out to where the detective stood, and being, like Miss Bannottie, among those who had not met the acute individual that day through the regular channel of an introduction, he introduced himself, and attempted to lay the kindly foundation of a pleasant chat.

"My name is Kane, John Kane," he said, extending his hand.

"Mine's Prier," said that gentleman.

"Glad to know you. An old friend of the family, I presume?"

"Old, and a friend of the family," said Prier, a little ambiguously. He looked old at that moment—very old, much older than he had looked before since his arrival in Boomville; whether he looked like a friend of the family is, perhaps, an open question.

"You are from——"

"Boston," snapped Prier.

"Indeed. To what church do you belong?"

"None."

"No?"

"No. You see I have not found it possible to believe in all that you clergymen accept."

"No?"

"No. I believe fully in one thing, though."

"And that is——"

The detective turned sharply toward the waiting group. He tossed his cigar away with a sullen movement.

"*Eternal punishment!*" he said.

At which Miss Lurline Bannottie, the long-time friend and companion of the newly wedded Mrs. Gilbert Senn, took it upon herself to weep once more.

And just then the carriages drove up again through the blinding storm.

Gilbert Senn gravely assisted his bride to a place in one of the carriages. Hesitating a moment before taking his place beside her, Miss Bannottie pushed herself by him into the carriage, and the newly made husband found himself shut in with two women as the driver touched his horses with the whip and drove rapidly away.

Donald Barron and the detective followed in the other carriage, while Rev. John Kane faced the storm on foot.

The first carriage covered the distance between the church and Donald Barron's residence in much less time than the other did. Miss Bannottie was out first, out almost before the carriage had stopped, and running up the steps, she entered the house without a word.

Gilbert Senn helped his wife from the carriage. He walked up the steps with her.

"Go in," he said, sternly, "and try to be happy. So far as you and your home are concerned, your life is to be as though I had never been. While you live here I shall simply be *the man outside!*"

"I do not understand——" she began.

He made a gesture of impatience.

"Don't," he said; "let us not waste words. I hope I may never look upon your face or hear your voice again."

"Thank you," she murmured, holding out her hand.

He affected not to see it. He opened the outside door. He pushed her gently into the hall. He drew the door shut, and ran down the steps to meet Barron and Prier, who were just alighting from their carriage.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "I am ready to get the money."

The three men went together, buffeted by the wind, stung by the sleet and cold, and thoroughly powdered with snow. They passed in at a gate, at no very great distance from the house, leading to the grounds of Barron's residence. They walked back, away from the street, away from and out of sight of the house, until Senn stopped in the midst of a small clump of trees.

"There," he cried, pointing toward a place where it was evident, despite the already deep snow, that the ground had recently been disturbed, "there is where I buried the stuff at first."

"Rather a cool proceeding, to bury a man's money on his own premises, wasn't it?" asked the detective.

"Perhaps so," said Senn, with a rather unsatisfactory attempt at a laugh; "but I dare say I've impressed you as being rather given to cool proceedings, haven't I?"

"Yes, you have," replied Prier.

Senn then retraced his steps. He led his two companions back toward the street, back into plain view of the house, back to the gate. He stooped down near the gatepost, turned a stone from the place where it had lain, and took the tin box from its place beneath the stone.

"Any one might have found that there," said Prier.

"Exactly; and consequently no one would look there," retorted Senn.

Mr. Barron took the box. The three men went together to the bank. Senn took his key to the outside door from his pocket; he handed it to Mr. Barron.

"Please keep it until to-morrow," he said; "keep it until I am your partner."

Mr. Barron opened the door with Senn's key. They all went in.

"Please count the money and see that it is all right," requested Senn.

Mr. Barron opened the tin box. Several minutes of silence ensued. After that:

"It is all correct," he said.

"And now," said Senn, "will you carefully lock it up in your safe, first changing the combination by which it can be opened, and not letting any one except your daughter know how to get in until to-morrow?"

Mr. Barron attended to the safe while Senn and Prier smoked, the former thoughtfully and meditatively, the latter watchfully and doubtfully.

"I am done," said Mr. Barron, at last, closing the door of his safe with a clang, "and I suppose there is nothing more that we can do to-night."

"Nothing, I think," said Senn, rising and going over to the window. "The storm is almost over. It will be a better day to-morrow."

"'A better day—a better day," said Prier to himself, the grim smile in its place upon his face again, and his hand busy with the mysterious parcel which has claimed so much of his attention since we have had the honor of his acquaintance. "We shall see what sort of a day it will be; we shall see. "I'll be——"

And he ceased muttering, and gave himself up to his thoughts again.

"A better day!" moaned Donald Barron; "a better day! God grant I may never know the misery of a worse one!" He moved across the room, stood close by the side of Gilbert Senn, and laid his hand upon the young man's shoulder. "You've done a mean and cowardly and treacherous thing," he said, "as well as a desperately wicked one. I was your friend, Gilbert Senn, when you needed a friend, and when besides myself you had only one other in all the world. My daughter was the promised wife of that other friend, and you were the most trusted man in my employ; that was only two days ago. What now? You robbed me. Robbery was ruin to me. No one knew that better than you did, and no one knew better than you how hard a bargain it was wise to try to drive. You boasted of your crime. You demanded a terrible price for restitution, a price which was paid only against my earnest protest, and——"

"I kept my word, did I not?" demanded Senn, raising his head, and turning until he could look Mr. Barron in the eye.

"You did, and I shall keep mine. To-morrow I shall make you my partner."

"To-morrow—to-morrow," with a shade of disappointment in his voice, and letting his head fall forward upon his breast again; "to-morrow is a long way ahead"—speaking reflectively—"a long way into the future."

"It shall be done to-morrow," asserted Barron again; "and now tell me this: Where shall you take your——your—my daughter? Will you be kind and good to her? Will you try to make me and her forget the cruel way in which you won her? If you will, if you only will, I will bless——"

Senn put up his hand as though to ward off a blow.

"Don't. I bade her farewell for ever to-night; I hope I shall never see her again. Be assured that I shall not cross her path unless she crosses mine."

"But what—what—why have you done as you have? I do not understand."

"No matter," turning sharply, and shaking Barron's hand impatiently from his shoulder; "since you have your money and your daughter back, what are my reasons to you? Call it a sudden temptation; call it cowardice; call it remorse; call it what you please. Call it anything—anything——"

"Except the truth," interrupted Mr. Prier.

They put out the lights. They left the bank. The three men all went by way of Senn's boarding-place. The sky was clear now, but the wind was high and the night was bitter cold. There was little conversation. Circumstance or Fate or Providence has seldom thrown three more strangely assorted men together.

They paused at Senn's boarding-place. The cold was keener and sharper. There was no reason why there should be time wasted in leave-taking. But Mr. Barron lingered.

"Gilbert Senn," he said, "I wish I understood all this. I trusted you fully. Then I distrusted you utterly. And now, you put out of your hands some of the powers you have won; you sell your manhood and your honor—your very soul even—for certain advantages, and then you neglect using those advantages. I do not understand, and——"

Senn looked up toward the stars, shining so clearly in the upper blue, now that the storm had drifted away.

"And I pray God you never may," he said, with solemn emphasis.

The great detective turned away his head. It may be that he had never been connected with such a case before. It may be that the man whose long career had known but one professional failure saw in his future the possibility of another one.

No matter.

He only shut his teeth a little tighter together and informed himself of a fact which should have been sufficiently familiar by that time, the fact which related to the blame which would inevitably fall upon him if he failed in his efforts to see that some guilty wretch was duly and regularly hanged!

CHAPTER VI.

TO ANOTHER DAY.

"It will be a better day to-morrow"; Senn had said that. It was no new thing to say. Humanity has been saying it for these thousands of years—that and that other thing which Senn said—"To-morrow is a long way ahead; a long, long way into the future." Humanity will have it for its lot to say these hopeful and unhappy things for thousands of years yet; by the bed of sickness, by the open grave, by the routes where armies have tramped and burned and plundered, by the loved ones who have gone wrong, in sight of the evil which has prospered, by throne and in hovel, in palace and in prison, on the victor's car of triumph and at the gallows and guillotine—everywhere and at all times the shadow has fallen and will ever fall. Thank God for the faith that can bear and believe, though "to-morrow *is* a long, long way into the future"; thank God that "*it will be a better day*," in some coming to-morrow.

Gilbert Senn went directly to his room. That was a remarkable thing for a man to do who had found it a pleasant thing to rob his benefactor, betray his best friend, wreck a woman's life, and—puzzle the best detective Boston boasted. It would have seemed quite the proper thing for a man in the habit of stealing money by the hundreds of thousands of dollars at a time to have

put on some sort of disguise, and have taken a look about town to see what portable property might not be properly protected.

Gilbert Senn did nothing of the sort. He went at once to his room. He retired at once. He went promptly to sleep.

Why?

How can I tell? The money was back in Donald Barron's safe; nothing could alter that fact. Donald Barron's daughter was his wife; no doubt could exist regarding that. There was an array of facts that the world would know to-morrow. They were definite and unmistakable; they were rather to his advantage than otherwise. The facts which were to his disadvantage seemed certain to go no further than Donald Barron, J. B. Prier and Mrs. Gilbert Senn. Authorities tell us that the condemned prisoner sleeps better than the accused who is on trial; it is possible that the man who is to hang to-morrow would sleep soundly to-night if he were only certain there would be neither pardon nor commutation nor reprieve to come between him and a sounder sleep to-morrow night; how can I tell?

Gilbert Senn slept soundly. He slept almost dreamlessly. He slept until the day had fully come. And if he moaned once or twice, if there were signs sometimes of brief dreams stirring about his head and through his sleeping senses, was it not true that he was not yet the partner of Donald Barron? Had he not spoken correctly of to-morrow?

* * * * * *

Mrs. Gilbert Senn slept well that night, too. Gilbert Senn's wife beyond any question; her education and religious belief such that divorce was an unthinkable thing to her; her father saved; her personal freedom for the future assured. There was, perhaps, no reason—if we accept the theory that certainty brings calm and repose—why she should be wakeful or dream-haunted.

It is true that she crept to the door of her father's chamber, crept timidly and noiselessly, and knocked softly there, when she was about to seek her rest. No matter that girlhood had gone; no matter that youth had flown; no matter that *young* womanhood was of her past, every night since she could remember she had kissed her father's lips before she went to her rest, except when absent from home without him; why should this night, the first night of her unloved and unlovely wifehood, be an exception? We feel kindest and tenderest toward those for whom we have done most. She, having given herself, a living sacrifice, for her father, loved him better than she had ever done before in all her life.

So she went to his room. So she knocked. So she tried the door. So, finding the door unlocked, she entered. But he had not yet returned. She went away, never loving him better than now, but without the benediction of his good-night kiss upon her lips.

She meant to remain awake; she was fully determined that she would; she *must* see her father before she slept, so she said to herself; but she was sleeping soundly when the old banker crept softly to her door, some hours later, and listened.

Let her sleep, wife but no wife; the heroine and the victim of devoted self-sacrifice; let her sleep, for she will need strength and vigor to face her future. Her better to-morrow, coming, God grant, lies beyond many sunrises of hope—noontimes of weariness—sunsets of despair.

* * * * * *

It was late, of course, when Mr. Barron and Mr. Prier returned from the bank. The former went in at once. He was in a great hurry. He was very anxious to see his daughter. He felt that he should rest easier after he had told her the story of the evening's work, and placed her in possession of the means of opening the bank-safe. But, as has been said, she had long been sleeping when he came in, and he could not find it in his heart to wake her to the realities of her situation and her sorrow. Mr. Prier did not go in.

"I can ring the bell when I am ready," he said, as he shook hands with Mr. Barron at the foot of the steps, "and a servant can let me in. I want to think a little, and smoke a little, and I find I can do either better when I am on my feet than when I am sitting down; I find I can do either better when I am outdoors than when I am in the house. And"—here Mr. Barron closed the front door from within—"and I guess I'll *watch* a little, too."

He drew the collar of his overcoat up high about his ears. He pulled his hat down low. He thrust his gloved hands deep down into the outer pockets of his overcoat, and commenced his weary vigil.

To walk—to watch—to wait; to wait—to walk—to watch. That was what the steady tramp of his feet seemed to say to his heart and brain as he moved up and down—up and down—up and down—in front of the house of Donald Barron, and in front of the grounds belonging to it.

"To walk—to watch—to wait!"

Why?

J. B. Prier, Esq., the great detective, couldn't have told you himself; he didn't know. He only knew that he felt like doing that, and J. B. Prier was a man who was in the habit of letting his impulses help him. In fact, there were certain principles regarding his business which he always followed, but never talked about. "Follow your instincts, when in doubt," and "Let your reason explain later, if it needs more time," were two of them. We may call Mr. Prier wise or unwise, and his principles sound or faulty, according to the clearness with which we understand and appreciate the delicacy of the connection between body and mind and the mysterious mutual influences of minds upon each other.

Mr. Prier felt like walking and watching. He did it. Any one, of course, could have done the same. But most men would have gone in and gone to bed.

Why didn't Prier go and walk near the bank? I don't know. Prier didn't know. Reason told him that there wouldn't be any necessity for his walking there and watching there; but reason told him he was a fool for staying out such a terribly cold night at all. Impulse led him toward the bank; impulse led him toward Gilbert Senn's lodgings; impulse invited him to remain near the Barron residence. Among such a variety of conflicting impressions it was surely a delicately adjusted mind which appreciated fully their relative power and value, and a giant will which held him to what he did.

The air grew colder and colder. The wind became stronger and fiercer. The snow was swept in eddying whirls about his feet, or hurled into his cold face. But he walked up and down all night long, forgetting that he needed sleep, forgetting weariness and cold, forgetting everything except the one event in the past which had baffled his skill—the puzzle of the present—and his faith and resolution for the future.

How bright the stars were. How fast the world dipped its ever-falling horizon toward the east; how fast new stars sprang up there, like white knots of storm-tossed foam on the sea-beach. And, one by one, constellation after constellation, they fell away from his watchful eyes,

going—going—going, going to bless other nations and other peoples, falling into night beyond the rising rim of the line which bounded Boomville's world.

Did Prier learn anything? Tell me whether you ever came to a new day knowing only what you knew the day before, and I will tell you.

Did he gain anything? Tell me how much the tree which shades your door grew last night, and I will answer.

Was his instinct or impulse or impression right? Is the instinct of the plant which forces its black toes deeper into the soil, and stretches its green fingers higher and higher toward heaven, right? Tell me, and I, in turn, will tell you.

Truth to tell, he saw nothing, heard nothing, found nothing. Not a dog barked. Not a belated outcast cat skulked along in shadow of fence or shrub-row. Not a window was raised in the Barron mansion. Not an outer door opened nor closed. No one went in. No one came out.

The stars grew dim. They faded out. The tardy sun rose reluctantly in the frigid air. It was morning. It was a new day. A better one? Who can say?

"My vigil has amounted to nothing," he said, as he stretched his cold and cramped limbs, and stamped vigorously on the sidewalk in an attempt to get more warmth into his chilled feet.

He looked up. The dim light which had shone in one of the rooms all night long, almost a mockery to him with its hints of warmth and comfort, burned there still.

Had his vigil amounted to nothing? He wondered, vaguely, in whose room that light burned. Did some one keep watch within, as he outside? Who? Why?

In the day when he *knows*, he will not count this night a lost one!

"I dare say," muttered this keen student of human nature, "that Gilbert Senn and Elsie Senn and Donald Barron are all as far removed from my wakeful and restless mood as it is possible for any one to be. To the doubting, sleep is a coquette."

Very likely.

Miss Lurline Bannottie, her knees upon the floor, her elbows upon the sill, her face pressed close to the window that she might peer through the nearly closed blinds, had wakefully watched the great detective all the night.

"How thankful I should be for strength; I can face the exigencies and perplexities of a new day, and feel no ill effects from my loss of sleep and rest. Another, with equal or greater need, but with less physical power, might find nature's demands too strong, and wakeful work impossible." Thus said the wise detective.

And, doubtless, truly.

Her bowed head upon the window-sill, her senses fast locked in slumber, Miss Lurline Bannottie had forgotten in the morning the work and watchfulness of the night.

"To walk—to watch—to—to——" she murmured.

And J. B. Prier came up the steps to the door and rang the bell.

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Did you ever think, reader, of history or of fiction, of the many things to which those who write must put their pens only with reluctance and in sorrow? Is it pleasant for a Frenchman to write of Waterloo? Can a true Englishman write, with a steady hand and a happy heart, the tale of vain watchfulness and weary waiting at Khartoum?

So with me. I think of the events which followed one another, so rapidly and so strangely, in the lives of the man outside—and his friends and foes. While much is bright, some is dark; I would gladly leave out some things which I must tell. I would find pleasure in saying that this and this happy event took place, instead of that and that sad one. But I must be a faithful chronicler; I must tell what happened, and as it happened; not because I love pain much, shall I pain you, but because I love truth fully.

Did Donald Barron sleep?

Let us apply our theory. Ought he to have slept?

His money was recovered; it was safe; his name would be untarnished; his honor was secure.

But his daughter—she was the unloved and unloving wife of an adventurer, the wife of a man so bad that his soul had never shown its blackness until he had, as it were, boastfully bared his breast and opened his very heart, crying: "Look; I have deceived you all; behold the manner of man I am; hate me and despise me, if you wish, but dare not to refuse me aught."

Gilbert Senn had told him that he had no wish to ever see Elsie again. But Gilbert Senn had been the very soul of honor, exact to a penny, scrupulous and careful and painstaking. And Gilbert Senn had outdone infamy at last. Might he not again? Elsie was his wife. He had power to put a continent—an ocean—half the world, between her and the loving father, for whom she had done so much; the law was on his side; the power was his.

And, on the other hand, he had said he would not do it; he, the man whose life for ten long years must have been one long, living lie.

To-morrow he must face him. To-morrow he must see him hand out the contents of that once stolen tin box in payment of the obligations which would come from the hands of frightened creditors and depositors. To-morrow he must watch the careful accuracy with which every item would be entered upon the books, watch the matter-of-fact *sang froid* of audacious hypocrisy—until he would almost go mad.

To-morrow he must make the articles of agreement regarding a partnership with Gilbert Senn, make them in the presence of witnesses, make them with a smile upon his face, and with friendship in his tone.

To-morrow—to-morrow.

Who had said it would be a better day to-morrow?

It could not possibly be true.

To-morrow he must face the world as well as Gilbert Senn; he must see men hurry in for their money, looks of suspicion on their faces for him; he must listen to congratulations on the marriage of his daughter; he must hear men ask wonderingly of one another whether it was possible that Senn had money with which to help the bank through its great crisis.

Sleep?

Donald Barron sleep?

When he has worn himself out; when he can live no longer without slumber; when he must lose the consciousness of his woes and doubts, for a little time, or go mad; then he *may* sleep. Until then—

Ask me whether lost souls, with the shadow of eternity lying dark about them, can sleep! Sleep in the fires of hell!

The hours of torture which Donald Barron passed! Who can count their miseries and their doubts? Now leaving his bed, to stumble across the room in the icy darkness, that he may look up at the stars, beyond which is God and His peace, and wonderingly down at the endless and tireless walk of the great detective—the detective who has so great a reputation, but whose very

BLOSSOM-TIME.—SKETCH BY W. BERNATZIK.

presence has seemed to be a bane and a curse to him and his house. Now going out from his room, scantily clad, to listen again and again at the door of his beloved Elsie, that he may know whether her breathing is perfectly regular, and unbroken by sobs and moans. Now back to his bed again, to wrestle anew with the questions he cannot answer, and the feelings which he can neither conquer nor control.

Thus lived Donald Barron for long hours; thus he fought this battle which he had found in his journey along the road of life; thus he toiled and struggled with himself until he was weary and worn with the agony of it all.

And then—

Slowly he sank away into slumber.

Slowly the dreams came about him from their mystic homes in his mind.

(Pardon me, reader, and let me tell this as I must—as it happened. We shall find little of dreams after this night has gone.)

It seemed to Donald Barron that he was very sick; he could hear some one tramping up and down outside the room—or outside the house—some one who was undoubtedly watching with him, or for his death. He tried to call for his daughter; she was too far away; his voice faded into silence half way down the cold, dark hall, at the end of which it seemed to him she was sleeping. Then the dream changed; he had died; he was in his coffin, not in a trance, not with resuscitation possible and further life a hope, but dead—dead—undeniably dead — though in some strange way he was conscious of death all the time, conscious of his own state. They lowered him into his grave; how dark — how terribly dark—it was, and how cold! Tears fell upon his coffin-lid. There was the sound of weeping above him. Some loving fingers let a handful of dust scatter slowly through the dark air above to fall softly on the glass above his face. It needed not sight to tell him who thus cared for the dead; the tears came from Elsie's eyes—the "dust to dust" from her frail, loving fingers. Then something else fell upon his coffin, something not warm and moist like a daughter's tears, something not drifting dryly like love's gift of the dust of oblivion; something which fell slowly, and with a crisp rustle, a little at first—then more, and more, and more, until the air was full of the noise of its fall! Money! Money! Bank bills! Money by the handful, falling from the hands of Gilbert Senn! Stolen money! His money! Money which alone stood between his daughter and starvation! Would they not see it? It could do him no good in his grave. Would they let it be wasted? Was it so dark as that! Alas, yes! They piled the soil in above him, above him and his money, and he was dead, and could not say a word, and—

Donald Barron awoke.

Do you remember what happened to him, only two nights ago, when his bank was robbed? It was a terrible experience through which he passed then. It was as nothing to that which he was called upon to endure now.

More than twenty years before, a very excellent physician had talked very frankly to Mr. Donald Barron. He had told him some very plain facts about a weak and diseased heart and a faulty circulation; he had told him what he might and what he might not do, with safety, at his business and at his table. It was not pleasant, old though he was, to wake there with the blood stagnating in vein and artery, with the memory of that well-meant warning vividly present with him, while he could but admit that day by day, for years and years, he had practically forgotten it. The closing words of the long, and perhaps somewhat dry and prosy, talk the doctor had given him, seemed sounding in his ears: "Avoid all excitement, anger, passion; unless you are temperate and wise you will be found dead in your bed some morning."

"Do you know what it is to stand face to face with death? Has fire or water or railway wreck or tempest ever shut you away, for a little time, from hope? If experience can help you, you may understand how Donald Barron felt when he awoke in the gathering brightness of the early morning of the new day; if experience of that sort has happily passed you by, I fear you must go with this narrative without fully comprehending Donald Barron's feelings and thoughts.

He had feared death, two mornings ago, when he had found his powers chained down against the sovereignty of his will for a little time. Now he knew that death was certain. In the same way have countless others feared in folly until certainty was a revelation.

It was very hard to die so. But, then, death is always hard when it comes to the man whose mind has not gone down into the darkness in advance of the mere physical. And, hard or not, it is inevitable.

His hearing was wonderfully acute. His daughter's breathing, slow and regular, and as peaceful as when she was an infant, fell upon his ear. So near, and yet so far. How he loved her. How well he had tried to care for her. How bravely and unselfishly she had done for him all that it had been possible for her to do. If she could only come to him now; if she could only raise him up in her strong arms; if she could rub his cold limbs; if she could only dash cold water upon his face and chest; but no—she slumbered on—and *he was dying!*

Outside, the great detective walked up and down. Watching? Watching! But death enters silently and unseen. Waiting? Waiting! It will be strange news he will hear in the morning. He has taken a great interest in this case, a phenomenal interest; if he would only take it into his queer old head to run up to his employer's room to tell him the result of his night of thought and study; but no—he still tramped on with the same sad monotony which had sounded in his steps all night—beating the same message, with heel and toe, "to walk—to watch—to wait; to wait—to watch," *and Donald Barron was dying!*

He could not move. He could not speak. Kiss and blessing—Elsie must live without them. And the secret of the combination of the safe in his bank—it must die with him. The stars, growing dim now, shone in at his window, and lit up a very pale face where very dim eyes looked motionlessly at the ceiling—and at the future.

His hands and feet were like lead. The circulation was failing him. His lungs struggled vainly; they were locked fast against the life-giving air. His heart beat no longer. His brain was going—going.

How he struggled. It was useless. What were the words they would say over him, one day not far away? They came to him, slowly and laggingly, it seemed, for he could not think now as he could once—not as he could when he awoke in despair that Gilbert Senn should put his money into his grave with him—and the words of hope for the dead made his prayer for the dying: "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live——"

And what was that? Who stood by his bed? Was it a phantom of a dying brain, or the first clear sight of a freed soul?

His daughter had not come. The great detective had

not guessed his need. No door had opened. Did his wife—the dear woman he had followed to her last resting-place under the sun-kissed flowers, long years ago—did she stand by his bedside now? I do not know. Until you lie where he did, you cannot.

Did his hand move?

No. It was only a lost breeze of the wintry morning, stirring the snowy sheet on which his whiter fingers lay.

Elsie Senn has given herself for a father's honor!

What has she gained?

God knows!

The future will show!

As for Donald Barron, starlight and sunshine are alike to him. It may be night—or it may be morning; he cannot know. To watch—to wait—no more for ever!

In another world than this, *he has his better day!*

CHAPTER VII.

THROUGH DAY TO NIGHT AGAIN.

STRANGE things happen in this world. Some cynical philosopher has said that that is because there are women in it. I think him a pessimist, and his words quite unworthy of attention in an age in which optimism has done everything, while pessimism has dolefully growled about it all.

Still, strange things *do* happen. Strange things took place on the eighth day of November, eighteen hundred and seventy, and the cause was feminine, no less a woman than Mrs. Gilbert Senn, *née* Elsie Barron, being responsible for some remarkable complications, some very remarkable complications—unless, indeed, a careful examination of the whole matter would enable one to place some of the responsibility on the shoulders of Miss Lurline Bannottie.

The first strange event of that day which I have to record is an early morning call made by Mr. Prier upon Mr. Senn. A call upon him might not have been a very remarkable thing, when one consider's Prier's profession and Senn's recent past; a friendly call—even a call with friendliness as a pretense—was somewhat strange—was more than merely strange—was astounding.

Senn, used to banking hours, and unlikely to be in a hurry to face the sort of day he had every reason to expect, was not yet dressed when Prier's name was brought up to him. He was nearly ready for the work of the day, however, and not willing to delay whatever business Prier might have on hand; he accordingly directed the boy to show him up at once. A shadow crossed his face when the boy had gone and left him alone; the thought that the detective might have his arrest on hand for his morning business came to him, and it was not a pleasant one.

Suppose a man has sold honor and integrity—suppose the case—for a definite price, should one wonder at a shadow on his face if payment failed in some particular?

At tap at the door.

"Come in."

The door opened.

"Good-morning, Senn," said Prier.

His tone was cordial, conciliatory, reassuring.

"Good-morning, Mr. Prier."

"I've got bad news, Senn."

"Yes; what is it?"

"Donald Barron is dead."

"Donald Barron dead? Where? When? How?"

The color was falling away from Gilbert Senn's face, as you may have seen the bright hue of some chemical solution change and fade under the influence of some other chemical which was being poured down through it. The news of Donald Barron's death was falling heavily into and through Gilbert Senn's hopes and plans and purposes, robbing life of much which it had held, robbing it of more than he himself quite understood as yet—of more than any other must be allowed to even guess. No wonder the color in his face faded—faded—faded!

"He was found dead in his bed this morning."

"Dead—in—his—bed? Merciful God! Murdered?"

The detective watched Senn narrowly. The color was all gone from the cashier's face now, leaving it like ashes. Prier did not answer immediately. When he did he said, quietly:

"The doctor calls it heart-disease, I believe."

"Ah?"

Only one word, half exclamation and half question, and the color coming back into the speaker's face.

"But doctors are mistaken, sometimes," said Prier, and watched grimly to see how white Senn became again.

"You were in the house last night?" asked Senn.

"No."

"Indeed? I did not know you had been at the hotel at all. You are done with Mr. Bar—that is, done with the case, I presume?"

"With the bank-robbery; yes."

"I meant that."

"But you know that crime is a strange thing; that is, perhaps you know it."

Prier paused. Senn flushed hotly under the cruel thrust, but made no answer.

Prier continued:

"Crime *is* a strange thing; discover one guilty one, and you often find a clew which helps to bring others to justice; like virtuous actions, which repeat themselves in a thousand forms, so crime moves in circles. I have found one point in a circle; I shall follow the long curved line until it brings me back, again, to the robbery of Donald Barron's bank in the little City of Boomville. Do you wonder at that?"

He looked squarely into Gilbert Senn's eyes. Gilbert Senn looked squarely back at him.

"I do not wonder at that," the cashier replied, "nor do I blame you. Conviction is often injustice, and punishment often outrage. But your intent is natural. I think it commendable."

"Thank you," said the detective, dryly.

Senn flushed again. Possibly he had forgotten for a minute that he had made his confession in Prier's presence. He was very anxious to learn more regarding Mr. Barron's death, and Prier had deliberately led the conversation away. Senn asked himself if Prier had some hidden purpose in doing as he had done; he resolved to push his questions, if he must, until he knew all that could be known.

"Who brought word to you at the hotel?" he asked; "and when?"

The detective moved a little uneasily in his chair. An honest man, even a man whose profession is the conservation of integrity and the detection and punishment of wrong, may find it hard to explain an act which has no better reason than "impulse" or "instinct."

"I was not at the hotel; I was on the street last night," said Prier.

"Watching?"

"Watching—waiting—walking."

"You think, then, that lightning does sometimes strike twice in the same place?"

"I don't know what to think," muttered Prier, springing up and taking a nervous turn up and down the room before seating himself.

"I suppose my—my—that is, Mr. Barron's daughter, sent for you?"

"Well, no. In fact, when I went there she would not allow me to be admitted. My luggage was sent to the hotel. I could not so much as get a glimpse beyond the door."

It was Senn's turn to take a nervous walk over the length of his small apartment. He took it.

"This is strange," he said.

"Inexplicable."

"Unexpected."

"Unprecedented."

"And what is the reason? Why did she do it?"

"Because she's a fool! Because she's always had her own way! Because she has been spoiled and petted into the notion that she's a hercine! I had to have an interview with her; there was no other way; there was as much likelihood of her having robbed the bank, considering the case abstractly and from a stranger's standpoint, as there was of—of—*of your owning to having done it!* My half suspicion angered her; she declared she would be my active and relentless enemy, and——"

"I pity you!" cried Senn.

"What?" demanded Prier, in astonishment

"Nothing. Forget that I spoke. I meant nothing. But, seriously, you have led me away from the one thing which more than another interests me just now. Will you tell me all you know of Donald Barron's death?"

"Willingly and promptly. I was on the street last night, and all night, as I have said. It isn't necessary for me to say why I found the street pleasanter than a bed would be; a detective isn't a mere machine; a detective may have notions and fancies, as well as another man; it is enough that I was there. Early this morning I went up to the door; the house was still as death—still as the grave. I listened. There was no one stirring within. I rang the bell. There was no answer. I waited long—waited longer than I should have done when I was young, in the years before experience had taught me patience. I rang again. There was no sound of moving footsteps below-stairs; no sound from the laggard feet of the lazy servants; but I heard footsteps—light and soft, a woman's beyond doubt—run along an upper hall. I heard a door open, slowly—cautiously—almost noiselessly—*listeningly*, if you can understand the sense in which I use the word. You may have noticed, possibly, that inanimate objects, moved by human hands, give out sounds that are a true exponent of the feelings of those who move them."

Prier stopped short.

The two men looked into each other's eyes.

Senn said nothing.

"Have you ever noticed that fact?" persisted Prier.

"No—possibly—I may have—I don't know," said Senn; "please go on with your account."

"I will. The statement I made is a true one, though. I would as soon lie in an adjoining room and *listen* to a suspected man, as to watch him. *The man outside* has advantages——"

"For God's sake go on with your story," cried Senn, his face very white again; "I must know all the particulars, and soon. Unless *you* tell me I must find some one who can and will."

Prier laughed.

"And I have been called the talkative detective," he said.

Senn was becoming terribly impatient.

"You may be a talkative *detective*," he replied, "but you're a very unsatisfactory sort of *man;* you say much but tell little——"

"Exactly—exactly——"

"And you know I am anxious to know all."

"And you shall! I spoke of the opened door. There was a pause. Then the door shut with a slam—a harsh, horrible, despairing bang. And then—

Senn leaned forward, eagerly.

"And then?" he whispered.

"And then a shriek rang through the house which I pray I may never hear the like of again. Can you imagine love and sorrow and despair and——"

"Who shrieked? Whose voice was it?"

"His daughter's; your wife's."

Senn turned away his head—undoubtedly to hide something in his face.

"I—I—I think my imagination may be less vivid than yours is. I cannot imagine the shriek that you heard."

"You should have heard it."

"I—I would have given my life to have listened," said Senn, under his breath.

"I rang again," continued Prier, "but no one seemed to hear me. The house was instantly full of tumult. Doors opened everywhere within. There were excited questions, and incoherent answers. There were hurried footsteps along the hallways and on the stairs. I tried the door, now; it was locked. I put my shoulder against it; it was too strong for my effort. Then I heard Mrs. Senn speak; she was giving an order to a servant; her voice was repressed and full of pain; standing outside, while she was within and at the head of the stairs, I could gather no more of what she said than that she was sending for a physician; the servant started down the stairs; she called him back; there was a new tone in her voice. What can kill a woman's unreasoning anger? Surely not death! Certainly not loss. I heard the order she gave then: 'Mr. Prier is not to pass the threshold of this house on any pretense. Have his luggage sent to the hotel!'"

"And you—you gave up your rights in that way?"

"I had no rights. The case was done; the offender had confessed; my employer had pardoned; the money had been restored; I had no rights. So far as the bank-robbery was concerned——"

"Why do you keep saying that?" interrupted Senn; "your words are a puzzle; you are an enigma."

"Thank you. I read, but am never read; I talk to learn, never to tell; I make friends to help myself, never to help others; I am frank, and no one understands me; I study—study—*strike!* I am an enigma. Thank you!"

"But why——"

Prier laughed again.

"Ask me no questions, and I shall not be under the necessity of lying to you," he said.

"But you saw the doctor?"

"Oh, yes; I saw *him.* He said Donald Barron was dead. He said the cause was heart-disease."

"But doctors are mistaken, sometimes," said Senn.

"That remark is not original," replied Prier, gravely; "they are mistaken—*sometimes!*"

There was another tap at Senn's door. The caller was admitted. He proved to be a messenger with a letter for Mr. Senn. Senn read it—twice. Then he handed it across to the detective. Let us read it, too, since his action shows that it is not to be personal and private. It is the second strange thing which I have to record against

this day with which we are dealing—this receipt of a strange letter by Mr. Gilbert Senn.

The letter was as follows:

"BOOMVILLE, MAINE, *November 8th*, 1870.

"MR. GILBERT SENN, DEAR SIR: My father was found dead in his bed this morning. I am almost prostrated with grief. But I know that business must go on to-day, notwithstanding what has happened, or the name of Barron be covered with disgrace. No one knows the condition of the business better than you do; you have been acquainted with its details for many years. It is my wish that you should attend to opening the bank and meeting all demands to-day. What shall come after that, must depend on circumstances; I bind myself to nothing whatever.

"ELSIE BARRON-SENN.

"P. S.—I have forbidden the admission of Prier to the house. If he remains in town I shall make it exceedingly unpleasant for him—if I can. "E. B. S."

"You'll do it?" asked Prier, handing the letter back.

"I suppose I must. It's awkward, though, that the safe cannot be opened at once. The delay of sending for an expert is going to be almost ruinous."

"You look at the ruin of this business in a different way from what you did yesterday?"

"Is that unnatural? I am an owner in it now."

"Are you? Do you suppose Mrs. Senn will give you a half-interest now? Do you suppose you'll be a partner? I'll venture to say you'll be discharged from your position when night comes. I think you are mistaken in some of your estimates of the character of the lady who has become your wife. Among your mistakes is the one of supposing that she'll carry out the bargain her father made with you, or she for him; she made that to save him, and she failed in securing him long life and happiness; she has made the only sacrifice to you she will ever make. Push your claim, and she will fight you to the death. That is the sort of woman Mrs. Elsie Barron-Senn is."

"Her—her father's death is—is—a sort of—of advantage to her, is it?" said Senn.

"It does away with the only reason she ever had to make concessions to you, I think; for I don't believe she would ever have married you merely to save the money. It gives her a new line of battle. It makes your emnity safe."

"You think she will hate me and persecute me, as well as follow you with her hatred and persecution?"

"I do."

"Will she dare?"

"Why not?"

"I—I don't know," faltered Senn.

"No," said Prier, positively, "I think you don't."

Senn held out his hand.

"We are alike in misfortune, then," he said, "and should be friends. You are the only one I can trust."

Prier did not take Senn's hand. He turned away his head to hide the grim smile—that one we have seen so often—which would flash up into his face this time despite his efforts to prevent it. His nervous hand sought his precious pocket again, as it had done so many times before.

"The only one? Are you sure you can trust me?"

"Not sure," said Senn, sadly; "but one must always take risks."

"I'll help you with that safe," said Prier. "I studied the manufacture of locks, once, and I think the two of us can find a way into Donald Barron's safe."

"Thank you. Let us be going."

"And one *must* run risks, as you say."

Mr. Prier let his hands fall, naturally enough, into the pockets of his overcoat. There was a pair of handcuffs in the left hand pocket, a loaded revolver in the right Perhaps detectives are *always* equipped in that way Perhaps *not!*

I think *not!*

* * * * * *

How fast news travels! Especially bad news! And especially in a small town! This morning of which I am telling was a morning long before (as time goes in these modern high-pressure days) the invention of the telephone.

But Boomville's citizens did not need—did not miss—could scarcely have used—that coming invention.

Eight o'clock! "Donald Barron was found dead in his bed this morning!" The milkmen knew it! The butchers knew it! The hired girls knew it! And then, suddenly, every one knew it, and every one was talking of it. Every one was asking questions which no one could possibly answer; but that was of little consequence, since no one waited for an answer. Had he been ill? Was it murder? Would there be an inquest? Were the doctors fully satisfied? Was it heart-disease? And so on—and so on—and so on. Until—

"Did he kill himself?" said some one.

"Could it be poison?" asked another.

"It was suicide!" "I thought so!" "Poison, of course!" became lines in the horrible chorus of suspicion and hate and dread and despair which fell from the lips of the hurrying crowd who dashed away toward the bank where the money of so many of them was on deposit.

Nine o'clock! The bank wasn't open yet. A hungry-eyed and stern-mouthed gathering of men and women and children filled the whole street in front of the building, filling it from sidewalk to sidewalk. The snow under their feet was having its beauty and purity turned into mud and mire, much as the memory of old Donald Barron was suffering in their conversation. Not much was said aloud, but there were murmurs in low tones which had much of eager earnestness in them; curses were coupled with the name of the dead; men looked at the strong front door of the bank, or at the safe seen dimly through the window, and whispered together grimly of force and fire.

Ten o'clock! The restless and reckless murmur had grown into a sullen roar. There were men in the crowd, now, with picks and crowbars; a half-score came up a side street bearing a huge oaken beam; some one started a cheer, and it grew into a wild and frenzied shout. A sudden hush fell upon the multitude. Two men were hurrying toward the bank. The mob fell back to let them pass. They were Senn and Prier.

Some one threw a stone. It passed close to Senn's head. It went straight through the heavy glass of one of the front windows of the bank. There was an angry chorus of loud cries; when men are called upon to face loss through fraud they may become almost beasts. The gathering was scarcely less than an irresponsible, unthinking mob. There was a crush forward toward the building.

Senn turned. He raised his hand. There was silence again.

"You have money in there," he said, quietly; "that is, some of you have. I assure you there is enough and more than enough to meet every demand. Wait—be reasonable—have patience, and you shall have your pay, dollar for dollar. But you must wait. Mr. Barron is dead. The knowledge of the combination which will open the safe died with him. My companion, Mr. Prier, is an expert——"

"Is he a detective?" shouted some one.

"Is he a detective?" howled the rest.

"He is a detective," said Senn, even more quietly than before; "but he is an expert——"

"What's he here for? Was there any money stolen? Did he come to Boomville to find it?" were some of the angry questions which were hurled at him from hot throats.

He waited longer this time—waited until the mob had howled itself hoarse—waited until there was an unbroken silence again—waited until every eye was turned in his direction. Then Senn spoke:

"If you think I am frightened, or to be frightened, you are much mistaken. I forgot fear, years ago. If you will keep silence, I will explain to you; if you persist in your interruptions, I shall go into the bank at once. Let another window break, and some one will be hurt. I have law upon my side, and, if any man comes up these steps with the idea of forcing his way into this building, his relatives will have it to regret and mourn over. Do you understand? Will you keep silence while I speak?"

The answer was sullen and unwilling, but it was "Yes."

"Very well. There was money stolen from the safe. Mr. Barron did send for Mr. Prier to help him recover the money. The money was recovered. Every dollar of it is in the safe. Mr. Prier and myself were present when it was replaced. It was at my suggestion that the combination which opens the lock was changed. Mr. Barron died last night. The doctors say he died of heart-disease. Whether that be true or not, it is certain he did not kill himself. Mr. Prier and myself will go in and try to open the safe; no one must come into the bank until it is open; I have telegraphed for an expert to come; he will not be likely to arrive until to-morrow; when the safe is open, every claim will be promptly met. Now, will you trust me, and do as I wish?"

"Yes," was again the answer, though it was even more sullen and unwilling than before. It is only when men become utterly savage that a half-hundred bodies prove greater than one strong will; the history of the world is the history of the triumph of the man-mental over the man-muscular.

Prier and Senn went in.

"Plucky!" said Prier.

Senn laughed, as he wiped the perspiration from his face.

"I enjoyed it," he said.

"Armed, of course?" asked the detective.

"No," said Senn, gravely; "but no one in the crowd knew it."

Eleven o'clock! Senn and Prier had been trying for almost an hour to open the safe. So far, there had been no success attending their efforts; there was no promise of success, so far as the crowd could see. But all were fairly quiet—tolerably reasonable—for they had something new to talk about. Had Senn married Elsie Barron? Was it true that Rev. John Kane had said so? What was it done for? Had he money? How did he get it? When did he save it? Was it to be used in saving the business? Did he buy a wife with it? Has Aldrich heard of it? What does he say? Every one questioned; who could answer? It seemed that the once Elsie Barron was now Elsie Senn; further than that, all seemed uncertain. But the crowd had found faith, somehow, in finding this information; there was a clear majority, now, who believed Barron's indebtedness would be met.

Twelve o'clock! Walter Aldrich came down the street. The crowd drew back to let him pass. He did not look to either side. No one had ever seen him with a face so white. He had heard the news, doubtless.

He walked straight up the steps. He knocked at the locked bank-door. Senn had seen him coming, and he met him at the door, which he opened promptly.

Aldrich entered. He staggered as he walked. But Senn, steady-limbed and calm, was as pale as was the man who had once been his friend.

Prier, working busily at the safe, paused a moment and looked out at the two men. The next instant he had hurried out to where they were standing, and had forced himself between them. Experience is a great help in reading a man's soul in his face—his passions in his posture.

"There must be no blood shed here, gentlemen," said the great detective.

Senn pushed him roughly aside.

"Let him kill me if he wishes," he said, wearily. "I am willing he should have his desire; I took that risk; I shall neither resist nor run."

Aldrich sank into a chair. The expression of his face changed strangely.

"I—I will not take the guilt of blood upon my soul," he said. "God forgive me if I ever had a thought of that. I—I didn't come for that. I came to ask a question. *Is it true?*"

"Is what true?" asked Senn.

"Is Elsie Barron your wife?"

"She is."

"Why did you marry her?"

"I will not tell."

"I—I——"

Aldrich gasped, springing to his feet, and advancing toward Senn.

But Senn stood still, his arms folded across his chest.

"Kill me, Walter; kill me, and I will bless you with my dying breath. But I will tell you—*nothing!*"

Aldrich paused. The two men faced each other, the eyes of each fastened fascinatedly upon the other's face for several minutes.

Then Aldrich turned, hurried down the steps, and ran up the street without looking back. If blessing comes only to the hearts of those who have never known temptation, then blessing will pass Walter Aldrich by; but when those who have conquered their passions are rewarded, verily he shall find joy.

One o'clock! Two o'clock! Three o'clock! Four!

And still the crowd lingered in the chill of the wintry day; and still Prier and Senn worked at the safe.

Half-past four! Prier rose wearily to his feet from the kneeling posture he had been in. He had conquered at last. He swung the door of the safe open. Patience and skill had conquered the secret. The best of locks could not have baffled him.

"Thank you," said Senn, and, having grown wise from his morning's experience, he did not try to shake hands; "thank you. How shall I ever repay you? It only takes patience and perseverance — only those — to do anything."

Prier put his hand dejectedly to his forehead.

"Does it require no more?" he asked, slowly. "I am not sure. Some live—some win—some have all there is in happiness. And some—— Excuse me, please, and let me go away for something to eat. You will remember that I walked all night, and have had nothing yet of either rest or food to-day."

Prier went away. Senn threw the outer door of the bank wide open. The men with notes and drafts crowded

in. Men and women—and sometimes children—fought and struggled for places in the line.

The bank employés were all near at hand. They took their places. The obligations of Donald Barron began to come in; the money of the dead man began to go out.

It was a strange scene. Telegraph and messenger had spread the news everywhere. No one who had a demand of any sort was absent—if he could possibly be present.

Mr. Senn wrote a brief note to the banker's daughter:

"BOOMVILLE, *November 8th*, 1870, 4:45 P.M.

"MRS. G. SENN: We have the safe open. My idea is to keep the bank open until all demands have been paid. I would advise discounting all claims which are not yet due. Does my plan meet with your approval? "GILBERT SENN."

A still shorter note came in reply:

"BOOMVILLE, *November 8th*.

"MR. SENN: Act as you think for the best interests of the business. "ELSIE B. SENN."

A notice was accordingly written in huge letters on a large sheet of cardboard, and placed in front of a light in the front window:

NOTICE!

ALL DEMANDS NOW DUE WILL BE PAID IN FULL!
ALL CLAIMS MATURING LATER WILL BE
PAID IN FULL WHEN DUE,
OR
DISCOUNTED AT USUAL RATES,
TO-NIGHT!

☞ THE BANK WILL BE OPEN UNTIL MIDNIGHT. ☜

The depositors and other creditors came and went. Men came in with looks of doubt upon their faces. They went away satisfied.

At twelve o'clock Senn closed the bank. There had been no call for money for a half-hour.

Just outside he met Mr. Prier.

"Come to my room at the hotel," said the detective, "and take supper with me. You must be very hungry."

"I am very hungry," said Senn; "but I am very tired, too. Will you please excuse——"

"I can't do it. I did not sleep last night at all; you did—that is, I suppose you did. I am willing to give up another night; you must give up one. I must have a talk with you."

"Very well, I submit. I am too excited to-night to sleep much, and——"

"And the future is very uncertain?"

"Very."

Prier fell a step or two behind his companion for a half-minute, as they walked away in the Winter midnight.

He raised his right hand toward heaven. He was very earnest. His lips moved.

What did he say?

"——— if I don't hang somebody!" were the last words. I regret having to record that the first part of the whispered remark contained a much stronger word than "blamed." *(To be continued.)*

AMOR THE MAGICIAN.

BY B. G. SMITH.

You, I'm sure, have not forgotten,
Spite of time and memory's haze,
How we spent a year in travel—
One swift year of halcyon days.

How we crossed a placid ocean,
Stood on our ancestral land,
Found it full of birds and flowers,
Rambled often hand in hand.

How in Old World ways we wandered—
Ah, you must remember well,
How in sunny France we lingered
By the Rhone and blue Moselle.

How we sought, then, skies Italian,
Walked about imperial Rome,
Strolled beside the yellow Tiber,
Stood beneath St. Peter's dome.

How we turned our faces northward
Toward the German fatherland,
And how never, never tiring,
Still we journeyed, hand in hand.

Journeyed ever, ever northward,
Till we found the midnight sun.
Ah, the flight of time was rapid
Even with two days in one.

If you say those scenes elysian,
Touched by necromantic spell,
Past recall are gone for ever,
All those days remembered well—

Tell me why we, when together,
Found a charm in flower or stone?
And why brightest colors faded
When we, parting, walked alone?

What was that made all around us,
On the Tiber or the Rhine,
Seem so full of mystic beauty,
Changed our water into wine?

What was that which cast a glamour
Over crumbling tower and dome?
Filled for us the Coliseum,
With a dream of perished Rome?—

Made us fancy golden halo
Over Chillon's storied walls?
Made for us o'er Leman's waters
Come as song the boatmen's calls?—

Made us read as sacred poem
Many a page of simple prose?
Cast on every scene around us
All the color of the rose?

Ah, the power that shortened travel
In the palmy long ago,
Still can work its transformations,
Still make time seem fast or slow.

That which wrought the sweet enchantment
In the golden hours of yore,
Still can work transfiguration,
Cast a glamour as before.

Then shall be renewed the halo,
Charm, and dream, and glamour when
In a sweet, complete dominion,
Amor has his own again.

CHEERFUL GIRLS.—Good and healthy girls are almost always cheerful. No novelist would consider his youthful heroine complete if a "ringing laugh" were omitted from the list of her charms; and in real life the girls who do not laugh now and then are seldom trusted or liked by their companions. Even beauty will not save them. A belle who fails to understand the jests of her admirers and smiles in amiable bewilderment while other people are laughing is soon left with no consolation save to wonder what anybody can see in her rival—a girl with "tip-tilted" nose, perhaps, and a large mouth and freckles, but the happy possessor of a pair of merry eyes and a cheerful mind. The gift of gayety is, indeed, of great value; but it must be gayety which originates in a kind and cheery heart, not that which is born of mere excitement or gratified vanity.

A PATRICIAN.

CONSIDERATION cannot be too careful, forethought cannot be too circumspect, prudence cannot be too discreet; but the best way to insure these results is to confine them strictly within proper limits, never permitting them to interfere with promptness of action, with integrity of purpose, and with fidelity to all engagements.

ON BRETON SANDS.—"THEY ARE SAILING AT THE CLOSE OF A DELICIOUS DAY. SUDDENLY HE IS AWARE OF ANOTHER YACHT APPROACHING."

ON BRETON SANDS.

THE little French watering-place of St. Pierre lies contentedly sleeping under the midsummer sun.

Major Gerald Kensett, a transient visitor at St. Pierre, has apparently followed the somnolent example of the town, for he, too, lies as if asleep beside some rocks that throw long shadows over the sandy beach. He has lain thus for an hour, his hands clasped under his head, his straw hat over his eyes, when he is suddenly roused to a sense of hearing by an awe-stricken whisper close beside him.

"Do you think he is dead, Ninon?" asks a girl's sweet voice.

"Certainly not. At the worst, he is but drunk, mademoiselle," returns the unmistakable voice of a French maid-servant—pert, sharp, yet pleasant.

"Oh, no! He cannot possibly be drunk. He is an Englishman. You can tell by his trousers and square-toed shoes," the girl says, decidedly. "But he is sound asleep, and, oh! Ninon, how I do long to see a true English face! I will but just lift his hat."

"No, no, mademoiselle!" interposes the maid, authoritatively. "What a child you are! Without doubt, you are eighteen years old, but you do behave as if you were but eight."

"As you are only two years the elder, you have little right to scold," retorts the young mistress, good-humoredly. "Oh, Ninon, I'm *so* tired of being good! It's just providential that we stumbled upon this Englishman. I'll have one peep at his face, and then we'll run like——"

She interrupts herself to carry out her mischievous design, and gingerly lifts the hat from Kensett's upturned countenance, only to drop it instantly as she meets his wide-open eyes.

But the consternation in her face is swiftly succeeded by another expression—that of terrified recognition.

The young man springs to his feet, and involuntarily puts out an arm to support her, so overcome does she appear; but suddenly she flings her clasped hands on Ninon's shoulder, buries her face on them, and breaks into a whirlwind of sobs.

"Monsieur," the maid says, frigidly, "pray pardon

mademoiselle's foolish little prank, and leave us to ourselves. As monsieur sees, she even weeps at the remembrance of her thoughtlessness."

"No, no! It isn't that!" sobs the girl, excitedly. "Why, Ninon, is it possible you do not know him! I did, immediately."

"But that is impossible. I never saw either of you in all my life," Kensett says, politely, yet firmly.

He begins to suspect blackmail, or some other horror, as a result of this strange and theatrical encounter on the beach at St. Pierre.

"No, I'm *not* mistaken!" the girl says, with conviction, raising her head from its friendly shelter to regard Kensett with a long, searching gaze. At sight of her innocent young face all thought of blackmail vanishes like smoke. "Ninon, can't you *see?* He is the man I ought to have married!"

And her pretty head drops again.

"She is mad!" declares Kensett, instantly. "What a peculiar, unfortunate form of insanity! Does she fancy the same thing of every man she sees?" he inquires, in a tone of commiseration.

On the maid's face also there dawns an unmistakable recognition.

"Monsieur," she says, with marked agitation, "mademoiselle regrets having interrupted your slumber, and we will now leave you to resume it. Yes, she is mad, and all I can ask of you is that you will pity and respect her, and leave her alone."

Kensett takes the hint; he bows deeply, and has already turned to depart, when the young lady's voice recalls him.

"Sir," she says, timidly, "I can't explain my conduct, which no doubt must appear mysterious to you; but yet I can't let you go away thinking I'm mad when I'm *not!*"

"I know you are not!" Kensett replies, promptly, converted by her blue eyes full of intelligence and feeling. "Once more, mademoiselle, I bid you a good-afternoon."

"Don't go for a moment," she says, faintly, almost piteously, and, amazed beyond words at the whole affair, the young fellow waits her pleasure. It is obvious she is trying to invent some pretext for detaining him. Twice she vainly endeavors to speak; when at last she does so, it is only to utter the commonplace question: "Do you know many people in St. Pierre?"

"Very few, indeed," replies Kensett; "but however large my circle of acquaintance might be, I should be heartily glad of the chance that has increased it to-day."

"And—and should you like——"

The flattering sentence ceases altogether—it would be amusing were not the young lady so embarrassed, to see how very anxious she is to see more of him.

"I should like very much to call upon you," Kensett declares, with the determination to please two people.

"Oh, thanks! Yes, certainly you may," the girl says, so eagerly that the others both smile. "We are staying at the last cottage on the way to Melville. Ask for Miss Clive."

"I shall present myself this evening without fail," the young man says, politely; and then the two young women bid him adieu and depart, Miss Clive leaning trustingly, even affectionately, on Ninon's arm.

And Kensett, recalling her pretty, puzzled face and her strange words—"The man I ought to have married!"—thinks he should certainly not object, then laughs at his susceptibility.

* * * * * *

But the weeks that follow only strengthen this willingness on Gerald Kensett's part. For his life he cannot tell when he fell in love with her, unless, indeed, it was the very instant she removed his hat and he looked up into her eyes, blue as English violets.

Her freshness and simplicity have won him irrevocably, and he freely owns to himself that her girlish hands could not hold a butterfly more surely captive than she now does his heart.

But he has the usual English ideas of propriety, and these are cruelly shocked by a dozen things.

Miss Clive, young and pretty as she is, lives entirely alone, protected only by her also young and pretty maid.

She never refers to her relatives, nor to her past life, and in response to the occasional questions which all his politeness cannot restrain, she grows troubled and confused, and glances appealingly at her maid, who answers every inquiry with a glibness Kensett feels to be totally independent of truth.

This familiarity with a servant is another thing that distresses the young fellow. The two girls might be sisters, so confiding and tender is Miss Clive's manner; and there is, at times, a sort of humble gratitude in the regard she bends on Ninon.

They are inseparable, and Kensett is forced to make his tender speeches to four ears instead of two.

He longs for the right to solve all these problems, and one day, when the three are sitting in a lonely, shaded spot on the beach—Ninon reading at a little distance from the others—he says, gravely:

"Lilian, I think you know how dearly I have grown to love you."

Her fair young face is full of mingled shyness and delight.

"There is an undeniable mystery about you," the young man goes on, earnestly. "It pains me. It seems terrible that there should be any need of secrecy in the life of the woman I love."

"Oh, but you cannot think—you have never thought that I have done anything wrong?" cries Lilian, breaking silence suddenly.

"No, dear. How could a childish little thing like you be suspected of wrong-doing? But I feared some dreadful family disgrace—oh, I don't know what! I have been hesitating, anxious. I couldn't trust you—I didn't dare. That is all over. I do trust you now; I am willing to risk everything. You may tell or conceal what you please. It shall not prevent my saying, *Be my wife.*"

A light of gladness rushes over Lilian's face.

"I have been hoping against hope that you would say that," she says, with a little tremble of joy in her voice. "It seemed impossible that you could ever love me enough to overlook all the strangeness of my life. Ninon—Ninon! do you hear?"

"I hear, mademoiselle, and I rejoice!" Ninon returns, discreetly keeping her eyes on her book.

"But you have not answered me yet," Kensett says, laughing, partly with amusement, partly with vexation, at her calm inclusion of the maid in their tender dialogue. "What do you say? Will you marry me?"

Apparently she has no answer for this question she is so glad to hear.

"Oh, Major Kensett, it is so hard to say 'No' before I can explain anything," she stammers, at last. "I cannot thank you enough, and yet I must decline your offer."

"You choose a very unfitting time for trifling," Gerald says, sternly. "Surely, Lilian, surely you have not been flirting with me?"

"No, no!" she says, quickly, blushing at the charge. For a moment she remains silent, unable to speak, then

bursts out suddenly, almost violently: "I am married already!"

"*What!*" exclaims Gerald, recoiling in amazement. "You—married?"

His astonished eyes rove over her babyish face, with its angelic blue eyes, and her extremely youthful figure in its white robe, and incredulity masters every emotion.

But instantly her tears, her shame-stricken, drooping face, confirm her words. Sorely against his will he believes her, and breaks forth into a torrent of reproaches he will always be sorry to recall.

"Oh," he concludes, with stinging sarcasm, "what a pity I have been so respectful, so reverent, these last few weeks! Why, I haven't even stolen a kiss. I've been waiting till I had the right. Now that I find you are only some man's cast-off or runaway wife, I assure you a kiss isn't the least tempting!"

At this cruel taunt the poor girl cries afresh with shame and anger.

Kensett, without any other word, but with a bow of ironical politeness, turns and walks rapidly away.

"Monsieur, monsieur!" calls Ninon, breathlessly running after him and catching his arm, "surely you are not going off angry? Come back—let my mistress explain herself!"

"No!" says Kensett, sternly. "All communication between Mrs.—Mrs.—really I haven't the honor of knowing the lady's name—and myself is at an end."

"But, monsieur, she positively hates her husband!"

"What is that to me, when *he* has the right to love *her?* And I thought her so young, so innocent! To think that all my vows are an old story!"

"Not so, monsieur!" Ninon asserts, shaking his sleeve to emphasize her words. "She has never listened to a lover save yourself, and, stranger still, she loved you before she ever saw you!"

"Impossible!" cries Kensett, astounded.

"Behold, then!" cries the girl, excitedly, drawing something from a pocket inside the cover of the book she has been reading and putting it into his hands.

The young fellow sees with amazement that it is a fine cabinet photograph of himself.

"What on earth does this mean?" he queries, blankly.

"Oh, if you will only let me tell you, that is all I could ask," Lilian replies, drying her tears with feverish haste. "*Don't* refuse me, Gerald."

"I *can't* refuse you anything, and you know it," he says; so they resume their places, and, after a moment's struggle with the sobs that still rise, Lilian begins her story:

"This is August, isn't it? Well, last May I was living with my aunt—I am an orphan—in a quiet village not very far from London. She is a hard, worldly woman, and her one trouble is that she has not enough money to hold an assured position in society. The best she could do was to run up to town three or four times during the season, to stay a few days at a hotel or at a friend's house. She used to return from these trips more furious against her poverty than ever. But on one occasion she returned in a delightful humor. She said my fortune was made. A gentleman passing through our village had seen me and was so infatuated, he desired to marry me out of hand.

"I was vain enough to be highly flattered by this complete surrender to my charms, and though I paid but little heed to all my aunt said of his rank and wealth, still, any escape from her tyranny seemed welcome, and I thought it quite possible I should accept him when he came to ask me.

"But I was greatly surprised when Aunt Anne told me he did not mean to come wooing at all.

"'He is so silly and romantic, you see, Lily, that he thinks it would be charming for you not to meet him until you do so at the altar,' she explained, laughingly, as if it were the most natural thing in the world. 'It would be so amiable, so trusting in you to take him on faith.'

"I might have believed her, for I was silly and romantic enough myself to enjoy the novelty of the thing; but a certain hard look in her eyes roused my suspicions, and I laughed scornfully in her face.

"'Do you think I am an idiot, Aunt Anne?' I asked, with disdain. 'It is the man I am to marry; not his money, nor anything else; and until I have seen him I will not hear another word on the matter.'

"She looked perfectly ferocious, but at once controlled herself and wrote off to my suitor. By return mail came this."

She takes the photograph from Gerald's hand, and then gazes at it with a fond regard she is too maidenly to bestow upon the original.

"It is certainly mine," Gerald declares. "I had a dozen taken last Spring. One I sent to my mother—the rest I kept. No, stay! I gave one to my cousin, Sir Florian Galt."

Both girls utter startled cries.

"That is the name; that, at least, was true," Lilian says. "And I, Major Kensett, I am your cousin's wife."

After one shocked exclamation, Gerald is silent.

No woman could have so much as spoken with a man like his cousin and not have seemed degraded.

"I took the picture up to my room," Lilian goes on, gravely, "and it seemed to rest and comfort me only to look at it. I thought, Here is the face I should have chosen out of all the world. I don't think it was so much love I felt as a delicious sense that I should be cared for and protected at last. At any rate, I was so happy I didn't care what Aunt Anne did, and very soon came the evening appointed for our marriage.

"We found Sir Florian waiting for us in the church, but it was so dark I could not see him at all. Only I had fancied from the picture that he would be tall, but he was scarcely taller than I. This was my first disappointment. And then his voice—weak, sneering, harsh. I began to be afraid, and to long to get a glimpse of his face to see if it was truly as strong, noble, handsome, grand——"

"Oh, hush! hush!" interrupts Kensett, reddening.

"As the photograph was; but how could I rebel before the minister and clerk? In a few minutes it was all over, and Ninon and I were sitting in Sir Florian's carriage. He paused outside a moment to give some directions to the driver, and suddenly—it was a wild, wet, gusty night—his wide-brimmed hat blew off. The carriage-lamps were burning brightly, and *I saw my husband's face.* Pity me, Gerald!"

"I do pity you, darling."

"Such a face!—so bad, coarse, brutal——"

"So beyond anything you can understand, dear. I had learned to dread that face before you were born. It seems to me as if every evil deed of his life were written upon it, like so many loathsome scars."

"And he is old, too. Twice as old as monsieur," supplements Ninon.

"Just about," assents Kensett. "Go on, Lilian."

"Well, I was faint with horror. I saw in a moment the awful consequences of my fatal folly. But Ninon had seen, too, and determined to save me, and while his back was turned a moment she forced me to change places

with her. When Sir Florian entered the carriage it was by Ninon's side he sat down ; it was Ninon he embraced and kissed."

"Thank Heaven !" murmurs Kensett.

"And oh, Gerald, can I ever thank her sufficiently for the sacrifice ?"

"No, you never can," he says, fervently.

"It was no sacrifice," smiles Ninon. "Figure to yourself, monsieur, my satisfaction in outwitting the vile old wretch !"

"Well, we reached the station, and Sir Florian seated us in the train and then left us for a moment. There was another train standing by ours, going in an opposite direction, and somehow we managed to get on that, with no tickets and no baggage, except a little handbag containing my jewelry. We gave the guard all the money we had, and in a little while we found ourselves in London. Oh, it was so strange, all alone at night in that big city. But Ninon was so fearless and clever, we had no trouble at all. We went to a quiet hotel, and I cried myself to sleep."

Kensett breathes a long sigh of relief.

"And is that all ? Why did you frighten me so ? You are not much of a wife, after all," he says, joyously.

"I am really married, though," Lilian declares, soberly. "See, this is my wedding-ring."

And she shows him her third finger.

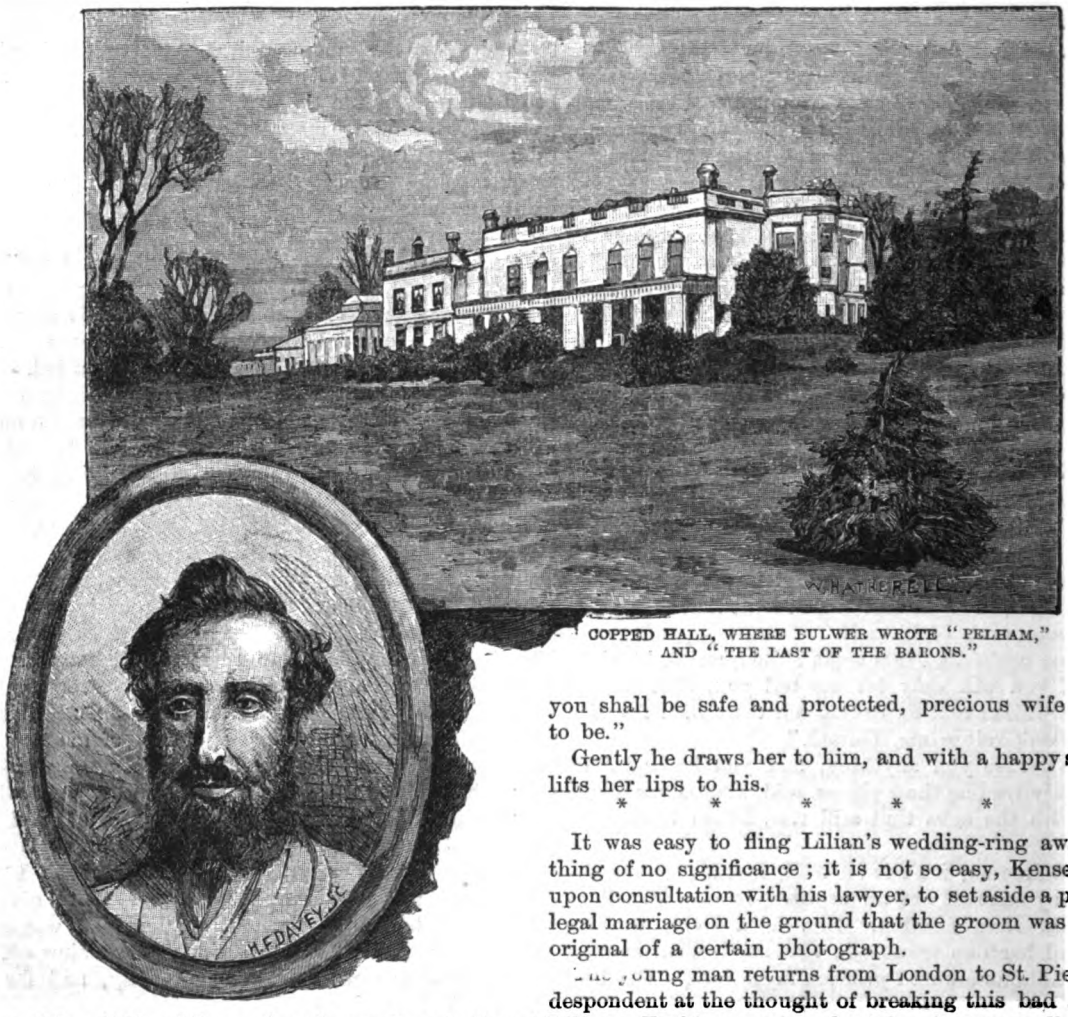
For answer he draws the ring off and sends it spinning far out in the sea.

"There is very little more to tell. In the morning Ninon sold almost all the jewels, and we crossed the Channel and came here, where she has a friend."

"Yes, monsieur ; the confectioner, whose shop is opposite the Hotel Roland," Ninon interrupts, eagerly. "And but for my little incumbrance, monsieur"—regarding her mistress with smiling familiarity—"I could be mistress of that charming shop."

"And now you know, Gerald, why I said when I saw you lying on the sands, 'This is the man I ought to have married,'" Lilian concludes, raising her blue eyes to his.

"And so you shall, some day, darling," Kensett affirms, earnestly. "Your marriage is no marriage at all. It shall be annulled. I will attend to everything. Your troubles are over, poor, little, tired bird. Rest assured that all you dreamed of my picture will come true ;



COPPED HALL, WHERE BULWER WROTE "PELHAM," AND "THE LAST OF THE BARONS."

you shall be safe and protected, precious wife that is to be."

Gently he draws her to him, and with a happy sigh she lifts her lips to his.

* * * * * *

It was easy to fling Lilian's wedding-ring away as a thing of no significance ; it is not so easy, Kensett finds upon consultation with his lawyer, to set aside a perfectly legal marriage on the ground that the groom was not the original of a certain photograph.

The young man returns from London to St. Pierre very despondent at the thought of breaking this bad news to Lilian. To his surprise, she takes it very coolly.

"Why should we care ?" she asks, calmly. "Are we not perfectly happy as we are—happier than we have ever been before ?"

Gerald acquiesces.

"Well, then, let us make the best of things. What could be lovelier than life as it is now—together all day, everything to hope for, nothing to dread. For"—suddenly breaking off—"if he should come, you wouldn't let him take me ?"

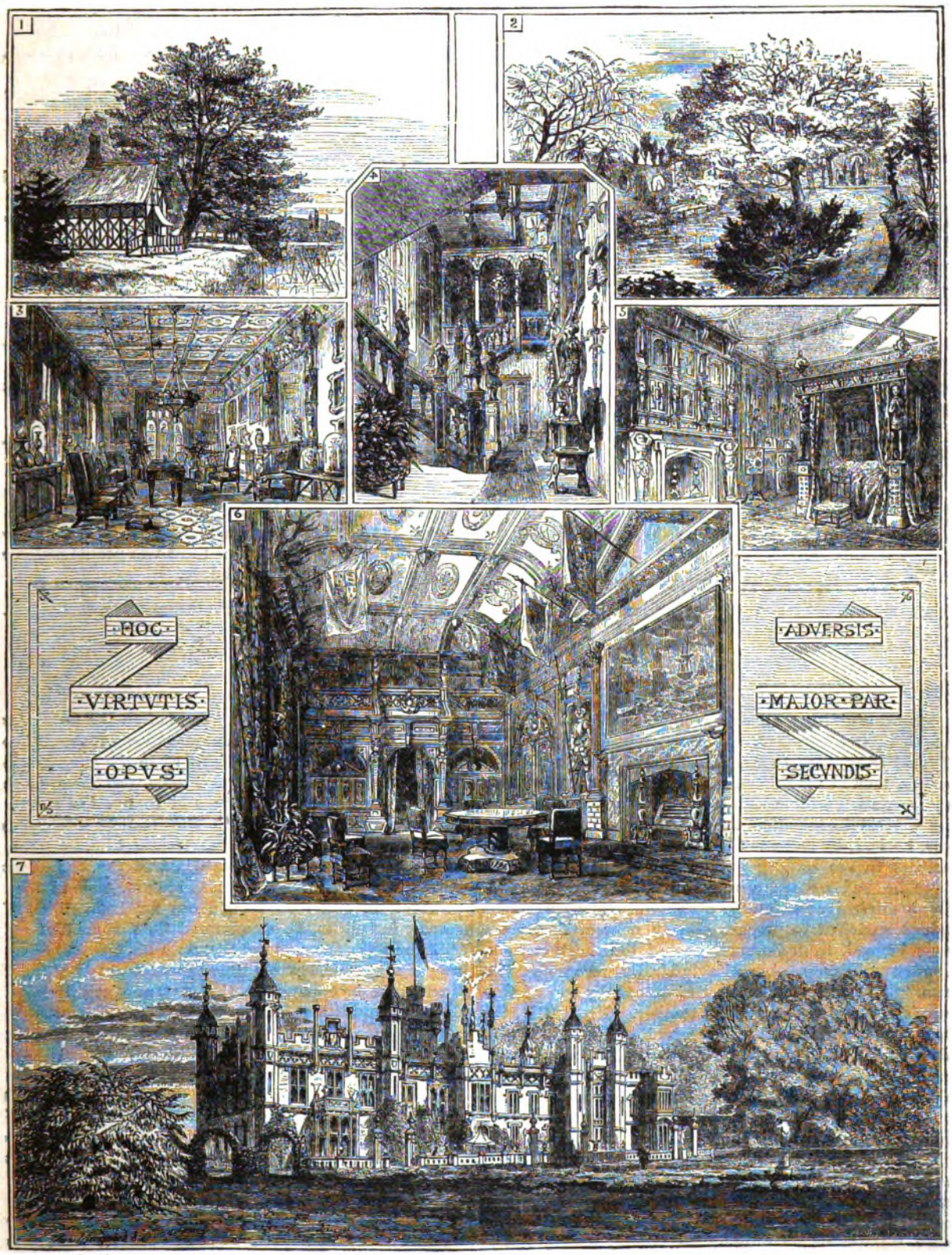
"Never while I live !" the lover says, looking very strong and manly as he speaks.

"I know you will not," she replies, with a glance of

such love and trust that Kensett is almost reconciled to his position. It is not to be denied there is piquancy in the situation, guarding a wife from her own husband.

So the blissful Summer days float by. Kensett has resigned himself to an eternity of waiting for his bride, and even Lilian is beginning to wonder whether her hair will be quite white or merely gray on the occasion of her second wedding, when Fate, for once merciful, interposes in their behalf.

They are sailing at the close of a delicious day. Ninon



1. Fishing Cottage. 2. Horace's Garden. 3. State Drawing-room. 4. Staircase. 5. Queen Elizabeth's Chamber. 6. Great Hall. 7. Garden Front.

KNEBWORTH PARK, SEAT OF LORD LYTTON.—SEE PAGE 214.

is seated amidships, Gerald is managing the helm of the tiny craft, and Lilian sits below him, her head nestled against his knee; her eyes are fixed afar upon the gray-green sea.

"It is like our love," she whispers.

"What is, darling?"

"The sea; so deep, so powerful, so boundless," she answers, and then lapses into a profound silence.

He fancies she has fallen asleep, and wraps closer about her her heavy, dark shawl, against which her face, with its long, drooped lashes, looks more than usually delicate.

Suddenly he is aware of another yacht approaching. It is manned by two French lads, who run in such daring proximity to Kensett's boat that the two nearly graze.

This exploit is received by the chief occupant of the boat—a gentleman—with a peculiar ill-tempered snarl that makes Kensett and Ninon turn to look at the speaker. At the same instant he sees them, and then his stare encounters Lilian.

The ugly stare is repeated with threefold vehemence, and the man's face grows positively hideous with rage, but before he can speak the boats have swept apart.

Kensett and Ninon exchange a quick glance; rather of satisfaction than alarm. Neither of them are sorry for the prospect of a settlement with Sir Florian Galt.

They go in soon, and Gerald leisurely escorts the two young women to their home. Then he strolls over the white beach down the heavily shaded village street to the Hôtel Roland.

As he expects, he finds his cousin in the office. As he is considerably intoxicated, and the place is full of idlers, Gerald sternly endeavors to cut short the bitter curses and maledictions with which Sir Florian meets him.

"This is no place for discussion," the young fellow says, decidedly. "I will not hear another word until we are alone."

Little does he dream that soon he will thank God for the presence of these witnesses.

"And I have no more to say," says the other, with a sudden calm. "Let *this* be all my argument."

As he speaks, he draws and cocks a pistol. His aim is so unsteady that every man in the room feels at least as much alarm as Gerald does.

"Give that to me, fool!" the latter says, imperiously, walking up to his cousin.

"I will, Jerry—I will! if you will do me a favor," Sir Florian says, promptly.

"What is it?" asks Gerald, anxious only to obtain the deadly weapon.

"It's only this—take the thing and put it to good use. Put yourself out of the way with it," he exclaimed with a silly leer. "Try a little of this business, d'ye see?"

He presses the barrel against his temple, idiotically. They have all been fearful of their own lives; they have not once thought the maudlin creature could by accident harm himself. But suddenly the shaking fingers pull the trigger, there is a sharp report, and—well, earth is rid of one of the basest creatures on her bosom, and Lilian is free.

* * * * * *

About two months later Ninon becomes mistress of the candy-shop and wife of its proprietor. The same day Major and Mrs. Kensett set out for a Winter in Rome, preceded, of course, by their story. Society sees in it much that is unconventional; but, *au contraire*, much may be forgiven to the things these two people represent—money, youth, beauty and love.

LORD LYTTON'S PLAYS.

By J. Fitzgerald Molloy.

Whilst fulfilling an engagement in Dublin, in the month of October, 1834, Macready was introduced by Colonel D'Aguilars to Mr. Edward Lytton Bulwer. The author, then in his thirty-first year, had acquired a literary reputation seldom gained by one so young. Possessing a vivid imagination, brilliant talents and scholarly lore, he had, by incessant hard work, rendered his name familiar to the reading public. At the age of twenty-three he had written a romance entitled "Falkland," which elicited considerable attention. Its success was indeed sufficient to procure him an offer of £500 for a second novel, from Colburn, one of the most eminent London publishers. Accordingly Mr. Bulwer wrote "Pelham." The manuscript was condemned by one of Colburn's readers and praised by another. Eventually, the book, being published, was received by the critics with abuse and by the public with favor. Mr. Bulwer next produced "The Disowned," a book praised for "its lofty eloquence"; a phrase fitly describing the author's style, but one scarce commending it to modern taste. Twelve months later was published "Devereux," a work he ultimately found "the least generally popular of his writings." His fame gradually widening, his name increased in market value, so that for his third novel he received £800, and for his fourth £1,500. Twelve months after "Devereux's" appearance "Paul Clifford" was published; and in 1831 he was returned Member of Parliament for St. Ives, and appointed editor of the new *Monthly Magazine*.

Next year "Eugene Aram" was before the public, and in 1833 "Godolphin," "The Pilgrims of the Rhine" and "England and the English," when the young author started for a holiday in Italy. His residence in that country suggested the last days of Pompeii as a subject befitting romance, and, with the restless energy and ceaseless industry which characterized him, he wrote a novel, the scene of which was laid in the buried city. Returning to England, he made arrangements for its publication, and then started out for Ireland. Whilst staying in Dublin, he encountered the famous Macready.

Still on the threshold of life, with his feet on the roadway of fame, Mr. Lytton Bulwer was sensible of the distinction he had gained in the past, and greatly hopeful of honors awaiting him in the future. The consciousness of merit, forced on him by public appreciation, probably accounted for the *hauteur* which largely marked his general bearing. "The simplicity of nature in thought, word and deed was utterly foreign to his nature," writes his contemporary, Mr. S. C. Hall. Nor was Bulwer less proud of his distingnished talents than vain of his personal gifts, which, as the authority just quoted states, were enhanced by artificial aids. With delicate features, liquid eyes and masses of dark hair, his appearance savored of a melancholy Byronic hero; an unwholesome type, not wholly passed from the surface of fashionable life in Mr. Bulwer's early days. Miss Harriet Martineau gives us an etching of the young author as she, in 1832, beheld him, "seated on a sofa,

sparkling and languishing among a set of female votaries, he and they dizened out, perfumed, and presenting the nearest picture to a seraglio to be seen on British ground." Sensitive as became one who intuitively perceives, variable as befitting the temperament of an artist, he was brilliant and morbid by turns, glad and sad in the self-same hour, sanguine and depressed in a breath.

Macready, encountering him in a happy moment, found him "very good-natured, and, of course, intelligent." During their conversation the actor urged him to write a play. Mr. Bulwer made answer he had already anticipated this desire, but the greater portion of his attempt was lost.

Seven months later, at John Forster's pleasant dinner-table, they again encountered. Becoming more intimate on this occasion, Macready a few days later invited Bulwer to dine with him. His courtesy was declined, in a letter which referred to "the honor of his acquaintance." This sentence grated on the actor's ear. "My acquaintance," he says, "can be no honor to such a man as Bulwer, and it almost seems like irony." Macready, foolishly ashamed of an art which afforded him distinction, and rendered him the desired associate of men and women celebrated for their talent or notable for their rank, under-estimated his social station, and continually apprehended slight and irony where neither was intended. A note in his diary aptly illustrates the extent of his weakness on this point. On attending the Literary Fund dinner, within eight days of the receipt of Bulwer's letter, he was informed his name was on the list of toasts. This disturbed him, as he felt unable to speak in public, from lack of habit and consciousness of uncertainty of his position. "I read in every newspaper of this week," he writes, "that my art is a very humble one—if indeed it be an art at all—and that its professors are entitled to little respect; and here, when in courtesy I am admitted as Mr. Macready among the esquires of the Royal Academy, the King's Printing Office, the *Quarterly Review*, etc., etc., etc., I am to speak without the possibility of knowing what place is allowed me as an artist, or what degree of particular consideration may be extended to me as a man consistent in his private character."

A few months later, in February, 1836, Macready called on Bulwer, and found him in handsomely furnished chambers in the Albany. On repeating his suggestion made in Dublin to Bulwer that he should write a play, the author admitted he had since attempted a drama on the subject of Louise de la Vallière, but feared it was unworthy his visitor's powers, as the principal interest of the plot centered in a heroine. However, he felt anxious Macready should read the play, and give an opinion of its merits. The actor, having complied with this desire, again called on Bulwer, commended his work generally, mentioned certain objections, and suggested alterations which, after some protestations, the author consented to make.

They next proceeded to a question of terms. Bulwer demanded £200 down, and five pounds a night to be paid during the representation of his drama the two following seasons, after which the copyright should revert to him.

Before agreeing to this demand, Bunn, lessee of Drury Lane Theatre, where Macready was then engaged, was anxious to see the manuscript, that he might gauge the chances of its success. Bulwer was, however, unwilling to gratify his desire, as he considered it "precisely of that nature which no author of moderate reputation concedes to a publisher." A writer, he adds, "can have but little self-respect who does not imagine, in any new experiment in literature, that no risk can be greater than his own." Bunn continuing to consider himself justified in making the demand, and Bulwer in refusing compliance, the project of placing "The Duchess de la Vallière" on the stage of Drury Lane was, therefore, fortunately for its manager, abandoned.

At this point Mr. Morris, of the Haymarket Theatre, consented to grant the dramatist his terms; but, his company being indifferent performers, Bulwer wisely declined the offer. Finally, Macready having migrated to Covent Garden Theatre, the manager of which, Mr. David Webster Osbaldiston, being willing to accept the drama, it was secured for that house. In November, the play was read in the manager's room to the company, who seemed greatly pleased with it; but, says Macready, recording the fact, "I cannot place much confidence in them." The *Athenæum* subsequently remarks it had seldom heard greenroom report so loud in praise of any forthcoming drama, "which is only another proof," it adds, after the performance of the play, "of how very little that source of private information is to be relied on."

The first representation of "The Duchess de la Vallière" was fixed for Wednesday, the 4th of January, 1837, with the following cast: *Marquis de Bragelonne*, Macready; *Louis XIV.*, H. Vandenhoff; *Duke de Lauzun*, W. W. Farren; *Marquis de Montespan*, B. Webster; *Mlle. de la Vallière*, Miss Helen Faucit. The play had been published on the previous day, and the *Morning Post* had devoted two columns to extracts from its most striking scenes; a form of advertisement which attracted general attention. Accordingly, on the evening of its first representation, a brilliant audience assembled in Covent Garden Theatre to witness the performance. But as the drama proceeded curiosity gave way to weariness, expectation was succeeded by disappointment. All Macready's great efforts were unable to save it from an impending fate of damnation.

"A most numerous, and certainly the most patient audience we ever recollect to have sat amongst," says the *Times* of the following day, "last night witnessed the first performance of Mr. E. L. Bulwer's long-promised play of 'The Duchess de la Vallière,' the success of which, considering the vast number of the author's personal friends present on the occasion, was equivocal." Through five long acts, vapid bathos, false sentiments, strained similes, inflated sentences, surface philosophies were unsparingly inflicted on suffering hearers. "It has never been our lot," says the *Times*, "to witness a more favorable and indulgent audience. Whenever there was an opportunity for applauding it was seized with zeal, and the house rang again with acclamations. This was the case once or twice in the first and second acts, and again in the fourth and fifth; but all these vehement and well-intentioned efforts to save the author and themselves would not do; the drowsy influence prevailed, and at one time we almost expected to see the whole house fast asleep. The curtain, however, did not fall to relieve them until a quarter past eleven, when a strong contest took place between the contents and the non-contents. This was put an end to by a call for Mr. Macready and Miss Faucit, which was quickly attended to. The lady and gentleman having gone through the formula made and provided on such occasions, retired. Mr. Pritchard then came forward to give out the play, but the noise occasioned by one set of wags who called for Bulwer, and of another who bawled for Vandenhoff,* prevented us from

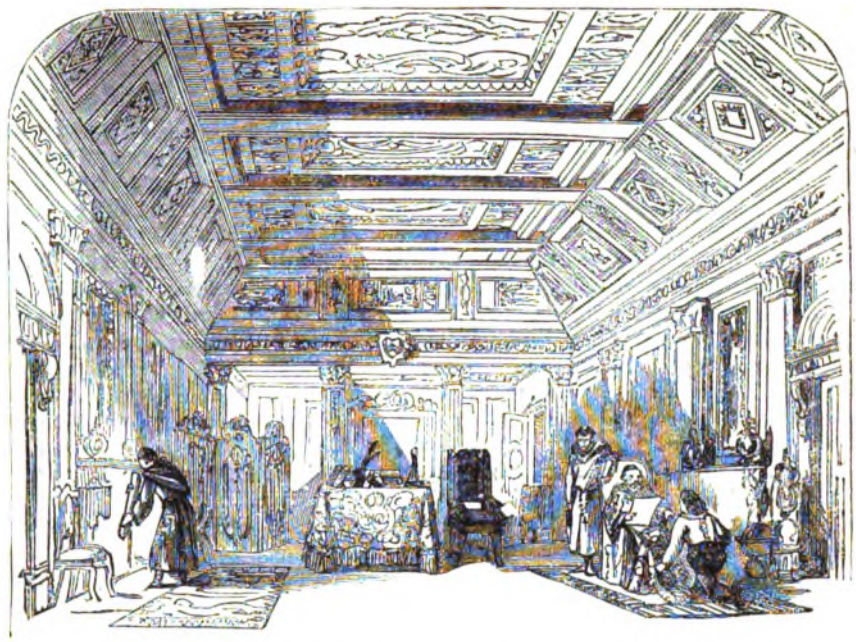
* Who had performed his part in an execrable manner.

ascertaining whether the play was given out or not. When Mr. Pritchard quitted the stage, the house had in a great degree subsided, and we left the theatre, not supposing that Mr. Bulwer would gratify his admirers by exhibiting himself."

LORD LYTTON BULWER, G. C. M. C.

Concerning "The Duchess de la Vallière" the Press was poor in praise. The *Morning Herald* thought its incidents weak, disconnected, and productive of no general effect. To the *Times* it appeared "a very dull and a very foolish play. No man, we think," says that organ, "but one whose vanity has been flattered extravagantly within the circle of his own little coterie—no man who felt a due

respect for the rules even of that *bienséance* by which society is generally governed, would have ventured to produce a drama, the subject of which is the heartless debaucheries of a profligate monarch, and his equally profligate courtiers. It is in the worst taste of the worst school, the school of modern French romance. As to the general style of the drama, as regards its diction it is neat and correct in the level parts, and emphatic and almost eloquent in two or three of the more serious scenes, but its general character is feebleness. There is much pettiness of expression, a plentiful harvest of words, but not many signs of sound or deep thinking. It is evident that Mr. Bulwer possesses but little skill in the art or craft of constructing plays."

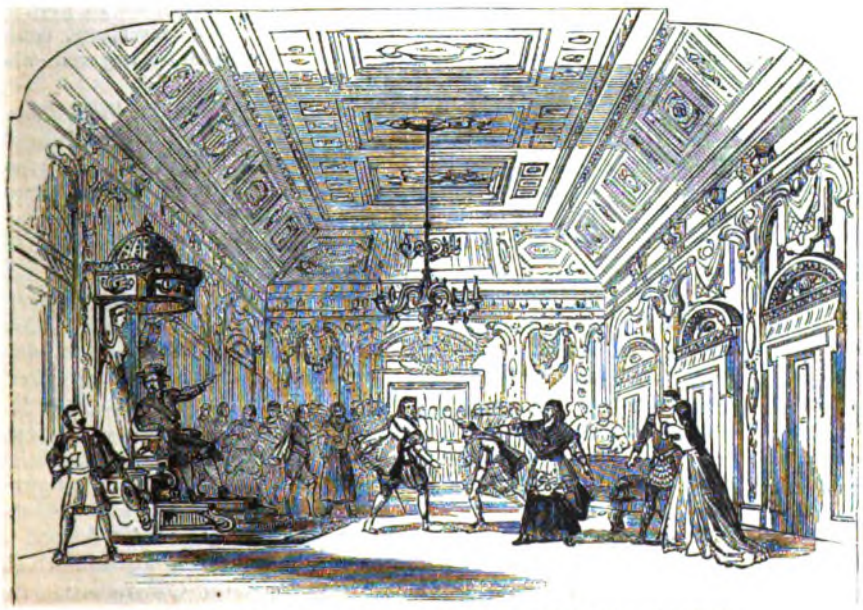


LYTTON'S "RICHELIEU."— FIRST ACT—THE CHAMBER IN THE PALAIS CARDINAL.

In order to save its life, if possible, the knife was liberally applied, and on a third representation it appeared much strengthened, but the drama was played to a half-empty house. "The clackers of the first night were absent," says the *Times*, "and the applause, except in three instances, was miserably feeble." It ran for four consecutive nights, and was played eight times in all during the month, after which "The Duchess de la Vallière" was withdrawn.

Failure but incited Mr. Bulwer toward fresh efforts. He determined to obtain success as a dramatist, equal to that he had already achieved as a novelist. Vain were the hopes of *Fraser's Magazine*, which trusted its remarks "would convince Mr. Bulwer the public were quite right in practically dissuading him from a path he is evidently not born to tread with gratification to others or advantage to himself." Before long, he had begun a new play, called "The Adventurer," a title subsequently altered, at Macready's suggestion, to "The Lady of Lyons." The chief incidents of its plot had been suggested by a tale named "The Bellows Menders," and the drama was undertaken chiefly out of sympathy with Macready's new enterprise as manager of Covent Garden Theatre. Believing the critics had dealt hardly by "The Duchess de la Vallière," through prejudices they entertained toward its writer, he resolved the new drama should be produced anonymously. Therefore to Macready alone was the secret of its authorship confided.

"The Lady of Lyons" was in rehearsal in the early part of 1838, and on the evening of Thursday, the 15th of February, was announced for representation. The following is the original cast: *Beauséant*, Elton; *Glavis*, Meadows; *Colonel Damas*, Bartley; *Deschappelles*, Strickland; *Landlord*, Yarnold; *Gasper*, Diddear; *Claude Melnotte*, Macready; *Officers*, Howe, Pritchard and Roberts; *Madame Deschappelles*, Miss Clifford; *Pauline*, Miss Helen Faucit; *Widow Melnotte*, Mrs. Griffith; *Janet*, Mrs. East; *Marian*, Miss Garrick.



LYTTON'S "RICHELIEU."— THE PRESENCE-CHAMBER IN THE LOUVRE.

Curiosity had for some time been excited by rumors regarding the power and brilliancy of this play; the first representation was therefore attended by an unusually large audience. Men and women of rank and fashion filled the boxes, the pit and galleries swarmed to overflowing. The curtain ascended, and the drama began amidst breathless excitement. Macready had never played with greater force and energy. Miss Faucit acted with grace and dignity; before the first act concluded it was argued

the drama would prove successful. Curiosity regarding the author was now rife; a thousand surmises were made as to his name. None seemed to recognize it as Bulwer's production. Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall remembered John Forster coming into their box, and on Bulwer's name being mentioned as the playwright, protesting in good faith against the assumption, feeling sure if Bulwer had written the play he would have confided the secret to him.

As the drama proceeded applause increased. Miss Faucit betrayed an *abandon* that not merely won plaudits, but drew tears from the audience. "Her first indication of changed feeling," says the *Morning Chronicle*, "from agony to rage, at the word 'mother' addressed to the *Widow Melnotte*, was an exquisite touch of genuine nature." The while Bulwer was not present to witness the triumph of his production, being detained in the House of Commons by a debate on the ballot in which he took part. Seizing the earliest moment duty permitted him, he hastened from St. Stephen's. Before quitting its precincts he encountered a member just returned from Covent Garden Theatre. With many hopes and fears struggling in his breast, Bulwer questioned him on the success of the new drama. The other replied, indifferently: "H'm, it's very well for that sort of thing." Still in suspense, he hurried toward the playhouse and entered Lady Blessington's box. The curtain had risen on the last act; the audience followed the players' movements with rapt attention, hearkened to their words with thirsty ears, and finally, as the curtain fell, burst into a loud tumult of prolonged applause. Lady Blessington looked toward Bulwer questioningly. "It's very well for that sort of thing," he said, as he hurried away to Westminster for the division.

Though the public was loud in its approbation of the new drama, the Press was not blind to its demerits. "It was most industriously applauded throughout, though not without an occasional dash of sibillation," says the *Morning Post*, "but at the close the applause was furious. Some striking situations, some direct appeals to the most eminent sources of strong feeling in the human breast; but above all the very excellent acting of Miss Helen Faucit saved this foolish play from the condemnation which many better plays have received. The author, whose name we learn is Calvert, was doubtless made very happy by the applause of the audience, and we offer him our congratulations. But we think his play is grievously wanting in one important quality—common sense. He makes his peasant talk sad stuff, such as a manly peasant would never talk, about his natural equality, and so on, with persons of family; just as if anybody, peasant or peer, with a grain of sense, would ever doubt that. The peasant (we are vexed to see Macready playing so foolish a character) thinks that all true glory is to be sought for in the future, not in the past, and therefore that ancestry signifies nothing; also that a laurel is not a whit better that it has 'grown upon some forgotten grave.' The author seems to mistake extravagance for energy, and the stringing of pretty words together without sense or logical coherence for poetry. *Pauline* is the only one of the *dramatis personæ* to whom the author of the play accords permission to appear throughout something like a rational creature."

The *Times*, whilst admitting "The Lady of Lyons" possessed "the merit of artificial construction," and contained "several nice speeches," declared the characters were "the gaudy, overdrawn personages of melodrama." The *Morning Chronicle* was more favorably disposed toward the drama. "The play," says this journal, "which is said to be from the pen of Mr. Chorley, is remarkably well-constructed. Not a scene flags, the comic portions of the dialogues are full of pleasantries, and whenever impassioned it becomes poetical. The author has fairly grappled with the subject. He has dealt with love as dignified emotion, not indebted for its triumph over the pride of station to the freaks of accident, but to the energy of its own inspiration."

"The Lady of Lyons" was repeated nightly until the 23d of February, when it was announced to be played every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday until further notice. Meanwhile a section of the public were inclined to resent certain expressions, considered republican in principle, contained in *Claude Melnotte's* flowery speeches. And this feeling gradually increasing, and promising to mar the popularity of the drama, Macready thought it necessary on the author's behalf and on his own, to disclaim, in a speech delivered from the stage, all intentions of introducing politics in the play.

For nine days the dramatist's name was not divulged. Bulwer wanted to feel thoroughly assured of his success before declaring himself author of "The Lady of Lyons." As the play continued to draw crowded houses, and the certainty of its fate was undoubted, he permitted Macready to disclose their secret whenever he pleased. The latter, therefore, had the following paragraph inserted under the advertisement of his performance on the 24th of February: "In announcing the name of Edward Lytton Bulwer, Esq., as the author of "The Lady of Lyons," the manager cannot withhold the expression of his grateful acknowledgment to that gentleman for the kind and liberal manner in which he has desired to testify his interest in the success of this theatre by the presentation of this drama."

Insomuch as the *Morning Post* had been deliberately led into error regarding the authorship of the drama, by receiving some passages from its scenes marked as "extracts from Mr. Calvert's new play," that organ now became indignant at the deception practiced. Knowledge of the author, it contended, would not have changed its opinions of his play. "We find it difficult to believe," says that journal, "that a gentleman of any sort of literary eminence should have written it. We own it is our misfortune not to admire any of Mr. Bulwer's literary works; but we thought him above writing such a play as 'The Lady of Lyons.' A thing so puerile in plot, so sickly in sentiment, so affected in phraseology, could not, we supposed, have been written by any one who had received a regular literary education."

Her Majesty, accompanied by her mother, the Duchess of Kent, and attended by the Countess of Charlemont, Lady Carrington and the Earl of Fingal, visited Covent Garden on the 6th of March, to witness "The Lady of Lyons." The Queen, being much gratified by the play, sent a message of congratulation to its author, and requested he would inform Macready how delighted she had been with his acting. Months later, Her Majesty again visited the theatre to see the same piece. When the curtain fell, Macready retired to his room and had undressed, when an equerry came with a message from the Queen desiring he would come on the stage, as the audience was calling for him. He immediately dressed again, but not before receiving a second dispatch from Her Majesty, on which he hurried before the footlights, and was received by enthusiastic applause, in which she heartily joined. Returning to his room, he donned a court suit, and waited in the anteroom through which the Queen presently passed. Lord Conyngham, who was in attendance, summoned him to her, when she

said: "I have been very much pleased." At this he bowed profoundly, and lighted Her Majesty to her carriage.

On publishing "The Lady of Lyons," Bulwer declared in a preface he had no intention of writing again for the stage, and, therefore, so far as his own experiment was concerned, he had but little to hope or fear. This resolution was, however, soon abandoned, and before many months elapsed he had conceived the idea of writing an historical drama. In the Dyce and Forster Libraries, a letter is preserved in which he narrates this project to Macready. The communication is of singular interest, as showing the difference between the original plot, and the play in its finished condition. It is dated September, 1838, and runs as follows:

"MY DEAR MACREADY: I have thought of a subject. The story full of incident and interest. It is to this effect. In the time of Louis XIII. The Chevalier de Marillac is the wittiest and bravest gentleman, celebrated for his extravagant valor and his enthusiasm for enjoyment; but in his most mirthful moments a dark cloud comes over him at one name—the name of Richelieu. He confides to his friend Cinq Mars the reason—viz., he had once entered into a conspiracy against Richelieu: Richelieu discovered and sent for him. 'Chevalier de Marillac,' said he, 'I do not desire to shed your blood on the scaffold, but you must die. Here is a command on the frontier; fall in battle.' He went to the post, but met glory, and not death. Richelieu, reviewing the troops, found him still living, and said, 'Remember, the sword is over your head. I take your parole to appear before me once a quarter. You can still find death. I will give you time for it.' Hence his extravagant valor; hence his desire to make the most of life. While making this confidence to Cinq Mars, he is sent for by Richelieu. He goes as to death. Richelieu receives him sternly, reminds him of his long delay, upbraids him for his profligate life, etc. Marillac answers with mingled wit and nobleness; and at last, instead of sentencing him to death, Richelieu tells him that he has qualities that make him wish to attach him to himself, and that he will marry him to a girl with a great dowry, and give him high office at court. He must marry directly. Marillac goes out enchanted.

"Now, Richelieu's motive is this: Louis XIII. has fallen in love with this girl, Louise de la Porte, and wishes to make her his mistress. All the King's mistresses have hitherto opposed Richelieu. He is resolved that the King shall have no more. He will have no rival with the King. He, therefore, resolves to marry her to Marillac, whose life is in his power, whom he can hold in command, whom he believes to be too noble to suffer the adulterous connection.

"Marillac is then introduced, just married, with high appointments and large dowry, the girl beautiful; when, on his wedding-day, Cinq Mars tells him that the King loves his wife. His rage and despair—conceives himself duped. Scene with the girl, in which he recoils from her. Suddenly three knocks at the door. He is sent for by the King, and dispatched to a distance; the bride, not wived, is summoned to court.

"Marillac, all pride and wrath, and casting all upon Richelieu, agrees to conspire against the Cardinal's life. The fortress where Richelieu lodges is garrisoned with the friends of the conspirators. Just as he has agreed, he received an anonymous letter telling him that his wife is at Chantilly; that she will sleep in the chamber of the Montmorencies; that Louis means to enter the room that night; that if he wishes to guard his honor, he can enter the palace by a secret passage which opens in a picture of Hugo de Montmorenci, the last duke, who had been beheaded by Louis (an act for which the King always felt remorse). This Montmorenci had been the most intimate friend of Marillac, and had left him his armor as a present. A thought strikes Marillac, and he goes off the stage.

"Louise alone in this vast room—the picture of Montmorenci in complete armor—a bed at the end. She complains of her husband's want of love, and laments her hard fate—dismisses her women. The King enters and locks the doors; after supplication and resistance on her part, he advances to seize her, when from Montmorenci's picture comes a cry of 'Hold!' and the form descends from the panel and interposes. The King, horror-stricken and superstitious, flies; Louise faints. The form is Marillac. While she is still insensible, the clock strikes; it is the hour Marillac is to meet the conspirators. He summons her women, and leaves her.

"Richelieu alone at night, when Marillac enters to him, tells him his life is in his power, upbraids him for his disgrace, etc. Richelieu informs him that he has married him to Louise to prevent her dishonor, that he had sent the anonymous letter, etc., and converts Marillac into gratitude. But what is to be done? The conspirators have filled the fortress. They (Richelieu and Marillac) retire into another room, and presently the conspirators enter the one they have left, and Marillac joins them and tells them the Cardinal is dead, that he will see to the funeral, etc., and they had better go at once and announce it to the King, and that there are no marks of violence, that it seems like a fit (being suffocation).

"SCENE IN THE STREETS OF PARIS.

"The King, who had always feared and hated Richelieu, hears the news, and is at first rejoiced, the courtiers delighted, Paris in a jubilee. But suddenly comes news of commotion, riot; messengers announce the defeat of the armies; the Spaniards have crossed the frontiers, his general, De Feuguieres, is slain, hubbub and uproar without, with cries of 'Hurrah! the old Cardinal is dead,' etc., when there is a counter-cry of 'The Cardinal, the Cardinal!' and a band of soldiers appears, followed by Richelieu himself in complete armor. At this sight the confusion, the amaze, etc., the mob changes humors, and there is a cry of 'Long live the great Cardinal!'

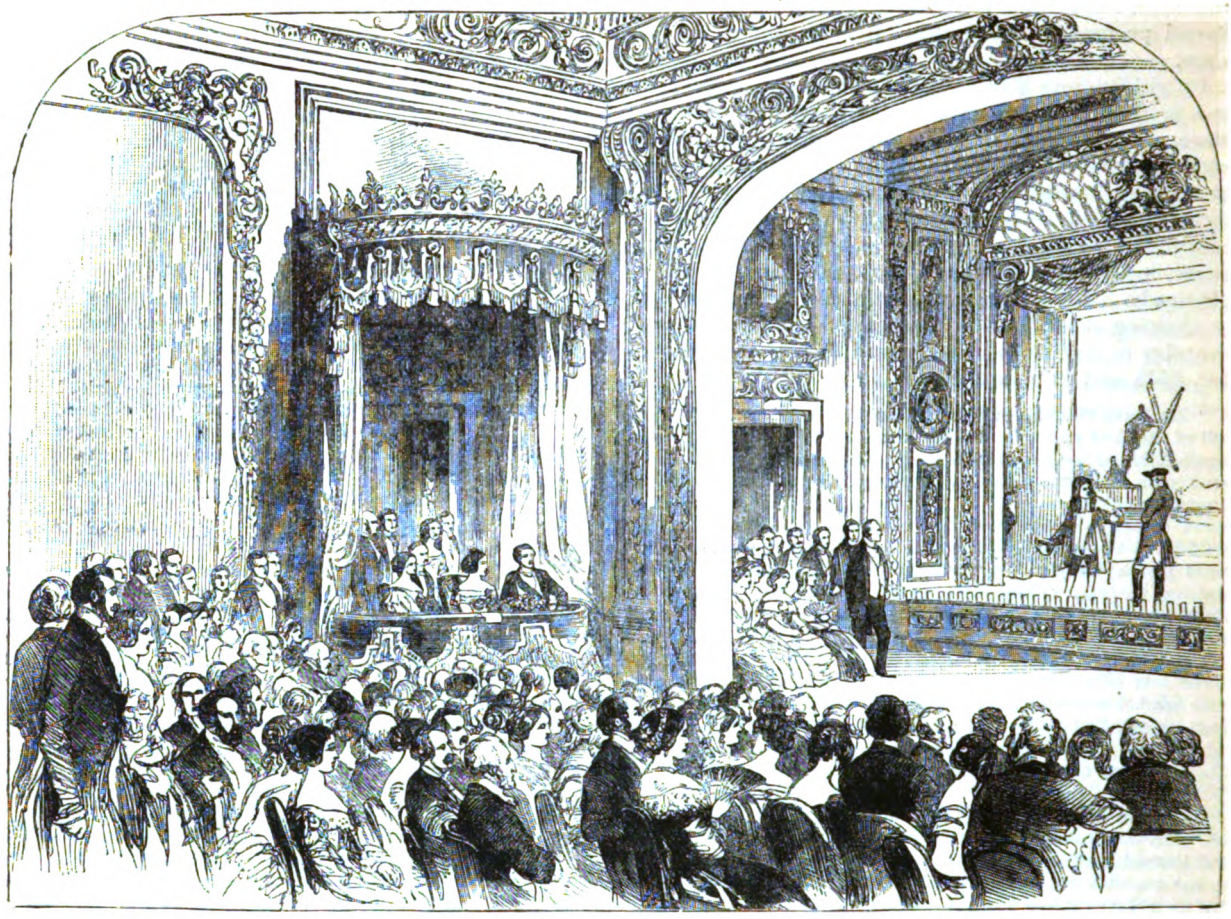
"SCENE, THE KING'S CHAMBER.

"The King, enraged at the trick played on him, and at his having committed himself to joy at the Cardinal's death, hears that De Marillac had announced the false report, orders him to the Bastille, tells the Count de Charost to forbid Richelieu the Louvre, and declares henceforth he will reign alone. Joy of the anti-Cardinalists, when the great doors are thrown open, and Richelieu, pale, suffering, sick, in his Cardinal's robes, leaning on his pages, enters and calls on Charost (the very man who is to forbid his entrance) to give him his arm, which Charost tremblingly does before the eyes of the King. Richelieu and the King alone. Richelieu says he has come to tender his resignation, the King accepts it, and Richelieu summons six secretaries groaning beneath sacks of public papers, all demanding immediate attention. Richelieu retires to a distance, and appears almost dying. The King desperately betakes himself to the papers, his perplexity, bewilderment, and horror at the dangers round him. At last he summons the Cardinal to his side and implores him to resume the office. The Cardinal, with great seeming reluctance, says he only will on one condition, complete power over foes and friends; Louis must never again interfere with public business. He then makes him sign various papers, and when all is done the old man throws off the dying state, rises with lion-like energy: 'France is again France—to the frontiers. I lead the armies,' etc. (a splendid burst). Louis, half enfeebled, half ashamed, retires. Richelieu, alone, gives various papers to the secretaries, and summons Marillac and his wife. He asks her if she has been happy. She says, 'No,' thinking her husband hates her; puts the same question to Marillac, who, thinking she wishes to be separated, says the same. He then tells them that as the marriage has not been fulfilled they can be divorced. They wofully agree, when turning to Marillac he shows him the King's order that he should go to the Bastille, and then adds that in favor of his service in saving his (Richelieu's) life, he has the power to soften his sentence, but he must lose his offices at court and go into exile. On hearing this, Louise turns round, her love breaks out—she will go with him into banishment, and the reconciliation is complete. Richelieu, regarding them, then adds: 'Your sentence remains the same—we banish you still—Ambassador to Austria.'"

With this sketch Bulwer inclosed the following note, betraying the difficulties which he foresaw and the diffidence he felt:

"Now look well at this story, you will see that incident and position are good. But, then, there is one great objection. Who is to do *Richelieu*? *Marillac* has the principal part and requires you; but a bad *Richelieu* would spoil all. On the other hand, if you took *Richelieu*, there would be two acts without you, which will never do; and the main interest of the plot would not fall on you. Tell me what you propose? Must we give up this idea? The incidents are all historical. Don't let me begin the thing if you don't think it will do, and decide about *Marillac* and *Richelieu*. Send me back the papers. You can consult Forster, of course."

Macready having made certain suggestions obviating the difficulties mentioned, the drama was proceeded with, and in November, 1838, the manuscript was sent to



AMATEUR PERFORMANCE OF "NOT SO BAD AS WE SEEM," AT DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, IN 1851.

the manager. In the note accompanying it, Bulwer wrote: "Acts One and Three may require a little shortening, but you are a master at that. The rest average the length of the acts in 'The Lady of Lyons.' I hope the story is clear. The domestic interest is not so strong as in 'The Lady,' but I think the acting of *Richelieu's* part may counterbalance this defect. For the rest I say of this as of 'The Lady,' if at all hazardous or uncertain it must not be acted, and I must try again."

Determined to conquer, he was willing to labor; and wisely submitted his opinion as an author to the judgment of Macready as an actor.

Again he writes to the manager: "I begin to despair of the play and of myself. Unless, therefore, upon consideration you see clearly what at present seems doubtful, the triumphant effect of the portraiture and action of *Richelieu* himself, you had better return me the play; and if I can form myself in a new school of art, and unlearn all that tact and thought have hitherto taught me, I will attempt another. But for this year you must do without me."

On reading the sketch submitted to him, Macready considered that, though excellent in parts, it was "deficient in the important point of continuity of interest"; and feared "the play would not do—or could not be made effective." He then read it to his wife and sister, and next day, calling on Bulwer, made several suggestions for important alterations. At first the successful author combated the actor's judgments, but presently perceiving their justness, agreed to profit by their conclusions. "When I developed the object of the whole plan of alterations," writes Macready, "he was in ecstasies. I never saw him so excited, several times exclaiming he was 'enchanted' with the plan, and observed, in high spirits, 'What a fellow you are!' He was, indeed, delighted. He is a wonderful man."

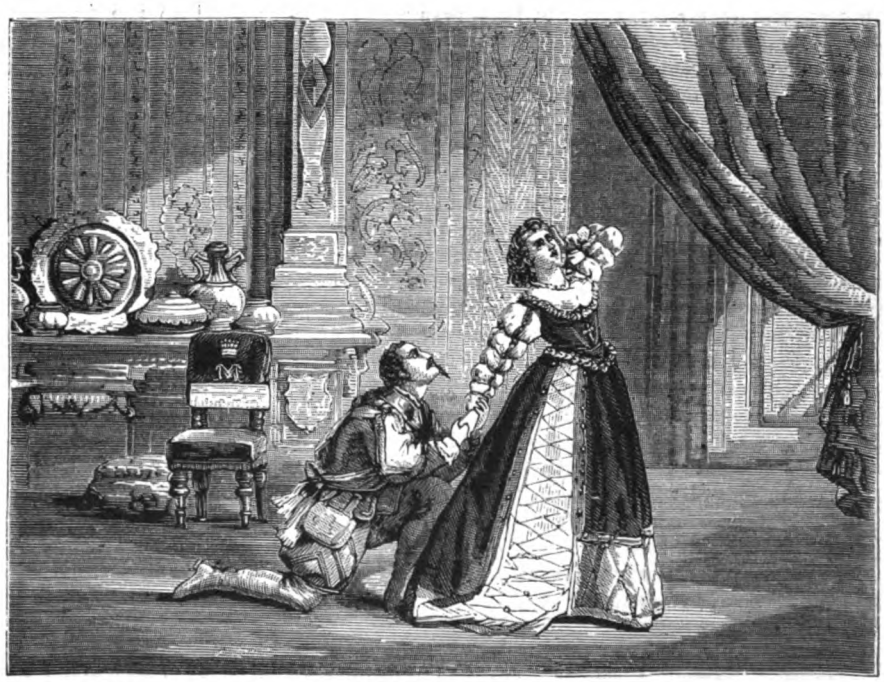
Next day, Bulwer brought him two scenes, and they settled the plot of the remainder. But yet Macready was dissatisfied. With delicate consideration for the author's susceptibilities, he wrote expressing to him how foremost in consideration was his reputation; "that his play would have been valuable from any other person, but that it would not serve his interest, whether in reference to his literary fame, his station, or his political position." In answer to this, Bulwer said: "I fully appreciate the manly and generous friendship you express so well, and have only one way to answer it. I had intended to turn to some other work already before me. But I will now lay all by, and neither think of, nor labor at, anything else, until something or other be done to realize our common object. Send me back 'Richelieu'; and if you think it possible, either by alterations or by throwing the latter acts overboard altogether, to produce such situations as may be triumphant, we will try again. The historical character of Richelieu is not to be replaced, and is therefore worth preserving. But if neither of us can think of such situations, we must lay His Eminence on the shelf and try something else." Several suggestions of amendment were then made by Bulwer in a letter published some years since by the present Lord Lytton, in a paper entitled "The Stage in Relation to Literature," published in the *Fortnightly Review*.

The drama was rewritten once more, and again submitted to the manager, who found it "greatly improved, but

still not quite to the point of success." In order to have the judgments of others on its merits, Macready invited a party of friends, amongst whom were Browning, Blanchard, Fox, Bintol and Wallace, to hear it read the following Sunday, December 16th, 1838. On assembling, Macready requested they would not speak during the reading, but, supplying them with pencils and paper, desired they might write their criticisms. Therefore they listened in silence; and at the conclusion returned favorable opinions of the play. Macready immediately communicated these to the author, who replied by offering his thanks and expressing his misgivings. "The result is encouraging," he writes, "but at the risk of seeming over-fearful, I must add also that it is not decisive. . . . Browning's short line of 'the play's the thing' is a laconism that may mean much or little. Besides, he wants experience. Were I myself certain of the dramatic strength of the play (as I was in the case of 'The Lady of Lyons'), I would at once decide on the experiment from the opinions you have collected. But I own I am doubtful, though hopeful, of the degree of dramatic strength in it; and I remain just as irresolute now as I was before. I fancy that the effect, on the stage, of particular scenes cannot be conveyed by reading. Thus in the fifth act, the grouping of all the characters round *Richelieu*, the effect of his sudden recovery, etc. No reading, I think, can accurately gauge the probable effect of this. And, in the fourth act, the clinging of *Julie* to *Richelieu*, the protection he gives her, etc., will have, I imagine, the physical effect of making the audience forget whether he is her father or not. There they are before you, flesh and blood, the old man and the young bride involved in the same fate, and creating the sympathy of a domestic relation. More than all my dependence on the stage, is my reliance on the acting of *Richelieu* himself, the embodiment of the portraiture, the look, the gesture, the personation, which reading cannot give. But still I may certainly overrate all this. For if the play do fail in interest, the character may reward the actor, but not suffice to carry off the play, especially as he is not always on the stage. On the whole, therefore, I am unable to give a casting vote; and I leave it to you with this assurance, that if it be withdrawn you shall have another play by the end of February."

He then agreed to a suggested test by which its fate should be determined. "Do you recollect," he asks Macready, "that passage in 'The Confessions,' when Rousseau, haunted by vague fear that he was destined to be damned, resolved to convince himself one way or the other; and taking up a stone shied it at a tree? If the stone hit, he was to be saved; if it missed, he was to be damned. Luckily it hit the tree, and Rousseau walked away with his mind perfectly at ease. Let us follow this notable example. Our tree shall be in the greenroom. You shall shy at the actors. If it hit the mark, well and good. If not, we shall know our fate. To speak literally, I accept your proposal to abide by the issue of a reading to the actors; though I remember that jury anticipated great things from 'La Vallière,' and I think they generally judge according as they like their parts. The tone of your friendly and generous letter induces me, indeed, to release you at once from the responsibility of the decision, and to say boldly that I am prepared to have the play acted. It can therefore be read with that impression to the greenroom, and if it does not take there, why it will not be too late to retreat. If it does, I can only say, *Make ready!* Present! Fire! All I could doubt was the theatrical interest of the story. Your account reassured me on that point, and therefore you will have fair play for your own art and genius in the predominant character."

On January 5th, 1839, Macready read "Richelieu" to his company, and was "agreeably surprised to find it excite them in a very extraordinary manner. The expression of delight," he adds, was "universal and enthusiastic." During the whole of February and the early part of March the drama was in rehearsal at Covent Garden. Macready's labors to render it successful were incessant; but perhaps his greatest trouble arose in striving to grasp the *Cardinal's* character as depicted in the play. "Gave my attention," he writes in his diary, February 20th, "to the consideration of the character of *Richelieu*, which Bulwer has made particularly difficult by its inconsistency: he has made him resort to low jest, which outrages one's notions of the ideal of *Cardinal Richelieu*, with all his vanity and subtleness and craft." Having read an account of the great statesman by D'Israeli, and heard the Comte de Vigny narrate several anecdotes illustrative of the characters of Louis XII., Richelieu and Cinq Mars, the manager was yet more puzzled by the character he was to represent. Learning this, Bulwer sent him a list of books dealing with the Cardinal, but warned him none of them would afford much insight into the Minister's manner; for the portrayal of which he would have to draw on his own genius. However, Bulwer conveys his idea of the character in one important point: "I know not if you conceive *Richelieu's* illness (Act V.) as I do?"



SCENE FROM LYTTON'S "RIGHTFUL HEIR."

he writes. "I do not mean it for a show illness. He is really ill, though he may exaggerate a little. When they are going to tear France from him, they do really tug at his heart-strings. He is really near fainting at the prospect of his experiment with the secretaries; and it is the mind invigorating the body, it is the might of France passing into him, which effects the cure. If there be delusion, it is all sublimed and exalted by the high-hearted truth at the bottom of it."

Nor was Macready's care confined to the representation of the *Cardinal* alone: as a great artist and careful manager he was anxious for the success of every member of his company. More especially was he desirous *Mauprat* and *Louis XIII.* should be well represented, and accordingly he repeatedly read the parts of these characters with Anderson and Elton, the players to whom they were respectively intrusted. To the latter he interpreted various extracts from Anquetel and Cinq Mars, that he might illustrate the weakness of *Louis's* nature; when Elton went away feeling more at ease with his task.

For some time the manager found it difficult to obtain a fitting representative for *François*. "There are many allusions," wrote Bulwer, "to the youth of *François*, and the interest of the character so much depends upon his being young, that I have great doubts of the audience being sufficiently conscious of the great youth of Elton, wig him as you will." After some consideration, Macready concluded the part would best be represented by a woman, and accordingly offered it to Mrs. Warner. As, however, he had some years previously recommended her never to don male costume, she refused to depart from his advice. "I did not press the point," writes Macready, "for I expected her grounds of objection." The character was allotted to Mr. Henry Howe, then in his twenty-sixth year, who played with satisfaction to his manager and the public. The following is the original cast: *Louis XIII.*, Mr. Elton; *Gaston, Duke of Orleans*,* Mr. Diddear; *Baradas*, Mr. Warde; *Cardinal Richelieu*, Mr. Macready; *Chevalier de Mauprat*, Mr. Anderson; *Sieur de Beringhen*, Mr. Vining; *Joseph, a Capuchin*, Mr. Phelps; *Huguet, an Officer*, Mr. George Bennett; *François, a Page*, Mr. Henry Howe; *First Courtier*, Mr. Roberts; *Captain of the Archers*, Mr. Matthews; *First, Second, Third, Secretaries of State*, Mr. Tilbury, Mr. Yarnold, Mr. Payne; *Governor of the Bastille*, Mr. Waldron; *Jailer*, Mr. Ayliffe; *Julie de Mortemar*, Miss Helen Faucit; *Marion de Lorme*, Miss Charles.

After months of patient toil and trouble endured by actors and manager, "Richelieu" was produced on the 7th of March, 1839. The morning of that day, Macready lay in bed thinking over his part, then rising, went to Covent Garden and rehearsed the play, after which, tired and anxious, he waited the result of his endeavors. Long before the curtain rose the house was crowded to excess, a feeling of suppressed excitement pervaded the audience, expectation glowed on every face. Presently, when in the second act *Richelieu* was found seated in his study, a storm of applause greeted Macready, who, it was noticed, suffered from nervousness. Miss Faucit's entrance was a signal for acclamation, and, throughout, her acting was received with enthusiastic appreciation. The manager records losing his self-possession on this night, and was obliged to use too much effort. He, like all true artists, felt dissatisfied with his endeavors; but how, he asks, "can a person get up such a play and do justice at the same time to such a character?" His exertions were, however, greeted with approval—he possessed the sympathies of the house. The drama likewise steadily gained in favor, and when the curtain fell, says the *Times*, "Sir Lytton Bulwer, according to the new and most absurd fashion, being called for, made his bow from the stage-box to a crowded audience." The *Morning Post* adds, the house cheered "with quite as much absurdity as enthusiasm, to get the author upon the stage. All this was the nonsense of popularity," continued that paper, "but the sense of it consisted in the triumph of the play."

The criticisms of "Richelieu" published next morning were not so flattering to Sir Lytton Bulwer as the plaudits of those who had witnessed his play. The journal last quoted, whilst acknowledging it to be a work of talent, as regards plot, scene and incident, declares the author is not a master of versification. "In short," it continues, "he is not a poet; and although this play is evidently his *chef-d'œuvre* in dramatic effort, if not indeed his crowning laurel in regard to his literary fame, as it now stands, yet it is very deficient in deep, fine, beautiful embodyings of true and eloquent thoughts and images which constitute poetry expressed in language equally eloquent and true. So far, then, it will not rank with our dramatic literature of the first class; but in other respects it is an ambitious and successful effort, and gives fair food for very high commendation." The *Times*, while pronouncing "Richelieu" clever, continues: "It reveals no great secrets of human nature; the general embellishments of the language are such as we had rather seen them omitted than retained. But as exhibiting a knowledge of stage-effect, the art of keeping alive the interest of an audience, the knack of bringing in a startling situation in the right place, just where it was wanted, of dropping the act-curtain at the proper time—as exhibiting all this, the play has certainly the merit of a stirring, bustling, effective drama, with a very strong plot, of affinity to the melodrama."

Seven months after the production of "Richelieu," Sir Lytton Bulwer had a five-act drama, entitled "The Sea Captain," in rehearsal. This play had been submitted to the judgment of Macready, who had made various alterations in the manuscript and offered certain suggestions to the author. During its rehearsal both Macready and Bulwer were anxious regarding its success, and fearful of its fate. On the 16th of July in this year (1839), Macready ended his connection with Covent Garden Theatre, and on the 19th of August began his engagement under Webster at the Haymarket. At this theatre, on the 31st of October, "The Sea Captain" was first produced, with the following cast: *Lord Ashdale*, Mr. J. Webster; *Sir Maurice Beevor*, Mr. Strickland; *Norman*, Mr. Macready; *Falkner*, Mr. Howe; *Onslow*, Mr. Phelps; *Gausseu*, Mr. O. Smith; *Luke*, Mr. Gallot; *Lady Arundel*, Mrs. Warner; *Violet*, Miss Helen Faucit; *Mistress Prudence*, Mrs. Clifford.

The house was crowded to excess before the curtain rose. At the end of the first act, according to the *Era*, the public were disappointed, and wondered a stronger impression had not been made upon them by a play of Bulwer's. "Had the author been altogether unknown," says this paper, "we have some suspicion that their surprise would have been expressed in a very unequivocal manner. They remembered, however, that Bulwer was a successful dramatist, and beyond all question a man of genius, and they saw before them on the stage a constellation of talent such as could be produced at no other theatre in London. The interest opened in the second

* In the character of *Gaston, Duke of Orleans*, Mr. Henry Irving made his first appearance on the stage, at the Lyceum Theatre, Sunderland.

act, and increased, though only a little, in the third; but in the fourth this slow and stately stream of passion acquired the impetuosity of a torrent, and the drop-scene fell amidst thunders of applause. Such profound emotion could not be increased by any human skill in the fifth act, but this department of the piece, although the *dénouement* occupied too much time, was sufficiently well-managed to prevent any sensible flagging of the interest; and the curtain closed upon one of the most successful pieces (so far as may be argued from a first representation) we ever saw."

At the fall of the curtain Macready was called, and on his appearance bouquets and laurel-wreaths were thrown on the stage. Then Mrs. Warner and Miss Faucit were summoned to receive enthusiastic applause, after which Bulwer's presence was demanded. Concerning this the *Morning Post* states: "The playwright responded by 'putting his head out of his box and bowing genteelly to the audience.'"

Not proving a success, the piece was soon withdrawn. Subsequently it was rewritten, and under the name of "The Rightful Heir" was produced on the 3d of October, 1868, at the Lyceum Theatre, with a cast which included Messrs. Hermann Vezin, Henry Neville, Lawlor, George Peel, Bandmann, Lin Rayne, T. Anderson, Dan Evans, Basil Potter, Everard, Mrs. H. Vezin and Miss M. Palmer. It was played for a limited number of nights.

The author's next dramatic venture was the comedy of "Money," first produced on the 8th of December, 1840. Before that date Macready had ended a short engagement at Drury Lane Theatre, and returned to the Haymarket on the 16th of March of that year. The while Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer was busy writing "Money," and in October placed it in Macready's hands. In accordance with his usual custom, the latter was unsparing in his efforts toward insuring the comedy's success, rehearsing it repeatedly; at one time devoting two hours' labor to a single page, and learning to play piquet that his manner might appear natural in the gambling scene. And as he strove sorrow abided with him, for his blessed and beloved Joan, his light of life, his little daughter, aged three, sickened and died. Within a week from the day she was laid at rest, "Money" was announced for performance, and Macready took his way to the play-house heavy-hearted.

The following cast appeared in the original performance: *Lord Glossmore*, Mr. Vining; *Sir John Vesey*, Mr. Strickland; *Sir Frederick Blount*, Mr. Lacy; *Stout*, Mr. D. Rees; *Graves*, Mr. Webster; *Evelyn*, Mr. Macready; *Captain Dudley Smooth*, Mr. Wrench; *Sharp*, Mr. Waldron; *Toke*, Mr. Oxberry; *Frantz* (Tailor), Mr. O. Smith; *Tabouret* (Upholsterer), Mr. Howe; *MacFinch* (Jeweler), Mr. Gough; *MacStucco*, (Architect), Mr. Mathews; *Kite*, (Horse-dealer), Mr. Sauter; *Crimson* (Portrait-painter), Mr. Gallot; *Grub* (Publisher), Mr. Caulfield; *Patent*, (Coach-builder), Mr. Clarke; *Lady Franklin*, Mrs. Glover; *Georgina* (Daughter to *Sir John*), Miss Horton; *Clara* (Companion to *Lady Franklin*), Miss Faucit.

No sooner were the doors of the Haymarket Theatre opened on the evening of the 8th of December, 1840, than the house was crowded in every part. The strongest indications of impatience for the rise of the curtain were manifested in all directions. At last the overture ended and the play began. The first acts were well received, but the *Times* states during the fourth act many of the audience began to hiss strongly. However, this sign of disapproval was soon subdued, and at the conclusion the house was uproariously enthusiastic. Macready and Miss Faucit were called before the curtain, after which Sir Lytton Bulwer was summoned in the same manner. In answer to this Webster came forward and said Sir Edward had left the house. Dissatisfied with his reply, the audience shouted, "Bring him back; where did he go?" to which Webster made no reply; when general confusion ensued and the peacefully disposed quickly retired. Bearing recent experiences in our minds, it is interesting to hear the *Times* comment, forty-six years ago, on the conduct of the audiences flocking to witness premier representations. "These violent first-night demonstrations," says that journal, "are now too well known to be taken of any value." Speaking of the play, the same authority was of opinion, the leading idea of the piece, that friends come and go with wealth and poverty, was trite, and that the expedient of trying real and false friends was one of the most common. The satire was not remarkably pungent, the sentimental language seldom rose above the commonplaces usually spoken by the interesting heroes of dramas and novels. The dialogue amused by an occasional oddity, a quaint saying, a happy expression of some home truth; but there was no brilliancy, though occasionally such was attempted. The merit of the piece really lay in the construction of certain scenes, where a great number of persons could be combined with effect. The reading of the will, the bustle of the club-room, with the dovetailing of speeches of various personages, evinced talent, and that in a difficult part of dramatic construction. To this was the favorable reception of the drama greatly to be attributed, as likewise to the termination of the story; since although that was not particularly ingenious, the preference of an affectionate young lady to one who merely seeks for a fortune must be pleasing; and the sentiment that a man is really worth more than his money must command a certain portion of applause.

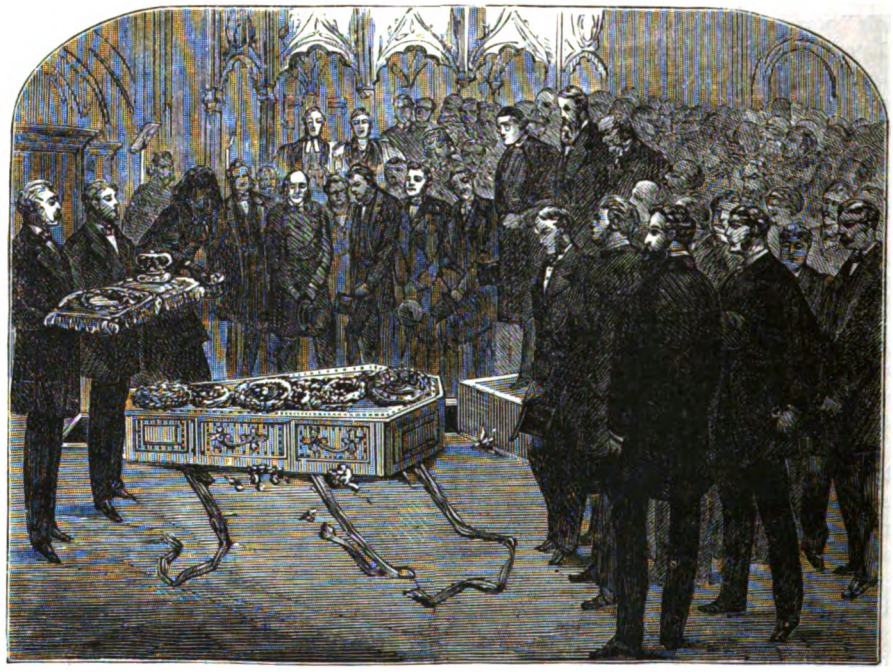
The play drew crowded houses night after night, and ran at the Haymarket Theatre until the end of Macready's engagement, the 15th of March, 1841.

Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer having succeeded as a dramatist, and contradicted the prognostications of his critics, rested from further efforts in this branch of art for upward of eleven years. At the end of that period he wrote a comedy in five acts, entitled "Not so Bad as We Seem; Or, Many Sides to a Character," for a company of amateur actors bearing well-known names; who, by the performance of this play, raised funds for the establishment of The Guild of Literature and Art. The purpose of the association was to encourage life assurance and other provident habits among authors and artists; to render such assistance to both as shall never compromise their independence; and to found a new institution where honorable rest from arduous labor shall still be associated with the discharge of congenial duties. The characters of the comedy played for the establishment of this worthy guild were sustained by the following notable cast: *The Duke of Middlesex*, Mr. Frank Stone; *The Earl of Loftus*, Mr. Dudley Costello; *Lord Wilmot* (his Son), Mr. Charles Dickens; *Mr. Shadowly Softhead*, Mr. Douglas Jerrold; *Mr. Hardman*, Mr. John Forster; *Sir Geoffrey Thornside*, Mr. Mark Lemon; *Mr. Goodenough Easy*, Mr. F. Topham; *Lord Le Trimmer*, Mr. Peter Cunningham; *Sir Thomas Timid*, Mr. Westland Marston; *Colonel Flint*, Mr. R. H. Horne; *Mr. Jacob Tonson*, Mr. Charles Knight; *Smart* (Valet to *Lord Wilmot*), Mr. Wilkie Collins; *Hodge*, (Servant to *Sir Geoffrey*), Mr. John Tenniel; *Paddy O'Sullivan*, Mr. Robert Bell; *Mr. David Fallen*, Mr. Augustus Egg, A.R.A.; *Lucy* (Daughter to *Sir Geoffrey*), Mrs. Compton; *Barbara* (Daughter to *Mr. Easy*), Miss Ellen Chaplin.

Scenes for the comedy were painted, and presented as free-will offerings by Stanfield, David Roberts, Thomas Grieve, Telbin, Absolon, and Louis Haghe. A portable theatre was built for the occasion, and set up in the library of Devonshire House, kindly lent by the Duke of Devonshire, a man of kindliest nature, who felt deep interest in all connected with literature and art. Great expectations were entertained regarding the comedy, and the highest curiosity obtained to witness the performance of such distinguished amateurs. Tickets of admission were five guineas each; the Queen sent a hundred guineas for a box. Accordingly, on the 14th of May, 1851, the date on which "Not so Bad as We Seem" was first performed, the picture-gallery of Devonshire House, which, adjoining the library, served as an auditorium, was crowded with a singularly brilliant audience.

Her Majesty, the Prince Consort, the Prince and Princess of Prussia, the Duke of Wellington, the Russian, Prussian, Sardinian and American Ministers, together with some of the most distinguished peers and peeresses in the realm, were present; whilst the aristocracy of talent was represented by Lady Morgan, the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Monckton Milnes, Mr. Justice Talfourd, Thomas Babington Macaulay and Harrison Ainsworth. At 9 o'clock the Duke of Devonshire's excellent band played an overture expressly composed for the occasion by His Grace's private pianist, Mr. Charles Coote. On its conclusion the curtain ascended and the play began. Every scene was received with applause. The actors enjoyed their work no less than the audience approved their efforts. Both were so close together, as Mr. Charles Knight writes, "that as *Mr. Jacob Tonson* sat in Wills's Coffee House, he could have touched, with his clouded cane, the Duke of Wellington, who was of Her Majesty's suite." The performance being a splendid success, the play was transferred to the Hanover Square Rooms, where it was repeated to crowded houses throughout the hot nights of June and July. Later on the comedy, represented by almost the same cast, was taken into the provinces, when thousands crowded to see the play and players. Many were the adventures and strange the occurrences which befell the latter. One evening, when they were about to appear at Bath, their perruquier suddenly rushed to where the amateurs had assembled, and with a look of horror announced their wigs had not arrived. The hairdressers' shops were searched in vain. "The time," writes Charles Knight, "was long past when Bath could produce a stock of perukes such as were the glory of the days of Nash. It was a question whether our *Duke of Middlesex*, our *Earl Loftus*, and our *Lord Wilmot* could be content with the scratch wigs of our own degenerate days, or appear in their gorgeous array of velvet and lace with their own cropped hair. We really dreaded for our poor perruquier some such catastrophe as happened to the cook of Louis XIV. when the fish came too late for dinner. But the fates were propitious. The wigs arrived at the last moment."

Everywhere the distinguished amateurs met with success; the play ran like wild-fire. "We have had prodigious houses," writes Dickens to Forster, from Sunderland. "Into the room at Newcastle (where Lord Carlisle was, by-the-by) they squeezed six hundred people, at twelve-and-sixpence, into a space reasonably capable of holding three hundred. Last night, in a hall built like a theatre, with pit, boxes and gallery, we had about twelve hundred, I dare say more. They began with a round of applause when Coote's white waistcoat appeared in the orchestra, and wound up the farce with three deafening cheers. I never saw such good fellows."



FUNERAL OF LORD LYTTON AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Sufficient money for establishing the Guild of Literature and Art was obtained; but the institution, after a brief existence, failed for lack of subsequent support.

The last dramatic work from Lord Lytton's pen which the public has seen is "Junius; Or, The Household Gods." This piece was produced at the Princess's Theatre, under the management of Mr. Wilson Barrett. A brilliant audience, including the Prince and Princess of Wales, assembled on the evening of February 26th, 1885, to witness its first representation. All was accomplished that the ability of its performers, the skill of scenic artists and the labor of mechanics could achieve toward rendering "Junius" successful.

In a brace of concise sentences the *Athenæum* gave voice to a general verdict regarding its merits. "Lord Lytton's new drama," says that journal, "is exactly what might have been and was anticipated. It is a clever and artificial work, in which the action is all but dramatic, and the dialogue rhetorical."

It was withdrawn from the stage of the Princess's Theatre on the 28th of March, a month and two days from the date of its first production.

THE CONVICT'S MESSAGE.—"WITH A CRY SHE STAGGERED FORWARD AND CAUGHT THE LOCKET FROM HELEN'S HAND. 'WHERE DID YOU GET THIS?' SHE ASKED, PALE TO THE LIPS."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE CONVICT'S MESSAGE

By Florence B. Hallowell.

Geoffrey Rochester considered his life a failure, for, starting out with bright hopes, high ambitions and a determination to win fame and fortune, he finds himself, at twenty-eight years of age, a prison surgeon, with convicts and jailbirds for his patients, and no prospect of ever occupying a more exalted position.

His parents were powerless to help him. They had crippled their resources very considerably in giving him his medical education, and they could do no more. It was from a sincere appreciation of the many sacrifices they had made for him, and a desire to release them as soon as possible from the burden of his support, that Geoffrey accepted the appointment of a surgeon in the Howard County Jail, which some friends had interested themselves to procure for him.

He had at first considered it only a temporary position, to be resigned as soon as something better appeared in view; but the something better had kept persistently out of sight, and at the end of five years he was still in the jail, prescribing for the various ills and ailments of the most degraded of God's creatures.

Custom had not attached him to his duties, and his salary was too small to reconcile him to them.

It seemed to him sometimes as if he grew more rebellious, more dissatisfied with every day, more keenly conscious that the best years of his life were being wasted, and that his constant association with convicts was having a degrading effect upon him.

He grew to loath every detail of the wearisome prison life—to feel sick of the perpetual sight of the dreary stone corridors, the whitewashed walls and narrow cots on which his patients lay; to dread the clang of the heavy doors, the clank of the heavy chains, the monotonous tramp, tramp, of the guard pacing up and down the long corridors.

But he saw no way to release himself from his martyrdom.

The resignation of his situation would involve the discomfort of his parents, unless he could step into something else that would pay as well.

He was thinking over his woes one night as he restlessly walked up and down the floor of his small surgery. His sense of the injustice and cruelty of the fate he had met had never been keener than on this night; for all day long he had been working over a convict who was dying of congestion of the lungs, and he was worn out, tired, sick, and in a fit mood to feel the hardness of his fate.

"I shall begin to believe myself a convict like all the rest if this goes on much longer," he muttered. "I dare say I have thoughts as wild, rebellious and bad as any among them. My chains are as heavy as theirs, in spite of the fact that they make no sound. Oh, if something would only occur to take me away where I would never see the face of a jailbird again!"

He threw himself into the only chair the narrow cell contained, and buried his face in his hands.

There was a dull kind of satisfaction in giving way to the gloomy thoughts which oppressed him, and he had never felt less like being interrupted by the call of duty. The sound of a respectful knock on the door brought a frown to his brow, and a dark, angry look to his handsome face.

His voice sounded extremely harsh as he cried:

"Come in! What's the matter now?"

The door opened to admit a warden.

"No. 86 is going fast, sir."

"Well, I've done all I could for him," said Geoffrey Rochester, impatiently. "I felt sure from the first that he was done for."

"But he has asked for you, sir," said the man.

"They all ask for me," said Geoffrey. "They seem to think I can bargain with Death to stay away. For my part, I should be glad to die any time if I was a convict. You can go, Jeffries."

The warden withdrew, wondering at the doctor's irritability. It was seldom that Geoffrey Rochester permitted any one to see him otherwise than composed.

"What under heaven can the man want of me?" he muttered, as he took a couple of bottles from a wooden press in one corner of the room. "I'll give him a soothing draught, and he won't know anything more of the troubles of this world until he wakes up in the next."

He went out, and walked quickly along the dim stone corridor until he came to the door of the cell at the extreme end of it. Into this he stepped, and softly closed the door behind him.

It was an ordinary narrow cell, with bare, whitewashed walls, and destitute of furniture, except a low bed, on which the dying prisoner lay, and a three-legged wooden stool, on which the surgeon took a seat directly he entered.

On a bracket on the wall stood a small kerosene lamp, which threw a sickly gleam of yellow light over the white, drawn face on the bed.

The prisoner so soon to be released from the cares, sorrows and perplexities of this strange world was decidedly unprepossessing in appearance. His hair was cut short in compliance with the regulations of the prison, and his pain and suffering had given his face a drawn and haggard look.

But in good health and before sin and bad passions had marked his mouth with such heavy, unmistakable lines, he might well have been called fine-looking.

His eyes were large and dark, his features regular, and his figure tall and well-proportioned.

That he had been born a gentleman, and had fallen by degrees into the paths of vice and crime, the surgeon felt pretty certain; but he knew nothing of his history except that, after a long career of crime, he had been finally convicted and sent to prison to serve a term of ten years for forgery.

Only three of those years had passed, and he was to escape the other seven through the portals Death held open for him.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" asked the surgeon.

"Tell me again that you are *sure* there is no hope for me," said the convict, feebly. "I feel myself growing weaker; but hope, you know, dies hard."

"I am sure that you have not an hour to live," said Geoffrey, firmly. "If there is any message, any——"

"There's no chance of a sudden turn for the better?" interrupted the man.

"None whatever," answered the surgeon, firmly.

"You wouldn't deceive me?"

"What would possibly be my motive for doing so?"

The convict did not answer. He seemed exhausted, and closed his eyes. His breath came in slow, fitful gasps.

"You've been kind to me," he said, at length, after such a long pause that Geoffrey thought he would never speak again; "and I mean to trust——"

A sudden fit of coughing came upon him, and when it was over he was perceptibly weaker.

"Don't try to talk. You only hurt yourself," said Geoffrey. "Lie still, and I will give you a few drops of something that will make you sleep."

The convict slowly turned his head on his pillow, and fixed his keen, dark eyes on the surgeon's face, as if he fain would read his very soul; then he said, faintly:

"Pencil!"

Understanding at once that he was too weak to talk more, and had something to communicate in writing, Geoffrey drew a pencil and notebook from his pocket and handed them to him.

Endowed with that singular strength which often comes at the last to the dying, the convict began to write.

But the process was a slow and difficult one, and during one of his frequent pauses for rest he looked up at Geoffrey, and his lips formed rather than uttered the word:

"Promise!"

"I promise," said the young surgeon, without the least idea to what he was committing himself.

The man seemed satisfied, and returned to his writing. Suddenly a tremor seized him, the pencil fell from his nerveless fingers, his hand dropped by his side, there was a peculiar, rattling sound in his throat, a film came over his eyes, and, with a little gasp, he sank back—dead!

Geoffrey saw at once that all was over, and, accustomed to such scenes, he made no ado about it.

He picked up the notebook, which still lay on the dead man's chest, drew the sheet over the ghastly face, and, stepping to the door, told the warder watching outside that No. 86 was gone.

It was not until an hour later, when he went to his room to retire for the night, that the surgeon thought of looking at what had been written in his notebook.

He had attached no importance to it, for he knew by experience that the dying have generally a few last words of some sort or another to write or say; and this was probably a message to some mother or sweetheart which he had engaged himself to deliver.

The writing was almost illegible, so tremulous had been the convict's hand, but when at length deciphered, the message ran as follows:

"Brooktown Junction. Heathcote Meadow. Big oak-tree. Dig. Give all to in——"

"Deuced mysterious," muttered the doctor. "Pity his strength hadn't lasted a few minutes longer. What *does* this Sanscrit mean? I'm to dig, it seems. Now, I wonder——"

Then suddenly his face lighted up. He thought he saw to what his promise bound him. Something had been hidden in Heathcote Meadow under a big oak-tree. He was to find it and give it—to whom?

There was no way of answering this question. It could never be answered by the silent figure lying in the bare cell which the surgeon had just left, and to whom else could it be put? The poor convict had died just as the most important part of his message was to be written.

Very much excited and agitated, the doctor sat up until nearly dawn, turning this strange case over in his mind.

He determined at last to go to Brooktown Junction. He knew the place well.

It was only about fifty miles from Millborough, where his parents lived. He would probe the matter to the bottom if possible; if not, as far as he could.

Perhaps in the discovery he would make at the oak-tree would be a clew to the one to whom the treasure—for treasure the surgeon believed he should find—was to be given or restored.

As soon as it was daylight Geoffrey set about arranging for the journey he had decided to make.

He persuaded a young surgeon of his acquaintance to assume his duties temporarily, and was enabled to take the noon train for Brooktown Junction, which was a small country village about two hundred miles distant.

During the ride, which seemed tediously long to him, he occupied himself with speculations about the dead convict and his dying message.

Who was No. 86? He had been consigned to the jail under the name of Richard Hartford; but it was safe to conclude that that was not his real name.

How earnestly Geoffrey wished that he had lived long enough to finish that message he had begun too late.

The young surgeon arrived at Brooktown Junction too late to begin his investigations that night, and he was obliged to control his impatience as best he could, and make himself as comfortable as possible in the small inn.

At daylight he was up and dressed, too much excited over the prospect of the discovery he expected to make to be contented in bed. But he was forced to wait until eight o'clock for his breakfast, and it was nearly nine before he started out to look for Heathcote Meadow.

He did not like to make any inquiries, for, he thought, such a course would inevitably arouse suspicion, and so he trusted to luck to give him the desired information. For once luck was in his favor.

As he walked down one of the many green lanes leading from the picturesque little village, he met a child, barefooted and sunburnt, carrying a large bundle in his small arms.

"Where are you going, my lad?" asked the surgeon. "That bundle is too heavy for you, I fancy."

The child stopped, pleased at the stranger's notice.

"It ain't as heavy as it looks, sir," he said, with a slight lisp, "and I'm goin' to Miss Heathcote's with it," pointing toward the west, where the chimneys of a large house were distinguishable through the trees.

"Miss Heathcote's!" repeated the surgeon. "I think I will walk with you a little way, my boy."

He turned and followed the child, who was delighted at his condescension, little dreaming of its motive.

As he climbed over a moss-grown stile leading into a large meadow, the boy said, in an explanatory tone, "I goes through here 'cause it's shorter," and immediately struck into a well-worn foot-path leading directly from the stile.

"Stop a moment," said Geoffrey. "What do you call this field? Has it any name?"

"Heathcote Meadow, sir," answered the boy; and though Geoffrey had been almost sure of receiving exactly that reply, he could not help the sudden bound of his heart as he heard it.

"I think I will wait here until you come back," he said, seating himself on the stile; and with an "All right, sir," the child left him.

There were only three oak-trees in the meadow, and Geoffrey had no difficulty in singling out the largest.

FAIR HELEN.

and he was thinking with some impatience how difficult it would be to restrain all day his anxiety to go to work under it, when he heard the rustle of a woman's garments behind him, and a soft, wonderfully pleasant voice said :

"Excuse me, sir ; but may I pass ?"

Geoffrey turned, thinking as he sprang down from the stile that he had never seen a lovelier creature than this young girl, on whom his eyes fell with an earnest, admiring gaze, which brought the blood to her cheek. She was tall, slender and extremely graceful, with a well-rounded form, a proudly poised little head, crowned with rippling chestnut hair, and brown eyes as soft and innocent as those of a wild gazelle.

Embarrassed by the earnest gaze of the stranger, the girl hastened to escape from it ; but she was not to do so. Fate was to make her acquainted with the young surgeon.

In passing over the stile her dress caught in a large splinter, and, as she attempted to step down, she was thrown suddenly backward and fell, almost at Geoffrey's feet. In an instant he was assisting her to rise, full of regrets for her accident; but as she stood on her feet she gave a little cry, and almost fainted on his breast.

"What is it?" he cried, in alarm.

He held her in his arms, his heart beating wildly.

"I am afraid that I have sprained my ankle," she answered, in a tone of great agitation.

"What shall I do?" answered Geoffrey, as he seated her on the stile, looking anxiously at her pale face and trembling lips. "Will you permit me to examine your ankle? I am a surgeon."

CHANTILLY.— THE DUC D'AUMALE—1. MAIN ENTRANCE. 2. DRAWING-ROOM. 3. SIDE VIEW OF CHATEAU. 4. THE CONDÉ TROPHY.

SEE PAGE 232.

"No, no," she said, coloring deeply. "But would you be willing to go to the Manor and ask that a carriage be sent for me? I am Miss Heathcote."

Geoffrey was beginning to reply that he would be only too happy to serve her in any way, when he was interrupted by the appearance of the little boy he had previously seen, who came running along the path in full pursuit of a yellow butterfly.

"Ah," said Miss Heathcote, "here is Benny Lowe. "He can go for me."

She called the child to her and gave him the message to the Manor, urging him to hurry.

"You must let me stay with you until your carriage comes," said Geoffrey, as the child ran off. "I feel as if I was a good deal to blame for your accident."

"Not at all," returned Helen Heathcote, quickly. "It was entirely due to my own awkwardness."

She thought, as she spoke, that this stranger was the handsomest and most pleasing man she had ever seen.

She really enjoyed the half-hour spent with him before her carriage came, in spite of the pain in her ankle, and felt quite well acquainted with him.

She willingly accorded him permission to call upon her the following day, making Geoffrey feel that he had not made a disagreeable impression on her.

He had learned a good deal about her in that half-hour's conversation. She told him that until recently she had lived with an aunt a long way from Brooktown Junction, and had never expected to find a home at the Manor; for her uncle who had owned it had never expressed the slightest affection for her, and had openly avowed his intention of leaving his money to found a hospital for aged men.

He was a strange, morose old man himself, and lived like a hermit, seeing no one but his servants from the beginning to the end of the year.

On his death it had been a great surprise to every one to find that his niece inherited his property.

"If it wasn't for just one thing, I would be as happy as the day is long," Helen Heathcote had said to Geoffrey; and the arrival of the carriage prevented him from asking what that thing was.

Geoffrey watched the carriage drive away, a smile on his face as he reflected on his good fortune in meeting this lovely woman; and it was not until it disappeared in a cloud of dust down the lane that he remembered again the big oak-tree.

He lounged about the inn the rest of the day, thinking of Helen Heathcote, and did not return to the meadow until nine o'clock, when most of the inhabitants of the sleepy little village were seeking their beds. He had provided himself with a spade and a small lantern, and he began his work as soon as he had reached the tree.

Unaccustomed to vigorous exercise of any kind, he soon tired of this, and only the expectation of making an important discovery induced him to continue it.

He dug a hole several feet deep, and came to nothing. The perspiration was pouring from every pore.

Almost convinced that he had been deceived, after all, he paused to rest.

"I will dig five minutes more, and then if I don't come to anything, I'll give the whole affair up," he said to himself, as, after resting ten minutes, he again took up the spade.

But he had not dug half the allotted time when he felt his spade strike against something hard. Another moment and he was able to draw to light a small, iron-bound box. He did not make any attempt to open it; but quickly threw the earth back into the hole, stamped it down with his feet, and then, taking the box under his arm, made his way back to the inn.

Alone in his room, with the door locked and the curtains down, Geoffrey opened the box, which was fastened by a padlock, which he was obliged to break.

What did he find? Evidently the hoard of some one who had been afraid to trust in banks. Pounds, shillings and pence—enough to keep a prudent man in comfort for many years—and several pieces of old-fashioned jewelry. There was a costly necklace of pearls with a diamond pendant, a superb bracelet set with emeralds, and a beautiful onyx locket set with pearls and diamonds.

To whom did the contents of this box belong? This was a question Geoffrey could not answer, and, as he asked it, he reflected that he alone knew of those last words spoken by the so-called Richard Hartford, and a great temptation assailed him. Why should he not keep for his own use this fortune which had fallen so strangely into his hands? Possibly by advertising, by ferreting out the story of every robbery which had taken place during the past ten years, he might discover the owner of this wealth.

But ought it not really to belong to himself? Had he not worked for it? As the finder, was he not entitled to it? The thought of returning to the dreary prison, to his narrow slip of a cell, to the hard, monotonous life, was terrible to him. And here was the chance for release. Never, in all probability, would a second come to him. If he went back to the prison, he must go back with the expectation of staying there the rest of his life.

Geoffrey Rochester spent a sleepless night, pondering this question of his keeping this fortune he had found, and when morning came he was pale and haggard. But he had decided the great question.

He wrote a letter, resigning his position at the jail, and sent it off at once, so fearful was he that even now he might change his mind and prefer poverty and peace to wealth and guilt. And then he went up to the Manor to call on Helen Heathcote.

She received him in a cozy little morning-room, where she lay on a sofa, as befitted a young lady with a sprained ankle. And she was very glad to see him. That was evident by her smiles and blushes. She introduced him to her aunt, a quiet, pleasant-faced old lady, whom he liked at once.

Never had time passed more quickly to him, and when he rose to go, and glanced at the bronze clock on the mantel, he was loath to believe that he had spent two hours at the Manor.

The consequence of his acquaintance with Helen Heathcote may be easily imagined. He remained in Brooktown for three weeks, learning with every day to love her better, and drawing her gentle heart more closely to him, until the day when he confessed his love for her, and she was only too happy to promise to be his wife. She was easily satisfied as to his means, for her own were ample, and she asked no questions. Her heart was so wholly his that she would have married him had he been a pauper.

"The estate needs a master," said Helen, brightly. "I expect you to make a model country gentleman, Geoffrey."

The young surgeon's parents were delighted that he was to marry an heiress, and overwhelmed him with congratulations when he ran down to remain with them until the all-important day of marriage.

But Geoffrey was not happy. Who says that the ways of sin are pleasant and flowery? It is false! the flowers are the deadly nightshade, the trees are upas-trees. There was a dull pain gnawing ever at Geoffrey Rochester's heart—a pain he could not forget or put aside. And now that he was away from Helen, it troubled him more than ever. The possession of the wealth to which he had no right oppressed him like a nightmare.

He could not be at peace. The surrender of his secret was equivalent to giving up his love, and he felt that he could not lose her now. He felt sure that did she know the story she would cast him from her, root her love from her heart, and never consent to look upon his face again. She would consider him no better than a thief. An ugly word; but he felt as if it belonged to him.

Morbidly brooding over his guilt, remorse knocking continually at his heart, he grew thin, pale and worn. His parents wondered at his dejection, and grew to fear that his heart was not in the wealthy match he was about to make.

"Geoffrey," said his mother, one day, "what is the matter with you? You have changed terribly within the past few weeks. Oh, my son, if you do not love this girl, you——"

"Not love Helen!" he interrupted. "She is the one woman in the world to me."

"Then I cannot understand your despondency," said his mother. "You have evidently something on your mind. If it is anything you ought to confess to Miss Heathcote, do not defer it until after your marriage. Her being bound to you would not prevent her from thinking you had deceived and distrusted her. You can better bear to lose her love now than then, my son."

Geoffrey made no reply; but he thought over his mother's words as he tossed on his bed that night, and when morning broke he had resolved to go to Helen and tell her the story of his sin.

He took the first train to Brooktown Junction, and reached the Manor just as Helen was starting out with well-filled basket for the poor.

She was both surprised and delighted to see him, and turned back into the house with him very willingly.

She did not notice until they reached the drawing-room how pale he was.

"Geoffrey, you have been ill!" she cried. "Why did you not let me know?"

"I have been sick at heart, my darling," he said, drawing her to a sofa and making her take a seat by his side; "for I have been nerving myself to tell you something which may part us, Helen."

"Oh, Geoffrey, do not say that!"

"Do you love me so well, then?" he asked. "But perhaps your love will die when you hear what I have to tell you."

Then he began the story of the convict. He told her every detail, neither excusing nor blaming himself for his part of the affair.

"You did wrong not to seek for the owner of the property," she said, at length, slipping one hand in his and lifting her tear-wet eyes to his face; "I see that, Geoffrey. But there has been no harm done. You have confessed before it was too late to make amends, and we will go to work at once to search out the owner of the box."

"And you still love me, Helen?"

"As well as ever, Geoffrey—even better, I think, knowing how you have suffered," she answered.

He breathed a long sigh of relief, and then drew from his coat-pocket a small box. Opening it, he showed her the emerald bracelet, the diamond pendant, the necklace and the costly onyx locket.

"What lovely things!" she said. "Ah, how some woman must have grieved over their loss."

She held the locket in her hand, turning it over and over, admiring the flash of the diamonds, and at that moment her aunt, Miss Hartford, entered the room.

"Helen, are you——" she began, and then her eyes fell on the jewelry.

With a cry she staggered forward and caught the locket from Helen's hand.

"Where did you get this?" she asked, pale to the lips.

"They came into Geoffrey's possession through a convict," answered Helen. "Have you ever seen them before, aunt?"

"They are mine—all of them," said Miss Hartford, sinking into a chair. "Little did I imagine that I would ever see them again."

She touched a secret spring in the locket, and it flew open, revealing a handsome, boyish face, the face of one whom this woman had once loved with all the strength of her heart. Where was he now?

"Tell me all about these—how you found them—everything," she said, turning to Geoffrey.

He told her the story as he had told it to Helen, and when he had finished she said, in a hollow voice:

"That convict was your brother, Helen; your unfortunate brother Harold."

"Oh, can it be possible? How terrible! Aunt, he cannot have sunk so low as that!" cried Helen, her eyes overflowing with tears.

And then Miss Hartford told them the history of her loss, which we will relate as briefly as possible.

On the death of her brother-in-law, John Heathcote, the care and maintenance of his two children, Harold and Helen, had fallen upon Miss Hartford. Well had she fulfilled her duty toward the orphans; but in spite of her care, Harold grew up wild, wicked and utterly without principle. Yet she loved him as she had never loved any other human being, and excused the various scrapes into which he fell through the vicious life he led. He made her frequent visits, but only for the purpose of extorting money from her, and he would even beg from Helen every shilling of pocket-money she had.

One night Miss Hartford was roused by a noise in the room below her. It was a small room, half study, half boudoir, in which she kept her desk. Being a brave woman, she descended the stairs at once, and peered through a glass door which separated the study from the morning-room. She expected to see a burglar, and she was not disappointed. Before her desk stood a man with a bunch of keys in one hand, with the other he was engaged in raising the lid of the desk, a ponderous, old-fashioned affair, with many drawers. Miss Hartford was about to retrace her steps to summon help, when the man turned his face toward her, and, to her horror, she saw that it was that of her nephew, Harold Heathcote.

"Harold!" she cried, and throwing open the door, rushed into the room.

It was the last word she ever spoke to him. With a bound he reached her side, and with one terrible blow stretched her senseless on the floor.

It was daylight before she recovered consciousness and was able to drag herself to her room.

She found that a small iron box, in which she kept her money and a few pieces of jewelry designed for Helen, was gone; but she said nothing of the theft.

She allowed Helen to believe that the money had been lost in some foolish speculation. She could not tell the

girl that her brother had fallen to the level of a thief. The jewelry Helen had never seen, so she never inquired after it. It was supposed that Harold, after committing the theft, had been afraid to use the contents of the box; or perhaps he had repented of his sin against one who had been his more than mother, and had hidden it in Heathcote Meadow until such time as he could use or return it.

He had made frequent appeals to his uncle for aid, and it was safe to conclude that it was on one of these visits to the old man that he had buried his ill-gotten treasure under the big oak-tree.

"To think," said Miss Hartford, "that my boy died a felon in a common prison! But I know he repented at last. He wanted to commission you to return the box to me, Geoffrey. I can take comfort in that."

"You will remember, Gooffrey," said Helen, "that the day I met you first I said I would be perfectly happy but for one thing?"

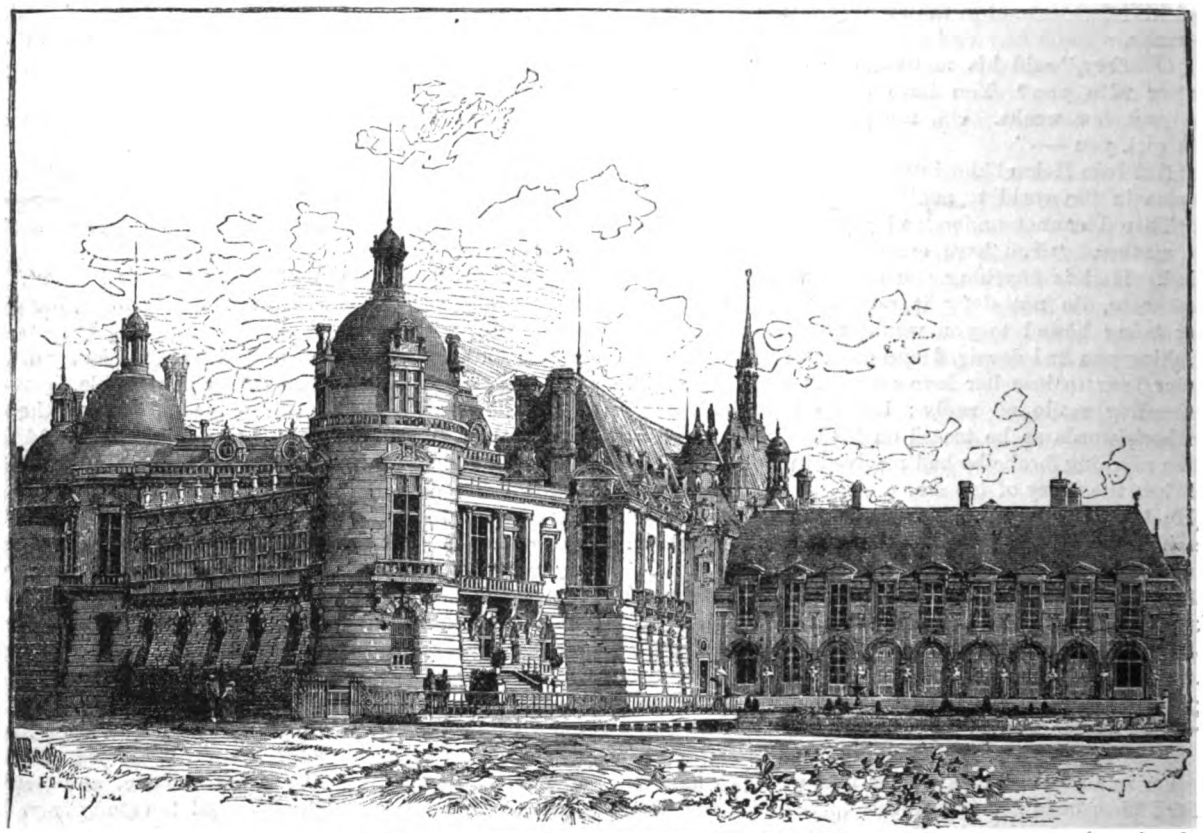
"I remember, dear."

"The one blot on my happiness was my brother Harold," said the girl. "I was perpetually haunted by the fear that he would disgrace himself in some terrible manner. I would have spoken to you of him, but I could not bear to tell you of his sins. And to think you knew him!"

"He was not a good man," said Geoffrey, "but I have a great deal to thank him for, Helen. But for that message he gave me on his deathbed, I would never have known you, and——"

But Helen interrupted him with a loving kiss.

"We have both cause for gratitude, then," she said. "My poor brother little knew, when he sent you to Heathcote Meadow, that he was sending you to me."



CHANTILLY.— THE NEW CHATEAU AND THE CHATELET.

CHANTILLY.

THE stately domain of Chantilly, which the exiled Duc d'Aumale has turned over to his colleagues of the Institute, to be held in trust for the French people, is one of the most ancient, as well as one of the most magnificent, in all the fair, historic land of France. The site (about twenty-five miles northwest of Paris, and at present on the direct line of the Northern Railway to Calais) was, as early as the thirteenth century, occupied by a seignioral stronghold, which, after passing through several hands, came finally into the possession of Pierre d'Orgemont, President of the Parliament. The Bourguignons captured it in 1422, and the English took it from them, holding it for four years, until Jeanne d'Arc drove the invaders out, and Charles VII. made his entrance into Compiègne. The domain passed, through Marguerite d'Orgemont, into the possession of the second Jean de Montmorency. This was in 1429; and the illustrious family of Montmorency held the estate for some two centuries and a half, greatly fortifying, improving and embellishing it. It was the Constable Anne de Montmorency who figured as the great art-patron during this *régime*, and who, in 1545, built the pretty châtelet which overlooks an artificial lake, just beyond the famous stables of Louis Henri de Bourbon. Among the royal guests entertained by the Montmorencies at Chantilly were the Emperor Charles V., and Kings Charles IX. and Henry IV. After the death of the Constable, in 1567, the domain passed to his children. The Maréchal de Montmorency, Governor of Languedoc —the same who was decapitated by order of Richelieu— was the seigneur of Chantilly until 1632. The domain,

confiscated by the Crown, was restored by Louis XIII. to Charlotte de Montmorency, sister of the rebel, who wedded Henri de Bourbon, Prince of Condé, and father of the Great Condé. It was thus that the Condés came into possession of Chantilly, which they never relinquished until the last of the race, the Duc de Bourbon, came to a mysterious end, in 1830, bequeathing the entire property to his grandnephew and godson, the Duc d'Aumale.

The Grand Condé was in his thirty-ninth year, when,

CHANTILLY.—1. THE LIBRARY. 2. THE CHAPEL. 3. THE PICTURE GALLERY. 4. COUR D'HONNEUR.

in 1660, he retired to Chantilly, there to revive and eclipse the prodigalities of the Constable Anne. He made extensive alterations in the old château, and employed Le Notre, the gardener of Louis XIV., to lay out the gardens, lakes, fountains and cascades, bringing water by canals from the Nonette. The completion of these works was celebrated by a magnificent entertainment, at which the Grand Monarque himself assisted. Madame de Sévigné has related, in her well-known letter describing the *fête*, the tragic incident of the suicide of Vatel, the cook. Exasperated at the non-arrival of the fish at the appointed hour, he went to his room and stabbed himself to the heart. Of course this did not interrupt the festivities. "Gourville exerted himself," continues Madame de Sévigné, "to repair the loss of Vatel; and he succeeded. The dinner was excellent. We banqueted, supped, promenaded, played, hunted; the perfume of jonquils was everywhere; the place was enchanted." Louis XIV. coveted Chantilly, and desired to purchase it.

"Your Majesty shall have it," said the Grand Condé, "at your own price, but upon one condition—that I shall be its *concièrge*."

"I understand you, cousin," replied the King. "Chantilly will never be mine."

Racine, Boileau and Bossuet were frequently entertained by the Grand Condé at Chantilly, during his retirement there. It was, nevertheless, at Fontainebleau that the Prince died, in 1686. His son, Henri Jules de Bourbon, constructed the Church and Park of Sylvie. His grandson, Louis Henri de Bourbon, built the magnificent stables, and employed Watteau to decorate—tradition says for his mistress, Madame Prie — those delicious boudoirs known as the *Singeries*.

The Terror devastated Chantilly, razing the old château to the foundations, and scattering the art-treasures of the Montmorencies to the four winds, while squatters occupied the noble grounds. After the Restoration, the Prince of Condé entered into possession again, but he died shortly after, in 1818. His son, Louis Henri Joseph, Duc de Bourbon, a prince of feeble character and intelligence, divided his time between Saint-Leu and the châtelet of Chantilly, doing little to restore the latter domain. The Duc d'Aumale inherited the property from him in the following manner:

The Duc de Bourbon, who was a passionate, cowardly, avaricious old man, was entirely under the control of an Englishwoman named Sophie Dawes. All her wishes were gratified, and when she expressed a desire to marry the Baron de Feuchère, one of the chamberlains, the baron was ordered to take for his wife this English outcast. Sophie's influence over the duke increased, if that were possible, and he gave her the estates of Boissy, Saint-Leu and the Forest of Enghien. She was wise enough to know that after the death of the Duc de Bourbon the Orléans Princes, who were his legitimate heirs, would contest her rights, so decided to share with them the fortune of her protector. She persuaded him to adopt the young D'Aumale, but soon as his will was made the Duc de Bourbon refused to sign, saying: "I have always been very suspicious of my Orléans relatives and soon as they obtain what they desire my days are numbered." Madame de Feuchère made such a scene (some say she went so far as to strike the old man), that the document was signed and the Duc d'Aumale was made the heir, with the stipulation that he should pay $2,000,000 to the Baroness Dawes-Feuchère.

During the revolution of July, 1830, the Duc de Bourbon resolved to flee; but the morning of the day appointed for his flight the servant who knocked at the door received no answer, and the prince was found hanging from the window-hasp, his feet dragging on the carpet, so that in the final struggle to escape death he would have been obliged to stand upon his feet. Whether death resulted from suicide or murder was never explained. Since then the Duc d'Aumale has been proprietor of Chantilly, and now makes a voluntary sacrifice and sets an example of magnificent liberality.

About 1840, the Duc d'Aumale began to take steps toward the restoration of the château, and in 1845 he ordered plans for its reconstruction to be drawn by the architect Dauban. The revolution of 1848, however, interrupted the work; and in 1852, the Orléans family were exiled from France. Fearing the confiscation of his property, the Duke turned it over, by a fictitious sale, to the English bankers, Coutts & Co., for the sum of 11,000,000 francs; and it was not until 1872 that the National Assembly of the French Republic restored Chantilly to its legitimate owner. Returning to his estate, the Duc d'Aumale was at last enabled to carry out his project of rebuilding the château, and reviving the bygone splendors of the place. The execution of the architectural part of the plan was intrusted to M. Daumet, who reconstructed the historic pile in a manner suggestive of the Valois period, with open arcades, upper and lower balustrades, domed turrets, surmounted by spires or pinnacles, steep roofs and circular or round-topped windows. The ground plan is in the form of an irregular pentagon, to cover the earlier foundations. The general effect is somewhat *bizarre;* but the château, taken as a whole, is a beautiful and stately monument. The interior parts—the Cour d'Honneur, the Salon and Picture Gallery, the Library, and the Chapel—which contains an altar-screen of rich Renaissance carving and some beautiful painted glass—are much admired. The several gardens of the château, laid out in the French, Italian and English styles, have their peculiar attractions. The stables, erected by a great-grandson of the great Condé, are among the finest specimens extant of French architecture at the commencement of the eighteenth century, and have often been mistaken, so monumental are they, for the château itself, by strangers who have begun their visit on the west side of the palace. The park or forest, containing altogether 6,700 acres, including the racecourse, affords delightful walks, rides or drives. At one spot, where twelve roads and avenues or paths meet, is a round stone table, where parties used to breakfast on the day of a grand hunt, and King Louis XIV. was once regaled with a luncheon there. At the ponds called the Etangs de Commelle, a mile beyond the Table Ronde, is a small Gothic building like a chapel, but with towers at its four corners. The portal and window are decorated with carved figures of reptiles, snakes, lizards, toads and frogs, and aquatic plants. This is called the Tour de la Reine Blanche, and is ascribed to Queen Blanche of Castile, mother of King Louis IX., but was probably built, in the fifteenth century, for a hunting or fishing lodge, by the Montmorencies.

Returning from the banks of the Thames to those of the Nonette, the Duc d'Aumale brought with him his famous collections from Twickenham. With its magnificent galleries and library, to which additions were continually being made, Chantilly again took its place among the princely homes of Europe, filled with treasures richer than any English duke could boast of. Rich and unmarried, and a born connoisseur of art, the Duke has been for many years one of the most ardent

of collectors. Though far from prodigal in other matters, he never allowed the price of a coveted object of art to stand in the way of his possession of it. When a dealer in England offered him a Memling and a Holbein for 500,000 francs, the Duke said : "I don't care about the Holbein, but I will give you 250,000 for the Memling ;" and he did it. But in showing this famous and precious diptych to friends and visitors he was never once known to allude to the price. The diptych has a Calvary on the right wing, and on the left one Jeanne de France, wife of Jean, second Duke of Bourbon, kneeling before a praying-desk. The Duc d'Aumale paid 600,000 francs for the "Three Graces" of Raphael, a little picture scarcely more than six inches square, said to have been suggested to the master when, as a young man, he was helping Pinturicchio with his frescoes at Sienna. Another fine specimen of the genius of Raphael will be seen in the Condé Museum, and this one the Duke paid 150,000 francs for. It is commonly known as the "Orléans Virgin," and many connoisseurs agree that it could be sold to-day for four times what the Duke gave for it.

When he bought the Cicongue Library in 1859, he found in it a book which had been purloined from the Bibliothèque Nationale early in the present century. It was a very precious book, of which the only other copy extant is in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and is, moreover, curiously illuminated and illustrated with quaint engravings in which personages of all classes are represented processionally, as in Holbein's "Dance of Death." Cicongue had thought it a bargain for 1,000 francs, yet the Duke, learning its origin, sent it back at once to the library.

In the list given, in 1862, to the Fine Arts Club of London, 738 items are enumerated as belonging to the Twickenham Collection, among which were 140 pictures, 83 miniatures, 18 enamels by Leonard Simonain and Petitôt, and 31 illustrated manuscripts on vellum. Since then the Duke has bought from the Duke of Sutherland the Alexandre Lenoir collection, which is most valuable for its specimens of crayons and paintings of the sixteenth century ; also the Reiset collections of drawings and forty pictures, and many other important collections.

The collection of the French School is the pride of the Chantilly galleries. It is chiefly represented by portraits of all those who have been distinguished by pre-eminence in name, in martial glory, in literature, in arts, in politics, and even in scandal, since the beginning of the fifteenth century. The Louvre has nothing fit to be spoken of in comparison with this remarkable assemblage of portraits, which, dispersed all over England and Germany, were brought under the same roof after a patient search of twenty-five years.

The seventeenth century, for instance, is illustrated by Mignard's "Molière," "Corneille," by François de Troy the elder ; "Richelieu" and "Mazarin," by Philippe de Champagne ; Rigaud's "Louis XIV."; the wax bust of Henry IV., taken after his assassination ; the "Grand Condé," by Coysevox and by Constori, of which latter there is also a "Turenne"; forty-two pictures of the D'Orléans family, by Fragonard, and several by Napoléon de Girard. For the eighteenth century we find Nattier, Watteau, Claude Gillet, the "Déjeuner au Jambon" of Lancret, the "Déjeuner aux Huitres" of J. F. de Troy, four heads by Greuze, and the celebrated "Nymphe—Hommage à la Beauté" of Prudhon, which had belonged to the Marquis Maison.

No less remarkable are the selections made from the paintings of the present century, among which are the portraits of Ingres and of Madame Devauçay, the "Stratonice," the "Françoise de Rimini," and the "Venus Anadyomène," by Ingres ; the "Trois Ages" of Gérard, the "Pestiférés" of Gros ; Géricault's last sketch, two *chefs-d'œuvre* of Delacroix, ten Decamps, one the "Corps de Garde," which was in the Salon of 1834 and cost 80,000 francs at the Maison sale ; three Marilhats, Fromentin's "Chasse au Faucon," several Ary Scheffers, Meissoniers, and Horace Vernets ; two Leopold Roberts, the "Assassination of the Duke de Guise," estimated by Delaroche to be his greatest work, and the twelve panels painted by Paul Baudry on his return from Italy, for the *voussoirs* of the Hotel Pontalba ; finally, by the same artist, the "Rape of Psyche," and that strange allegorical picture, the "St. Hubert."

Most of the decorative objects which were originally at Ecouen are now in the Chapel of Chantilly, of which the sculpture is the work of Jean Goujon. The altar here is a beautiful monument, with figures representing the four Evangelists, Religion, Strength and Faith, and the Sacrifice of Abraham. Behind is the Mausoleum of Henri de Bourbon-Condé.

The Library of Chantilly contains manuscripts at least equal in number and importance to those of the Bethune foundation at the Bibliothèque Nationale. The archives of the Condé family alone take up 500 volumes—portfolios and *cartons*. To these the Duke has added the only letters extant, except one, of La Bruyère ; the inventory of Cardinal Mazarin's Palace, the accounts of King John while a prisoner ; the autograph manuscript of the "Historiettes" of Tallemant des Réaux, of which the greater part has never been edited, its author having narrated many things that even a Brussels publisher would not dare to put in print ; an autograph manuscript of Brantome ; signatures and autograph marginal notes on books which had belonged to them of Rabelais, Montaigne, Racine and Bossuet, and a curiously illuminated poem of one Vatel, a forgotten bard of the sixteenth century, of which a heliographic reproduction has been made. The thirty-one items of manuscripts with miniatures mentioned in 1862 have become incomparable by the addition to them of the "Grandes Heures" of the Duc de Berri, pronounced by experts to be the finest in the world. It was bought at Genoa by the Duke for 25,000 francs, a few hours before the agent of Edmond de Rothschild got there with orders to go as high as 100,000 francs, and if brought to the hammer would undoubtedly fetch 500,000 francs. The illumination of this *chef d'œuvre* was begun in 1390 and was unfinished at the death of the duke in 1416, but was resumed and completed in 1453. Another priceless gem is a manuscript illuminated for Antoine of Burgundy, of which the City of Breslau possesses a copy so highly valued by its citizens that, in the articles of capitulation to Napoleon I. it was stipulated that it should not be removed from the Municipal Library.

The Library, properly so called, however, was only founded in 1859 by the purchase of that of M. Cicongue for the round sum of 600,000 francs, and contains only books of real value. One department is devoted to a collection of bindings in which figure the arms or the emblems of illustrious historical personages or of celebrated amateurs during the past three centuries : Francis I., Marguerite de Valois, Anne de Montmorency, Charles Quint, Macchiavelli, Diane of Poitiers, Catherine de Medicis, the great Condé, Richelieu, Mazarin, Bossuet, Madame de Maintenon, etc., and besides these, choice samples of the bookbinder's art, which has made such progress in the last twenty five years.

The Duc d'Aumale takes his treasures with him into

CHANTILLY.— ENTRANCE TO THE GALLERY OF PAINTINGS.

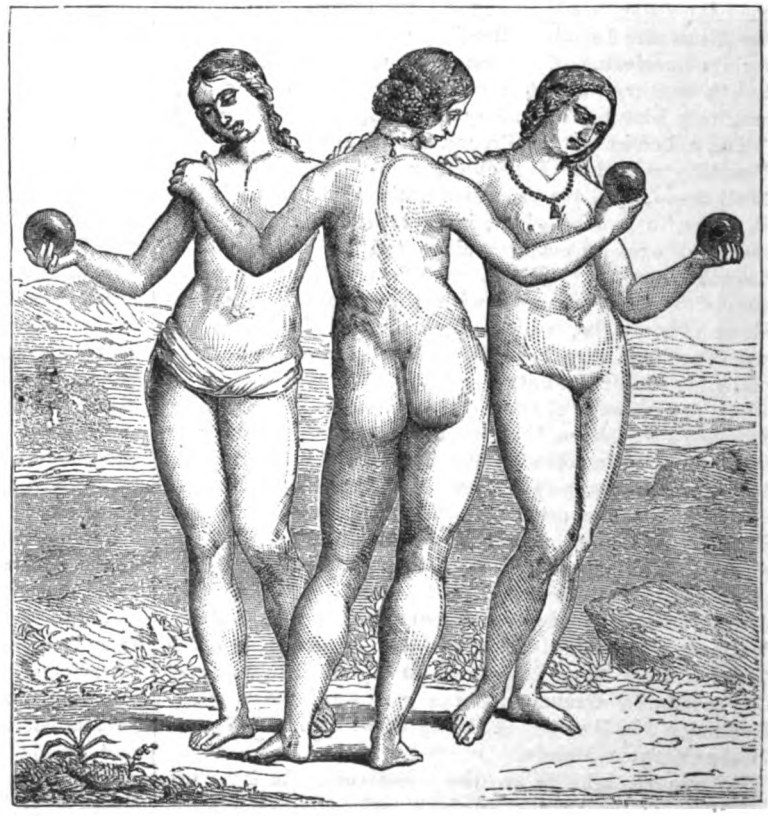
exile, his books and pictures going to London, his drawings and engravings to Brussels: an anomalous condition of things, observes the Paris correspondent of the New York *Times*, suggesting a text about the vanity of human affairs and the painful strangeness of this contrast, when the owner is obliged to spoil his dwelling of collections precisely at the moment when he takes measures for their definite installation there after his demise.

The domain of Chantilly, ground and buildings inclusive, is valued at from 22,000,000 to 25,000,000 francs, and the library and art treasures at 10,000,000 francs, though in reality many of the latter are inestimable from a mere money point of view. The annual revenue of the domain is about 60 ,000 francs, but the Institute will certainly turn to account much that the Duc d'Aumale has left unproductive. At present, Chantilly is burdened with two charges. One is an annuity of 200,000 francs payable to the Crédit Foncier for the reimbursement of a loan of 4,000,000 francs contracted by the Duke in 1874 for the reconstruction of the château. These payments will only end in the beginning of the next century, but a special clause in the act of donation permits the Institute to sell off some of the domain if it be deemed advisable to discharge the debt immediately. The other charges are a series of perpetual pensions, of which the total amounts to 30,000 francs per annum.

The deed of gift stipulates for annual payments of 15,000 francs to the Condé Hospital at Chantilly, in testimony of the sentiments displayed by this and the adjoining villages for the Duc d'Aumale; 10,000 francs to the Oise Departmental Council, of which the Duke was president, for parochial buildings, hospitals, disabled priests, and scholarships and prizes; 2,893 francs to be divided among three churches and three parishes near Chantilly; 1,000 francs for the Guise prize at the Lycée; 1,000 francs for the old pupils of the Collége Henri IV., and 1,000 francs for the most meritorious student there. Supposing, however, that the Immortals do not take steps to increase the revenue, even when all yearly charges and expenses be paid, there will remain a clear sum of 300,000 francs to be divided every twelvemonth among the five sections of the Academy.

The most valuable portion of the domain of Chantilly is its noble forests. North of the château there is the Parc du Grand Bois; south of it the Forêts du Chantilly, of Pontarmé, of the Lys, of Coye, and the Bois de l'Aigle, and of Royaumont, in all a superficies of over fifty square miles. These have been divided by the Duke into two parts, one of which is inalienable; another which the Institute may sell or keep, as its members may elect. The first is considered by the Duke as a specimen of the management of woods and forests, which ought to be preserved like the monuments and collections forming the Condé Museum. Its limits are not yet definitely fixed, but they will in any case include within them the Grand-Parc, the château with its dependencies, the forest of Chantilly, and probably that of Pontarmé. The total value of the alienable part is estimated at 4,000,000 francs, and is about 8,000 acres in extent.

The reader may judge, therefore, of the princely magnitude of the gift which the Duc d'Aumale has turned over to the Institute, to be kept in trust for the French nation; and admiration for the act need not be tempered



RAPHAEL'S "THREE GRACES," SIZE OF PAINTING, WHICH COST $120,000.

by invidious discussion of the motives of the donor. Whatever these motives may have been, it is manifestly unfair to charge that he intended the gift to procure a revocation of the edict of exile issued against him, in common with the other princes of his house. The paper which gives the home of the Condés to France was made in 1884 at Nouvion, the same place where, two years later, the Duc d'Aumale received the news of his expulsion from the land of his birth. Last July, it is related, while waiting at Nouvion for the decree, the Prince sent some of the books and manuscripts belonging to Chantilly to England, in order to have the material necessary for historical study. Thinking he might die in exile, a codicil was added to his will. This states that all the objects removed from Chantilly are to be returned by his executors, and, by a strange coincidence, while signing the codicil, the director of the Sûreté Générale arrived with the decree of expulsion.

A few words descriptive of the town of Chantilly may be appropriately appended to this account of the royal château and domain. The name is familiar, in a sporting connection, to all patrons and lovers of the turf. Since 1854, the lawn of 120 acres has been the principal race-track in France. When the race for the Blue Ribbon of the French turf was first instituted, Chantilly was chosen for the equine tournament, and the little town with its one street became as famous as Newmarket. In May, September and October of each year, contests of high importance, the "Grandes Courses" reported in the sporting intelligence of American and English, as well as French, newspapers, are wont to be determined here. The fine racecourse is close to the long, village-like street of the little town, which has 3,500 inhabitants, and affords lodgings to a multitude of stable-grooms, trainers, jockeys and horse-dealers; at one end is the railway-station, at the other end are the stately stables of Louis Henri de Bourbon. The town, however, is not wholly devoted to horse-worship, but has a domestic manufacture of silk lace, wrought by hand, which gives employment to the women and girls of many families in their own homes. This work, established so long ago as 1710, by M. Moreau, is extensively carried on, likewise, in most of the neighboring villages. The Church of Chantilly, built in the seventeenth century, is adorned with paintings by artists of that period, representing its foundation by the Prince and Princess de Condé, under the guardianship of their patron saints; and their hearts, or the ashes of them, are preserved in shrines beside the altar.

CHANTILLY.— BUST OF HENRY IV. IN COLORED WAX.

HERO-WORSHIP.

THERE is one of the sayings of Anacharsis Clootz which has always seemed to me both true and profound. Watching the revolutionary populace, and noting their readiness to repose a blind faith in the leader of the moment, the "advocate of the human race" was moved to exclaim, *France, guéris tes individus* (France, cure thyself of this passion for individuals). The advice is as sound to-day as it was a hundred years ago. Not by way of paradox but in sober earnest, I maintain that our deference to great men is the direct cause of much erroneous thought and misguided effort.

We have all made acquaintance with the doctrine of Hero-worship as it is revealed to us in the book of the prophecies of Carlyle, and especially in those eloquent lectures which he delivered in London five-and-forty years ago. There is much in the doctrine which none need desire to dispute. We are all ready to admit that a great man ought to be generously appreciated and loyally aided in his work; we may even recognize in his great qualities an express revelation of the divine. But this statement, ample as it is, would not be enough for Carlyle. The hero himself must be accepted as divine; heroes are to be worshiped, and worship is defined as "admiration without limit." This exaltation of the great man is accompanied by a corresponding abasement of the average man. Mirabeau is the one Frenchman of the age who has eyes to see; as for Frenchmen in the mass, they may be summed up and set aside in a phrase—so many millions, "mostly fools." As an humble unit among the so many millions of mankind, I desire to protest against this view of human life.

I protest against it, first, because it is wholly irrational. It is almost too plain that no man can be accepted as a suitable object of worship. The strongest, wisest, best of men is no more than a man. He knows only a miserable

fraction of what is to be known; his power extends only to a small fraction of what ought to be done; his character is flawed in every direction by pride, by temper, and by prejudice. Therefore I cannot allow myself to cherish for my fellow-man any admiration except such as is strongly qualified by criticism. To the Hero-worshiper all criticism appears to savor of disrespect, but this is not really so. My critical faculty, poor as it may be, was given to guide me through a deceitful world, in which sham Heroes do everywhere abound. I cannot dispense with this guide, unless you can offer me the guidance of absolute truth and wisdom.

If men are not to be worshiped, great men especially are not to be regarded with that admiration which knows no critical limit. For what is greatness? It would be unjust to confound Hero-worship with the vulgar worship of success. But, after all, the recognizable Heroes —those that have temples and worshipers—are the men who have succeeded. And success, as we know, is often determined, not by the purity of a man's good qualities, but by the nice combination and co-operation of good and evil. Any one of the divinities of Carlyle's Pantheon would serve to illustrate this truth. What would Cromwell be without his craft, or Burns without his animal nature, or Goethe without his cool indifference to others? But let us take one sufficient example—the great Napoleon. It is impossible not to admire the man. Turn over any volume of his correspondence and you find yourself in the presence of a mighty intellect. His ruthless, luminous, straightforward way of dealing with a practical problem is like a revelation. But why was Napoleon so great? Because during his whole life he never thought twice about suppressing any moral impulse which could not be made to serve his personal ambition. If he had been a good man he would have attained some kind of success, and Mr. Carlyle, lecturing at Willis's Rooms in the year 1840, would perhaps have included him among the heroes—and perhaps not. Just because he was a low man, because the current of his intellectual energy was spent in the narrowest channel, Napoleon became unquestionably great, a veritable hero.

One proof of the irrationality of Hero-worship is found in the worshiper's inability to describe his hero in clear and satisfactory terms. There are few literary achievements to be compared with Carlyle's "Cromwell," few books in any language which exhibit so wonderful a combination of industrious accuracy and poetic power. But does it enable us to understand Cromwell? Surely not. Carlyle is justly chargeable with the superficiality which he himself charged on Scott. He gives us a lifelike presentment of his hero, his clothes, his outer man, the country in which he lived. But when he comes to the inner man, his purposes and motives, we find ourselves in contact, not with a man but with a cloudy portent of Energy, Veracity, and other abstractions, spelt with capital letters. The roll of the devout biographer's style, broken only by ejaculations of praise, becomes at last positively wearisome; you put down the volume and look round impatiently for some historian who has not bound himself by a religious obligation to admire every act of Oliver, Lord Protector. Perhaps you find solace in Mozley's essay, the work of a High Churchman, who thought it right to be less than fair to the great Puritan; but at the same time the work of a critic, who sets out to describe a Man, and not a false god. Mozley gives you at least some measure of the man he describes; Carlyle gives you none, and would probably have throttled you had you asked him to measure Cromwell by the standards which apply to other men.

It is just the same when the hero happens to be a living person. How interesting, for example, and how various, is the character of Mr. Gladstone! But the hero of the pious Gladstonian's worship is neither interesting nor various. A more intolerable embodiment of unrelieved excellence and monotonous success was never molded out of plaster-of-Paris.

If a religion is irrational, it is pretty sure to be demoralizing; Hero-worship certainly retards moral progress, and that for several reasons. In the first place it degrades the worshiper by depriving him of that independence of judgment which is the only safe basis for a responsible being to stand on. My standards of right may be very imperfect, but they are my own; I must think and live by them, not by the second-hand inspiration of somebody else's virtue. There is no human character fit to serve me for a model. Should a man argue thus with himself: "I will act thus because so-and-so, my hero, has done the same;" or again, "This act must be noble and right because so-and-so, my hero, did it;" in the one case, and in the other, he forfeits his individuality and accepts a morally inferior position. Willfully suppressing his own judgment, he may end by doing what is bad himself and approving of the bad deeds of others.

If the hero is a living man, the act of worship is twice cursed; it injures him who renders and him who accepts it. Carlyle is perfectly right when he tells us that we do not know how to treat our Great Men. He is, naturally, bitter and eloquent in describing the lot of a man of letters;

> "Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail."

But this is only half the truth. Our kindness is even more fatal than our cruelty; our worship does more than our indifference to repress the noble rage of genius. We all can see the harm that is caused by worshiping sham heroes; but that is not my point. What I want to bring out is this, that, even when a truly great man is worshiped by an honest and loyal commonplace man, there is an element of moral danger in the relation between the two. The voice of fervent, unlimited praise may well incite in our minds a sympathetic fear. Remember the words that were spoken of King Herod: "It is the voice of a god and not of a man!" This exclamation may have been, and very likely was, a genuine outburst of Hero-worship. The holiday crowd at Cæsarea saw before them a striking figure—a prince who had held his own, and rather more than his own, among the great powers of his day. The king rises, and makes a fluent, sonorous speech, in itself a kind of miracle to the average inarticulate man, and there swells out the cry: "It is the voice of a god, and not of a man." Alas for such gods! they are all eaten by worms and give up the ghost, sooner or later.

I hope nobody will suppose that my purpose in making these remarks is merely to criticise the writings of Mr. Carlyle, a person of whom we have lately heard quite enough from critics far abler than myself. My purpose is not literary, but practical; it would not be necessary to attack Hero-worship at all, if it were not that this doctrine is working great mischief all round us in society.

Consider first how the habit of Hero-worship tends to support the principle of sacerdotalism in religion. In all our Churches there are many people who believe in the existence of a distinct order of men, having a special vocation and aptitude for sanctity. We can't, all of us,

quite believe what we think we ought to believe; and therefore we put faith in a priest or minister who seems to have no doubt about anything. We don't, all of us, even endeavor to do what we know we ought to do; and therefore it is pleasant to hold on by the priest or the minister, who is professionally committed to a pious life. It is not suprising that a great preacher should be to many of us the highest kind of hero, or that any preacher, not being personally contemptible, should be a hero to his own parish or congregation. Much satire has been expended on this phase of Hero-worship, but I have no desire to be satirical. It would be unjust to ignore the sacredness of the relation between the priest or minister, and the people whom he helps to live a higher life than their neighbors. But there is in any such relation an element of danger—an element of "voluntary humility and worshiping of angels." It is so comforting to think that if you have no spring of faith and aspiration in yourself you can find one in some other man.

Consider, again, what Hero-worship does for us in the world of literature and speculation. A great thinker not only assists, but directs, the thoughts of others; a great writer not only influences, but forms, the style of others. Now it is right that I should be assisted and influenced by men greater than myself; it is not right that I should be directed and formed. To me the greatest of thinkers is no authority; he is an advocate whom I am bound to hear and respect, reserving my own right to form an independent judgment. As to the expression of thought, it is surely plain that nothing could be more fatal to the highest qualities of style than the imitation of a model, however excellent that model may be.

But it is, perhaps, in the world of politics that the evils of Hero-worship are most plainly seen. In this country we are apt in matters of state and even in matters of religion to rally around a man despite his occasional faults or follies, with a loyalty like that of an old-time Highlander to the head of his clan, rather than keep constantly in view the principles of which he is perhaps, for the time, the ablest, most adroit or most eloquent defender. Yet in America this hero-worship is very evanescent. Our literary, religious and political heroes pass away, and the little worship paid them in life soon expires. There is none of the personal homage paid to them by succeeding generations that we have seen bestowed on European worthies.

Aristocracy is gone, and popular government has taken its place. I think, for my own part, that there was good reason for making the change, and that good results have followed it. But we may have to consider very seriously whether democracy is not deficient in the saving virtue of aristocracy. Large masses of men are prone to Hero-worship in its most exaggerated form; and this tendency is worked on continually for party purposes. Where many opinions prevail among the citizens, it is not easy to form a party strong enough and homogeneous enough to carry on the business of government. Politicians, as a rule, are very intolerant; each is bent on having all his own way; they will not combine except under *force majeure;* and the most effective force for the purpose is the influence of a party-hero. Lord Beaconsfield, for example, formed a strong party out of very heterogenous materials — Protectionists and Peelites, High Churchmen and Orange Protestants, the old landed interest and the *nouveaux riches.* Perhaps no section of the party had entire confidence in its leader; but they followed him because he was their indispensable man—the man without whom they could not win an election or form a government. So they worked hard to make him a popular hero; they invented an impressive legend, and set up that ritual which has been so wonderfully developed by the Primrose League.

The same process has been carried on with equal success by the other great party in England. Mr. Gladstone had to lead a party composed of Whigs and Radicals, High Churchmen, Dissenters, and unbelievers, Palmerstonians and Cobdenites, Economists and Sentimentalists. Most Liberals were at first disposed to regard Mr. Gladstone with suspicion; many Liberals, it is now obvious, are still far from putting entire trust in him; but many (it seems to be no less obvious) still follow him because he is their indispensable man, without whom they cannot even face a general election. Some years ago, a Welsh member of Parliament told his constituents that he would rather be governed despotically by Mr. Gladstone than constitutionally by his Conservative rivals—a saying fit to be pondered by those who imagine that personal government came to an end with the execution of Charles the First.

If we look beyond our own country we see the same influence at work, turning the principle of popular government against itself. Napoleon the Third gave France universal suffrage, because he knew that the peasantry would demand a Cæsar. Since the Empire fell, French politics have been in a state of unstable equilibrium, because there has been no man big enough to personify the people and impose silence on the factions. Prince Bismarck, again, insisted on making universal suffrage the basis of the Empire which he founded, He knew that his countrymen would demand an individual to govern them, and he had a shrewd notion who the individual would be.

It is to be noted that the principle of political Hero-worship is more dangerous in England than in other nations. For in England all political processes are slow, and the evolution of a party hero is no exception to the rule. A party leader usually comes to his kingdom between sixty and seventy, about the time when his mind and conscience begin to work rather too easily on their hinges. And thus it happens that, as Mr. Cobden said, "the authority of an English statesman increases in exact proportion as his capacity declines."

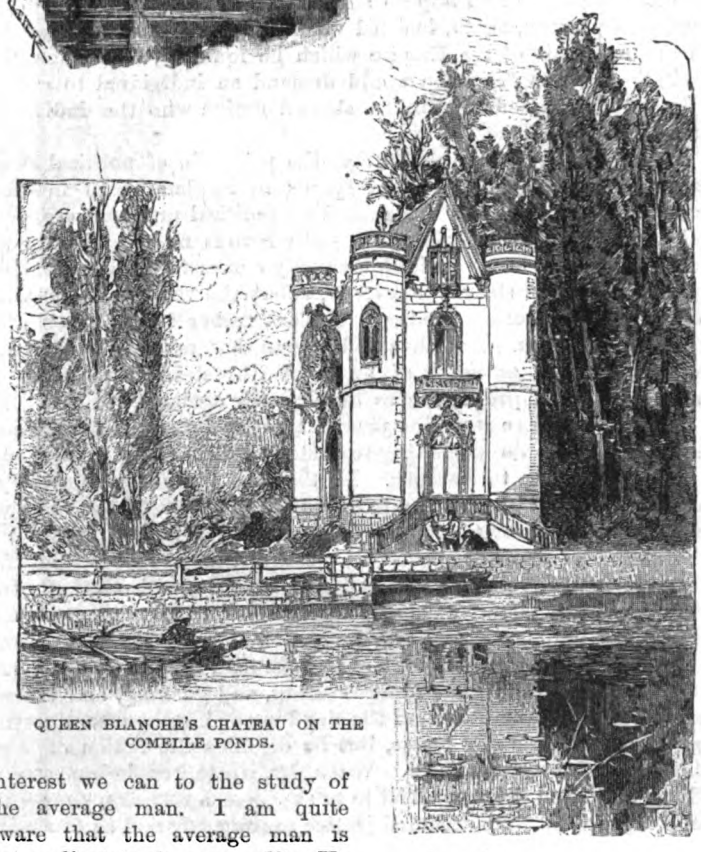
There are some practical correctives which might perhaps do something to abate the evils which I have been trying to describe. In the first place, sensible people should take pains to dissociate themselves from the open and avowed worship of heroes. When men lay hold of an eminent person, and makes him the object of what the newspapers call a boom, we may, with all due courtesy, assert our right to form our own judgment. And in doing so, we may be sure that we shall not offend the hero, if he is a hero. No true man likes to have "admiration without limit" roaring, and gushing, and twittering round him all the day long. A great man does not disdain our praise, but he disdains the notion of being dependent on it. When Dr. Keate was headmaster of Eton, he was called in to suppress a rebellion among the boys. He executed justice so promptly and so fearlessly, that when he took his departure even the rebels began to cheer. He turned on them with a grim smile: "None of that, boys. If you may cheer me, you may hiss me." There was a true heroic dignity in this remark.

Again, we can do much to preserve ourselves and others from error if we bear in mind that genuine heroes must always be few. There are never enough of them to justify us in counting on their aid; we may, therefore, treat them as exceptional, and give all the attention and

CHANTILLY.— THE GREAT STABLES.— SEE PAGE 232.

GUARDHOUSE AND COMELLE PONDS.

THE PLANE-TREE ALLEY.



QUEEN BLANCHE'S CHATEAU ON THE COMELLE PONDS.

interest we can to the study of the average man. I am quite aware that the average man is not a client to do one credit. He affords no scope for rhetoric; he is limited, apathetic, prosaic. But after all, he is the important person for whose benefit churches and parties and saints and heroes are created. If any historian will give us an adequate biography of Mr. Gladstone, we shall all receive it with gratitude. But I for one shall be even more grateful to the man who will give me a true picture of the mind of the average Midlothian elector. Depend on it, *that* would be a document from which we should learn more than from the biography of any statesman, however distinguished.

In endeavoring to maintain a critical habit of mind we shall, of course, expose ourselves to the violence of fanatics. If you presume to analyze your neighbor's religion, however respectfully the analysis may be conducted, he will probably regard you as an indifferent skeptic and a hardened cynic. There is really all the difference in the world between the critic and the cynic. It would be cynical to assume that all heroes are overrated persons or that all popular judgments are wrong. The critic makes no such assumption; he takes as much pleasure in discovering the true hero as in exposing the sham. But if his faculty is to be kept fit for use, he must beware of mental prostration, even in the presence of the true.

OUR SWEETHEART. —"'DOWN IN THAT RAVINE LIES A YOUNG FELLOW WHO BRAVELY SAVED MY LIFE AT THE EXPENSE OF HIS OWN, I FEAR. I WISH YOU TO GO DOWN AND SEE IF HE'S ALIVE,' THE COLONEL SAID."

OUR SWEETHEART;

OR,

THE PURPLE SCAR.

By Mrs. Denison.

Part I.

Colonel Gerard Rochester! the handsomest man I ever saw. I had been nursing him for two weeks in the old hospital at Winchester. The place is now a thriving hotel.

The colonel was a Virginian by birth, of good family, a noble soldier and a fast friend. I learned somewhat of his history when, during his sickness, he wandered in his mind, for at times the fever ran high, and he talked of home continually.

I learned that he had two sisters, Prinny and Rose—at least I supposed they were sisters—that his mother was living, and that they all three worshiped him. In fact, I made up my

mind that he was not only head of the house, but the idol of the old plantation.

How many times during the painful watches of the night have I heard him call out, "Rose," and, "Rose of all the world!"

When our sweetheart came he was still pretty sick. There wasn't a man of us didn't love her, from the surgeons down to the hospital stewards.

If you could have seen her coming through the ward! More than one sick soldier took her for an angel. Perhaps she tried to look commonplace and nurse-like, but she couldn't. The shining waves of her hair, the big blue eyes, the small, beautifully shaped lips, betrayed beauty and youth,

"Who is that child?" a stranger asked one day.

That set me to thinking that she couldn't be much over sixteen; but she was—she was almost eighteen—that I learned by chance. Her form was grace itself. To me she seemed to float rather than to walk.

She could scarcely help coming to a halt right opposite the colonel's bed that first day, for just as she got there he sprang up and cried, with a sort of sob and a kind of rapture:

"Rose! my Rose!"

She stood there looking at him, with such a sweet, wistful look, as if she pitied him so.

There he sat, arms outstretched, his dark eyes alight, his hair falling in great waves down to his shoulders, his mustache long, soft and curling. How handsome he was!"

"Who does he call?" she asked, looking at me.

"His sister, miss, I suppose, or his sweetheart. I don't rightly know which," I said.

She smiled, and was passing on, but he cried again, all his soul in his eyes:

"Rose! my Rose! Rose of all the world!"

"I think, miss, if you would just stand by him a minute, and let him hold your hand," I ventured to say, "it might soothe him."

"Certainly," she said, and she said it with a smile that made her seem more like an angel than ever. "I came here to take care of the soldiers—to do what I can for them. I have not been made fairly acquainted with my duties yet, so I can tend him just as well as not."

She came to the side of his cot and bent over him, taking one of his hands. Gradually he sank back, holding on to her little hand, that looked so white and soft.

I couldn't wonder that he shut his eyes, and a rare satisfaction stole into his face. I reckon I felt just at that moment that I'd willingly have exchanged places with him, for, you see, I had fallen in love with her at first sight.

It wasn't long before he was sleeping beautifully. Then she took her hand from his, lingered a moment with her eyes on his face, and then, with a little bow to me, she went softly away.

From that very hour Colonel Rochester began to improve.

"I say, James, who is she?" one of the sick men asked.

"I don't know," says I. "She's the biggest beauty I ever set eyes on. I wonder if she ll stay in this ward? If she just comes through, it'll do me more good than doctor's stuff."

"Hold your tongue, captain," I said, for his wound was just under the jaw. "We shall know all about it before long. Some one of the surgeons got her here, I'll be bound."

The colonel stirred in his sleep. His lips moved.

"My Rose!" he whispered.

"It must be his sweetheart," I said to myself.

He waked up quite rational. It was time to put fresh bandages on his wound, and, for a wonder, he submitted patiently, though sometimes we were obliged to hold him down.

"Colonel," I said, as soon as I saw that he was rational," Rose has been here."

"Rose?" he said, excitedly; "my sister Rose? Impossible; unless she came in the spirit. She is dead!"

"Then Rose was your sister, and she is dead?" I said, falling back a little.

"Yes; this cruel war killed her. Now I have only my mother, my poor, proud mother left."

"And Prinny?" I said.

"My cousin; yes"—his handsome lips wreathed in a smile; "my cousin, queenly Prinny!" Then he looked at me in amazement. "How did you know?" he asked.

"Well, colonel, when you were a little out, you talked of them, you know. Morning, noon and night they were on your lips, Rose and Prinny, Prinny and Rose. I thought one of them must be your sweetheart."

He laughed, feebly.

"Rose was my twin sister," he said, "and Prinny—ah, well!—she will be all the sweetheart I shall ever know. But, sergeant, what did you mean when you said Rose had been here? Did you dream it?"

I shook my head.

"It was the new nurse," I said.

"The new nurse," he murmured, drowsily. "And her name was Rose?"

"That I don't know. "You called her Rose, and she stopped. Then she sat down a few moments with your hand in hers, or, rather, her hand in yours."

His lips curled, his eyes flashed. He made a gesture of disgust.

"Does she take snuff?" he asked.

It was my turn to laugh, but just then I heard a little rustling, and saw Captain Royal turn his eyes toward the door, so I only said:

"I think she is coming this way again. You might ask her."

"I'll not even look at her," said the colonel, promptly. He closed his eyes, and a tremor went over him. I knew how he hated everything pertaining to—the other side.

"Ah, your patient is asleep."

The new nurse stopped at the foot of the bed, exactly as she had a little while before. Over her head a white handkerchief was folded, cornerwise, the points coming over her curly locks and just touching her white forehead. A white scarf of some kind of muslin crossed her shoulders.

I wanted him to see her.

"Colonel, are you asleep?" I asked, mischievously.

He opened his eyes, reluctantly. It was not in his nature to sham.

As he did so, the blood rushed over his face. His eyes darkened and sparkled. Mute with astonishment, he gazed and gazed. His breath came quicker. She smiled, and her cheeks grew red.

"Is *that* the nurse?" he queried, under his breath; then quickly added: "Pardon me!"

"Yes; this is the nurse," she responded, with the gravity becoming her calling; "and this is my ward. I hope you are better?"

"Decidedly better," was the quick response.

"I am glad to hear it. Sergeant," she added, turning to me, "you are to be helper till I get acquainted with my duties. I am afraid you will be sorry to know it."

"No indeed, madam; I will aid you to the best of my ability," I made answer.

Out of the side of my eyes I saw Captain Royal grin, though it was followed by a grimace, for the strips of plaster held his chin fast. I knew what it meant. He had some days before held an indignation meeting, a sort of council of war, and repelled the idea with scorn that we needed any women nurses, and here we all were ready to bow at the slightest wish of the first one that came.

"Very well. I shall call upon you often," she said, smiled and moved on.

Colonel Rochester followed her out of sight with his eyes, then he drew a long breath.

"You seem to admire her, colonel," I said.

"She's the handsomest woman I ever saw!" he said, with fervid emphasis. "And—she's—a nurse—here!"

"I noticed you didn't ask her if she took snuff," I said. "Perhaps you forgot it."

"Good heavens!" he said, explosively; "what do you take me for?" And he was actually angry.

We were all naturally anxious to know who she was, and the newcomer formed the topic of our conversation in and out of the hospital. Finally, we decided to ask Snack Edger, a tall, lean fellow, whom surgeon New had brought with him from Indiana, and who was not blessed with more than a small modicum of natural good sense. He came into our mess-tent one day, and I spoke to him on the subject.

"I know who she is," he said, on hearing her name, at the same time looking askance at the table.

He had gained his nickname of "Snack" in consequence of his unlimited capacity for stowing away food at all times and seasons. Everybody, even the surgeons, called him Snack, and he never seemed to resent it. I buttered a couple of biscuits and improvised two sandwiches for his delectation.

"She's from Boston, isn't she?" ventured Steward Lennox.

"No, she ain't. She's a New Yorker, she is, and she's engaged, and her beau's gone to war. I guess he ain't much. Dr. New don't think so. She was on a visit to Indianapolis, and she wanted to come with her aunt, Mrs. New. Surgeon didn't want her to come, but Mrs. New said 'Yes,' and when she says 'Yes,' she's the boss, you bet. He thought she was too young and too little; but she's spunky. New he says she's a born nurse. I'll bet half the men in hospital are in love with her. I am myself."

With this candid confession Snack swallowed the last of his sandwich and left the tent.

Here was a pretty kettle of fish. Miss Rose—yes, her name was Rose—had a lover in the field, and the colonel was probably as good as engaged to his cousin, Miss Prinny Rochester, while it was as plainly to be seen as the nose on your face that he was dead in love with the hospital nurse, and quite as evident that she was in love with him.

While I was still acting in the capacity of nurse, news came one morning that brave old Stonewall had beaten the enemy in a hardly contested fight, and was then actually on his way toward Winchester. The women of that burg were on the *qui vive*. Prayer meetings were more frequent. Savory smells of roast turkey, plum puddings and the sauces for which the Southern women were famous, came gratefully to our nostrils. As there were sure to be sick and wounded soldiers in the train, an extra supply of lint and hospital stores was sent in, and several new cots were made up.

Colonel Rochester was much excited over the news, so, indeed, were we all. Stonewall was our hero and Rochester's general, and he felt toward him a devotion that was almost worship.

He had by this time so far recovered that he could sit up, supported by pillows, nearly all day; and for nothing did he seem more thankful than that he was well enough to grasp the hand of his adored general.

"Of course he will come to see me!" he said. "We have been in too many fights together for me to fear that he will neglect an old friend. I shouldn't wonder if"—then a long pause—"great Heaven!" he added, with rolling eyes; "there's my mother!"

I looked round. A lady, dressed in the deepest of mourning garments, had just entered the ward. She was turning from cot to cot in a sort of bewildered fashion, but presently she saw the pallid face of her son. In less time than it takes me to tell it she was in his arms.

A fine, stately-looking woman she was, and must once have been remarkably beautiful. The tenderness in her face and manner was something fine to see as she looked at her son, and then drew his head to her bosom.

"Alive! saved!" she exclaimed. "And they told me you were dead. Oh, my boy! what a household we were when they told us the terrible news. And we all believed it. But your cousin Prinny, God bless her! she declared from the first that it was not true; that you were still alive. If you only knew what a darling Prinny has been to us since Rose——"

Her voice choked. She hid her face, for the tears were streaming down her cheeks.

There was silence for a moment.

"How is Prinny, mother?" he asked, but his voice was terribly hoarse and shaken.

"Very well, dear, and growing so pretty," said his mother, commanding her emotions. "I wish she could have come. Our cousin Ralph lives in Winchester; she might have stopped there; but it was not best to leave the house alone with the servants. Not but what it would have been proper enough, when she is all the same as engaged to you," she added, in a lower tone.

"How did you get here, mother?" he asked, hurriedly.

"I came in with the dear general. He was so kind! You must thank him for me. I had been waiting outside the lines for nearly a week—ever since I heard where they had carried you. When I made known my request, he sent an aide at once with an ambulance, so you see as far as possible I came in grand state."

The reader will not, of course, take it for granted that I had kept my position at the side of the colonel's bed. I was sitting in the next ward, divided by a partition of cotton cloth, so that I could not help hearing much of the conversation. I could have seen her by turning my head. I could see the colonel and the sweeping folds of his mother's black dress.

Just then I saw a quick rapture come into the colonel's face. I knew that either Stonewall Jackson was coming, or—our sweetheart.

It was Rose, more beautiful than ever. In her hands she carried a little silver tray, on which were a cup of tea, a pitcher of milk and some thin slices of bread, toasted as only she knew how to toast them. She came forward, moving slower and yet slower as she saw and divined who was there. No one but a mother would take that position, and for a minute she hesitated between the fulfillment of her duty and a natural disinclination to intrude. She looked heavenly beautiful. There was a light in her face that almost transfigured it.

I heard the colonel call her, and, then, turning to his mother, he said :

"Dearest mother, I want you to thank this brave little lady, whose good nursing has brought me along the road to recovery."

I heard the rustle of silk, and knew that the woman rose up ; then she sat down again. Captain Royal told me afterward that Mrs. Rochester's countenance underwent curious changes at sight of the young girl. She seemed startled, as well she might, at the glorious beauty of "our sweetheart," as the hospital boys called her under their breath. Then her face darkened and grew very cruel and proud.

"I thank you——" She hesitated whether to say "miss" or "madam," but finally said—"madam, for your care of my dear son. I presume I am talking to one of the nurses at the hospital. You are working, I see, as well as we, for the cause of our struggling land ?"

"I am doing the best I can, madam," was the quiet response, in a sweet, low voice. Meantime, she was arranging the table by the bedside. Not once did she glance at the colonel, but she said, softly:

"You must be very glad to see your mother, Colonel Rochester," and, then, with a bow, hurried away.

Had the proud matron learned her boy's secret in that little moment ? Profound silence ensued. The sick man just tasted the toast and took one or two sips of tea ; further than that he neither ate nor drank.

Captain Royal told me afterward that, at the departure of Nurse Rose, Mrs. Rochester sat like a statue, looking in her son's face. He, on the contrary, tried to avoid her eyes. Finally, she began to talk of home matters, but the passion in her face, the occasional compression of the lips, the corrugated brow and stony expression of the eyes, told of the stormy thoughts underlying all.

Once she bent over and whispered something in his ear, but he looked up as if struck either with remorse or anger, and then replied in a whisper,

For an hour she sat there, and then took her leave, saying, as she left him :

"Remember, my son, you have your choice."

Part II.

For the rest of the day, Colonel Rochester was nervous and almost irritable. If he by chance saw our sweetheart, his face would light up for a moment, but as she went the shadow fell again. This state of things was not bettered by the astounding news, in less than thirty-six hours, that Winchester was again in possession of the enemy, and Stonewall Jackson, fighting desperately against odds, had retreated.

Mrs. Rochester went also, and we never saw her in hospital again, but frequently letters and messages came. I could see that the colonel was very unhappy. One can imagine that a haughty, determined woman, who holds her son's heart in her hand, has it in her power to strew many thorns in his path.

Meantime I learned through the ever-communicative Snack, that our sweetheart had been having her share of trial. The man to whom she had been engaged had

A COINCIDENCE.

Young Wife's Mother—"All alone, my dear child! I'm afraid that husband of yours neglects you terribly. He's always at his Club when I call."

Contented Wife—"Yes, Mamma; but he's at home at all other times." [*Y. W. M. sniffs.*

A STUDY.— BY HAROLD COPPING.

fallen in the last battle at Gettysburg, shot through the heart.

"Shot while holding the flag," Snack said, and he further remarked that Dr. New had said that it was a good death to die, and he guessed Miss Rose would be just as well without him; from which I inferred that the doctor knew more about him than Miss Rose did, and was not sorry that he was out of the way.

For a time the little nurse was very quiet, but as the colonel grew stronger it only seemed a natural thing for them to meet and walk together, and before long our sweetheart's face regained its placid beauty. I fancied that now the wooing went on without any drawbacks, but how egregiously I was mistaken my story will show.

It did not surprise me to learn that the two were engaged. In fact, the colonel was kind enough to make a confidant of me; sufficiently so, at all events, to deepen the impression I already had.

I have since learned that just about that time many and threatening letters came from the mother to the son, the madam insisting that he was bound in honor to marry his cousin Prinny, to whom he had been consigned during his father's lifetime; that certain benefits accruing to the family depended upon the union; that she would never, never give her sanction to his marriage with, as she put it, a common hospital nurse, and that for him to persist would bring upon him her bitterest curse.

He did persist, however, and was preparing for his marriage with Miss Rose, when a telegram came which, as he read it, sent all the blood out of his face. All he would tell us was that a terrible accident had befallen his mother.

Then there was a hurried interview with our little nurse, and he was gone.

Various were the surmises set on foot. Some said his mother was dying; might be dead when he got there; we none of us knew.

But our dear little sweetheart! Everybody was anxious for her welfare. She moved about among us, white and silent. Her fair and beautiful presence was there, but her soul was away. Her eyes told that story. I was always watching her without seeming to, and on letter days I could guess as to the nature of the news. Sometimes she was quietly happy and more like her old self; then, again, she would be pale as death, and seemed scarcely to know what was going on around her.

"Hard lines to-day," Captain Royal would say, with a softer voice at such times, and sometimes there were tears in his eyes. Or, if she was more smiling and had a touch of her old color: "Tide's in a little livelier this morning;" but it was seldom that a letter seemed to bring her positive pleasure.

At last, there must have come the worst that could come, for our sweetheart became ill and went home to Mrs. New, who was stopping then at the house of Father Chase in Winchester, and we saw her in the hospital no more.

The next we heard of the colonel was that he had resumed his duties, and was going into action with the Tenth Virginia Cavalry.

Probably our sweetheart had heard the news. As for me, I was discharged from the hospital, and, as soon as I could, joined the regiment under Rochester's command, with an added chevron on my coat-sleeve.

In less than a week we were marching to the front. I had met Colonel Rochester to speak with him but once, and was startled at the alteration in his appearance. His face was drawn and pale, and very stern; his eyes were restless and gloomy. He held my hand for a moment, knowing that I knew his thoughts. I think he would have asked about our sweetheart, but at that moment an aide came up, and we were parted.

In less than an hour the fight had opened. It looked as if we were going to have hot work, cannonading to right of us, to left of us, in the centre and in front.

In our company there was a colored man, a servant who belonged to the Rochester plantation. When he found that I knew his master, he would join me on every occasion where it was possible. He was always talking about de "kurnell," whom he idolized, and often spoke of Mrs. Rochester.

Early that morning he had come to see if there was any service I needed, and he was never more loquacious.

"'Deed I hopes Massa Kurnell 'll be spar'd," he said. "Wasn't no 'casion fer him to go, n' de missus knowed it. She done flung her arms 'bout his neck n' begged, n' begged him not to go, fer her sake, but go he would, though he's under no capacity to go, along o' his wounds not being wholly healed up. 'Deed I think de old madam would die ef he di'd."

"Is the colonel going to marry his cousin Prinny, do you think, Kansas?" I asked.

He looked grave at once.

"Dey—kind o' ses so," was his reply. "After dat *accident* marse seem to hab to come to it, I reckon. But he ain't de same man no mo'," he added, under his breath.

"What was the accident?" I asked; "and who did it happen to?"

He looked at me askance. Then he drew his face down, and pulled at his wool reflectively.

"Well—yo' has me dar," he said, sententiously. "Nobody but Mars Rochester n' ole Mercy know about 'em, dat is," he added, wisely, "in de fullest particlerers."

"That's strange," I said, handing him a quarter. "It must have been very serious."

"It war serus," he said, looking at the quarter, and slowly winking at it; "but I kin on'y tell you thus much—*so* serus dat ole missus never tuck her bunnit off'n her head agin no mo'!"

"What in creation do you mean, Kansas?" I asked.

"I means zactly what I says, mars'r. Missus wars a big bunnit, p'r'haps she call it a cap, but it look like a bunnit to me, wid big, *big* bows tied under her chin. Ef anybody comes, thar she is with her bunnit on. I dun know ef she sleeps with it, but I shouldn't wonder, so 's not to be 'sprised. Mos' ob de darkies say she do."

"But what has that to do with the accident?" I asked, thoroughly mystified.

"Dunno." He shrugged his shoulders. "We don' none ob us know, only dar war a stir at de house when it happen, n' three doctors to de missus, an' missus sick fer a long time. Den she put har bunnit on n' never take it off no mo'."

"Some mental hallucination," I thought to myself, and presently dismissed it from my mind, for the fighting was about to commence.

During the battle, one of our companies was nearly surprised by a number of the enemy, who crept up through the bushes, not being discovered by any of us until within a few yards' distance. Nobody saw the danger but Colonel Rochester, who rushed forward with our men and two other companies, opening fire with such success that he literally ran the enemy down. But presently they were reinforced, and turned, opening fire again. How the colonel escaped I could never tell. The bullets flew round him, but he maintained his position, and I gradually drew near him.

There he towered in the midst of shot and shell, for there was firing to the right and firing to the left where the batteries were, and the terrible Gatling gun in full operation. It seemed to me now and then that he courted danger and even death, and I watched, ready to rescue him if I could.

All at once he saw me, and beckoned me to come closer.

"James," he said, "down in that ravine lies a young fellow who bravely saved my life, at the expense of his own, I fear. It seems there was a sharpshooter close on our lines who had probably singled me out. This boy happened to see him, and, just at the fatal moment, threw himself in front of me, firing. I don't know what became of the other fellow, but this poor boy got the bullet in his chest. I wish you to go down and see if he is alive. Take him to one of the tents, if he is—if not, God rest his soul! No matter how bad the wound is, don't leave him there. Do this errand well, and I will reward you."

"No reward for me, if you please, colonel. I'll do it for love," I said; "but pray be careful of yourself—don't court death."

"Useless if I did," he replied, with a wan smile, and rode off.

His commands were obeyed to the letter. I found the boy, and had him carried to the hospital-tent that stood by the side of a dilapidated old sawmill and under the branches of a magnificent umbrella-tree.

As I laid him down, his eyes flew open and a thrill went through my veins. Gradually life and consciousness came into the glance.

"Did I save him?" came in a wild, piteous cry.

"You saved him," I said, almost in a whisper, I was so awe-struck.

A sharp, quick cry told me that I was recognized.

"Take me away," was the pleading, piteous cry with which she answered my glance. "If I die, respect my secret."

"So help me God I will!" I answered, and great tears from my own eyes were plashing on her pale face, the sweet face of our sweetheart!

"Tell Dr. New it was all right. I don't care—for myself—my life—is nothing—but—his! After I am gone—no, never let him know. I feel that I am dying. Call them all in—it is growing dark!"

Poor child! she had done the supremest thing possible—she had given her life for his.

I can scarcely tell what happened next. The enemy were upon us, and victorious. Confusion reigned. The wounded were placed in ambulances. Horses and men were mixed together. Regiments were retreating, fighting as they went. Somebody entered the tent—I did not see his face, only something told me it was not Colonel Rochester—cried out at sight of Rose, lifted her in his arms and rushed from the tent. Then came all the horrors of retreat, nor need they be repeated.

Six months after that I was in Virginia, home on sick leave. I had not heard a word from any of my old friends and comrades, as most of my time had been spent in hospital.

Every day after my recovery I took long walks, according to medical advice, and one splendid morning I determined to go as far as the Rochester plantation and ask after my commander, who had also been home on sick leave.

It was a long distance—ten miles away—but I knew there was a chance of rest and generous hospitality at the end. When I arrived there, to my astonishment, the house was shut up, but I saw some of the servants, who appeared to be idling round at their leisure. Making a *détour*, I came in sight of the front door, and my heart misgave me when I saw that it was heavily craped.

Kansas came up, delighted to see me, and grinning in spite of the woe he intended to express.

"Who is dead?" I asked, tremblingly, knowing that the colonel had been very ill.

"Pore ole missus," was his reply, as he suddenly pulled a long face. He touched me mysteriously on the arm as he leaned over and whispered, in a stage aside: "N' she done got de big bow on, all de same!"

"Can I see her?" I asked, overpowered by a sudden curiosity.

"Suttinly, suttinly, walk right in; dar's no one thar now, dey's eatin' dar dinner, n' jest begun. Fust do' to de right, n' please 'scuse me, I's wanted fur to wait on table."

I went slowly in the large, darkened parlor. How terribly the gloom of death overshadowed it. Everything was black. Even the pictures were covered with crape, and the heavy curtains at the darkened windows hung straight from ceiling to floor.

I went toward the coffin and looked in. The face was white as marble, and the thin features revealed how marvelously beautiful she must have been in her prime. On her brow was still a regal pride.

As Kansas had said, there was tied beneath the chin a large, elaborate bow, and about the neck a wide fold of crape, or some white, thin material.

Curiosity conquered prudence. With a quick grasp I raised the bow and the bandage together, then fell back, startled and aghast. The mystery was explained. Nearly extending from ear to ear was a broad, purple scar!

I saw the whole explanation as in a flash. This high-born, high-bred dame, in despair at her son's obstinacy in daring to follow his own inclination in the matter of his choice of a wife, had nerved herself to the commission of a desperate deed.

The horror of this—to him and his—disgrace, had taken poor Rochester back to his home at almost the supreme moment of his happiness, and the fear that it might occur again led him to conceal the past.

Did he know? I wondered; did this passionate, proud lady know now that the woman she so despised had saved her boy's precious life—had died for him?

At that moment came footsteps. I was so startled, so remorseful for the deed I had done, that I concealed myself behind one of the window-curtains, in the deep embrasure of the old-fashioned window. With slow steps—ah! I knew that tread—Colonel Rochester came in, leading by the hand a tall, beautiful woman, with blue eyes and golden hair.

They both stopped at the coffin-head.

"Prinny," he said, quietly—there was no passion in his voice—"here, by her side, whose last wishes I would fulfill, is your answer—'Yes'?"

"Cousin Gerald," she answered, in a soft, low voice, "do you love me?"

There was utter silence.

"Prinny!" he said, after a long pause.

"Cousin, you do not love me in that way! I was, as you know, a dependent on your mother's bounty. It was her heart's dearest wish that we should marry. What could I do? If your happiness had been at stake, I must have said 'Yes,' and yet I had rather remain your cousin. Now, do you want me to say 'Yes'?"

I heard his sigh of deep content. Then he murmured:

THE WILY ARCHER.

"Cousin Prinny, I shall always be proud of you. You are a noble woman!"

Then they left the room together as they had entered it.

How terribly that dead woman had blighted his life. Could she have seen it, then?

My story may not be considered artistic in its closing, but as it is in the main a true recital of facts, I cannot help that.

It was more than a year after the death of Mrs. Rochester, and six or seven months after the close of the war, that I was casually entering the parlor of a Western hotel, when I saw a sight that struck me dumb and almost breathless.

Standing side by side, near one of the heavily draped windows, were Colonel Gerald Rochester and our hospital nurse and peerless sweetheart, the latter more beautiful than ever. They both came forward to welcome me, still I could not speak, till, compelled to say something in order to convey my astonishment, I blurted out: "Why, madam! you died in my arms!"

"But you see I came to life again," she said, with her old, silvery laugh.

"I—can't understand it," I stammered.

"But don't you understand that this is Mrs. Rochester?" asked the colonel. "I found her in Indianapolis. Met Dr. New in New York, and he told me all about it, so I concluded," he added, turning to her with a proud, fond look, "to devote the life she saved to her welfare—till death do us part," he added, with emotion.

"It is still a mystery," I said; "but it is all right."

"Dr. New found me apparently lifeless," said our sweetheart.

"It was he, then, who rushed into the tent and carried you off?"

"Yes; and through his skill I was spared to become the happiest woman in the world."

And so ends the story of Our Sweetheart!

ORIGIN OF COMETS AND METEORS.

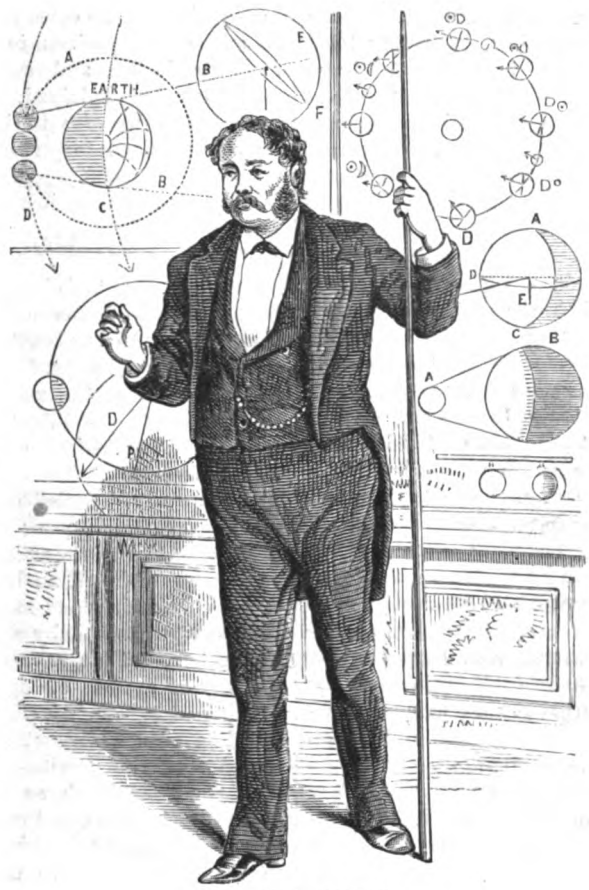
By Richard A. Proctor.

I should like to have an opportunity of presenting before the readers of so widely reaching a magazine as this the general theory of comets and meteors, to which I have been led by the researches and discoveries of the last quarter of a century. I find that because of the somewhat scrappy way in which my views have usually been dealt with in American publications, the coherence of the various parts of the theory and the support they give each other have not been noticed; that, on the contrary, many imagine my ideas to belong to the domain of over-daring speculation. In reality, my theory is one which, startling though some of its features may be, has been absolutely forced upon me by the combined evidence of a number of established parts, some of which it alone serves to explain.

Let us first summarize the facts, then consider certain probable inferences, and finally present my theory.

It has been proved that our earth is assailed, as it were, from outside, by millions of millions of bodies, few only of which penetrate her defensive armor, the

"Firmament—expanse of liquid,
Pure, transparent, elemental air."



RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

Those which reach the ground, aerolites or meteorites, are found to be divisible into two chief classes, which, nevertheless, are not distinct, but merge into each other. Some consist chiefly of iron, nickel and other metallic substances, others are chiefly stony; but the metallic meteorites are never wholly free from stony matter, nor are stony meteorites ever wholly free from iron. Ranging the meteorites in order, from the almost wholly metallic to the almost wholly stony, we find the same combinations of material in meteorites which we find in the matter ejected from beneath the earth's surface. Masses so ejected, at some remote time, from deep below the surface, were long mistaken for meteorites, and carefully classified with the most metallic meteorites in our museums. From that structure, through all grades of meteoric formation to the least metallic meteorites, and beyond these to matter perfectly free from metal, our volcanic products can be arranged in a series precisely parallel with the meteoric series, but extending further. Daubrée, Sorby, Meunier and Tschermak have further shown that not merely in chemical composition, but in the evidence of processes of formation, in microscopic structure, in physical condition, meteorites correspond with matter ejected from various depths beneath the earth's surface, the more metallic meteorites with the matter ejected (or existing) at the greatest depths.

While we can thus range meteorites in a most suggestive series, we can range in a wider and not less suggestive series all classes of meteors, from the heaviest meteorites (some of them many tons in mass) which have reached our earth, through all orders of *bolides*, fireballs, falling stars, to the very smallest shooting stars, only visible because the observer has chanced to catch them in the field of view of a powerful telescope. As to structure, we can learn little about these; yet during great displays some of them have had their light analyzed with the spectroscope, and the presence of sodium and magnesium in their substance has been demonstrated.

Counting all orders of meteors, it is certain that hundreds of millions reach our earth yearly. The average weight of each may be but a few ounces, or even but a few grains, yet the total mass yearly gathered by the earth in this way must be considerable in itself, however insignificant, compared with the six hundred millions of millions of millions of tons forming the mass of the earth.

Shooting stars have been found to travel, in many cases, in streams, which have in turn been identified in several cases with the paths of known comets. It must not be supposed that, as is sometimes stated, these meteor-streams represent the tails of such comets. They occupy an entirely different position, viz., along the orbit, while the tail is always directed at an angle (sometimes squarely) to the orbit. Nor even can we say that the streams of meteors follow in the track of the comet, seeing that they are spread, in front, along the part of its orbit it is nearing, as well as behind, along the part of the orbit it has passed. We may consider the meteor-streams to be dispersed parts of meteor-flights, whose denser portions form the comet itself. The tail is like a thin vapor-cloud raised by solar heat, and then swept by solar repulsion from the flight of meteors forming the comet's head and *coma*.

Lastly, so far as this summary of proved facts is concerned, comets may be divided into classes: First, those of comparatively small orbit, traveling always within the solar system; secondly, those which, though they pass beyond the solar system, travel on re-entering paths, so that they come back again; and thirdly, those whose

paths are endless, which come to our system from one part of the star-depths, and leaving it, pass away into another part, flitting, in fact, from star to star, if we can so speak of journeys, each of which must last millions of years. It is noteworthy of the first class of comets that their paths pass curiously near the giant planets, each of which has in this way a sort of comet family.

So much being certainly known, we may next note that any valid theory of meteors must account for, at least, these proved facts A theory which explains the structure of meteorites, but gives no explanation of falling stars, cannot, probably, be sound. A theory which interprets the connection between meteor-streams and comets, but leaves everything else unexplained, is certainly not valid. An explanation of the comet families of the giant planets must, if it stand alone, be of little value. Nay, we may go further; even the great comets which from from time to time visit our solar system, spreading their broad tails athwart the heavens, and terrifying the ignorant as the supposed messengers of God's wrath, must admit of being explained in some degree by any sound and sufficient theory of meteors and comets.

Thus, several partial theories of which we sometimes hear can have, at least in their present form, no scientific standing. Tschermak says meteorites were shot from volcanoes in one of the planets, and Ball says the planet must have been our earth itself; but many meteor systems decline to be interpreted thus, and the comets are left out altogether. Daubrée and Graham say that every meteorite has been shot out of some star, and Sorby says that the star they were shot out from was our sun himself; but this leaves the meteor-streams entirely unexplained and gives no account of comets. Schiaparelli says that comets are meteor-streams which had been traveling through interstellar space, were drawn in toward the solar system, chanced to pass near some giant planet, and were so far captured as to have their originally endless paths transformed into re-entering ones. This theory explains the connection of comets and meteors, and explains, also, the comet families of the giant planets; but, on the one hand, it gives no account whatever of the origin of meteors (not telling us how they came to be traveling in those mysterious star-depths), and, on the other, it simply leaves untouched the peculiarities of meteoritic structure.

In all these theories there is, doubtless, an element of truth; by duly combining them we may reach the complete general theory. It was not in that way I reached the theory I hold, which, indeed, was advanced before some of the facts I have summarized above had been discovered; but my theory might have been deduced in some such way.

It was the sun which gave me the first hint of what I take to be the demonstrably true *general* theory of comets and meteors. That skillful and formerly most fruitful observer, Professor Young, of Princeton (then of Dartmouth, N.H.), caught the sun in 1872 in the act of ejecting matter with velocities so great that none of the ejected matter could be captured by him. (The sun has often been caught at "such work" since). When I had worked through the calculation proving this, I found in the result the first hint of an explanation of cometic and meteoric mysteries. Here was the answer to what I had always regarded as the most perplexing circumstance of all, yet the most certain. Meteorites must have once been inside some orbs in space; how got they forth? The sun answered the question.

But the sun's answer must be read aright. Not from him do all meteors and meteorites come. If any come at all to us from the sun, it can scarcely be one among millions of millions. His answer is not even that the suns of to-day, whereof he is one, do the work of meteoric ejection. In its fullness the answer is this: meteors of all orders, and therefore comets, which are but aggregations of meteors, have come from orbs in the sunlike state. From our sun have come at each outburst millions of meteoric bodies formed from ejected vapor-masses (as the drops in clouds from masses of water-vapor); during the millions of years of his past existence the work of ejection has gone on, probably, many times each year; all the thousands of millions of his fellow-suns are similarly active, and have been so during many millions of past years; every planet in the solar system and in systems traveling round other suns has, during its sunlike stage, done kindred work, each according to its capacity. With such demonstrated powers in sunlike orbs, and such multitudinous regions in space and periods in time for the generation of meteoric bodies and cometic systems, every order of comet can be explained, while peculiarities of meteoric bodies no otherwise to be accounted for can by this theory be fully interpreted.

THE MOUSE'S RANSOM.

Salih was an Arab boy, who frequented the harbor of Suez, or Suais, and earned a precarious living by renting that much-enduring beast, an Egyptian donkey, from his owner; having liberty, for the consideration of about four cents per diem, to exercise the devoted animal's legs and back to his (Sálih's) heart's content, so long as those indispensable portions of the animal should not be seriously damaged. Though the first part of the contract was not always carried out with scrupulous exactitude, the latter certainly was; and on days when a Peninsular and Oriental Co.'s steamer, with a good cargo of passengers, was delayed an hour or two longer than usual, owing to obstructions in the canal, the donkey in question was persuaded, by screams, curses and thwacks, to proceed from the quay to the hotel and back, with the rapidity of a flash of lightning, an almost incalculable number of times. As these, the principal objects of interest in Suez, are about four miles apart, it will be perceived that the unwillingly industrious animal earned his provender (such as it was) tolerably well. In accordance with the usual custom of the genus donkey-boy, the ass was dignified with the name of a European celebrity, and answered to the title of "General Booth." On lucky days, Sálih managed to extract considerable sums from confiding passengers fresh from England, whom he persuaded to take an airing on General Booth. The General was naturally vivacious, and possessed of a good stride, a most valuable quality in the frequent donkey-races which passengers, tired of many days on a ship's deck, were wont to indulge in on landing. Besides, he was not particularly wicked, as is often the case with these much-provoked beasts; he was never known to drop suddenly, as though shot dead, just when at his highest speed, or to turn a somersault in the middle of a crowded street—accomplishments possessed by but too many of his brethren. "Oh, no," as Sálih was wont to assure passengers in broken English, "General Booth always pious."

Now Sálih lived in a little hut, in one of the back streets of Suez, in company with his mother and two or three small brothers and sisters. His father was dead, and the widow had little to live on but the earnings of her son. She herself was almost completely blind from

that ophthalmia which is one of the plagues of Egypt, and could do little but plait rush-mats and small baskets. She had never been able to afford to send Sálih to school; so that young gentleman remained in ignorance, not, however, blissful. He possessed the natural quickness of the Arab, and secretly regretted his inability to read, write, and use those strange marks by which the clerks at the quay found out all about the numbers and quantities of articles. He had also a hankering to be "mauddab," *i.e.*, knowing in poetry and rhetoric, disputations regarding which he often overheard in the Súk, or market-place of Suez, when loitering there in the cool of the evening after sunset, the time when Arabs sit out in the street and discourse of things in general. As time went on, his yearning after knowledge increased, and he, one day when unusually flush of cash, bought an old Kurán, at the mysterious characters of which he would gaze with admiration and astonishment for hours together, whenever the moon was bright enough. He was too poor to indulge in oil for reading purposes. If he could but afford a few lessons in reading! Alas! there was no one among his own class who knew more than himself, and how could he find the time and the money for school? He would sometimes, when driving his donkey to and fro, loiter for a minute or two at the corner of the street where there was a school. Inside squatted the little scholars on the floor, each with his book, his reed-pen, and his small bottle of thick ink. The master sat cross-legged at the top of the room, with (as it seemed to Sálih) a mighty array of books around him. Texts from the Kurán ornamented the walls, texts written in every variety of Arabic calligraphy, that most artistic effort of scribes. Sálih's eyes lingered longingly on those wonderful and sacred curves, on which local religious art had expended all its powers. Could he but learn to write like that! And then to listen to the boys reading, each his appointed task, in such an easy, fluent manner, as though the book were inside him, not outside; a familiar part of himself, not a something foreign and mysterious! And the noble sound, too, of the ancient and holy words, so different to *his* Arabic! Then he would stir up his donkey, and go on his way sighing.

When the great steamers landed their many passengers, and these lounged about the streets or by the canal, many of them, he saw, carried books in their pockets, and took them out to read for amusement when they had nothing else to do. A gentleman in spectacles was one day thrown from General Booth's back, owing to the snapping of the girths when that quadruped was just entering the courtyard of the hotel at full speed. Out of the pockets of the rider flew two books and a newspaper; and the books had green and red bindings, and pretty paintings on their outside, while the newspaper was full of pictures of men and women, and towns and ships. Wonderful to think that such beautiful things were made among the Ingliz, only to amuse them! Yes, it must be the knowledge they possessed that made them rich and powerful; so powerful that he had heard it said that great Sultans were among their servants! Ah! knowledge was a fine thing! but how to get it? It lived in books locked up securely from all who had not the key, the art of reading with understanding.

Now, one evening, when the moon was high and bright, Sálih sat in his mother's hut with the Kurán in his hand, looking wistfully at the long lines of well-ordered letters grouped into larger or smaller bands of words in the great army of each page, just like the soldiers who sometimes exercised on the sands outside the town. His mother and the other children were asleep, and he was in sole possession of the little outer room. He had been meditating sadly on the apparent impossibility of obtaining an education, and had fallen into a kind of doze, when his attention was aroused by the proceedings of two mice which were perambulating the floor, inspecting every square inch in search of some minute particle of edible matter, no very easy thing to discover in that poverty-stricken abode. There was a kind of impudence about these mice, which he had never observed in others of their species, and which fascinated him in spite of the mournful thoughts which held possession of his mind. They marched round him (for he remained motionless) and sniffed at the hem of his dirty garment, as though desirous of making his acquaintance. It happened that close by his side lay a small brass basin commonly used for some domestic purpose. Watching his opportunity, he overturned this basin so quickly and cleverly, that one of the mice was caught beneath it, imprisoned in the brazen trap. The other fled, but soon returned and commenced making vigorous assaults upon the strange dome which had descended so rapidly on its comrade. Finding this in vain, it retreated to its hole.

It came forth again after an absence of a few moments, holding something in its mouth; the something was heavy, for the mouse appeared to support it with difficulty. It was round, too, and glittered slightly when the moonbeams fell upon it. Up to the side of the basin, remote from Sálih, advanced the mouse with its burden, which it deposited on the floor, and then retreated a short distance. Halting a yard or two off, it sat up and looked intently at the boy.

Sálih reached out his hand and picked up the object which the mouse had brought. It was—yes—there could be no doubt, it was—a piece of gold, an ancient coin, a dínár of the old Sultans of Egypt, who had reigned before the Turks were heard of. The mouse intended it as a ransom for its imprisoned friend.

There is a belief very prevalent among Orientals that any extraordinary boldness on the part of mice is a sure sign of their possessing a treasure of some sort. Capital is supposed to confer upon them the same independence of demeanor which it does upon human beings. These mice had displayed extraordinary impudence in their approach of him, therefore Sálih was sure there must be more money in their hoard than the single dínár which had been produced. He therefore replaced the coin where the mouse had laid it, and shook his head, in order to convey to the expectant animal that more must be forthcoming before a release could be granted to the captive.

After waiting a little, the mouse retired with a disappointed air, but reappeared quickly with another dínár, similar to the first, in its mouth. This it deposited on the floor by the other, and sat up in a suppliant attitude, as though asking for pity and consideration. The boy's cupidity and hope now began to rise together, and he had no thought of liberating his very profitable prisoner until perfectly sure that he had exacted the uttermost farthing which the pair could command. So he continued to maintain a stern and unyielding countenance, on which the petitioner could perceive no sign of compassion.

A third journey to the hole now took place, and a third coin was produced. The same dumb show was presented, and the piece proceeded as before between the two actors. Sometimes the mouse would sit for a longer space than at others, in the hope, apparently, that the extortionate youth would either pity, or become wearied with long waiting; but finding these expectations

disappointed, it would again return to the treasure-house for another dínár. Sálih, when telling the story afterward, asserted that its visage lengthened perceptibly with each journey it took. The floor was soon strewed with gold pieces, the original glittering hue of which had been dimmed by long neglect, and the deposits of centuries of mold; here and there, though, brilliant flashes came from those parts of them which had been clawed by the mice when they turned over, and doubtless counted, their hoard.

When twenty-five separate journeys had been made to the treasury, and twenty-five dínárs exhibited to the delighted gaze of Sálih, the mouse departed and reappeared with—no coin, but an old leather bag or purse. Bringing this to a part of the floor where the moonbeams shone brightest, it carefully turned the receptacle inside

HER TREASURED LETTERS.

out. There was nothing within. The bag was evidently the original house of the dínárs strewed around, and it was also clear that no more were forthcoming; the poor mouse was bankrupt; and with a touching air of resignation, it seated itself by the empty purse, and looked beseechingly at the master of the situation.

That young gentleman saw that the bottom of the poor creature's pocket, so to speak, was reached. It had given its all for its companion's freedom. The sex of the animal was not distinguishable; it might be a bridegroom, imploring for the release of his captive bride; it might be a wife, begging for her husband's liberty. In any case, it had deserved well of Sálih; and fully sensible of this fact, he raised the brazen basin, and set free the palpitating little prisoner, which fled immediately, with the utmost precipitancy, rattling the coins in its flight to join its partner. Both lost no time in disappearing into the hole.

When all was quiet again, the boy sat as one entranced. Could the scene he had witnessed and taken part in be a reality? Was it not rather one of those deluding dreams which, he had heard, often came to torment the longing and mock the desirous? But there lay the gold on the floor. Yes, but perhaps he was still dreaming. He pinched himself once or twice to make sure that this was not the case. No, he was wide awake, there could be no doubt about that; so he got up and clutched the dínárs with a feverish hand. He had never seen so many gold pieces together before; and, indeed, had seldom seen any at all. Many times did he pick up each and turn it over, with its mysterious legend and royal cipher; and when he was at last convinced that he was *boná fide* master of twenty-five good, solid, heavy dínárs, he could keep his own counsel no longer, and called to his mother.

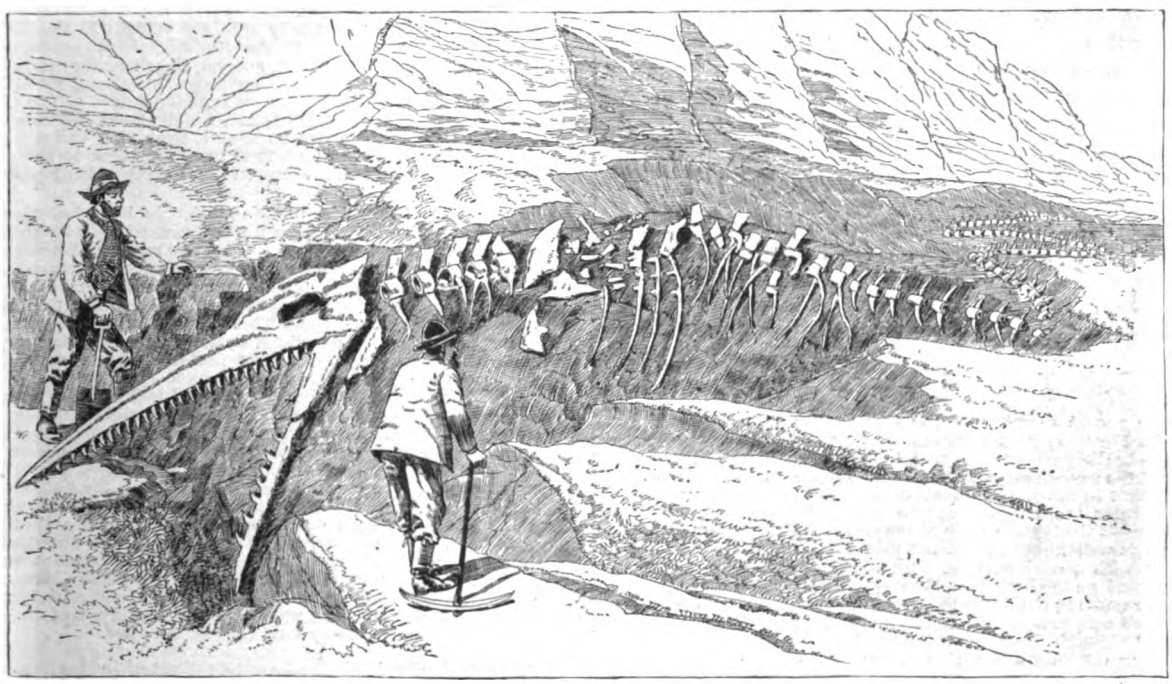
The rest of that night and most of the succeeding day was spent in considering what should be done with this miraculously obtained windfall. At last it was settled that half of it should be spent in improving the external appearance and the internal comforts of their abode: and the other half should be devoted to the commencement of Sálih's long longed-for education. Two days afterward he took his place among the lowest class of that school into which his admiring eyes had so often glanced.

Time has passed since then, and Sálih is a man. He is well-taught in all the wisdom which modern Egyptians possess, and may, perhaps, be a Pasha some day. And if you can find him in the bazaar of Suez, he will perhaps give you in his own words this story of the Mouse's Ransom.

THE MONSTER SEA-SERPENTS OF THE CRETACEOUS SEAS.

By C. F. Holder.

The vast tract of country lying between Missouri and the Rocky Mountains represents, and is, the bottom of an ancient sea that was populated with creatures of such huge dimensions that the wonderful animals of fable lore appear insignificant when compared to them.



SEA-SERPENT OF THE CRETACEOUS SEAS OF NORTH AMERICA.

Among the most wonderful are the sea-serpents, and it is only within a few years that it has been demonstrated that these huge relics were really *serpents* of the sea. Professor Cope, in speaking of them, says: "When they swam over what are now the Plains, the coast-line extended from Arkansas to near Fort Riley, on the Kansas River, and, passing a little eastward, traversed Minnesota to the British Possessions, near the head of Lake Superior. Far out on this sea might have been seen a huge, snake-like form, which rose above the surface and stood erect with tapering throat and arrow-shaped head, or swayed about, describing a circle of twenty feet radius above the water, then plunging into the depths with a cloud of foam. Should several have appeared together, we can easily imagine tall, flexible forms rising to the height of the masts of a fishing fleet, or, like snakes, twisting and knotting themselves together. The neck rose from a body of elephantine proportions,

and a tail of the serpent pattern balanced it behind. The limbs were probably two pairs of paddles, like those of the Plesiosaurus—such were the *Elasmosaurs*."

Others, like our subject, had the serpentine body with a short neck. It is drawn from Professor Cope's description, and is intended to show the gigantic size of these animals, and to convey as nearly as possible an idea of their appearance in the flesh. Professor Hayden says of them: "Researches into their structure have shown that they were of wonderful elongation of form, especially of tail; that their heads were large, flat and conic, with eyes directed partly upward. They were furnished with two pairs of paddles, like the whale. With these flippers and the eel-like strokes of their flattened tail, they swam, some with less, some with greater, speed. They were furnished, like snakes, with four rows of formidable teeth on the roof of the mouth—and here we have to consider a peculiarity of these creatures in which they are unique among animals. Swallowing their prey entire, like snakes, they were without that wonderful expansibility of throat due in the latter to an arrangement of leaves supporting the lower jaw. Instead of this, each half of that jaw was articulated or jointed at a point nearly midway between the ear and the chin. This was of the ball and socket type, and enabled the jaw to make an angle outward, thus widening by much the space inclosed between it and its fellow. The inference drawn from this would be that the throat was loose and almost as baggy as a pelican's.

Some fine specimens of this creation can be seen in the Yale Museum, and lately numbers have been found in Kansas, where they were left by the receding tide of the ancient sea.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

At a recent meeting of the Gas Institute, of London, Mr. Thomas Fletcher, F.C.S., gave an account of his recent researches into the heating power of flame by direct contact, and reproduced some of the experiments from which he deduced his results. He stated that in heating by flames applied to the bottom of a vessel full of water, there is a great loss of heat, because the contained liquid keeps the bottom plate of the vessel at its own temperature, and, as is well known, flame cannot be made to come into direct contact with a cold surface. He illustrated this by pasting a paper label on the bottom of the vessel before applying the flame, and on removing the flame the paper was not even scorched. Mr. Fletcher's own process was to use a vessel with a number of rods inserted through the bottom, one and one-half inches long, and spreading out into a flat disk at the top, where in contact with the water, to give a greater heating surface. With the same gas jet and similar conditions the water in this was boiled in one minute fifty seconds, against three minutes fifteen seconds for the vessel with an ordinary bottom. Mr. Fletcher mentioned his experiments on this principle with a larger size of boiler, and claimed that it would be possible to reduce the heating surface one-half in marine engines by its adoption. The principal difficulty was, he said, to insert these rods in boilers for high pressure without weakening them, but he hoped to surmount the difficulty by making use instead of transverse ridges, which would be rolled in the boiler iron, and would not seriously interfere with its strength.

New public weather-signals will go into use after March 1st, 1887, at all the United States Signal Service stations, according to the following system, the author of which is Professor Mell, of Alabama: Four flags are used—a square white flag for clear or fair weather; a square blue flag for rain or snow; a triangular black flag for temperature, to be hoisted above the other flag for higher temperature, below for lower temperature; and a square white flag, with square black centre, for a cold wave, as at present. This system is simpler and more easily remembered than that in vogue, and, through the absence of red, can be displayed on railway trains and at stations without interference with customary railway signals.

In response to the question as to how much the rotation of the earth deflects the course of a rifle-bullet, an English scientific journal replies that the calculation is a very complicated one, depending, as it does, not merely on the motion of our globe from west to east, and the direction in which the gun is pointed, but on other conditions likewise, such as the angle of elevation, velocity of the projectile, and the locality where the gun is fired, *e.g.*, the latitude of the place, and whether it is in the Northern or Southern Hemisphere. The subject has been dealt with very exhaustively by a celebrated French mathematician, M. Poisson, in Vol. 16 of the *Journal de l'Ecole Polytechnique*, and the main points of his conclusions, which have been generally accepted by the mathematicians of our own and other countries, are that, in the Northern Hemisphere the deviation is always to the right—*i.e.*, when the gun is pointed due south, the shot is deflected to the west, and when fired toward the north, the deviation is toward the east; in like manner, when the gun points to the east, the shot deviates to the south, and when the direction is toward the west, the deflection is toward the north. When firing in a line from west to east, the length of range is increased, and in that from east to west it is decreased; but the length is not altered by firing either north or south. In the Southern Hemisphere the reverse of the above is the case. In a paper by Lieutenant W. F. Richardson, R.E., printed in Vol. 4 of the "Proceedings of the Royal Artillery Institution," tables are given of the deviation of projectiles of various kinds at different distances, the deflection increasing rapidly with distance and time of flight. With a 100-pounder Armstrong gun, when fired due south, in 50° 31′ N. (neighborhood of London), the deviation in 1,000 yards is stated to be .1,194 yard, or about 4½ inches, the time being 3.2 seconds. With a range of 4,000 yards, time 14.4 seconds, the deviation is rather over 3¼ yards, and, of course, to the right; but with the same gun, fired under the same conditions in latitude 36° 51′ S. (say near Melbourne, in Australia), the deviation would be about 2½ yards to the left. With another gun, having a range of about 5¼ miles, the time of flight being nearly 38 seconds, the deflection to the north, in the latitude of London, is about 21½ yards. At ordinary sporting distances the deviation is so small as to be practicably unnoticeable. Very little was known about the velocities of English rifle-bullets at the time that paper was written (1865), and the only information given about small-arms is with respect to a French military rifle, the velocity of the bullet being a little below that of the Snider-Enfield. In 300 yards, with a time of flight of a trifle over a second, the deflection is about four-tenths of an inch; and with an Express bullet it would, of course, be still less. This deflection is independent of the drift due to the ordinary spin of the bullet, which would increase the deflection in the Northern Hemisphere, if the rifling had a right-hand twist, and would diminish it if the twist were to the left; while the reverse would be the case in the Southern Hemisphere.

The selection of stone for the foundation in housebuilding is the subject of a recent article by Dr. C. Burnard, which contains many practical hints of value. Stones that will resist moisture must be looked for as the first consideration if the superstructure is to be of wood. Igneous rocks, like the granites, are best. Soft red (iron-impregnated) sandstones absorb so much water that they are not much better than wood. There are, however, some tough red sandstones which are excellent, while certain very heavy reddish granites are worthless, unless protected from wet. The boulders and water-washed rocks long exposed in the fields are always good for walls. Stones for protected walls can, of course, be anything which is hard enough to resist crushing under the weight it is to bear; chalk would not do. In picking out stones, floors, hearthstones and pavements have to be considered in another light. A beautiful silvery white sandstone, split into shapely slabs, was formerly the favorite in Boston for sidewalks; but the mica, which made it so handsome, scaled off so rapidly that the stone soon wore out. Slate and marble are the best materials here. Much attention has been given to the qualities of building stone of late, for more and more stone houses are being built, and our larger museums, notably the National Museum, now contain specimens of all sorts of building stone, which have been carefully tested, so that no one need be ignorant of the appearance or endurance of any kind he wishes to use.

The extensive and admirable explorations of Indian remains in the Ohio Valley, which have been carried on for some years by the Peabody Academy of Archæology, at Cambridge, Mass., were summarized at the Autumn meeting of the National Academy of Science, by Professor F. W. Putnam, their director. The region alluded to is that of the "Mound Builders," so-called, in Southern Ohio and Indiana. These researches show that there have been at least two types of people in occupancy of that valley; first, those whose graves are the so-called ash-pits; second, those who built great mounds over the remains of their chiefs and great leaders, while the mass of the common people were buried in trenches. This last point is Professor Putnam's most recent discovery; the earlier facts have been elaborately described, with illustrations, in the reports of his institution, and more popularly by Mr. Ernest Ingersoll, in an article in *Lippincott's Magazine* for November, 1885. Both of these early types of people were apparently spreading northward from the central region when they were met and overthrown by the Indian races of modern times who have spread from east to west, and which, in the persons of the Shawnees, the white explorers became acquainted with.

Among the novelties in medical practice is a new method of treating consumption by injecting remedies directly into the lungs by means of the hypodermic syringe, the needle of which is passed through the walls of the chest; the effort being made to apply the medicinal agent as nearly as possible to the affected portion of the lungs. Carbolized iodine has thus been used with most happy results, causing a cessation of coughing and spitting, and checking the progress of the disease. Many cases reported really amount to cures.

An occasion of great interest to antiquarians was the recent exhibition of manuscripts and historical and literary relics in England, in celebration of the eight-hundredth anniversary of the

completion of "Domesday Book." Among the great mass of documents, etc., exhibited by the Crown Record Office, were the volumes that compose Domesday itself, and many papers were read at a meeting of antiquaries in regard to the history and utilization of that book in the courts and elsewhere. Three Anglo-Saxon manuscripts of the eleventh century, and one originally written in the eighth, were among the relics. These manuscripts were agricultural.

A FRENCH physician, writing in the *Economiste Française*, gives the following statistics of tobacco consumed by each 1,000 people in Europe, etc. In Belgium, 560 pounds; in Holland, 448; in Germany, 336; Austria, 273; Norway, 229; Denmark, 284; France, 210; Hungary, 207; Prussia, 182; Great Britain, 138; Italy, 128; and in Spain, 110.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

WHAT is the rule of grammar that every baby knows? The attraction of the relative.

WHY does Mr. Booth, of the Salvation Army, call himself *General?* Because he is *not particular*.

WHAT is the difference between a luxurious pillow and a man with an empty purse? One is soft down and the other is hard up.

WE discover that we recently returned our tailor's bill indorsed, "Declined; handwriting illegible." We apologize, and hope that no further proceedings will be taken.

"MY dear," said Mrs. Snaggs to her husband, "what is a canard?" "Why, a canard is something one canardly believe, of course." "Oh, to be sure! Why couldn't I think of that?"

YOU say when I kissed you, you're sure I must quite have forgotten myself. So I did; you are right; for I'm not such an egotist, dear, it is true, as to think of myself when I'm looking at you.

PHILOSOPHICAL QUERY.—When a traveler is delayed in his journey by frequent obstructions on a railroad, is the misfortune owing to a train of circumstances, or the circumstances of a train?

WHAT SHE CAUGHT.—A French woman confesses to having attended 722 balls in the effort to catch a husband, and only to have caught, instead, bronchitis fourteen times, pleurisy thrice, and 120 colds in the head.

"WHAT amused me most at the opera," said an Arab chief who had been taken to hear "Faust," was a musician in the orchestra seated a little higher than the rest, who performed on an invisible instrument with a stick."

A POOR Irishman, seeing a crowd of people approaching, asked what was the matter. He was answered, "A man going to be buried." "Oh," he remarked, "I'll stop to see that, for we carry them to be buried in our country."

INNOCENCE BEHIND THE COUNTER.—"What do you ask for that?" inquired an old man of a pretty girl in a fancy warehouse. "Two dollars," she answered. "Ain't you a little dear?" he said. "Well," she replied, "all the young men tell me so."

FATHER (to a son whose school reports ran low): "Charlie, I see no improvement in your marks. I have spoken about this several times." *Charlie:* "Yes, father, and if you don't have a serious word with the teacher, he'll go on in this way for ever."

A STORY is being told of a police magistrate who, on giving a prisoner the option of the mode of his punishment, put it to him: "Which will you take—ten days in prison or a payment of ten dollars?" To which the prisoner replied: "Well, sir, as you are good enough to give me the choice, I prefer taking the ten dollars." But the records of the court do not depose if the Bench handed the money over.

ABOUT THE EARLY WORM.—A father had been lecturing his young hopeful upon the evils of staying out late at night and getting up late in the morning. "You will never be good for anything," he continued, "unless you turn over a new leaf. Remember that the early bird catches the worm." "How about the worm, father?" inquired the young man. "Wasn't he rather foolish to get up so early?" "My son," replied the old man, solemnly, "that worm hadn't been to bed at all; he was on his way home."

PUT ON THE RIGHT TRACK.—A Parisian wine-merchant, or, rather, wine-manufacturer, was recently condemned to a heavy fine for adulteration. After the sentence, he asked the chemist how he could have been so positive that the wine was a fabrication. "Because it did not contain an atom of bitartrate of potash, which is to be found in all natural wines," replied the man of science. "Thanks for the information," returned the tradesman; "but the next time you analyze my wines you will find some!"

AU FAIT IN EVERYTHING.—"What kind of a man is he?" asked a gentleman about a young society man. "Oh, he's mighty popular with the women." "Is he intelligent?" "No, not particularly. You see, there's not much demand for intelligence in society now." "Does he dance?" "Of course." "*Au fait* in everything, I presume?" "Well, I don't know whether he owes Fay or not, but I know he owes about every man of my acquaintance. Who is Fay? I'll look him up and see if he doesn't owe him, too. I'll bet he does."

A CROSS old bachelor suggests that births should be announced under the head of "New Music."

JUDGING from the tightness of the article, it isn't every girl who can laugh in her sleeve nowadays.

WHY is the letter "r" like the face of *Hamlet's* father? Because it's "more in sorrow than in anger."

"ALWAYS aim a little higher than the mark," says our philosopher. What! Kiss a girl on the nose? Never!

"EMILE," asks the teacher, "which animal attaches himself the most to man?" *Emile* (after some reflection): "The leech, please, sir."

BUSINESS men who marry their type-writer girls are apt to find that the young women are not so ready to submit to dictation after the wedding as before it.

AN independent old lady, speaking of Adam naming all the animals, said that she didn't see how he deserved any credit for naming the pig—any one would have known what to call him.

HE: "And what do you think of evolution, Miss Brewster? Do you believe that man is descended from the monkey?" *Miss Brewster:* "Oh, yes, I think that man is; but what puzzles me, is where woman came from."

"IS IT a sin," asked a fashionable lady of her spiritual director, "for me to feel pleasure when a gentleman says I am beautiful?" "It is, my daughter," he replied, gravely; "we should never delight in falsehood."

CHURCH FAIRS.

The greater draw the lesser swells,
And unto *fêtes* invite 'em;
And lesser swells draw would-be swells,
And so *ad infinitum*.

POMPOUS manager suddenly meeting at an evening party a second-rate actor whom he had often cut in the street, with great condescension, warmly shaking hands: "Hallo, Marlowe! Why, I haven't seen you for an age!" "So I have often remarked," was the freezing reply.

A CONTEMPORARY says: "At Wootton-under-Edge, recently, a cow attacked a chicken, and the parent hen made a stroke at it with either its spur or bill and laid it lifeless." Perhaps the reader is incredulous, but his faith may return when he is told that "cow" is a misprint for "crow."

"AH!" said Mrs. Muddlem, after hearing her son read an account of a famous naval engagement. "That captain must ha' been an idiot. If he wanted to strike somethin', why couldn't he strike the enemy, not his own flag? What harm could that ha' done him?"

A CANDIDATE for the office of auditor of public accounts was suddenly called upon for a speech. On rising, he commenced: "Fellow-citizens, you have called on me for a few remarks. I have none to make. I have no prepared speech. Indeed, I am no speaker; I do not desire to be a speaker—I only want to be an auditor."

"YES, I'm a lecturer," said the long-haired passenger, "and I'm making money. I've got a scheme, I have, and it works to a charm. Big houses wherever I go." A scheme?" "Yes, I always advertise that my lectures are specially for women under thirty years of age and for men who are out of debt. You ought to see the way the people come trooping in."

THE celebrated actor Talma was one day suddenly accosted, while hunting, by a gamekeeper, who asked him by what right he dared to hunt in that place. The former, with a tone of full dignity, replied, "By what right, do you say?

'By that great right the vast and towering mind
Has o'er the instinct of the vulgar kind.'"

The keeper, quite astonished by the imposing tone of this reply, withdrew, saying, "Pardon, sir; I did not know that."

A MRS. MALAPROP met W. S. Gilbert, and probably mistaking him for the musical partner of the firm of Gilbert & Sullivan, asked him a number of questions that revealed a plentiful lack of information of contemporary music, winding up with a query as to whether "Batch" (Bach) was composing anything just now. "No, madam," Mr. Gilbert replied, with perfect imperturbability; "'Batch' hasn't composed anything for years. He's decomposing just now."

MR. MURPHY used to relate the following story of Sam Foote, the heroines of which were the Ladies Cheere, Fielding and Hill, the last the wife of the celebrated Dr. Hill. He represented them as playing at "I love my love with a letter." Lady Cheere began, and said, "I love my love with an N, because he is a Night;" Lady Fielding followed with, "I love my love with a G, because he is a Gustis;" and "I love my love with an F," said Lady Hill, "because he is a Fizishun."

COMPLETE SATISFACTION.—Incledon, the famous ballad-singer, was apt on some occasions to give offense by his brusque and almost rude deportment. Being called on by a person for "satisfaction" for an affront, Incledon took a posture, and executed "Black-eyed Susan" in his unequaled style. "There," he said to his auditor, who stood in breathless surprise and admiration, "if that does not satisfy you, you are one of the most unreasonable fellows I ever met with, for it has given complete satisfaction to thousands." The man was perfectly satisfied.

PRETTY AS A PICTURE.

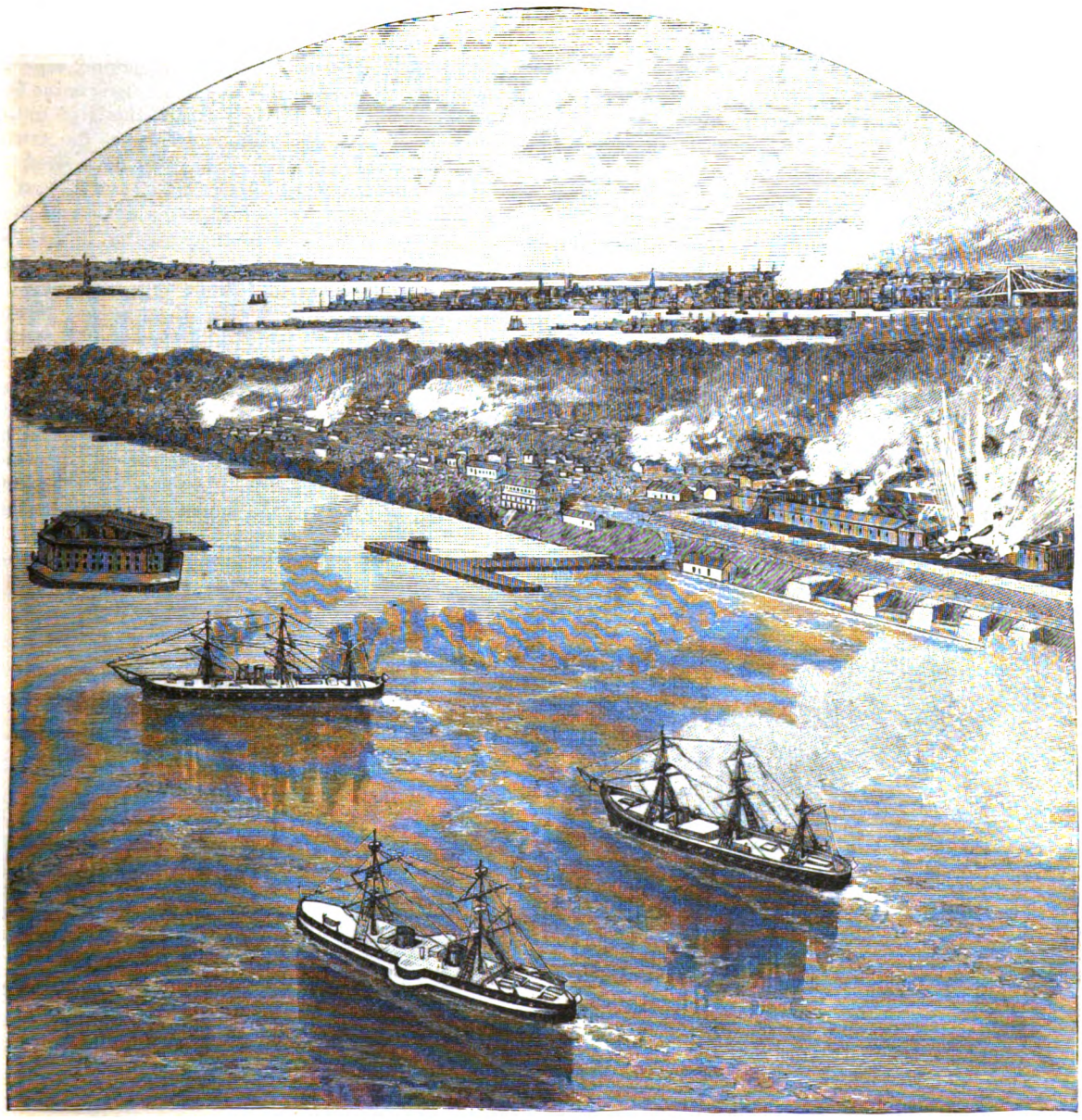
FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

VOL. XXIII.—No. 3. MARCH, 1887. $3.00 PER ANNUM.

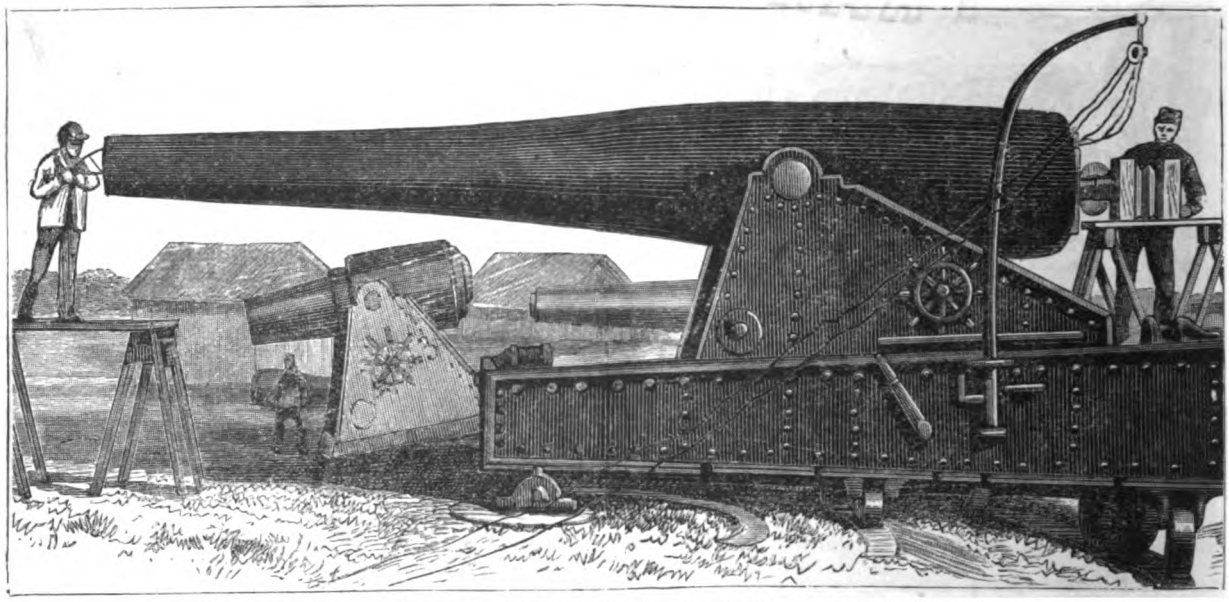
OUR UNPROTECTED SEACOAST.

BY JOSEPH NIMMO, JR.

THE danger from naval attacks to which the principal seaports of the United States are now exposed, as the result of advances made in the arts of war by other nations and our own failure to provide the necessary instrumentalities of defense, has been fully and explicitly stated by our best-informed military officers, both of the



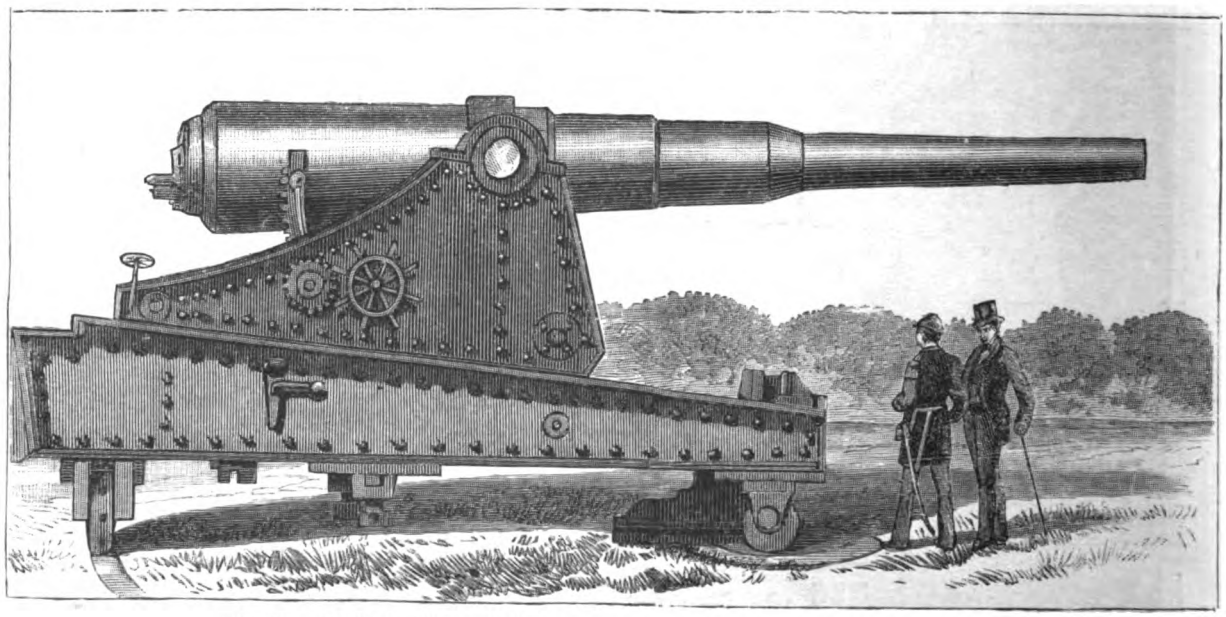
A HOSTILE FLEET IN NEW YORK HARBOR.



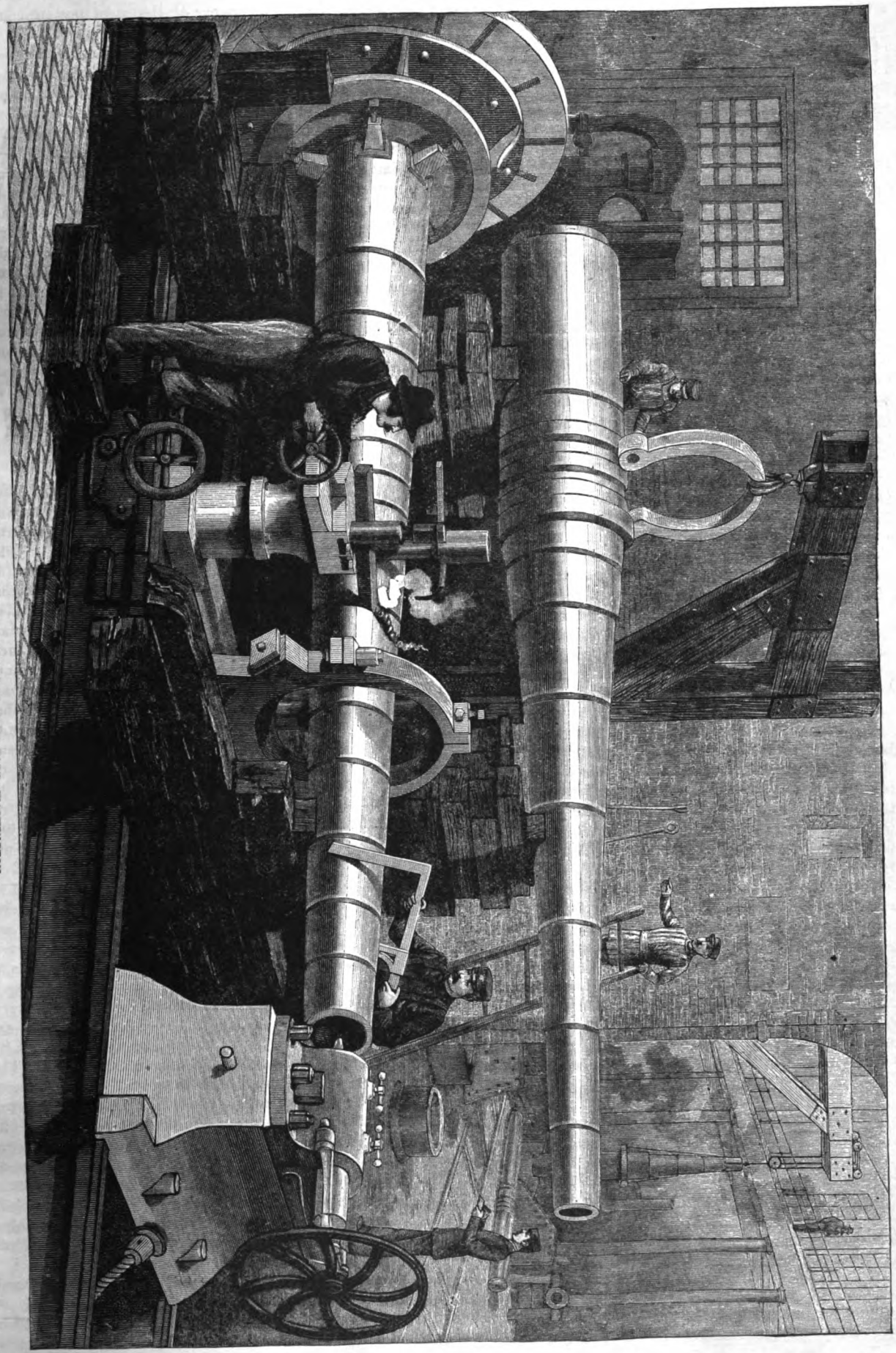
THE LARGEST CAST-IRON RIFLED GUN USED BY THE GOVERNMENT AT THE TESTING-STATIONS.

Army and the Navy. The President of the United States, in his recent Message, has clearly presented this fact, and the compromising attitude in which our neglect to provide adequate modern defenses places us in the eyes of all the world. The Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy have also clearly stated our lamentable need both of the means of offensive and defensive warfare, and have described the instrumentalities which should be provided at the earliest practicable moment in order to avert the possibility of appalling disaster. The exigencies of the case appeal to patriotism, and forbid that it shall be approached in any partisan spirit. It is a happy circumstance that so many of the leaders of the two great political parties of the country are now in accord as to the importance of at once adopting heroic measures of defense, and that the country has full assurance of the active co-operation of the Administration in whatever may be done in this direction by Congress.

At the close of the War of the Rebellion the United States was the best-armed nation on the globe, especially for defense. But enterprise and inventive genius have, since that time, revolutionized the methods of military science. Soon after the close of the war, the Artillery and Ordnance branches of our Army discovered that the advances which we had made, even in rifled cast-iron guns, and the construction of enormous smooth-bores, had rendered the gun superior in power to the resistance of the standard granite fort which had been for centuries, almost, the approved type of defensive works. That discovery stopped the construction of stone forts throughout the world. At this point, progress in military affairs virtually ceased in the United States. The country had had a surfeit of war. Thenceforward the fascination of material prosperity completely suppressed the martial spirit among us. During the last twenty years we have actually grown weaker, both in the means of offensive and defensive warfare, while almost every other maritime nation, by adopting the modern instrumentalities of



THE ONLY MODERN STEEL GUN IN POSSESSION OF THE ARMY ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT.



FINISHING HEAVY GUNS IN THE NAVY YARD, WASHINGTON.

military science, has grown stronger. The result is that, in the language of General Newton, we are to-day "left in a condition to invite attack from any third-rate Power piratically inclined." Our richest ports are, of all, the most defenseless, on account of their greater depth of water and capacity to admit the largest and most formidable ships. This is no secret of our own. In the language of the Secretary of War, "the utterly defenseless condition of our seacoast and lake frontier is now well understood by every civilized nation of the world."

Soon after the close of the late war, all of our monitor fleet built with wooden hulls went to decay; the formidable *New Ironsides* was burned, and our splendid frigates, after over twenty years of service, have either been condemned, or are approaching the time when they must be placed on the retired list. During this syncope of twenty years in the military affairs of this country, other nations have, with an energy which, by comparison with the inaction of this country, is surprising, supplied themselves with steel guns, armored forts, and all the other modern instrumentalities of war. Nearly twenty years ago the superiority of steel over cast-iron as a gun material dawned upon the mind of Frederick Krupp, the greatest of the modern gunmakers of Europe. For ten years he experimented before success rewarded his efforts. The whole art of metallurgy had to be revolutionized—and it was done. Krupp's purely experimental work involved the expenditure of an enormous amount of money. Large sums were also expended during the experimental stages of steel gunmaking at Le Creusot and St. Chamond, in France, by Sir Joseph Whitworth and Sir William Armstrong, in England, and at other establishments in Europe, before the superiority of the steel gun over every other form of ordnance known was fully established. When it became possible to forge seventy-five tons of homogeneous cast-steel in one mass, the art had passed beyond its experimental stage, and the steel gun had become a potential factor in the international relationships of the civilized world. This was followed by another most important invention, which was essential to the full development of the power of the steel gun, viz., the manufacture of the slow explosive known as brown, or "cocoa," powder. By the use of this explosive the velocity of the projectile is increased from the moment of ignition until the projectile leaves the mouth of the gun; and it has been found that in order to fully utilize the power generated by this powder, guns must be made of great length—even, in certain cases, forty-seven feet.

The progress which has been made in ordnance is very clearly set forth by Captain F. V. Green of the Army, comparing the 42-pounder of 1812, the 15-inch Rodman gun of 1862, and the 16-inch steel rifle of 1886, these being the typical large guns of the three periods:

Characteristics.	*42-pounder of 1812.*	*15 inch Rodman gun of 1862.*	*16 inch steel rifle of 1886.*
Length - - -	10 feet	16 feet	45 ft. 6 in.
Weight - - -	4 tons	20 tons	115 tons
Powder charge - -	10 lbs.	130 lbs.	800 lbs.
Weight of projectile -	42 lbs.	450 lbs.	2,300 lbs.
Muzzle energy in foot tons -	800	9,000	55,000

From this it appears that the 16-inch steel rifle of the present day has more than six times the energy (*i.e.*, destructive force) of the most powerful gun of 1862, and sixty-eight times the energy of the most powerful gun of 1812.

The maximum range of the 16-inch steel gun is now stated at about thirteen miles, and the maximum range of such guns on shipboard at about eight miles. It has been necessary to substitute steel projectiles for cast-iron projectiles, as the former can pierce and shatter obstacles before which the latter would fly into powder.

Simultaneously with the manufacture of steel guns, the great forged steel and iron manufacturers of Europe began a line of experiments in the manufacture of armor which might resist the force of steel projectiles. For a while the gun seemed to have the better of the struggle. In the bloodless battles of Meppen and Spezia, the most approved armor was smashed by guns which showed no signs of distress from the charges with which they were fired. But more recently Gruson's chilled iron armor, and thirty-six inches of compound steel and iron armor, have been proved to be sufficient to withstand the shots from the most powerful guns yet made. Simultaneously with these improvements the naval architects of Europe set about the construction of armored war-ships. It is said that at the present time the most powerful guns in the world are afloat.

The question naturally arises, What have our Army and Navy officers—those men educated in military science at the expense of the Government—done toward informing themselves and the country in regard to these wonderful advances in the arts of war, and in regard to our danger? The answer to this question is highly creditable to these men and to the country. The younger officers have pushed their habit of study acquired at West Point and at Annapolis into this new and inviting field of thought, and the older officers have vied with their juniors in trying to keep up with those changes in their profession which have required that they should once more become cadets. Mainly through the earnest effort and influence of our Army and Navy officers, two invaluable reports have been prepared on modern warfare and the needs of the country, viz., the report of the Gun Foundry Board, and of the Board on Fortifications and Other Defenses. These exhaustive reports bear the evidences of painstaking labor, and are the result of careful observations in this country and in Europe. For years the annual reports of the Chief of Engineers, of the Chief of Ordnance, and of the several Bureaus of the Navy Department, have faithfully set forth our dangers and our needs. They have, however, gained but little public attention. The attainments of our Army have commanded unstinted praise from eminent artillery authorities in Europe.

Major Mackinley, of the British Artillery, has expressed great admiration of the monograph prepared by Captain Rogers Birney, Jr., of our Army, upon "The Resistance of Built-up Steel Guns, and the Shrinkages Adapted to their Construction." High commendation has also been passed upon the annual reports of our Ordnance Department by Colonel Owens, of the Royal Artillery, and by the Institution of Civil Engineers of London.

Near the close of the last session of Congress the Select Committee of the Senate on Ordnance and War-ships submitted a report which did great credit to its distinguished chairman, Senator Hawley, of Connecticut.

A similar report of the Committee on Ordnance and Gunnery, of which the Hon. Samuel J. Randall, of Pennsylvania, is chairman, was also presented. This report also embraced much valuable information.

We have all the literature we need upon the subject of seacoast defenses. What we now want is steel guns and armored forts, and armored ships.

Notwithstanding the fact that the careful and most impartial tests of our Ordnance Department have time and again proved American steel to be superior to the steel of foreign countries, we have not yet to any great extent developed the art of forging "open-hearth" steel in large masses in this country.

Steel-gunmaking is still in its infancy here, but, as before stated, the Ordnance officers, both of our Army and Navy, have begun with a full knowledge of all that has been accomplished in Europe, and with the advantage of years spent in original investigations and careful study.

The whole success attained in constructing large steel guns in Germany, France and England appears to rest mainly upon the fact that works have been constructed in those countries capable of forging seventy-five tons of homogeneous steel in one mass, out of which can be made the part known as "the tube." The plant of works which accomplishes this costs millions of dollars. There are now seven or eight such establishments in Europe, most of them belonging to private parties. The largest are the works of Frederick Krupp, at Essen, Germany; of Schneider & Co., at Le Creusot, France; and of Sir Joseph Whitworth & Co., Manchester, England. It would require four or five years to erect in this country such establishments with their enormous hammers and presses.

It will be necessary for Congress to make a continuous appropriation large enough to enable the executive branch of the Government to enter into contracts with private parties which will justify them in embarking in such large undertakings. The Board of Fortifications mentions for this purpose the sum of $8,000,000. The failure to make such provisions is the sole cause of our backwardness in the art of making large steel guns. We should, however, now be able to avoid the enormous expense which in Europe has been involved in the experimental stages of the art of forging large masses of steel. Taking note, also, of the errors of method and of administration which have characterized the efforts of certain of the European Governments in providing themselves with steel guns and steel armor-plate, we ought to avoid the blunders and exploits upon the public treasury which have characterized the work of supplying armor and armament in other countries.

The steel guns belonging to our Army are one 8-inch gun completed and on trial at Sandy Hook, and one 8-inch and one 10-inch gun in course of construction. All the larger forgings of these guns were purchased in England, of Sir Joseph Whitworth, and the guns were fabricated at the West Point Foundry, a private establishment. The smaller hoops were made by the Midvale Steel Company, of Philadelphia, Pa.

There have been procured for the armament of the five monitors and three cruisers two 5-inch, twenty-one 6-inch, eight 8-inch, two 10-inch, and one 10½-inch steel guns, thirty-four in all, of which ten or twelve are finished. All the heavier parts of these guns above 6-inch calibre were purchased in England. The steel guns for the Navy are "fabricated" at the Washington Navy Yard.

For manifest and manifold reasons it is impracticable for the Government to embark in the industry of forging steel. All that the Government can properly do in providing such material for gun-construction is to enter into contracts, sufficiently large, with private parties, to justify them in erecting the necessary plant for its production. The Secretary of the Navy, in his recent annual report, gives expression to the following patriotic expression upon this subject:

"It is certainly a most lamentable circumstance that a country like ours, with its immense products of iron and steel, should be content to be dependent upon the manufacturers of any other nation for the fabrication of armor and high-powered guns, both of which are now essential and indispensable parts of a modern fighting ship. Whatever its commercial policy may be, for the creation of its necessary implements of war it should certainly be independent."

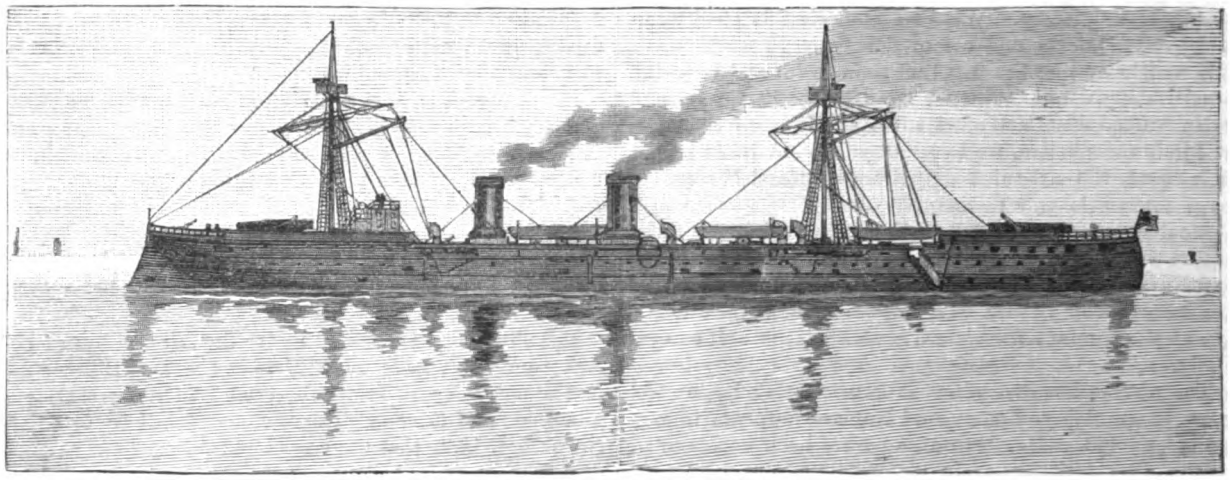
The steel guns fabricated under the supervision of our Army and Navy have demonstrated the fact that we are in this art fully up to the best work of the great steel-gunmakers of Europe. Commodore Sicard reported, in November, 1886, that the completed 6-inch guns had endured the required "proof" in an entirely satisfactory manner. The first 8-inch gun completed had also been satisfactorily tested. It had endured the rapid-firing test of ten rounds in fifteen minutes with the most satisfactory results. The report that this gun had burst was a *canard*. No steel gun made in this country has yet failed.

The law of this country in regard to ordnance requires that at least one gun of every new type adopted shall be tested "to extremity"—*i.e.*, actually burst, or so eroded or stretched as to be practically worthless. Any report, therefore, as to the explosion of any steel gun, or any other form of gun undergoing the Governmental test, would not necessarily indicate that it had failed to meet the required test, or that it was inferior as an arm of warfare. No gun has ever yet been made which cannot be burst by the force of gunpowder, as no steam-boiler has ever been constructed which cannot be burst by the force of steam.

Not less than 25,000 steel guns of various sizes and modes of construction have been made in the several countries of Europe. In a letter dated November 5th, 1886, Krupp stated that 19,464 steel guns of various sizes had been made at his establishment since the year 1847.

The per centage of steel guns which have failed is very small—much smaller than that of cast-iron guns of any form, and much smaller than the per centage of failures of cast-iron guns re-enforced with wrought-iron bands. The Ordnance Department of our Army regard rifled cast-iron guns, of over 8-inch calibre, as too unreliable for practical use, even with moderate charges. The failures of steel guns occurred chiefly during the experimental stages of the art. The cause of the bursting of others is attributable to bad material, faulty methods of construction, and bad workmanship. The fabrication of built-up steel guns is a high art. It involves almost as fine mechanism as the manufacture of astronomical telescopes, and bungling work has resulted in expensive failures.

It may here be observed that there are certain Army officers who maintain that steel guns cast solid, in one piece, are preferable to the forged steel built-up gun, fabricated by shrinking a "jacket" and hoops and bands around a central tube consisting of one piece. This opinion appears to be based upon a comparison between cast-steel guns and badly constructed "built-up" guns. The "built-up" gun has, however, two essential advantages: *First*, forged steel is much stronger and much more nearly homogeneous than cast-steel; and; *second*, the proper adjustment of shrinkages utilizes the elastic



THE U. S. STEEL CRUISER "BALTIMORE."

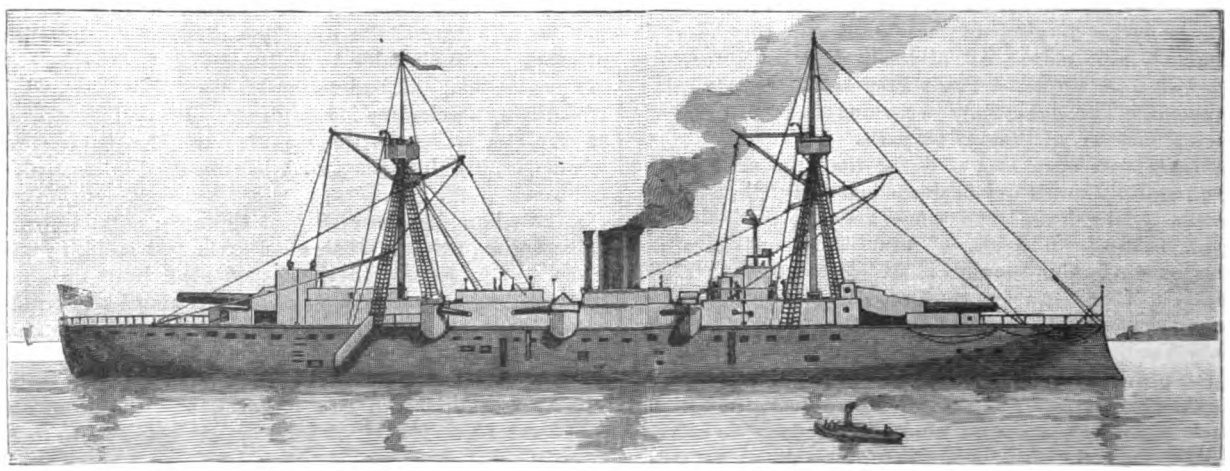
strength of the entire gun; a requirement which never has, and probably never can be, met in constructing guns in one solid mass.

The success which has been achieved in the manufacture of steel guns of enormous size and high power must be regarded as the leading fact in the wonderful advances which have been made during the last twenty-five years in the arts of war. Other inventions in land defenses and in naval architecture may properly be regarded as adjustments of the line of adaptations to the increased power of the gun.

The fact that the power of the gun had been so increased as greatly to exceed the resistance of forts led to many inventions in armored forts; among which the Gruson chilled cast-iron turret, and the Mougin steel turret, both of the turtle-back or umbrella form, appear at the present time to be the most approved. One of the problems which now agitates the minds of military engineers is, whether it is better to employ armored turrets, or to conceal guns in pits. In the latter case, elevating machinery would be employed to raise the guns when about to be fired, and, immediately after firing, to lower them to a level at which they could be loaded, without exposing either gun or gunners.

The relative efficiency of armored and unarmored ships is also a mooted question. The armor of a ship must be at least twenty-five inches thick in order to afford adequate protection. This involves enormous expense, a very large addition to the weight of the vessel, and greatly increases her draught, whereby the number of harbors which she can enter, or approach near enough for attack, is greatly decreased. Unarmored ships, or cruisers, are superior to armored ships in their general sea-going qualities. The advantage of greater speed enables the cruiser more quickly to inflict injury upon an enemy. Celerity is still, as in the days of the Roman Empire, one of the highest conditions to success in war. Inadequate armor is rather worse than no armor, just as an old-fashioned stone fort is now worse than no fort. The theory of the unarmored ship is to protect the gunners against rifle-balls and the shot of machine-guns of the Gatling type, but not against the shot of cannon. In other words, guns and gunners are left to the chances of the conflict. The practical question is, whether the protective turret upon a ship is worth its cost, and the expenses and disabilities attending its transportation?

For engaging forts, armored ships are, of course, greatly superior to unarmored ships, especially in view of the fact that much greater accuracy of aim is attainable with guns on the land than with guns afloat. Some of the larger armored ships of the world, notably those built for the Italian Government, and designed especially for seacoast defense, have high speed and good seagoing qualities. Naval vessels of the present day may be divided into three classes, viz., unarmored seagoing ships or cruisers, armored seagoing ships, and floating batteries, *i.e.*, also having their guns protected by impenetrable armor. These last would have small propelling



THE U. S. GUNBOAT "CHARLESTON."

power, and be employed exclusively for harbor defense. Such vessels would be, in effect, floating forts. It will probably require one or more actual engagements between vessels of the three classes here mentioned in order to determine their relative efficiency in actual warfare.

Torpedo-boats and torpedo-cruisers range in size from 25 tons to 1,000 tons. The smaller are limited to harbor defense, while the latter are capable of crossing any seas, and are, therefore, available for offensive warfare. Vessels of the class from 100 to 150 feet in length attain a speed of 23 knots — nearly 27 statute miles per hour. They carry Whitehead torpedoes—of the class known as "fish-torpedoes," which are launched, and by their own propelling mechanism move in a straight line from 400 to 600 yards, and carry 60 to 80 pounds of gun-cotton or dynamite.

The larger torpedo-vessels not only carry "fish-torpedoes," but also a large number of machine-guns. Their principal duty is to attack the torpedo-vessels of the enemy. They are sometimes called "Torpedo-catchers."

Modern seacoast defenses now consist of:

First. War-ships for both offensive and defensive operations.

Second. Torpedo-vessels, *i. e.*, vessels carrying torpedoes to be discharged at an enemy's vessel.

Third. Channel obstructions of all sorts, including torpedoes and submarine mines.

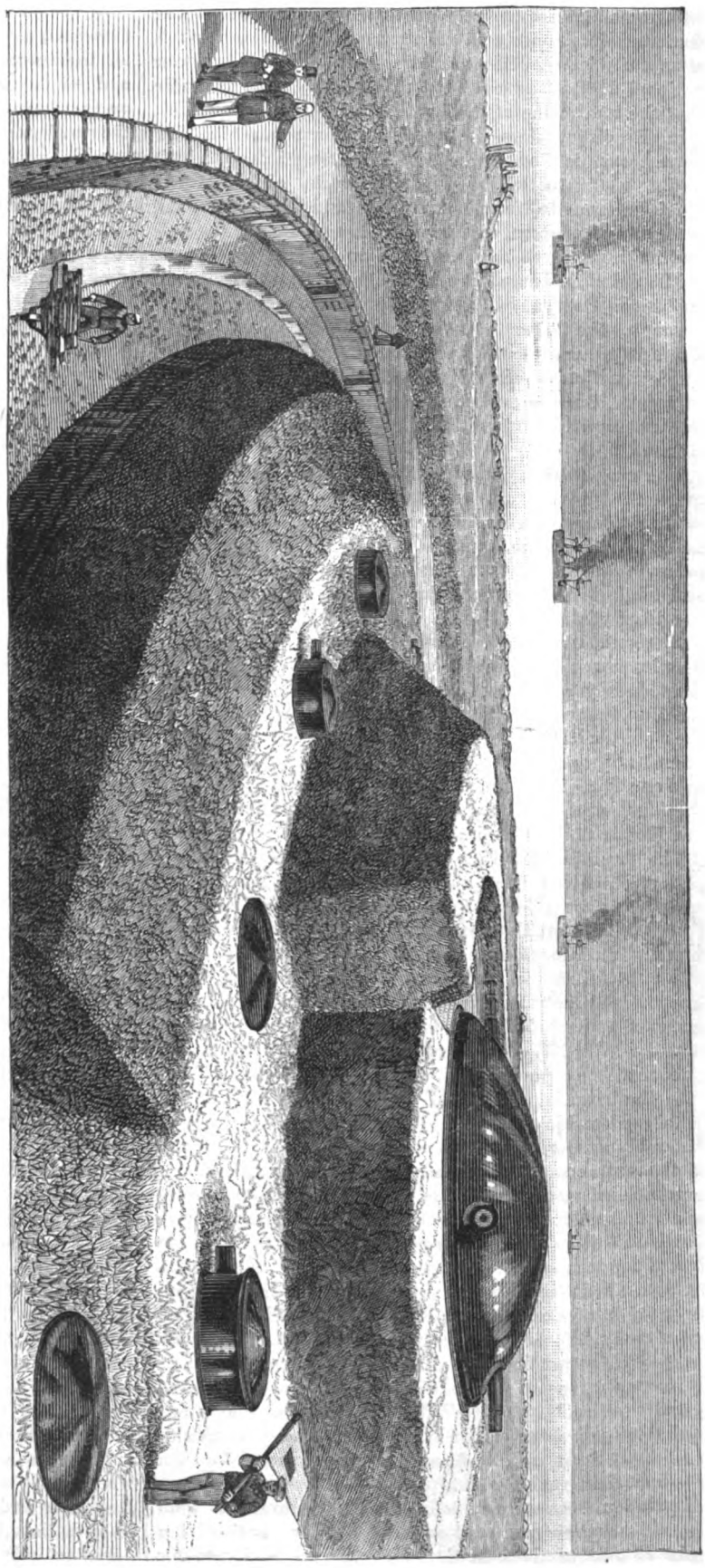
Fourth. Turrets and forts armed with guns in embrasure and earth batteries with guns *en barbette.*

Fifth. Rifled mortars in large numbers capable of dropping a shower of shot and shell upon the decks of war-ships.

Submarine mines are now regarded as merely auxiliary to ships and forts, without which they can be "countermined" by an enemy and destroyed.

It is probable, also, that in case of attack, other means of obstructing the progress of an enemy would be improvised or previously provided, having special adaptation to particular ports.

No single line of works is adequate to the exigencies of the modern instrumentalities of warfare. As hereinafter shown, in speaking of the defenses of the Harbor of New York, reliance can only be placed upon the adoption of all the arms of defense hereinbefore described, and in preparing the approaches to our seaport cities as a fighting-ground which, from one end to the other, shall bristle with dangers to an invading foe.



THE TURTLE-BACK TURRET AS APPLIED TO FORTIFICATIONS.

The magnitude of the prize which our great seaports present to a foreign nation belligerently inclined is enormous. It is estimated that the total value of the destructible property in our twelve largest seaports is almost $5,000,000,000, or nearly twice the amount of our national debt at the close of the late war. It is probable that the total value of destructible property in New York city, Brooklyn, Jersey City and other towns in New Jersey, and in Connecticut and on Long Island, which might be protected by defensive works at the Sandy Hook entrance to New York Harbor, and by works at the eastern and western entrance to Long Island Sound, is not far from three thousand million dollars.

Mr. John D. Jones, President of the Atlantic Mutual Insurance Company of New York, has said in a recent letter to the writer of this article: "It is useless to attempt to analyze the probable class-liability for loss by destruction of New York city, in the event of its capture. Such a calamity would probably bankrupt all underwriting organizations, as well as most of the citizens."

The single condition of danger does not, however, express the pressing necessity which now exists for adequate seacoast defenses. The realization of that danger holds us in bondage, through fear, in all our foreign relationships. It rebukes our *amour propre* as a nation, and tends to that sense of degradation which is deadening to patriotism.

The great obstacle to be overcome is the apathy of our people, especially of our seaport cities, although the most deeply concerned in coast defenses. A year ago the Hon. Samuel J. Tilden addressed an earnest letter to the Speaker of the House of Representatives in favor of liberal appropriations for seacoast defenses; and again, in June last, in a letter to Senator Hawley of Connecticut, expressed his deep regret at the inaction of the House of Representatives.

The popular idea that important measures of public policy, involving the expenditure of large amounts of money, can be safely initiated and carried into effect in Congress without the prompting, and, I may say, the demand, of an informed and quickened public sentiment, is, as a rule, fallacious. If the rule were otherwise, democracy might in time give place to oligarchy. Adequate seacoast and naval defenses will probably cost somewhat over $200,000,000. By its very magnitude such expenditure trenches upon cherished schemes of public policy. Into the harmony of our well-adjusted financial affairs it casts a disturbing element. It is too much to expect of the ordinary Congressman—nay, it is too much to expect of the extraordinary Congressman—that he will, of his own motion, undertake the advocacy of enormous appropriations, when such advocacy would assuredly expose him to the attacks of his enemies and rivals, and perhaps also of a portion of the public Press, moved by good intention, no doubt, but not advisedly. When the popular branch of Congress, in July last, refused $6,000,000 for strictly defensive works, what can we expect to accomplish toward heroic measures of seacoast defense without a powerful public sentiment behind our Representatives in Congress? With such reinforcement our weakest "Member" will have neither enemy, rival, nor unfriendly newspaper to fear. It is quite absurd for men to abuse Congress for not providing the necessary appropriation for seacoast defense and yet refuse to lend the aid of their personal influence toward authorizing their Representatives in Congress to work and vote for the necessary appropriation. These views are the result of a somewhat careful observation of the course of political affairs as an officer of the Government at Washington.

At the present time New York city is absolutely defenseless, as are also Brooklyn, Jersey City, Newark, and all the towns on the Hudson River below West Point, and on Newark Bay and Raritan Bay. Fort Hamilton, on the east side of the Narrows, and Fort Wadsworth, on the western side, which look so grand and formidable, would constitute no obstacle to the passage even of the second and third rate armored ships of foreign nations right into our harbor. Such ships could safely run up within close fighting distance of these forts, and a few blows from the steel projectiles of their steel guns would cause the masonry of the forts to come tumbling down upon the heads of our gunners. Then the enemy could pass directly into our harbor, and hold New York, Brooklyn, Jersey City and Newark subject to ransom, with absolute power to destroy them in case of refusal to comply with the demand. We have not to-day a ship nor a fort which could stand before any one of about seventy armored ships belonging to other nations.

The state of the case, regarding the Port of New York, may be the better appreciated by stating that it would require, at least, six years to construct the necessary land defenses alone; whereas New York is only two days steaming from Halifax, two days steaming from the Bermudas, three-and-a-half days steaming from Nassau, and four days steaming from Havana.

I shall not here attempt anything in the nature of a dissertation upon the detail of military works necessary in order to prevent the armored ships of an enemy from approaching within range of the City of New York, but shall merely attempt to describe the conditions which approximately determine the proper location of the necessary defensive works. The maximum range of modern high-powered guns on shipboard may be stated generally at from seven to nine miles. It is, however, believed that a range of ten miles can, under peculiar circumstances, be attained with the guns of certain ships now belonging to foreign nations. This great range and power of guns of large calibre involves the necessity of placing forts at least six or seven miles from a city in order to prevent it being shelled by ships which in a close contest might engage the forts. Besides, for reasons which are perhaps hereinafter made clear, we should not trust to any single line of defense, but provide two such lines, with an intermediate fighting-ground of our own choosing.

The geographical position and topographical features of the Narrows constitute that a most admirable location for forts; but Fort Hamilton is only 6½ miles from Castle Garden, and only half that distance from the outskirts of Brooklyn. Evidently, therefore, the absolute security of the city suggests the erection of defensive works on Sandy Hook, 16 miles away from the city. At this point the centre line of the main ship-channel is only about one mile from the possible location of armored forts upon that low, sandy peninsula. Batteries of rifled mortars which could drop showers of steel projectiles, loaded with high explosives, upon the decks of an attacking fleet long before it had engaged the forts at the closest possible range, might also be planted at Sandy Hook.

There is a deep-water "pocket" off Coney Island, where it is said an enemy's ship could lie and shell Brooklyn and the southern portions of New York city. It is believed, however, that that position can be rendered entirely untenable to attacking vessels by means of mortars and floating batteries.

The exploits of Farragut at the forts supposed to com-

mand the Mississippi River below New Orleans, and at Mobile Bay, and of Porter at Vicksburg, prove that land defenses alone are not sufficient to prevent war-vessels, propelled by steam, from passing forts. One of the essential conditions to the success of such movements is, however, that the attacking vessels shall be able to pass on into deep and capacious waters beyond the range of guns in the forts. This condition was supplied in both the instances just alluded to in which Farragut achieved immortal fame, also at Vicksburg. Such favorable condition to the passage of land defenses exists at New York with respect to land defenses at Sandy Hook and at the Narrows. An enemy's ship could pass on and lie securely in the Hudson River and in the East River, outside the range of guns employed in the defense of the city, and in such position be able to enter into negotiations for ransom which would at once constitute a national disaster and a national disgrace. These facts now render it axiomatic in military science that the defense of any city must embrace the various instrumentalities of naval warfare. The armored ship, the floating battery, the ram and the torpedo-vessel are, therefore, conceded to be essential features of a related system of defense.

Too much reliance has been placed upon torpedoes and submarine mines as instruments of defensive warfare. Terrible as is the work of these engines of war when effective, their practical use is subject to important conditions. First of all, they are practically useless when unprotected by forts, or mortars, or ships; for the ingenuity which has devised them has also devised the means of removing and destroying them. Then again, they are not available in rough water, and they are an uncertain arm of defense in very deep water.

Besides torpedoes, other and efficient means of obstructing the channel would undoubtedly be devised in case of war, so that the progress of an enemy could be arrested at points where the united fire of armored forts and mortars and floating batteries and ships could be concentrated upon him, and where submarine mines and torpedo-vessels could exert their proper functions. These various instrumentalities of warfare now constitute the essential and related parts of a perfect system of defense. It appears to be some such scheme of defense as this which General Newton had in mind when he asserted, in his official capacity as Chief of Engineers, that "the engineer has solved with mathematical certainty the problem of closing harbors and rivers against hostile ships, so that the sole question in each particular case would be whether the importance of the place would justify the cost."

In a word, the modern instrumentalities of naval warfare available in attack upon a seaport have rendered it necessary to adopt a complex system of harbor defense, the four general features of which are: (*a*) Land defenses, embracing forts, mortars, etc.; (*b*) a prepared fighting-ground, wherever practicable, between exterior and interior lines of land defenses; (*c*) the various instrumentalities of submarine warfare; (*d*) a naval force, embracing armored and unarmored ships, floating batteries and torpedo-vessels.

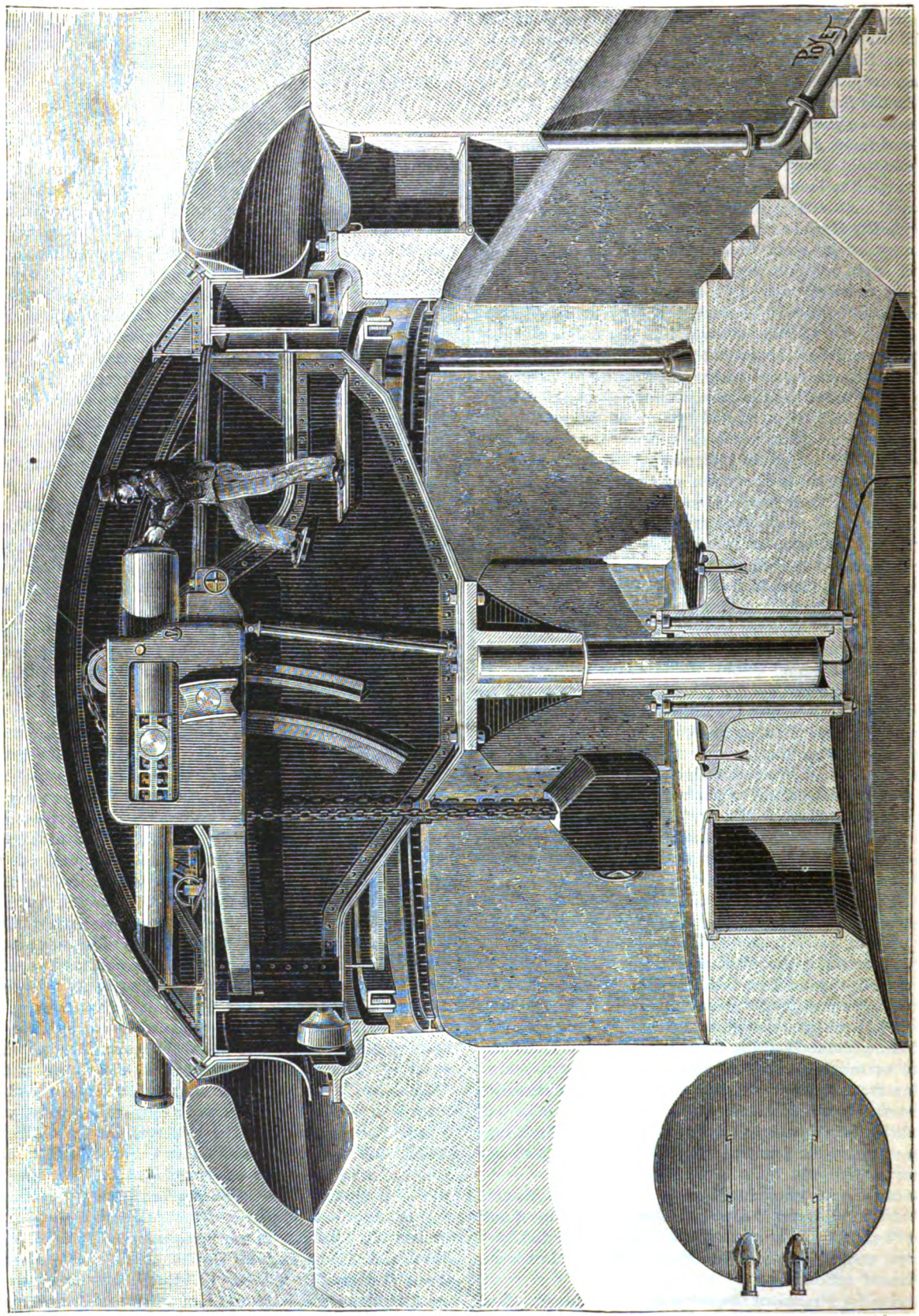
The naval arm must, in all cases, occupy the advance. It should, in all cases of attack, be prepared to meet and harass the enemy before his ships had engaged the land defenses, and, if possible, demoralize him and break up his plan of action.

Imagine for a moment the attempt of any foreign fleet to enter New York Harbor with a naval force of our own offering the enemy stubborn resistance, while retiring before him until he had come fairly within the range of forts and mortars on Sandy Hook and Coney Island, and at the Narrows, and, where his progress would be beset by torpedo-boats, and floating batteries and warships and those hidden dangers, torpedoes and submarine mines—which Farragut described as the most demoralizing of all the engines of warfare. Such progress, like Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade," would be—

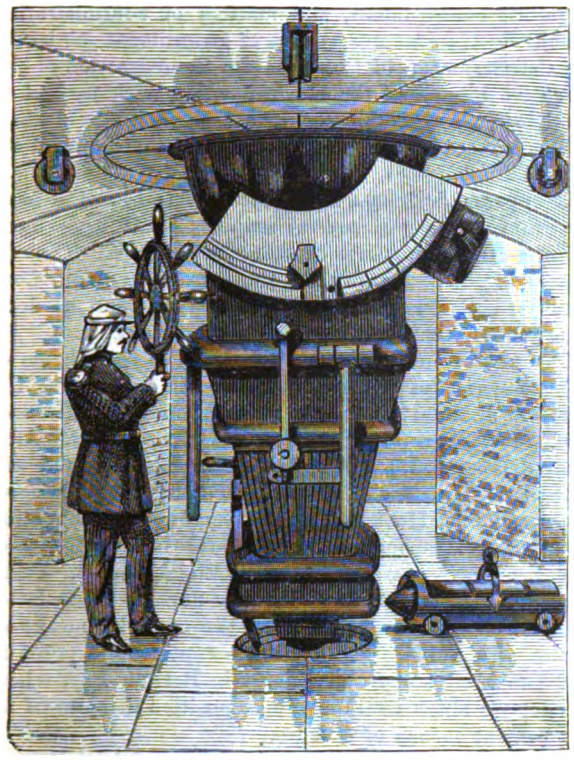
> "Into the jaws of Death,
> Into the mouth of Hell."

I pass next to the consideration of the defense of the passage to the City of New York formed by the East River and Long Island Sound. It is a well-known fact that vessels can approach the city by this passage with a greater draught of water than by the Sandy Hook entrance. The last time the steamer *Great Eastern* visited this country on a commercial errand she anchored in Flushing Bay, and there took a load which is said to have put her down to the 32-foot mark, and with this load she safely passed to sea. The defenses of New York by this passage are now located at Throgg's Neck and Willett's Point, just opposite. This is regarded as the western limit of Long Island Sound, and is distant from New York city only eight miles. General Newton has declared that these works would present no formidable barrier to the passage of modern armored ships to a position above Hell Gate, from which both New York and Brooklyn could be shelled. But strategic conditions of the highest importance characterize this eastern approach to the City of New York, and determine the proper location of its defenses. In a recent magazine article, Rear-admiral Simpson, of the United States Navy, speaks of Long Island Sound as "the Mediterranean of the Western Hemisphere, ready to welcome an enemy to a hospitable anchorage, where he can establish his depots, and from which he can sally forth for the destruction of our coast trade, and to lay cities under contribution." Then again, connected with Long Island Sound at its eastern end, is Gardiner's Bay, described in the recent Report on Fortifications as "a great harbor," and "a possible base of hostile operations," which would afford an enemy "a most desirable site for the collection of his stores and war *matériel*, and enable him to establish a naval port which would threaten the maritime resources of the entire Atlantic coast." I am informed by the Superintendent of the United States Coast Survey that Gardiner's Bay has an area of about sixty-three square miles, that of Hampton Roads being only about forty-six square miles. He also states that in ease of access and security from the violence of storms, Gardiner's Bay is fully equal to Hampton Roads. In strategic value it is, on account of its nearness to populous and wealthy cities, of much greater importance than Hampton Roads. The report of the Board on Fortifications clearly states that "The Race," the ship-channel at the eastern end of Long Island Sound, only about four miles wide, with Valiant Rock midway in the passage, can be easily defended, and that the passage into Gardiner's Bay, only three miles wide, is also easily defensible. The importance of defending Gardiner's Bay has been suggested in various reports of engineer officers of the Army during the last sixty years. It was recommended in 1826, 1836, 1840 and 1851, by General Totten, Chief of Engineers—*clarum et venerabile nomen*. Gardiner's Bay was the favorite rendezvous and harbor of refuge of the enemy's fleet, both in the War of the Revolution and the "War of 1812."

The original location of the defensive works of the City of New York at Throgg's Neck was conformed to



INTERIOR OF A MOUGIN TURRET.



INTERIOR OF A MOUGIN STEEL TURRET.

conditions imposed by the stone fort, the wooden sailing war-ship, and the old-fashioned cast-iron gun ; but the steel gun, the armored fort and the armored ship now clearly point to the eastern end of Long Island Sound as the proper location of an outer line of land defenses.

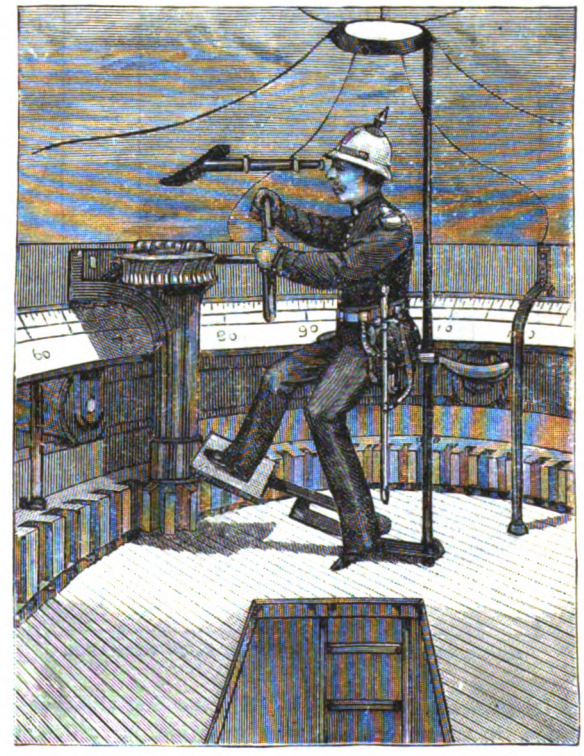
In order to illustrate the entire feasibility of defending Long Island Sound at its eastern end, and of preventing an enemy from gaining access to Gardiner's Bay, a map is given on page 271. Around certain points at which armored forts may be erected circles are swept, with the common radius of seven miles, which is less than the maximum range of modern steel guns of high power. It will be seen from the map that these circles completely cover the available passages into Long Island Sound, and that they also cover Gardiner's Bay, and every possible point of refuge for ships at the east end of Long Island in time of storms.

The land defenses at the points just mentioned, with their co-operative naval means of defense, which could here be deployed with great facility and effectiveness, would also subserve very important purposes besides the defense of New York city and Brooklyn—viz., the protection of the entire shore of Connecticut, with its rich and thriving manufacturing and commercial towns and cities, and the entire north shore of Long Island, along which there is a large and rapidly growing population, with thriving towns and villages, and at the east end of the Island the important towns of Shelter Island, Southold, Riverhead, Southampton and East Hampton. The important strategic value of Long Island Sound and of Gardiner's Bay with respect to our entire Atlantic seaboard, and the destructible property in Connecticut and on Long Island—estimated in value at $300,000,000—which would be protected by defenses at the east end of Long Island Sound and at the entrance to Gardiner's Bay, emphasize the importance of the demand that New York city shall look to those points as marking her outer line of defense against naval attack by the East River and Sound approach. If New York should refuse to lend the aid of her voice and influence in favor of defensive works at these outer points, such refusal would not only indicate a lack of patriotic feeling in the general work of seacoast defense, and blindness to the present conditions of her own safety, but it would also show an ungenerous spirit toward Connecticut and unkindness toward Long Island, a portion of the Empire State.

To recapitulate, the foregoing question, "How shall New York city be Protected against Naval Attack?" is here answered as follows :

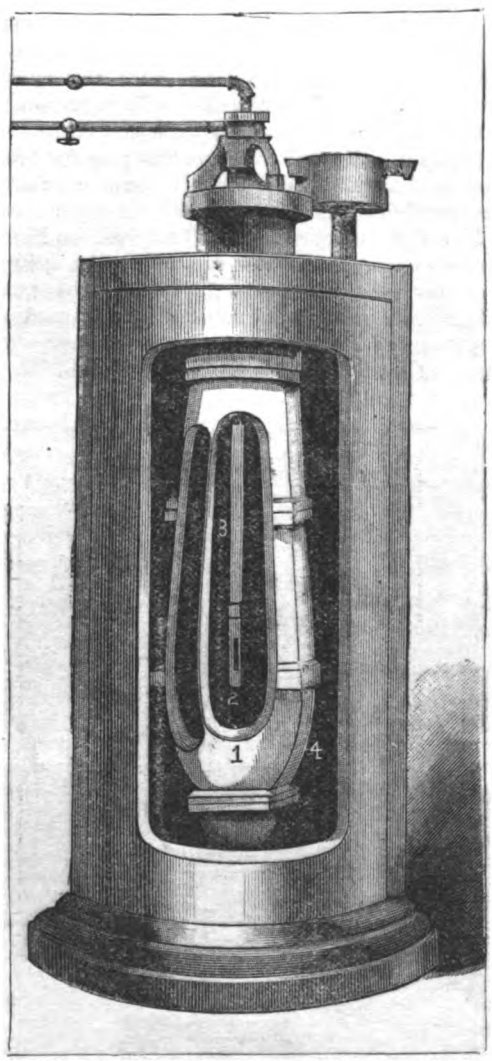
First, by a line of outer works at Sandy Hook and Coney Island, and an inner line at the Narrows ; and, second, by an outer line of works at the eastern end of Long Island Sound, and an inner line at Throgg's Neck and Willett's Point ; in each case the land defenses being supplemented by the most advanced forms of naval instrumentalities of defense, with the aid of torpedoes and submarine mines where practicable. By this system of defense New York Bay would become our own selected and prepared fighting-ground, from the bar off Sandy Hook to the Narrows, and Long Island Sound would also become our own prepared fighting-ground from its eastern to its western end. This appears to constitute an adequate conception of a system of defense commensurate in magnitude and efficiency with the enormous interests at stake, and in the line of adaptations with the instrumentalities of modern warfare.

How Shall the Necessary Appropriations for Seacoast Defenses be Secured ? It is idle to suppose that adequate seacoast defenses can be provided for our extended seacoast except at great cost. The Board on Fortifications have estimated the cost of such works at twenty-seven of our principal ports, including lake ports, at $126,377,800. The amount required for armored ships, cruisers, floating batteries and torpedo-vessels would probably swell this amount to fully $200,000,000. But



INTERIOR OF THE COMMANDANT'S TURRET.

let it be remembered, in this connection, that the several maritime nations of Europe have already expended for modern war-ships and their armaments over $394,000,000. It is also consoling to the economist to note the fact that if the total expenditure for defense, including the rehabilitation of the navy, should be distributed over ten years, the annual expenditure — about $20,000,000— would constitute only about nineteen per cent. of our annual average surplus during the last five years. Neverthless it is a practical fact in the conduct of our governmental affairs, which must be recognized by every intelligent citizen, that even so large an expenditure as that above-mentioned cannot be made without the prompting and sanction of an informed and quickened public sentiment. The duty of citizens whose attention is turned to the importance of this subject appears to be, first, to create such a sentiment. Certain commercial bodies of the City of New York, a few weeks ago, entered energetically upon this work, and it is hoped that the original investigations which they have instituted will soon be complete, in order that the influence of their utterances may have its proper effect upon Congress dur-



MODEL OF CASTING OF HEAVY GUNS IN ORDNANCE DEPARTMENT.

ing its present short session. A somewhat studious attention to the merits of the question is, of course, needed, in order to discriminate properly between matters which in general terms formulate the local needs of particular seaports, and are therefore immediate objects of public concernment, and matters of administration which must, under our system of government, be left to the determination of Congress and the discretion of the executive branch of the Government. With respect to the latter, all that the people can do is to hold their public servants to the full measure of their official responsibilities.

It appears desirable, also, that at this time the local Governments of the several seaports shall urge upon Congress the importance of seacoast defenses. The exigencies of our nationality and the provisions of our Constitution and laws forbid that such work shall be done by any other than the National Government.

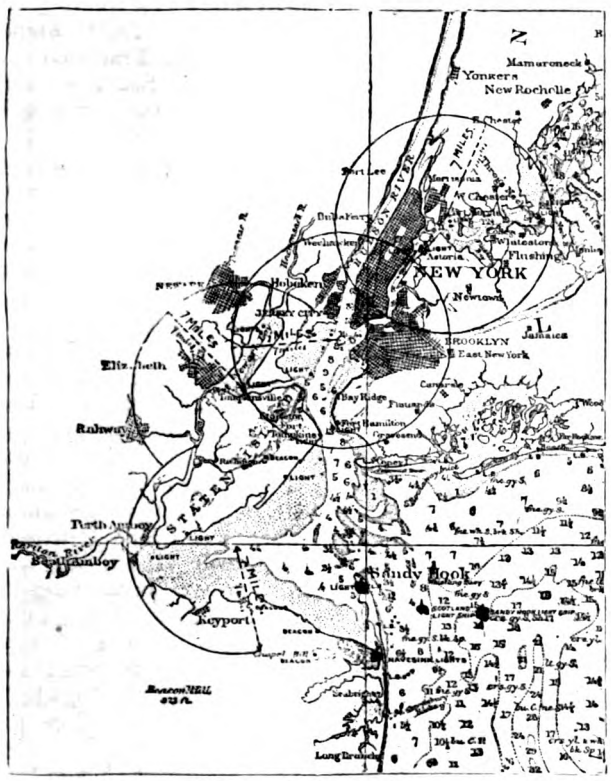
One of the most important features of the scheme of defense hereinbefore described is that it subserves the interests of three States with respect to seacoast defenses —*viz.*, New York, New Jersey and Connecticut. Adequate defense at the east end of Long Island Sound will protect the entire shores of Connecticut, and defensive works at Sandy Hook and at the Narrows, in connection with naval means of defense, would be protective of Jersey City, Newark, Elizabeth, Elizabethport, Perth Amboy and South Amboy, in New Jersey. This latter point is clearly illustrated upon the map, by means of circles with radii of seven miles, swept from a point in Kill Van Kull and from a point in Raritan Bay, where an enemy's ships could now take position in spite of all our present means of defense.

The defenses at the east end of Long Island Sound, especially the naval branch of it, would bear an important relation to the defenses of Narragansett Bay, Buzzard's Bay and the entire Vineyard Sound, and thus subserve important purposes in the seacoast defense of Rhode Island and Massachusetts.

Progress would be made toward legislation in regard to the general subject of seacoast defenses if each seaboard State of the Union would, at least in general terms, formulate its particular need regarding seacoast defense, and urge its Senators and members of Congress to use their influence toward securing the desired protection against the naval force of an enemy. Such action would naturally provoke a full and thorough discussion of the whole subject of seacoast defenses in the public Press and in Congress, and eventually lead to a system of defense which would prevent any serious disaster, and enable the Government to assume without jeopardy that independent attitude in our foreign relationships which is the becoming and proper expression of a firm national character.

It is of interest, in connection with the facts which determine the present needs of the country in regard to seacoast defenses, to recur to historic facts illustrative of the advances which have been made in the arts of war, with special reference to New York city and its vicinity. Such facts epitomize and illustrate the progress made in the science of war.

The battle of Long Island, which occurred August 27th, 1776—only six weeks after the signing of the Declaration of Independence—involved the fall of New York city and the capture of Long Island. The disparity in the effectiveness of guns on the land and of guns afloat was much greater then than now. Accordingly the British made no attempt with their formidable fleet to cope even with the improvised forts which Washington had erected on Governor's Island, at the south end of Broadway, at Coenties Slip, and at the foot of Cherry Street. The uncertainty of the wind, the impossibility of holding sailing-vessels in position, or of



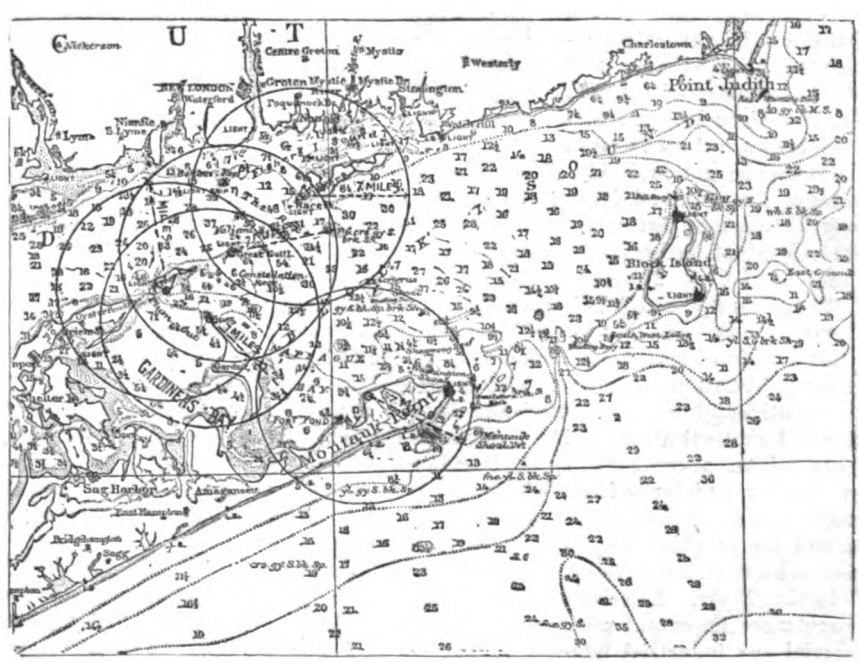
THE BAY OF NEW YORK.

manœuvring them to advantage in any attack upon forts, and the uncertainty of the aim of their guns, rendered a gun on land worth twenty guns on water. Wooden walls, besides, were no match for stone walls or for earthworks. The short range of the guns of those days and their comparatively small power, confined the operations of war-ships chiefly to naval engagements—*i.e.*, ships against ships—and it was the intrepid soul of Lord Nelson which discerned the fact that the only way fully to utilize the powers of the wooden sailing war-ship of the olden time was "to lay the enemy close alongside."

During the "War of 1812" the same infirmities of the wooden sailing ship served to protect our cities from naval attacks. Besides the forts existing at that day, the enemy also stood in mortal dread of torpedoes and submarine mines, the invention of that wonderful American genius, Robert Fulton. Prior to the war he had, in an experimental way, blown a Danish brig to fragments near Deal, England, and the experiment had been repeated in New York Bay. Citizens also improvised various means of blowing up the enemy's ships when at anchor in our harbors, some of which were successful. One notable instance is mentioned of a Long Island fisherman by the name of Penny, who ventured forth in a whaleboat with a barrel of gunpowder supplied with clockwork for firing it by means of a line after it had been affixed to the frigate *Ramillies*, the flagship of Commodore Hardy. Penny was, however, captured with his instrument of destruction. But he had the satisfaction of knowing that his attempt kept the *Ramillies* constantly in motion, and his patriotic soul was gladdened by hearing the ship's bottom swept with a chain every two hours, day and night. Commodore Hardy denounced torpedoes as an inhuman and uncivilized method of warfare, and sent a letter to Justice Terry, of Southold, desiring him to warn the inhabitants along the coast that if they allowed a torpedo-boat to remain another day among them he would "order every house near the shore to be burned."

Fulton also constructed, in the year 1814, an ironclad steam war-vessel, with a double hull, the paddlewheel being placed between the two hulls. This ship was 145 feet in length. She made two trips to sea with her full armament of thirty 32-pounders, and two 100-pound columbiads, making 5½ miles an hour against wind and tide. It was not, however, until about the year 1840 that the Government began the work of building a navy propelled by steam upon the screw-propeller plan. The use of steam revolutionized naval warfare; it enabled war-vessels to engage forts and to pass them. It was not, however, until the opening of the late War of the Rebellion that armored ships were successfully introduced. Their highest development has been accomplished by the nations of Europe during the last twenty years, and it is only within the last six or eight years that the steel gun can be said to have passed beyond the stage of experiment and become a potential factor in the international relationships of the civilized world.

The capture of Long Island, in 1776, afforded the British army an invaluable source of supplies of food, and abundant safe harbors. Huntington Bay, on the Sound, afforded the enemy's ships a good and safe anchorage. In the centre of the adjacent village of Huntington a fort was built, the outlines of which are yet plainly visible. This fort was constructed by the British commander, one Benjamin Thompson, a Tory, who in Europe subsequently achieved fame and fortune and title as Count Rumford, in recognition of his wonderful discoveries as a scientist.



THE EAST END OF LONG ISLAND.

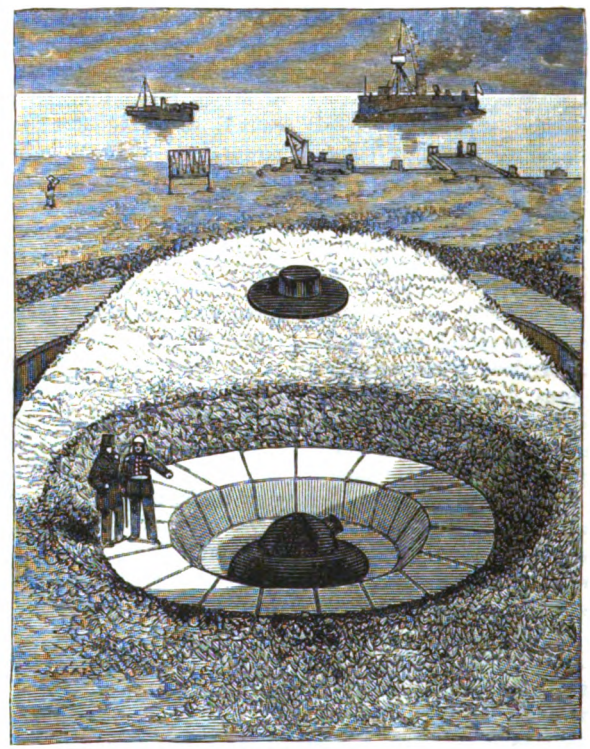
The capture of New York city by a hostile fleet to-day would as surely place Long Island under the domination of the enemy as it became subject to British authority in 1776. With one section of his fleet in New York Harbor and another in Gardiner's Bay, and Long Island Sound under the control of his ships, Long Island would be virtually under the dictation of a foreign flag. In such an event General Manager Heald of the Long Island Railroad would probably find it more discreet to obey the order of the commander of an enemy's fleet than that of President Corbin. The moral influence of the ease with which an enemy could destroy the principal towns and villages along the Sound would accomplish all this.

It is a matter of interest here to advert to the importance of providing adequate defenses for San Francisco, in view of the fact that its harbor occupies a commercial position with respect to our Pacific Coast, similar in relative importance to that of New York Harbor with respect to our Atlantic Seaboard.

The need of adequate defenses for the Bay of San Francisco is apparent. It is stated in the recent report of the Board on Fortifications and Other Defenses that at the present time the bay can easily be entered by an enemy's fleet, and San Francisco, Oakland, Benicia, Vallejo and the Mare Island Navy Yard be destroyed or held for ransom. The peninsula of San Francisco is a veritable Gibraltar from a military point of view, and, besides, it occupies a position of inestimable importance commercially. But while the fortress at Gibraltar does not command the entrance to the Mediterranean, and the commercial value of the position is still an enigma, the "Golden Gate" can be perfectly commanded by steel guns and other appliances of war, and San Francisco is the natural *entrepôt* of a vast area west of the Rocky Mountain divide. The geographical characteristics and commercial importance of San Francisco Bay may, perhaps, be better appreciated by saying that it is the only great harbor and safe roadstead of the Pacific Coast from Cape Flattery to San Diego, a distance of 1,350 miles—equal to the distance from Eastport, Me., to Beaufort, S.C.—and that along this whole coast there extends a chain of mountains broken only by the Columbia River and San Francisco Bay. This orological feature of the continent forbids a coastwise trade such as we have on the Atlantic Seaboard. For this reason the great currents of internal commerce on the Pacific Slope must always move on interior lines—almost exclusively on railroads. These lines meet at San Francisco Bay, where nature has provided the only harbor for maritime commerce on the Pacific Coast, south of the mouth of the Columbia River. Relatively, San Francisco occupies a much more important position with respect to the commercial and industrial interests of the western side of the continent than does any one of our Atlantic seaports with respect to the eastern side. Vast commercial and industrial interests throughout the Pacific Slope would, therefore, suffer by the fall of San Francisco.

The value of destructible property in San Francisco alone is $181,000,000, and the value of all the towns and cities on San Francisco Bay fully $200,000,000.

But the political interests involved in the defense of San Francisco and San Francisco Bay ought perhaps to be regarded as paramount even to the important property and commercial interests to which reference has just been made. While the War of the Rebellion was going on it was deemed a matter of sufficient importance, from a political as well as commercial point of view, to expedite the construction of the Union and Central Pacific Railroads by an enormous land grant and a loan of the national credit to the extent of $61,000,000. But how much more important to-day are both the political and the commercial considerations involved in the defense of San Francisco Bay.



THE SUNKEN MORTAR-PIT.

The Board on Fortifications and Other Defenses, composed of military and civil experts, in their report rendered January 23d, 1886, estimate the cost of adequate defenses for San Francisco at $27,868,150, which includes $10,725,000 for "floating batteries" and their armament. These batteries are necessary as substitutes for forts in the case of San Francisco, for the reason that it is not possible to place guns in defensive position upon the land far enough from the city in order to prevent vessels from approaching it within shelling distance. When the cost of the necessary seacoast defenses for San Francisco is contrasted with the important commercial, industrial and political interests which would thereby be protected, delay in providing such works seems to indicate a lack of sensibility to the honor and dignity of the country, and blindness to an essential condition of its safety.

All that is needed is the necessary appropriations by Congress. Much rubbish of inconsequential objection to such appropriations has been brought forward. Apparently the necessary appropriations must await such an awakening of public sentiment upon the subject as shall bring party leaders to understand that such appropriations are regarded by the people of this country as a patriotic duty, and that they shall not be made the pretext for a dishonorable partisan attack.

I desire to acknowledge the aid courteously afforded me in the preparation of this article by officers of the Army and Navy while in Washington.

A STATISTICIAN says that there are 21,305,000 English-speaking Episcopalians in the world, 16,000,000 Methodists, 14,000,000 Roman Catholics, 10,650,000 Presbyterians, 8,195,000 Baptists and 5,750,000 Congregationalists.

A VERY PECULIAR BOY.—"GRIFF RAISED HIS HEAD. 'I WANT YOU TO TRY AND SEE IF ANY OF THESE THINGS WILL FIT YOU.' 'WHY, THEM'S WOMEN'S THINGS,' SAID THE BOY. 'JUST SO,' REPLIED GRIFF."

A VERY PECULIAR BOY.

By Ausburn Towner.

They had almost finished taking down the big tent, and he sat rolled up in a small compass with his back against the wheel of one of the great wagons. He was as quiet as one of the large rolls of canvas near at hand, nothing seeming alive about him but his eyes, and they were looking with a wistful, almost rapt, expression upon a man standing at a little distance away, who, with arms folded and hat pulled down over his eyes, showed in every line of his attitude dejection or moody abstraction.

Boy and man, the two were closely observed by several of the tent-men who were holding hard on a rope, awaiting the low-spoken order from the "boss" to "let her go."

"The 'old man' is thinking about his Liddy, I guess," said the foremost one, Jerry Roper, the "mouth man" of the whole gang.

The remark was overheard by the "old man." He unfolded his arms, lifted the brim of his hat so that the nearest torch shot its sallow yellow light into his eyes, brightening up a worried, unpleasant countenance.

"And sorry was the day for all of us," he said, "when My Lady, the Queen of the Arena, left us for good and all."

"Right you are!" exclaimed Jerry. "A man's wife is the best friend he can have in this world, and when she's gone, good-by about all that is worth living for."

The "old man" sighed and shook his head in sympathy with the remark.

He was an "old man," and "old Griff"—thus interchangeably called by his men—only in a figurative sense, for his age was but little past thirty years. A man ages fast in experience, conducting such a show as his, and traveling, as it was, through the rough mining districts. On the heavily displayed bills that were posted on the sides of tents and shanties, and around some of the larger trees, he was, besides, "the most renowned bare-back rider that the world has ever seen. He had been applauded by the crowned heads and nobility of the Old World, and was in this country for a brief season, as much to see the land and the people for himself, as to show the great American public what equestrianism was in all its gracefulness and beauty!"

He was, in reality, Alonzo Griffin, and the truth was,

further, that he was born not very far from the corner of Cherry and Catherine Streets. His first lessons in the ring were taken at Niblo's, and he knew as much about the old country as a chimpanzee knows of the higher mathematics.

Presently, half in soliloquy and half addressing the men near him, and sadly neglecting, after the manner of his kind, the "g" in the final "ng" of his words, he said:

"Somethin's got to be done; somethin's got to be done right off. I'd like to know what kind of a show that is, in these days, that has no woman in it. A pair o' tights and fluffy skirts that stand out for all ways, like an opened umbrella or the cap of a mushroom, is better to draw with hereabouts than a six-handed piebald team or an eddicated mule. Somethin's got to be done, and done right off."

Jerry Roper was ready for him, as usual:

"In our 'biz,'" remarked that philosopher, "women that are cards in the ring are not to be had for the askin', and you couldn't send East for one at this season. No more could you pick up one here and fit her for the public in time for any good. We h'ain't made money enough in the past week," he growled, in conclusion, "to buy hoss feed, let alone settling up the salary list."

This was something of an exaggeration, but fitted in well with "Old Griff's" moody condition, and he again pulled his hat over his eyes, shrugging his shoulders as he did so.

At that moment the order to "let her go" came, and the great canvas came down "on the run."

Something else came down "on the run."

The small object near the wagon-wheel had unrolled itself and was approaching the group in a very peculiar manner, one of the men exclaiming:

"Just look at that there boy again!"

It was, indeed, apparently a boy, although, in the shadows, a lively imagination could have made it appear to be anything. The order of moving was reversed, and he was coming in on his hands. His legs were bent over, and he had put his big slouch hat on his knees. He looked like a headless something with very short legs coming toward them. When he raised his face so that they could see it, and the light from one of the torches shone full upon it, it showed a pair of clear, dark eyes glistening with merriment. Coming close to Jerry, he reversed his position, and sitting down upon the ground, asked:

"How's that for a week in a circus?"

"Old Griff" was not so far away but that he, too, had seen the antics of the lad. Memories of his past connection with the sawdust ring were thick in his mind as he looked, and of an incident at the time that attracted the attention of the whole world. He gave no outward indication of what his thoughts were, however, except by a slow shake of his head, while he looked closely at the lad and repeated his expression, "Somethin's got to be done, and right away," adding, as though trying to see objections but unable to do so: "Why not? I'd like to know why not?"

Jerry Roper had had something of an idea, too, and he lounged, with it, toward the centre-pole.

"I say, Griff," he said. "I've got an idea."

"What about?"

"Why, this 'ere woman business."

"Let me have it."

"Do you remember a week ago yesterday, early in the morning, when we were just making 'Lazy Man's Gulch'?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Right at the end of the cañon we saw a man, a horse and a boy?"

"Yes. The man and horse were dead, and the boy not far from it. What of it?"

"Didn't you have the man decently buried, feed the boy and tell him to gather up his traps, stow them in some wagon, and come along with us until he could find something better?"

"Any one would a-done the same," grumbled "Old Griff." "But you're a long time comin' to that idea of yourn."

"Do you know who that man was?"

"No."

"Well, I've talked with the boy. He's took quite a fancy to me, and he says as how his father was a sort of a showman in the way of 'hand-work fakin'.' He was pretty old, and badly down at the heel. So, when his old horse gave out, he gave out, too, and they laid down there and died together."

"Old Griff" stopped Jerry abruptly, by touching him gently on the breast with his forefinger, and said, solemnly: "That's just what I was thinking about myself." And Jerry added, as though there had not been the least break in his remarks: "The boy is supple and graceful, learns easily, and in a week has picked up a good many of the tricks of the ring."

All this time Griff had never once taken his eyes off the slender lad who was still seated where he had dropped when he changed his wrong-side-up condition to one of a more nearly normal nature. Griff walked over toward him.

"How old are you?" he asked.

"Don't know," replied the lad. "About sixteen or seventeen, I guess."

"Did you ever ride a horse?" pursued Griff.

The boy's bright face lighted up, and he repeated slowly: "Did—I—ever—ride—a—horse?" Then he concontinued, "Well, you can just bet."

"Do you like horses?"

The lad's only reply was a partial whistle and the expression, "I should smile!"

These classical but somewhat inconsequential words seemed to carry conviction to Griff's mind.

"As soon as the tent is up to-morrow morning," said Griff, "you come to me wherever you can find me." Then he walked away again, repeating his words: "Somethin's got to be done, and done right away; and I'd like to know why not?"

"There's no need tellin' the boy any such thing as that," said Jerry to his companion. "You can bet your last dollar that wherever the "old one" is that boy won't be far away. He's been a shadder to Griff ever sense that mornin' we found him half-starved beside his dead father, folleyin' him around like a kitten does the old cat, and Griff's too tender-hearted to shoo him away. You ought to see him flat on his face under the band seats when Griff does his acts. He never stirs, only his eyes, and they're full of somethin' I can't make out."

Thirty miles away from there, by nine o'clock next morning, the tent was up, with all its flags flying, and the busy side-show people screaming their attractions to the early comers. Griff was in the ring, and the boy was with him. By the light of day the lad was seen to be a slender but sinewy youth, straight-limbed and erect, head nicely poised on his shoulders; a fresh, fair complexion and light hair, but with eyes so dark a brown that they seemed, in contrast with the flesh, to be dead black. On his upper lip there was just the faint trace of a mustache, so faint that, after all, it might be only a

shadow on the face. Over a hickory shirt he wore an old blue blouse, fitting his form loosely, and brown trousers that must have been made originally for his father; and blouse, trousers, patched low shoes and ragged slouch hat, were all of ancient pedigree.

Griff looked the boy all over, and his eyes and face showed that his scrutiny had satisfied him. He had given some previous direction, for, as they stood there, one of the hostler's led into the ring a horse having on his back a well-worn "pad."

"There she is," the hostler said.

The lad looked up at him quickly.

"Do you think you could stand on that 'pad' while the horse walked around the ring?" Griff asked.

"Try me and see," was the reply.

"Well. Get on."

The lad sat down in the ring and pulled off his shoes, leaving his feet bare. Then he tossed his ragged hat toward the centre-pole, and with a short run and spring he was astride the horse.

"Lead him slowly around," said Griff to the hostler, and then, as his order was obeyed, he added: "Let's see what you can do." This latter to the lad.

There are some persons who are born with more than five senses, or an exaggeration of one of them. The value of the results obtained from their use establishes whether or not the person so born is a genius. One of these faculties is an intuitive perception of the centre of gravity or personal equilibrium. Some persons never have, and never can have, any notion of balancing themselves, while others, without any practice, will walk for miles on one rail of a railroad track, or successfully mount a bicycle for the first time, and never have trouble with it. This lad must have been one of this latter kind of beings, his natural notion of the centre of gravity being so exact and delicate that there was no more danger of his falling, so long as he could control his own motions, than that a ball will refuse to roll down hill if there is nothing in its way. It seeks, naturally, its own centre of gravity, as did he.

He was on his feet instantly, and his various movements were as free and unconstrained as though he had been upon a level floor.

"Let him go faster," he said to the hostler, and Griff nodded.

The horse, an old and safe hand at the business, with a touch sprang into one of those long, slow, regular lopes, whose rise and fall can be timed by the ticking of a clock. Still the lad kept his feet, and his lithe, graceful movements showed an unconsciousness of effort that took away all apprehension from those looking on.

"Look a-here, my boy," said Griff, after a time, "have you ever been there before?"

"Never," replied the lad.

"Well, that settles it then," said Griff.

The boy looked at him curiously, but nothing more was said.

Ike Simms, the newspaper-man ahead of the show, was recalled. He and Griff had a long conference one morning, and off he went again. For two weeks, every morning for an hour, and every afternoon for two hours, the lad was in the ring, with Griff looking on. No one knew exactly what it meant, and no one but Jerry Roper suspected.

One morning Griff called the lad into the dressing-tent, and they went to a great chest in the corner. Griff kneeled down and unlocked it. Lifting the cover, were displayed a quantity of dresses, brilliant-colored ribbons, gilt and spangles. Griff leaned over, and was silent for a few minutes. The lad standing by, thought he saw tears in his eyes and felt certain that he sighed.

"This hasn't been opened for more'n six months now, since she died," said Griff, half soliloquizing, as he touched, very gently, the soft fabrics that were exposed to view. "But somethin's got to be done," he added, as though bracing himself with the thought; "somethin's got to be done right off. Why not?"

The lad looked at him with curiosity.

Griff raised his head.

"I want you to try and see if any of these things will fit you," he said. "If they do, they do. If they don't, we'll have to make 'em fit you."

At this, Griff laid out four or five of the dresses nearest at hand upon the ground.

"Why, them's women's things," said the boy.

"Just so," replied Griff.

"But I can't wear women's things," objected the boy.

"You can't, eh? Why not?"

"I don't know how. I'd get all tangled up in the skirts."

Griff laughed.

"Not much danger of that," he said. "There ain't enough of 'em."

"Well, I can't wear 'em. I wouldn't know how to act."

Griff shut down the lid of the chest, and sat down upon it.

"Look here," he said. "You see our show. It's a good one, so far as it goes, but it don't go far enough. It used to be perfect when she was with us. She could draw. She was as pretty and sweet as a rose, and she'd fill our tent three times a day. Our business has dropped off to a-most nothin'—that is, nothin' beyond expenses—and somethin's got to be done. I wouldn't let no other woman wear her clothes, but I'd let you, for I think you'll be a credit to 'em. We can fix you up so's no one could tell that you wasn't as pretty a girl as ever danced a sailor's hornpipe on a pad. Some red on your cheeks and lips, a little black on your eyebrows and eyelashes, and a nice blonde wig, and there you are. You can help us out, and make a nice stake for yourself, too."

The boy still stood with his eyes cast rather disdainfully upon the finery on the ground. His attitude, with his hands crossed in front of him, was that of decided unwillingness.

"Come, now," continued Griff, "where would you a-been except for me? I don't want to preach up my own deeds, but I helped you out of a pinch. Turn about, my boy, and help me out of a pinch."

The boy was evidently touched at this appeal, and by Griff's serious manner.

"If I do, I'll have to wear these things all of the time," objected the boy, touching the skirts disdainfully. "Then it's cheating, and if they ever find out the deal—phew!"—ending with a long-drawn whistle.

"They? Who?" asked Griff.

"Why, these wild men of the mines. They'd tear your tent all to pieces to find themselves sold."

"Never you mind about that," said Griff. "I'll take care of them, and you would not have to wear a dress exceptin' durin' your acts."

Well, give me the things, and I'll see how they look," said the boy, rather petulantly. He grasped a quantity in his hands, and moved toward an inner dressing-room.

"I don't know but it would be better to shave your upper lip," called Griff after him.

"Then I won't do it at all," returned the boy, coming

A FAIRYLAND OF SCIENCE.—FRENCH BROAD, FROM RICHMOND HILL. SEE PAGE 280.

back and flinging the garments upon the ground. He felt of his upper lip tenderly, but whether or not there was any return to the touch it would have required a rather active microscope to have revealed anything to the eye.

Griff laughed slightly. "No matter," he said. "Go along. I don't think a razor will ever need to touch your face, at least for ten years yet."

The boy again took up the garments and disappeared behind the flap of an inner dressing-room.

A week after that, as in the early morning the great "London Sensation," under Alonzo Griffin, drove into the neighborhood of a great mining camp, there were some new and very red and blue bills to be seen, announcing the first appearance in this country, and secured at an enormous outlay, of Annetta Belora, the Bavarian Equestrienne. All down the bills were frequent references to her, sometimes with great alliterative attractiveness as the "Bavarian Beauty," or the "Beautiful Bavarian," or, again, as being as Sparkling and Lively and Bewitching as the Beer of her native country.

As Jerry Roper said that evening: "He took those fellows right off their feet, and it's business again. I never saw this tent packed as it was this afternoon and evening, and Griff says he's already received seven offers of marriage and five chances at a share in a silver-mine that pans out eighty-two to the ton." Then Jerry very quietly chuckled as he thought of the very solid basis on which the salary list was suddenly placed.

Whether or not it was true that the lad had taken all the men of that comparatively womanless town off their feet, he had, at least, had a powerful effect on one young fellow. This one had drifted in with the throng in the afternoon and had been a rather listless spectator until the appearance of the "Bavarian." He was attracted at first, and then completely captivated. He returned in the evening, and in lieu of the bouquets and other flowers that are showered on favorites in the East, he flung at the lad, as he passed from the ring to the dressing-tent, a small bag of gold dust. "Annetta" picked it up, and gave a grateful glance at the donor that put the finishing touch upon his infatuation.

The young fellow, as powerful as Hercules, crushed his way through the throng at the conclusion of the entertainment and ran around to the dressing-tent. He pushed his way past the helpers and horses until he approached the corner where the lad stood, wrapped in so large a blanket that he was entirely hidden except his face and curly blonde wig. The stranger brusquely cried out:

"Say. I want to speak to you."

"Out with it," replied the lad.

"I had a little sister once, who, if she had grown up to be a girl, would have looked, I think, just as you look. What's your name?"

Old Griff came up at this.

"The sister dodge is played out around here," he said. "You see her name on every bill-sticking place in this whole camp."

"Is that her real name, then?" asked the young stranger.

"What?" exclaimed old Griff. "Do you suppose we would be playing tricks like that on such communities as we pass through? She's so much of a Bavarian that she can't speak fifteen straight words of United States talk. You'd better go inside, Annetta," he added, turning to the lad and pointing, as he spoke, to a curtained partition in the tent.

Annetta laughed, a chirrupy laugh, and disappeared as directed.

The young stranger was not satisfied. He started to follow. Old Griff laid his hand on his shoulder and said, "That won't go down here, young fellow," but the stranger shook the hand from his shoulder and proceeded.

Griff gave a little whistle, and, wherever he came from, there suddenly appeared between the young stranger and the curtained corner an immense man with a particularly brutal countenance, and muscles so big that you could almost see them working beneath his garments as he moved. He was one of the canvas-men, and rejoiced in the name of "Rocky the Rough."

"Better go back, young fellow," said Rocky. "I guess you ain't wanted here."

"I believe you've stolen my sister," said the young man, "the girl you call Annetta Belora; and I'm going to speak with her to find out about it."

These words seemed to amuse Rocky hugely. He laughed, a great coarse laugh that sounded like the rolling of big rocks in a hogshead.

"Your sister?" he cried. "Ho! ho! Your sister? Guess not, young feller! Guess not!"

The stranger could not, of course, understand why this huge man should be so merry, and took it as a personal affront to himself, as though it was he and his errand that were being laughed at.

"I'm going to see her, anyhow," he said, "and get from her own mouth something about herself."

"Guess not," said Rocky."

"Get out of the way!" cried the stranger, and he made a move to push past his opponent; but it was only a move, for he felt himself, spite of his own strength, which was by no means small, lifted from the ground and carried without the tent.

"Stay outside," said Rocky, as he placed the young stranger firmly on his feet. "I don't think it will be healthy for you to try and come within again. Your sister! Ho, ho!" Then he disappeared inside.

The young man was greatly put out in more senses than one, and stood just a minute thinking what he should do next. No one could have entertained for a moment any doubt of his honesty of purpose and earnestness, if he could have seen the expression of his face.

He felt a slight touch on his elbow, and, turning, by the dim light of the stars, saw a lad standing close beside him.

"Say," said the boy, looking up with a candid and eager expression in his eyes, "what is the sister racket that you've been a-givin' of us?"

The young man looked curiously down at the slender figure at his side whose words were so unlike the tone used or the earnestness of the attitude unconsciously chosen.

"If you'd tell me," continued the boy, "perhaps I might help you. I know 'em all well in there. And if I couldn't, perhaps I could tell you somethin' that'd make you holler."

"I have already said," replied the young man, somewhat impressed with the seriousness of the boy, "if you'll get me to speak with the girl they call Annetta, that's all I want."

"I can fix that easy enough," said the boy, "only what is the sister racket? They say men have been known to play that before with nothing behind to back 'em."

"You bring me to see Annetta," persisted the stranger, "and I'll show you whether or not I've nothing to back it."

"Tell me about it first," urged the boy, "and I'll promise that you shall see Annetta just as soon as you're through."

"What's the use of telling it twice?" argued the young man. "Take me to Annetta and you can be by and hear it all."

"No; you must tell me first," persisted the boy, "and if I don't bring you to Annetta quicker'n you can say scat, you may shoot me right here in my tracks."

There was a sober earnestness about the boy that attracted the young man to him strangely.

"Well, there ain't but little, anyhow," he said, "and it won't take long; but if you don't do as you say you will I'll break every bone in your body. D'ye hear?"

"Yes. Gallop along—my bones are all safe enough."

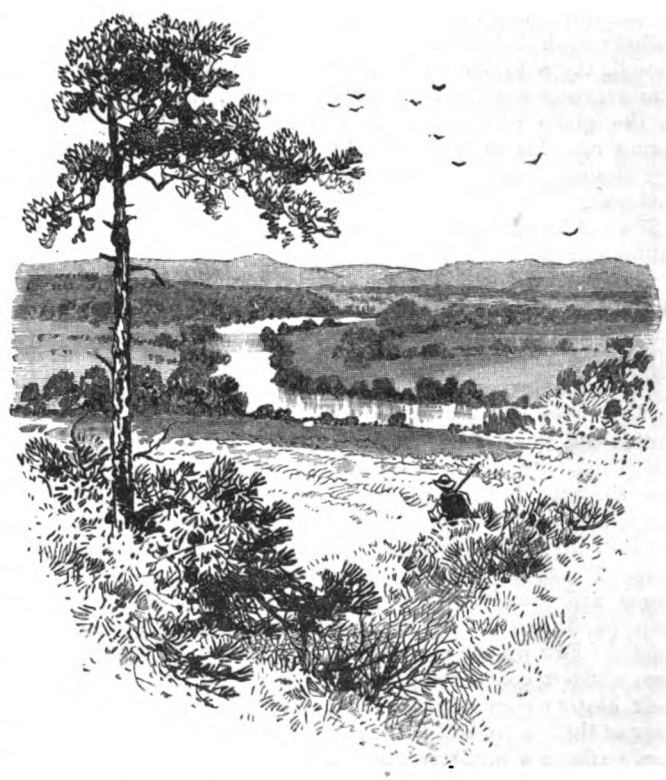
"My mother," began the young man, "was one of the best ring-performers in the whole profession. She was the first woman in the world that ever did a bareback act, and my father was one of those old-fashioned clowns, who told stories in the ring between the acts, and flung chestnuts at the audiences when nothing else was going on. When I was about twelve years old my mother was kicked by a vicious horse, against whom she had many a time been warned, and so badly hurt, that after lingering a few weeks in great agony, she died. We were three left: father, myself and a little sister only about four years of age at that time. Misfortunes heaped upon us then. Father lost his voice, became rheumatic, and wasn't fit for the ring or any show. I was a stout lad of fourteen or fifteen, and put out into the world for myself. I traveled three or four seasons with a show, but I didn't like it, and it didn't like me, so I came out here, and here I've been, sometimes in luck, sometimes dead strapped, ever since, with the exception of one Winter, when I thought it was about time for me to hunt up my relations, and went East to do it. None of us were much in the letter way, and we hadn't heard of each other during the twelve or fourteen years of our separation but once or twice. I might as well have staid here, for I didn't find hide or hair of them. Even their names were forgotten, except by some of the "old timers," who recalled the daring exhibitions of horsemanship of my mother. That's all, my boy," concluded the young man. "Now bring me to Annetta."

The brief and simple story had had something of an effect upon the lad. He had stood very quietly during its relation, but was breathing quicker and quicker as it proceeded, and when it was finished sighed deeply. It was but a momentary interest, apparently, however, for he replied immediately to the request by asking:

"What has Annetta got to do with it all?"

"Do?" said the young man, eagerly. "Everything. She was the image of my mother as she rode to-day. It was, for all the world to me, as though I was a little boy again, and sat looking with a child's delight at the picture she made in her ribbons, laces and spangles flying round the ring." The lad breathed another sigh.

"Where's the strawberry mark on the right arm, or



A FAIRYLAND OF SCIENCE.— FRENCH BROAD, FROM CONNELLEY'S.
SEE PAGE 280.

the chip out of the left ear, so's you can tell by them who's who ?" he cried, laughingly.

The young man glanced down angrily at his companion for following up his words with such a sneer, and seized him roughly by the arm.

"Now, then, do as you said, you young rascal," he cried, "or I'll knock your head against a tent-pole! I'm sure the girl is my sister. I want to know it and prove it. I'm in luck just now, and she shall profit by it."

He was squeezing the young lad's arm with an uncomfortable pressure.

"What's your name ?" asked the lad, trying vainly to pull away from the grip that held him.

"What's that got to do with it ?" angrily replied the young man. "Bring me to the girl as you said you would, or I'll crush you into a thousand pieces !"

The boy uttered a cry of pain, and followed it up with the exclamation :

"Don't ! Don't ! I'm Annetta myself !"

"You ! The young man looked at him in the shadow with a fierce scowl. Why, you little liar !" he continued. "I ought to have known you were putting up some showman's job on me. If you were bigger I'd pummel you into a jelly !" and he flung him to one side.

Luckily the place where the boy struck was on the canvas, and between two of the tent-poles, or he might have been seriously injured by the shock.

"I'm not a liar," he said. "Look here !" and he took from his pocket the bag of gold dust that the young man had flung at him after his act. The young man seized him again and dragged him toward the light that glimmered through a chink in the dressing-tent. He took his head roughly in both hands, holding the face so that the light fell full upon it. An eager and intent expression came into the young man's eyes as he looked, and the lad trembled in the rough grasp. The paint was not entirely washed from the face and eyes, and there was enough there to show that the lad had told the truth. The scrutiny was kept up until the boy fairly writhed in the grasp with which he was held, and then, the young man loosening his hold and exclaiming, "Well, I'm blessed !" went wrathfully away, disappearing in the darkness.

The lad had dropped upon the ground, and alternately rubbing his arm and his head, was crying bitterly.

"Why didn't he tell me his real name," he muttered to himself. He's a crank, and h'ain't got no sister, leastways he don't deserve to have none, to treat a poor little fellow like me so. He'll be sorry for it some day."

The tent was suffocatingly full at each of the three performances on the next day. Old Griff was very happy, and Jerry R per made frequent allusions to the salary list. At night it seemed as though the throng was so large that it made the canvas bulge out all around, and if any more had made an effort to come in, it would have split the tent from centre-pole to entrance door. The crowd was not an orderly one. It was boisterous and unruly, and had duly provided itself with deep potations to keep its feelings up to the proper height. Few women were present, and most of the men were without coats, some without hats, and many with their brawny chests bare. It was the last night of the show at that camp, and there seemed to be a determination, perhaps a predetermination from the first, to make trouble and guy the whole performance. The smart tricks of the funny man called forth only derisive laughter, and the riding was greeted with shouts and yells of contempt. Handfuls of earth and sand were thrown at the performers ; the "banners," over which the athletes jumped, were snatched away from those holding them ; and the hoops, over which paper had been pasted, and through which the riders were to plunge, were caught up and thrown toward the higher seats. The tumbling met with no better appreciation, and the man who performed the wonderful feat of turning ten back somersaults in the air before alighting was cried at as a crab or a coyote !

Old Griff felt the portent of some coming disaster, although he could not conjecture its cause. During their two days' stay there had been entire peace and unanimity between his men and the rude and rough characters of the camp. He aroused "Rocky the Rough" and some other of his men of equally stalwart frame and build, and posted them about his tent where they could be the easiest called upon and the most useful in the case of an open outbreak that seemed to be imminent. He thought the final act in the ring, when the lad made his appearance, would settle the whole difficulty, and hurried along the several numbers on his programme to reach it.

The increasing clamor and tumult should have shown him how mistaken he was. It seemed as though the crowd was working itself up to a climax, and reached it when the master in the ring announced the coming of the "most wonderful, and, at the same time, the most beautiful lady equestrian in the world." The lad appeared from the dressing-tent, looking, indeed, in his make-up, and by the glare of the central ring of blazing lights, very pretty. He was greeted with a shout, fairly a yell, whose character, whether of derision or delight, it would have been difficult to tell, it was so tumultuous. He tripped lightly over the sawdust and sprang easily upon the spirited horse.

They went twice around the ring amid comparative quiet. But it was only as though the crowd had stopped for a moment to take breath, or like a wild animal hesitating just before it springs upon its expected victim.

In the midst of this quiet a rough voice cried out from the throng :

"That's him ! We're fooled ! It's only a boy dressed up as a girl !" Then came shouts from all directions : "Out with him !" "Down with the tent !" "Away with the fraud !" mingled with curses enough to make the air blue.

It can never be known whether this great crowd of rough, wild men, more than three-fourths of whom were in a state of bewildering drunkenness and eager for a fight, used this as a pretext to start one, or whether they were really excited and angered over the deception played on them by Old Griff in dressing up a boy and palming him off on them as a girl. There is, at least, one conspicuous example in the show annals of the country, where a similar expedient by a manager in more civilized quarters excited an equal amount of indignation, which was exhibited in as prompt and effectual a manner, if not quite so vigorous.

For an instant Old Griff was dismayed at the situation of affairs, reached in such an unexpected way to him. He was never before placed in quite such a close corner. Thoughts flew through his head like lightning, suggesting ways out of the difficulty that surrounded him. The very thing that he thought would restore quiet, order and good feeling was the very thing toward which the tumult had been making up its way !

The frightened horse on which the equally alarmed lad rode did not get three times round the ring. A tall man, lying flat on his face on the ground, not twenty feet away from him, laid the long muzzle of a pistol on top of the

earthen ring. There was a report, a wreath of smoke, and the handsomest and most valuable horse in old Griff's whole stud, with a bullet that entered his body just behind the nigh fore leg, fell; first to his knees, then upon his side, and, with blood flowing from his nostrils, died.

The lad luckily sprang nimbly to his feet and looked around for some way out of the ring. The shot stirred up the final drop in the animosity and venom of the drunken mob. The boy saw, in the instant that he looked, surrounding him an angry circle, glance whichever way he would, of fierce, ugly-faced, wild men, bent on mischief. He shrank away toward the centre-pole in an agony of fear, covered his face with his hands, sank upon the ground and burst into tears.

He was not alone, however. Old Griff called to "Rocky the Rough" and his three or four other helpers, and the half-dozen or so men were able to spring into the ring and gather about the centre-pole before the throng could stumble over the low embankment and have it all to themselves.

"Look out for the boy," old Griff shouted to his men.

The screaming, swearing, frenzied mob surged in upon the half-dozen men within the ring. The contest was too close for the use of the ever-present and ever-ready pistol, and it was, at first, a question of muscle and strength. "Rocky the Rough" swung his huge form, arms and fists in every direction, and where the latter stopped a man was sure to drop. Three or four pistol-shots were heard on the outside, and then some one called out, "They've cut the stay-ropes of the centre-pole."

That this was true, the tall spar itself began instantly to show. It swayed this way and that, but was held for a time by the canvas and the ropes of the side walls.

Old Griff stood just in front of the lad, and there the pushing, struggling and fighting seemed to be the fiercest, as though the crowd was most eager to wreak its vengeance upon him who had himself acted the deception. With a surge and a swing from the rear, that could not be resisted, Old Griff was thrown one side, and the foremost in the throng had his hand on the boy. He tore the curly blonde wig from his head, and, holding it in the air, with an oath called the attention of the mob to it, who replied with yells of satisfaction. He tossed it among them, and it was torn in pieces as quickly as a puff-ball is scattered by a brisk breeze. Then he forced the shrinking boy upon his feet, who, with clasped hands, begged for mercy, where there was none. He tore the thin gauze skirts from the trembling form, and tossed them piecemeal over at the crowd. These, too, were torn in shreds by eager hands. He seized the lace, ribbons and spangles at the neck, and, with one wrench, tore them away down to the waist.

There was a sudden hush in the tumult.

He who still held the torn pieces of dress aloft in his hand stood a moment in an attitude like that of the Apollo of Rhodes, and, as if petrified, then he was struck squarely between the eyes, and dropped like a piece of lead to the ground. The young stranger who had sought to see Annetta the evening before had delivered the blow, and seized the lad in his arms.

There was a singular unanimity of expression by those standing the nearest, as they looked. Old Griff started it.

"My God! Can it be?" he cried.

"Rocky the Rough," looking around, echoed the cry. A third took it up, and, finding it too deep for any other word, could only add:

"Well, *well*, WELL, WELL!"

Then Jerry Roper came in with it, a good fourth, adding to make sure his position:

"He's a woman, after all!"

The young stranger, holding the trembling form close to his own, and looking down into the painted, but by so much the more haggard, face, asked:

"Then you *are* Frank Crohger?"

"And—you—Robert?"

He nodded, but she could not see him, for she had fainted.

With the wayward and quick-changing moods of a mob, the fact that they had been warring upon a woman, and that the mistake was all their own, almost instantly becoming known to them, their animosity changed to a friendliness that was almost as rough as had been their anger in its manifestations. They hunted up the man who had shot the horse, and forced him to "settle" to an amount three or four times the value of the animal. They decided, late as it was, that the performance must all be gone through with again; that the tent must be cleared, and everybody must pay for admission. Woe be to that person, too, who showed the least inclination to criticise or object to one act. He should die in his tracks. And they meant it.

The tent was cleared, and the ring again prepared for work. The ticket-seller took his place in his wagon, and his only difficulty was in handing out the bits of pasteboard fast enough. No one stopped for any change or asked for it, and Old Griff said, when he came to settle up next morning, that one more such benefit would have made him the richest man in the profession anywhere.

Playing to such an audience the whole company fairly outdid themselves, and for the "Beautiful Bavarian" there was a tremendous ovation. When she did finally retire, threatened with a returning unconsciousness, from which she had not fairly recovered when she made her appearance, she could call herself a very well-to-do girl from the favors cast upon her by the generous crowd.

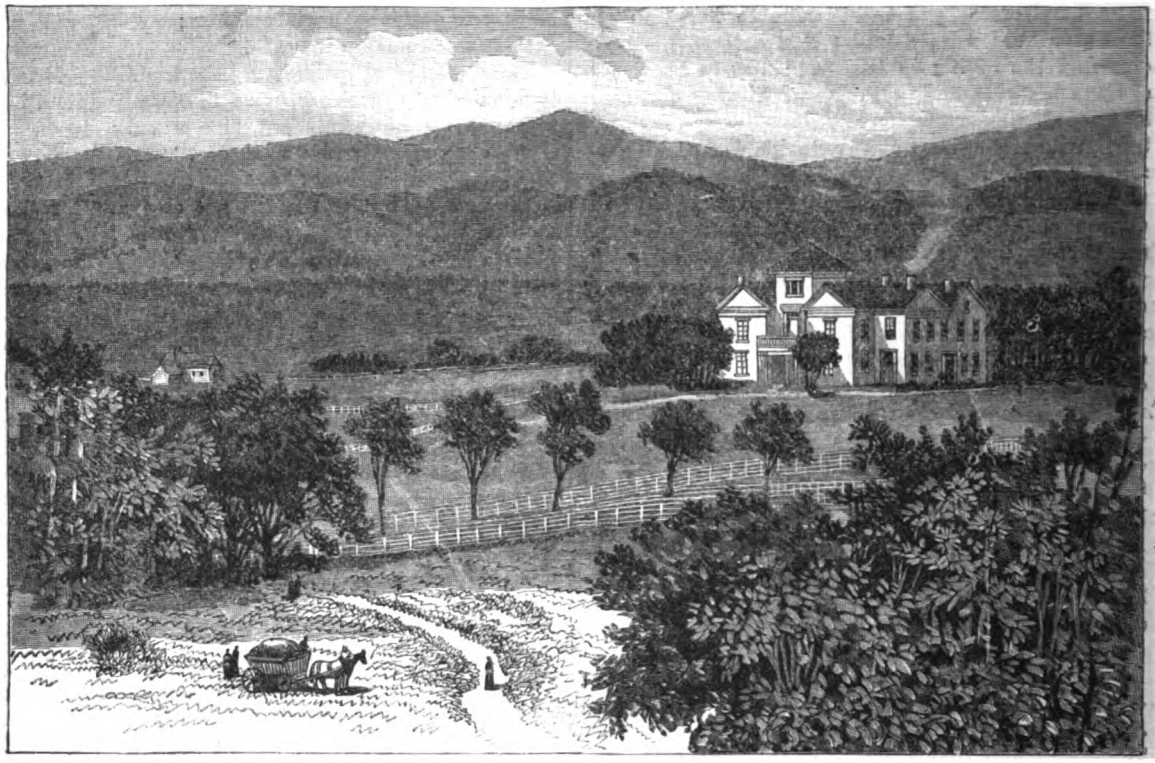
"Why didn't you tell me who you were last night?" asked her brother, after the performance was over, and they were sitting on the late Mrs. Griffin's box in the dressing-tent.

"I would have done so if you had let me," was the reply. "But you were so awful rough and hasty with me. Besides, I remembered the last words father ever spoke to me: 'Be a boy, Frank,' he said, 'as long as you can. Boys get along better'n girls, You have been such to me for more'n fifteen years now. And don't give yourself away to anybody, *anybody*, d'ye hear, unless you're cock sure you're got 'em dead to rights.'"

"She played it pretty fine on all of us, didn't she?" struck in Jerry Roper; "but I kinder suspected her, after all!"

Robert tried to persuade his sister to remain with him, but Old Griff seemed to have obtained a stronger influence over her than he could exert, and the next day she traveled on with the show, her and its reputation made by an incident that Ike Simms made the most of.

For the next year Robert had intimations now and then from her how it would all end, and the next season, when the show made its annual visit to the camp, she was, as Jerry Roper explained it, "No longer Frank Crohger, nor even Annetta Belora, except on the bills, but Mrs. Alonzo Griffin, as sprightly as a new india-rubber ball; as pretty as her mother; as prosperous and fortunate as a bonanza king just elected to the United States Senate; and as happy as a good husband, plenty of money and immense popularity with the public could make her."



MOUNT PISGAH.

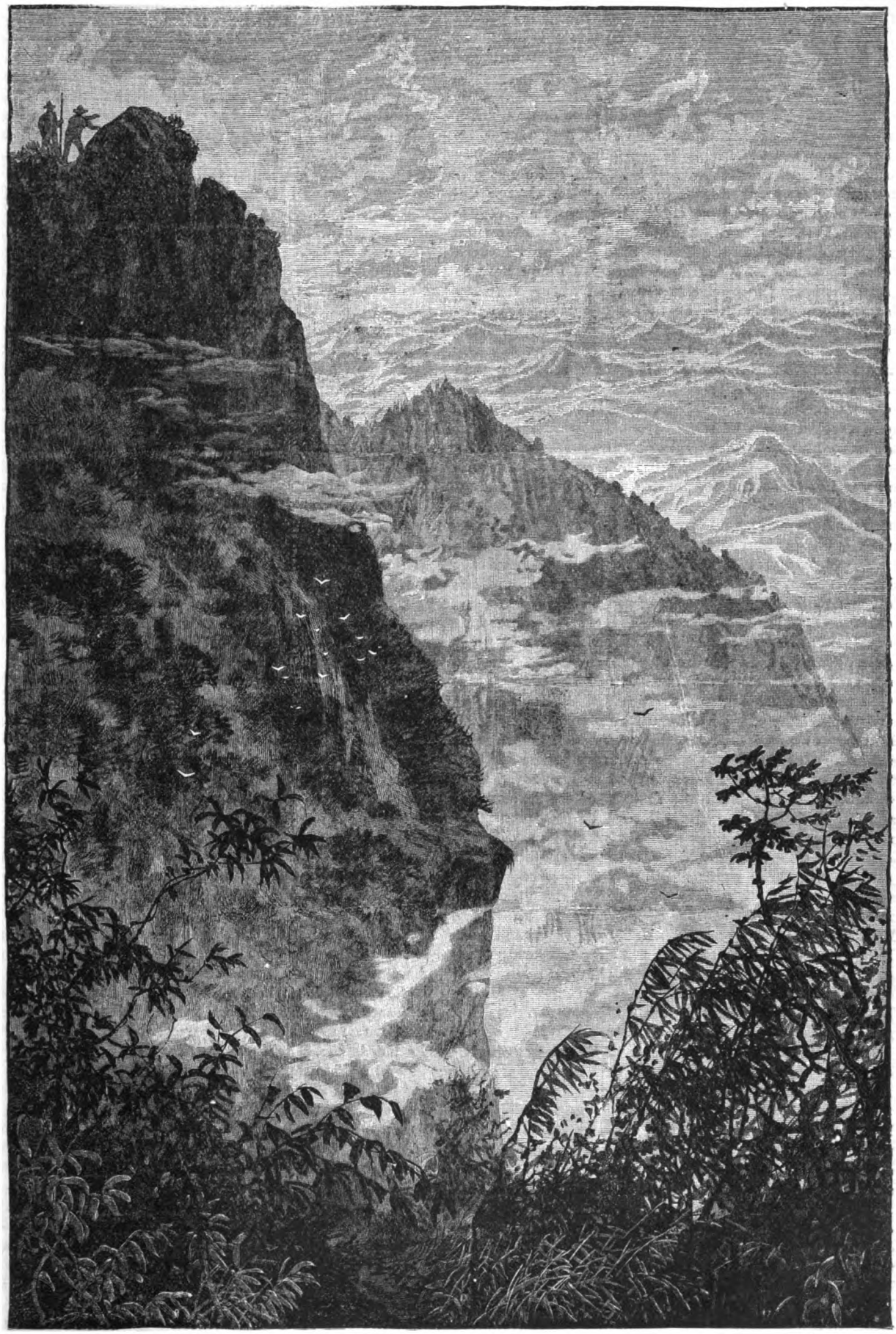
A FAIRYLAND OF SCIENCE.

By Christian Reid.

There is a country that "lieth afar between mountains"— as every fairyland should—which is only beginning to receive the attention that is its due from lovers of science as well as from lovers of the picturesque. It is the culminating point of the great Appalachian system, the region where peaks and valleys alike attain their highest altitude, and where Nature in her most prodigal mood has lavished every gift that can make a country desirable: scenery unsurpassed for wild loveliness; a life-giving climate, at once invigorating and balmy; an atmosphere so exquisite that through its medium color becomes a new revelation; skies so soft and brilliant that they are a perpetual delight; a soil so rich that even the steepest mountain-sides repay cultivation; and the valleys, watered by crystal streams, are pictures of pastoral fertility; inexhaustible forests of the most magnificent timber; varied agricultural products, and, finally, a mineral wealth that up to this time has scarcely been explored at all. These are some of the claims which the mountain region of North Carolina makes to the careful study and observation that science has not yet given it.

And how much might science find to attract and repay it here! What secrets of past ages might not be revealed to the geologist by these great mountains, the oldest in the world, which stood firm during the period of the general upheavals and subsidences of the crust of the earth, where rocks of the Archæan or earliest age lie exposed, and where the history of the physical world can be traced in its successive formations! What fascination might not the true lover of nature find in unvailing the mysteries hidden in the depths of these trackless forests, where regions of vast extent are known only to the hunter and the game he seeks! How few of the hundreds of mountains that cover the country with infinitely varied beauty have ever been ascended, examined or scientifically measured? And to the mineralogist the land should prove a very garden of Aladdin.

CUTTING MICA.



VIEW OF ROAN MOUNTAIN.

The barest statement of the minerals found here reads like a fairy tale—and much of a fairy tale it has been, up to the present time, as far as practical results are concerned!

Yet, from the beautiful flesh and rose colored marbles of the Nantihala to the great iron deposits of Cranberry, what fields for mineral exploration exist, to tempt scientist and capitalist! About 160 varieties of minerals are found here, many of them very rare, and some not discovered hitherto or elsewhere in America. Large deposits of gold, silver, iron, copper, zinc, mica and corundum abound. In Clay County is found the greatest mass of chrysolite rock in the United States, the area covered being 1,400 acres. Corundum has been found here in masses weighing as much as 600 pounds. The Cranberry iron mine in Mitchell County is one of the most remarkable iron deposits in America, and yields an iron equal to the best Swede. The ore is a pure, massive, granular magnetite. "The steep slope of the mountain and ridges which the bed occupies are covered with blocks of ore, some weighing hundreds of pounds, and, at places, bare vertical walls of massive ore, 10 to 15 feet thick, are exposed, and over several acres the solid ore is found everywhere near the surface. The length of the outcrop is 1,500 feet, and the width 200 to 800 feet." (State Geological Report.) Several analyses of this ore have been made which show upward of 90 per cent. of magnetic oxide of iron and about 65 per cent. of metallic iron. There is not even a piece of sulphur, which is the dread of iron-workers. Besides this outcropping, there are many other large deposits of the same magnetic ore, while in Cherokee County a vein of hematite, which runs by the side of a bed of marble for forty miles, is in many places from fifty to one hundred feet thick. This ore was used in forges by the Indians, and has always since been used by the country blacksmiths in preference to manufactured iron. Rich deposits of copper are found in many of the counties. Where the veins have been cut, in Jackson, they are large and very promising, but the ores of Ashe and Alleghany have so far proved most valuable. At Ore Knob the deposit of ore in quantity and quality is said to rival that of Lake Superior. The mica mines of this region are very valuable, and it is a curious fact that those which are most profitable at the present time bear evidence of having been worked at some former remote period—probably by the prehistoric race of mound-builders. The mica mining has brought to light a great many new mineral species. Says Professor Kerr: "The mica veins carry a larger number of rare and complex combinations than those of any other description. The corundum mines in the chrysolite ledges have also added to the catalogue a number of rare minerals and some new to science."

Merely to turn over the pages of this sober report,* conjures before one visions of the Ural Mountains rather than of the Appalachian. Concerning diamonds, we are told that "this rare gem has been repeatedly found in North Carolina," although no attempt has ever been made to prosecute a search for it. Various diamonds are described, some perfect crystals of the first water, and an instance is recorded of a beautiful *black* diamond found by some persons while washing for gold. Many other gems have been discovered—those of the first order sparingly, but the inferior stones in large quantities. Emeralds, rubies, sapphires and amethysts have been found in various places; but beryl, garnet, tourmaline, chalcedony and chrysolite are "widely distributed," and the first two are described as existing in beautiful crystals, some of which weigh as much as ten pounds! Yet, although the Indians preserved a tradition of finding stones "of various colors and beautiful lustre, clear and very hard," and although ever since the first settlement of the country these remarkable crystals have been picked up here and there by mountaineers scarcely more scientific than the shepherd who stumbled upon the first diamond of Golconda and sold it for a little rice, no one has followed up these discoveries by systematic exploration, and boldly demanded of the earth that it should yield what it possesses.

No one, that is, in the transmontane region; but in one of the counties east of the Blue Ridge the first regular mining for gems ever undertaken was almost immediately rewarded by the finding of the new and beautiful stone "hiddenite" or lithia-emerald. Of this stone Mr. G. F. Kunz, in a paper read before the New York Academy of Science, says: "Lithia-emerald, or hiddenite, is to the species spodumene precisely what emerald is to the species beryl. It is strange, in fact remarkable, that spodumene, which has always been to mineralogists a very unsatisfactory mineral in form and color, should at last prove to be one of the most beautiful—*a new gem stone*. It is to-day not only the most beautiful of American gem stones, but, like the emerald, has taken its place among the gems of highest rank and value. Its color is peculiar to itself, differing from the beryl-emerald in its vividness, or in a quality that I might term ethereal. I know of nothing to which I can better liken the tint than to the beautiful color produced by falling bits of uranine in water. It is a green of rare brilliancy. It may be asked why the new mineral has been so readily accepted as a gem of the first rank. I answer that it possesses all the characteristics that are considered vital in a gem stone, *i.e.*, perfection of color, hardness, transparency and rarity. As regards value, it has been sold for the price of diamonds of equal size. This is *the first purely American gem*, and its remarkable beauty merits the highest praise."

And this, "the first American gem," is the result of the first real search for these beautiful productions of Nature in a country where they have been known to exist from the earliest times! When one considers that, looking back through ages to the dimness of historic twilight, we find the great gems of the first order as we know them now, the most enthusiastic mineralogist could scarcely have hoped that the old earth would at this period of her existence yield out of her bosom a new sister for these royal stones. But since this has come to pass, what other marvels may not be hidden in these wild and beautiful fastnesses, where Nature herself seems to meet us face to face, and welcome us to a land where she has lavished everything that is hers to give?

For no treasure, were it of "gold and a multitude of jewels," could surpass that which the country already possesses in its incomparable natural beauty. Of this beauty much has been said of late, and people are beginning to realize what a picturesque and strangely neglected region lies within easy access. The railroads that were so long held at bay by the mountain barriers are now climbing them on all sides; large modern hotels are rising where but a little while back were only old-fashioned country hostelries, and the fashionable world has rushed in to change the character of quiet villages and quaint provincial nooks. It is according to the character of the gay world, however, to like to meet itself, so it does not wander far from the centres where people most do congregate. But the lover of nature and science will

* "Minerals and Mineral Localities of North Carolina."

go forth into the wilds which surround him, and invite him with such irresistible fascination—and, if he be a true lover, he will find nothing to deter, but much to interest, at every step.

He will soon perceive that the vast chains of the Blue Ridge and the Great Smoky which encircle this "land of the sky"—the Blue Ridge bending like a bow, the Smoky forming the string to the bow—are but its outward ramparts. Between them lies an elevated region 250 miles in length, with an average breadth of 50 miles, across which run several great transverse chains of heights. From the latter, spurs of greater or less magnitude lead off in all directions, while between are central valleys of exquisite beauty and rare fertility, opening back into little vales and coves among the hills. Through each valley sweeps a noble river, fed by a hundred minor tributaries, on its way to the Great Smoky. For the Blue Ridge, despite its lesser elevation, is the watershed of the region, and is not severed by a single stream, while the more massive barrier of the western chain is torn asunder by the great rivers that cut their way through it in gorges of wild sublimity.

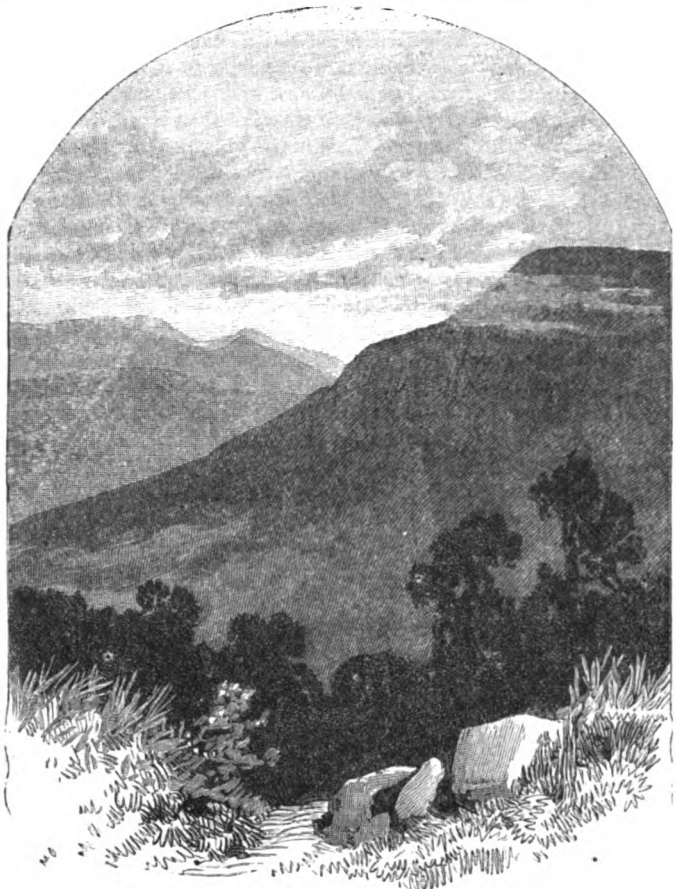
The valleys, drained each by one of these rivers, are six in number. In the extreme north is the region of the New River and Watauga. These streams drain the counties of Ashe, Alleghany and Watauga, the most elevated section of this elevated land, where the valleys have an average elevation of 3,000 feet, and where luxuriant grass and abundant water make a country unsurpassed for stock-raising. The two great encircling ranges, after embracing this region in a wide sweep, draw near to each other in the northeastern extremity of Mitchell County, where, within a short distance, stand two famous heights, which Professor Guyot has called "the two great pillars on both sides of the North Gate to the high mountain region of North Carolina"—the Grandfather, the highest peak of the Blue Ridge, and the majestic Roan of the Smoky—while, between them, stands the transverse upheaval known as Yellow Mountain. In the beautiful valleys that lie between this height and the massive chain of the Black Mountains flow those crystal streams which are the headwaters of the Nolechucky.

Beyond the Black comes the widest and longest of mountain valleys, that of the beautiful and famous French Broad, which, after uniting its three forks in the upper end of Transylvania, flows through an Arcadian valley, abounding in fertile loveliness and framed by azure heights, until, at Asheville, it enters among the hills, through which it cuts its way in a constantly deepening gorge for thirty-six miles, meriting well its Cherokee name Tahkeeostee, "Racing River." Who that knows anything of Western North Carolina but knows, by reputation, at least, this wonderful cañon, with its wild and ceaseless splendor of tumultuous waters, its overhanging cliffs, its noble mountains and fairy islets? In the time of stage-coaching it was an experience never to be forgotten—the day's journey from Asheville to the Warm Springs, along the turnpike which followed the old Indian trail and lay between the river and the cliffs, hemmed by the whirling emerald waters of the first and overhung by the fern-draped escarpments of the last, with vistas of wild and yet wilder beauty opening at every step. Now, a railroad train takes the traveler down this marvelous gorge in less than two hours, allowing only momentary glimpses of scenes on which the eye would wish to rest and linger with delight.

Going westward from Asheville and crossing the Newfound Mountains, the traveler is in the high valley of Haywood County, through which winds the lovely Pigeon—literal translation of the Indian "Waych." The country is of a fertility equal to its beauty. It is impossible to imagine anything more charming—blending of pastoral gentleness with the boldest and grandest features of mountain scenery—for here rises, near at hand, the great chain of the Balsam. This is the chief of the transverse ranges, both in length and general magnitude. Professor Guyot has said that, "considering these great features of physical structure and the considerable elevation of the valleys which form the base of these high chains, we may say that this vast cluster of highlands between the French Broad and the Tuckaseege Rivers is the culminating region of the great Appalachian system." Certainly it is a region which no one who has entered it will ever forget. Following the beautiful valleys of the Pigeon and its tributaries into the noble heights where they rise, one is surrounded by immense forest-clad mountains, of which the peaks lift their heads more than 6,000 feet in upper air, where mighty escarpments of rock contrast with the infinitely rich and varied verdure of the virgin wilderness, and where, in trackless gorges and deep chasms, the roar of unseen cataracts alone breaks the silence of solitude.

Beyond this massive range, which for forty-five miles presents a barrier that no waters pierce, is another region of infinitely diversified mountain and valley and stream. This is the Valley of the Tennessee and its great tributaries, the Tuckaseege, the Nantihala and the Ocona Lufta. The last-named, one of the loveliest of mountain rivers, flows through the rich lands of the Indian reservation—for 50,000 acres of the finest lands in Western Carolina are secured by the State to the Eastern Band of Cherokees—and empties into the Tuckaseege just before the latter river joins the Tennessee. Any one who wishes to enjoy wild and beautiful scenery may follow the Tuckaseege into Jackson County, the most uniformly mountainous of all the counties, where several great ranges meet and where imposing heights rise on all sides in bewildering number and variety. Among these heights the crystal river, swift as an arrow for the most part, has many vicissitudes, and wears many different aspects; now leaping down a wild gorge in stupendous falls, and again flowing through a beautiful and romantic valley, overlooked by wooded hills.

But in the Nantihala is to be found the most picturesque of all the picturesque rivers of this wonderful region. Its musical name signifies, in the Cherokee tongue, "Noonday Sun," from the fact that the mountains stand so closely above it that the sunlight strikes it only during the middle of the day. The river is in Macon County, and during most of its course it flows at the feet of precipitous crags, through vast forests and down inaccessible slopes. A traveler thus describes a view of its valley after crossing Red Marble Gap: "The first view of it will cause you to rise in your stirrups. It is a narrow valley with one farmhouse lying in the foreground. Around it rise massive mountain walls, perfectly perpendicular, vailed with woods and in height fully 2,000 feet. Directly before you is a parting of the tremendous ranges, and through this steep-sided gap purple lines of mountains, rising one behind another, bar the vision. The picture of these far-away ranges, in the subdued coloring of distance, is of inspiring grandeur. The river is unseen at this point; but if the Cheowah Mountain road is ascended, its white line of waters will be visible as it issues from the wild gorge at the head of the valley and bickering along between wood-fringed banks, at length disappears in the wilderness leading toward the great gap."



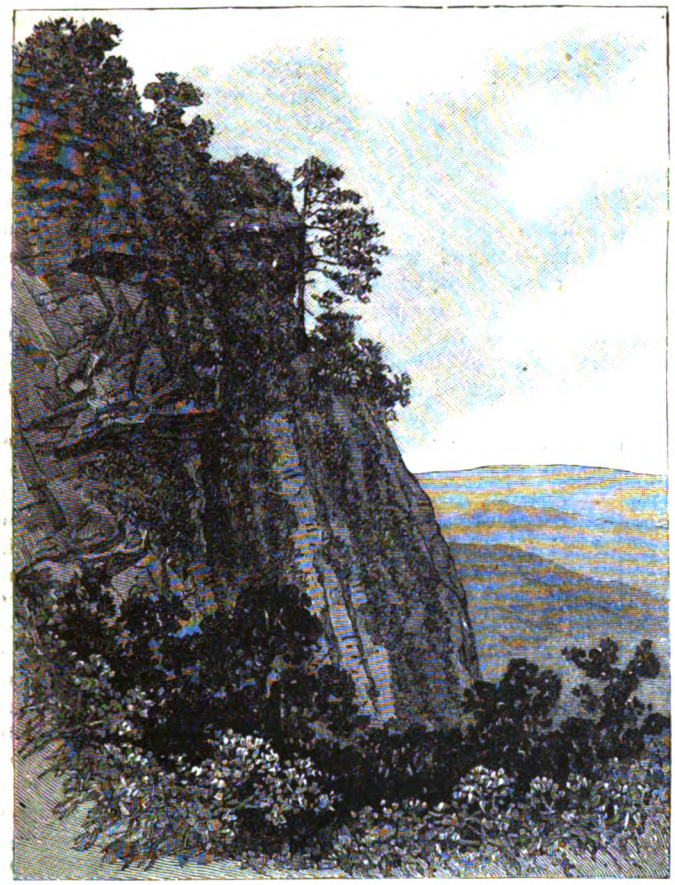
THE DEVIL'S COURT-HOUSE, WHITESIDE MOUNTAIN.

But it would extend the present article far beyond the limits assigned to it to describe in detail the varied, picturesque scenes which this beautiful and as yet only partially explored country contains. A volume would be required to do them justice. Yet it is impossible to close without a reference to some of its greatest heights. That which is most widely known is, of course, the Black Mountain, the loftiest of Atlantic summits, and the monarch of the Appalachian system. The range, known under this general name from the dark color of the balsam firs which clothe it, is about twenty miles long, a group of colossal heights that attain their highest elevation near the Blue Ridge. The chief summit—once known as the Black Dome, then as Clingman's, and now as Mitchell's Peak—is of arduous but not difficult ascent. The upward way lies through superb forests of deciduous trees and along the banks of the rushing Swannanoa, until, after a climb of five miles, the second base of the mountain is reached—a small, grassy plateau where a residence once stood. From this point the world below unrolls before the gaze like an azure scroll, while above, awful in its nearness and immensity, towers the dark mass of the Black, clothed with the sombre forest, into the depths of which the path now plunges, and which it does not leave again until the final summit is reached. Winding in snake-like turns through the close-growing firs, the trail climbs the steep shoulders of the great mountain, and then follows its ridges for several miles, until the bare, rocky peak, which is the highest point of land east of the Rocky Mountains, is reached, and all hardships of ascent are forgotten in the view spread before the gaze.

If the day is clear this view is almost boundless in extent and of infinite beauty. Range behind range of great mountains lie below, like a Titanic ocean stilled by some mighty hand. From this supreme elevation it is possible to study the structural character of the region and to count all the great chains that cross the country, while no words can express the varying and exquisite color that, like a glamour of heavenly enchantment, lies over the wide expanse. The whole earth, "and the beauty thereof," seems to spread at one's feet, and the airs that come to the high mountain crest are full of freshness and balm. To witness a sunset from the Black is something long to be remembered. But it is not only from its unsurpassed view that this great mountain is interesting. Its vast sides and flanks are clothed with a forest of bewildering beauty, crystal streams gush from its heights, and there is, altogether, a fascination about the wild, unpeopled region that goes far to account for the passion which caused Professor Mitchell to lose his life in wandering through its wilderness. Near at hand the massive heights of Craggy rise, but with a more gentle aspect, and a flora of rare interest. Its spurs extend southward until they end in the hills that encircle the gentle valley in which Asheville lies, with the French Broad and the Swannanoa at its feet.

Another famous mountain is the Roan of the Smoky range. Long known for its wonderful view, this noble height has now become a place of Summer resort since the erection of a hotel on its summit, more than six thousand feet above the sea. Like all the great peaks of the Smoky, its top is a treeless expanse, covered

THE LION'S HEAD.



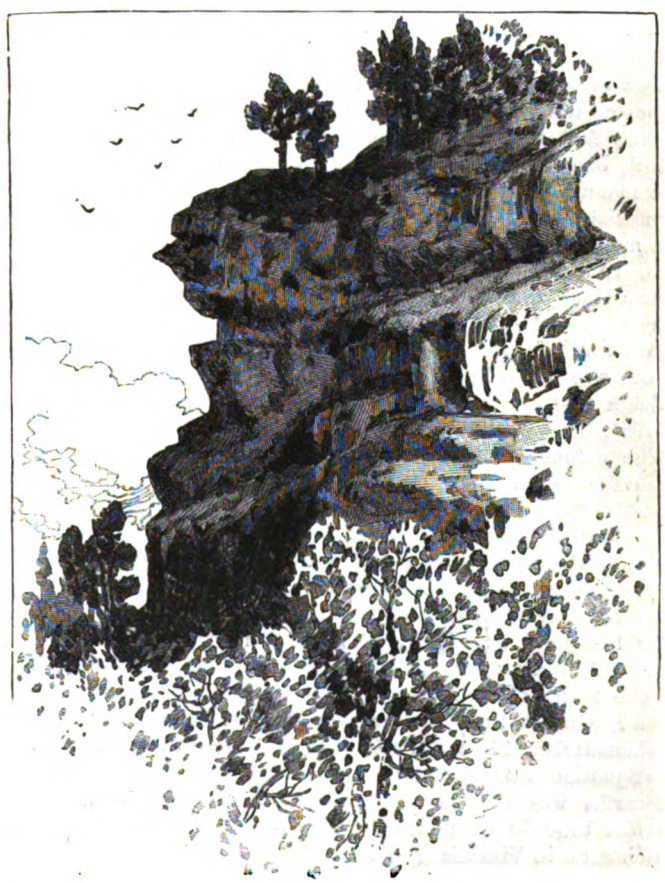
CÆSAR'S HEAD.

with luxuriant grass and mountain heather, and diversified by clumps of rhododendrons and azaleas. This beautiful prairie is surrounded by the balsam forest, which, on the North Carolina side, gives way, at a certain degree of elevation, to the deciduous growth that clothes, luxuriantly, the lower slopes of the mountain. On the Tennessee side, however, an abrupt precipice descends into far abysmal gorges. It is from the brow of this stupendous cliff that the view is obtained of which description can give no idea.

About fifteen miles distant, in an air line, stands the other great pillar of this giant portal —the Grandfather of the Blue Ridge, the dominating peak of that range and the oldest mountain of the world. From its summit the beautiful Piedmont country of North Carolina is spread before the gaze, broken at first by spurs of the Blue Ridge as great as the parent chain, and melting afar into the misty blue of the lower country. Chief among these spurs is the range of the Linville Mountains, through which the Linville River forces its way in a gorge of striking grandeur. This gorge, fifteen miles in length, is for the most part a narrow cañon, more than a thousand feet deep, into which the river plunges with a magnificent fall, then rushes impetuously onward over the rock-strewn bed which it has worn for itself during successive ages, while cliffs of the most fantastic form lean over its waters, dark woods surround it, and famous mountains overshadow it. Hawk-bill, Table Rock and Short-Off Mountains, all landmarks of this part of the country, form part of the gorge, which, with its picturesque crags, its leaping waters and its depth of solemn forest, would well repay the lover of the picturesque for any difficulty that he might experience in reaching it. The whole eastern side of the Blue Ridge, throughout its length in North Carolina, abounds in scenery of the most romantic description. Crystal streams burst from the brows of the mountains and fall in beautiful cascades; great heights are clothed with an almost tropical forest from base to summit; the wild, fresh loveliness marking every scene, as the mountains descend gradually into the lower country, is a perpetual delight. But all this is changed when the range makes its sweeping bend around the South Carolina border. There one no longer finds the forest-clad peaks and gentle foot-hills, but abrupt escarpments of mighty rock break off short and overlook the sultry southern plains.

Such a height is that well-known under the name of Cæsar's Head. Much has been written of this place of resort; but no description can do justice to its widely extended view or its delightful and invigorating climate. Health and strength are borne on every breath of the breeze that comes to the great cliff, which descends in a sheer precipice of eighteen hundred feet. To one seated on this rocky point the world seems no more than a dreamland far below, a vast, shadow-dappled expanse, over which a magical blue light ever hangs.

Of much the same character is Whiteside,



PROFILE ROCK.

another great outward sentinel of the Blue Ridge, which stands within a few miles of the Georgia line. Its shining face makes it a landmark and beacon over all the lower country. The precipice from which it takes its name is fully two miles long, about two thousand feet high, and curved so as to form part of the arc of a circle. Its constituent parts are quartz, feldspar and gneiss, and there have been many valuable minerals discovered at the base of this most interesting mountain, although no regular mining has been done. The view from its splendid crest thrills one like noble harmony. The smiling valleys and green depths of forest far below, the azure fairness of distant heights, the misty sweep of ocean-like plain, form a picture of exquisite beauty. "From the orient to the drooping west" mountains on mountains rise, cloud-girt, blue-robed, soft as the hills of Paradise.

But to touch, however lightly, upon all the famous heights of this wonderful region, would lead one too far. He who will go and look for himself upon its beauty will soon acknowledge that "the half has not been told" —nor could possibly be told. Neither pen nor pencil could describe all that has been lavished here of natural and material wealth. Within a day's journey of the railroads which typify the power and civilization of the nineteenth century are spots as wild and trackless as the Sierras of the West, where Nature guards her secrets in the deep shadow of virgin forests, under cloud-capped peaks and by the flashing splendor of leaping waters. Shining cliffs and thundering rivers, azure heights and Arcadian valleys unite to form the beauty which charms one further and further into the heart of this region, which one may truly call the Fairyland of Science.

THE TERCENTENARY OF THE POTATO.

THE often-repeated assertion that Sir Walter Raleigh imported the potato from Virginia is at once disposed of by the fact that he never was in that country; it is simply one of the many statements that are copied from one manual into another by lazy compilers. The claim advanced for Sir Francis Drake, whose statue stands in the main street of Offenburg holding a bunch of potatoes, is a different matter. Yet even in the case of Drake there is really no positive evidence. It is generally supposed—and the view has again been advocated in Justin Winsor's "History of America"—that the potato was brought into England by the colony that Raleigh sent out to Roanoke Island under Ralph Lane in 1585.

The colonists who were taken out by Sir Richard Grenville had a troublous time; the Indians were unfriendly, their food failed, and Grenville did not return with fresh supplies as soon as was expected. Accordingly, at the end of a year they were glad enough to be brought home by Sir Francis Drake, who, with his fleet of twenty-three sail, anchored at Roanoke in June, 1586, after his great expedition of reprisal in the Spanish Main. The unsuccessful colonists landed in England on the 27th of July. Did they carry the potato with them? One of their number was Thomas Harriot, the mathematician, the author of "Artis Analyticæ Praxis ad Æquationes Algebraicas . . . resolvendas," to whom Descartes was afterward somewhat largely indebted. Harriot brought with him several specimens of plants which grew in Virginia, and a careful description of the country as far as it had been explored. This description he published in 1588, with the title, "A briefe and True Report of the new found land of Virginia and of the commodities there found. . . . Discouered by the English Colony there seated by Sir Richard Greinville, Knight, in the yeare 1585 . . . at the speciall charge and direction of the Honourable Sir Walter Raleigh." A copy of the first edition, an exceedingly rare book, small 4to, twenty-three leaves, is in the Grenville Library in the British Museum; it was used by Hakluyt, and reprinted verbatim by De Bry in 1590. Among the roots Harriot describes there is none which answers to the potato; the one most like it, which he calls the "Openauk," having been identified as a species of sunflower, of something the same nature as the Jerusalem artichoke. Moreover, it is certain that the potato is not a native of Virginia, and probably not of any part of the United States except Arizona.

At the same time, Gerard, who gives a plate of the potato in his "Herbal" of 1597, and clearly distinguishes the *Papus orbiculatus* (our *Solanum tuberosum*) from the *Sisarum peruvianum*, or sweet potato, says that he received his tubers from Virginia. He planted them, as we learn from his Catalogue of 1599, in his garden at Holborn. This, however, by no means proves that they are indigenous in Virginia; they may either have been brought there by a ship coming from another country, or have been raised from others that had been imported thither in former years. Indeed, it has been suggested that the colonists of Roanoke might have found the potato in a cultivated state. Harriot's silence seems fatal to this theory. If he had seen potatoes grown by the natives, and had brought tubers home with him, he would certainly have described them in his "Relation." On the other hand, it may well be that Drake brought potatoes to England on his return from his expedition of 1585-6. His ships had touched at Virginia, and so Gerard may naturally have noted that his tubers came from that country. As the Spanish captains were strictly ordered to observe, and bring home, all new fruits and the like, it can scarcely be doubted that potatoes were by this time used as food by the Spanish sailors and colonists. Drake very possibly took a supply of them either from Carthagena, or, it may be, from some Spanish ship. While there is no evidence that the celebrated English navigator did so, there is at least nothing against it.

Going further back even than Drake, Mr. Clements Markham, C.B., has shown that there is ground for believing that the potato was a native of certain districts favorable to its growth throughout the Cordilleras of Peru, and that it had been preserved for us by the enlightened care bestowed upon its cultivation by the Incas.

Mr. Fuller has already shown in our columns the error of the old story, and described the tuber which really grows in Virginia.

ARE THE STARS PEOPLED?

PROFESSOR PROCTOR says: "It is almost impossible to say under what conditions life is possible or impossible. Men of science have lately been taught this in a very striking manner. For, judging by what they know of the state of things at the bottom of the deep sea, they concluded there could be no living creatures there. They reasoned that the pressure exerted by the water would crush the life out of any known creature, which was unquestionably true. A piece of the hardest and densest wood sunk to those depths has the water literally forced into its very

substance, and the tremendous mail of the crocodile, or the thick skin of the rhinoceros, would be unable to resist a tithe of the enormous pressure exerted by the water at the bottom of the deep seas.

"Yet it is now known that creatures not only exist down there, but that, notwithstanding the great darkness which must prevail there, these creatures are provided with the means of seeing. So unlike are they to all other creatures, however, that they are unable to live out of their native depths, and when dragged up by the dredges, they are burst asunder and are killed long before reaching the surface.

"This should teach us that although it may be proved that in some inaccessible world, like Venus, or any of her fellow-planets, the conditions which prevail are not such as would be convenient to terrestrial creatures, or are even such as no creatures known to us could endure even for a few minutes, life may nevertheless exist. It is indeed tolerably certain that if there be living creatures in Venus (as for my own part I little doubt), and if among these creatures there be any which possess reasoning powers such as ours (which is not so certain), it must appear to such reasoning beings in Venus at least as difficult to understand how our earth can be inhabited as we find it to conceive what nature of creatures they may be which exist in Venus."

PHOTOGRAPHING A LION.

FARINI, in his delightful travels, tells how, after killing a giraffe, he covered it with branches to protect it till his company arrived. Meanwhile he installed himself in a tree. Vultures soon attacked the leafy mass, till a well-directed shot brought down their leader, when they fled. Other sounds announced a fresh band of marauders. What were they? The vultures rose high in the air and then swooped down, only to dart away in alarm.

"Soon," he says, "I beheld an enormous lion gliding over the grass. Guided evidently by the scent, it moved toward the spot where the giraffe lay. Further off, a flock of vultures, by their strange action, showed the presence of a second lion. A third soon appeared between the two. What an unexpected quarry to behold, the three great felines nearing my ambuscade! They advanced slowly in line, the largest in advance—a superb type of the tawny, short-legged lion, with immense head, and rough, almost black, mane. When they reached the open space they drew themselves out and lay flat against the grass. The birds, with renewed cries, kept darting at them in a kind of fury.

"As the lions disappeared behind a clump, I descended from my post noiselessly to the lowest branch and examined my rifle. The next three or four minutes seemed hours. I knew that the lions were making steadily toward my tree. The large lion first came in sight, veered off, then cautiously made for the giraffe. Suddenly he halted, and remained motionless within leaping distance of the dead brute. He waited for his companions. One soon appeared on the opposite side, then the third between them. They made a sweep round to reach it at different points, and their leader awaited them. With a live quarry, if one failed the others were there to prevent its flight. They now advanced at the same gait, crawling flat against the grass. Did they hold their breath as I did. Then, with a sudden bound, the first lion cleared the heap, lighting on the other side with a roar of disappointment. His companions with a bound were beside him. They tore the earth with their claws, the air quivering with their deep bass, which changed to a sharp cough, as though a bone had lodged in the throat. Their four paws kept tearing up the ground, the sand flying with each roar. When their fury subsided, the leader began to smell around the heap, and to lick up the clotted blood, while the others seized some entrails drawn out by the vultures.

"I turned my eyes toward the sun now appearing above the sandhills. Surely the wagons are not far off. I look toward the point where they ought to appear. They are emerging from behind a hill some sixty yards from my aerie. Loulou gets down and strikes into the grass, his photographic apparatus on his back. One follows him, the rest group around the wagons. They had heard the roars, and Loulou was bound to photograph a lion's "At Home." How anxiously I watched his movements! What could I do? Not even cry out, "Take care." At last he halted on the top of a little sandy hillock. I saw the plate glitter in the sunlight. The large lion was busy tearing at the giraffe's shoulder, damaging the hide that Jan coveted for his stock of soles. Loulou worked away as calmly as if in his office; he quietly changed his plate for a second.

"Thirty seconds after he and his comrade had their rifles aimed. In haste, I took aim at the large lion's shoulder. Two rifle-shots, then a third.

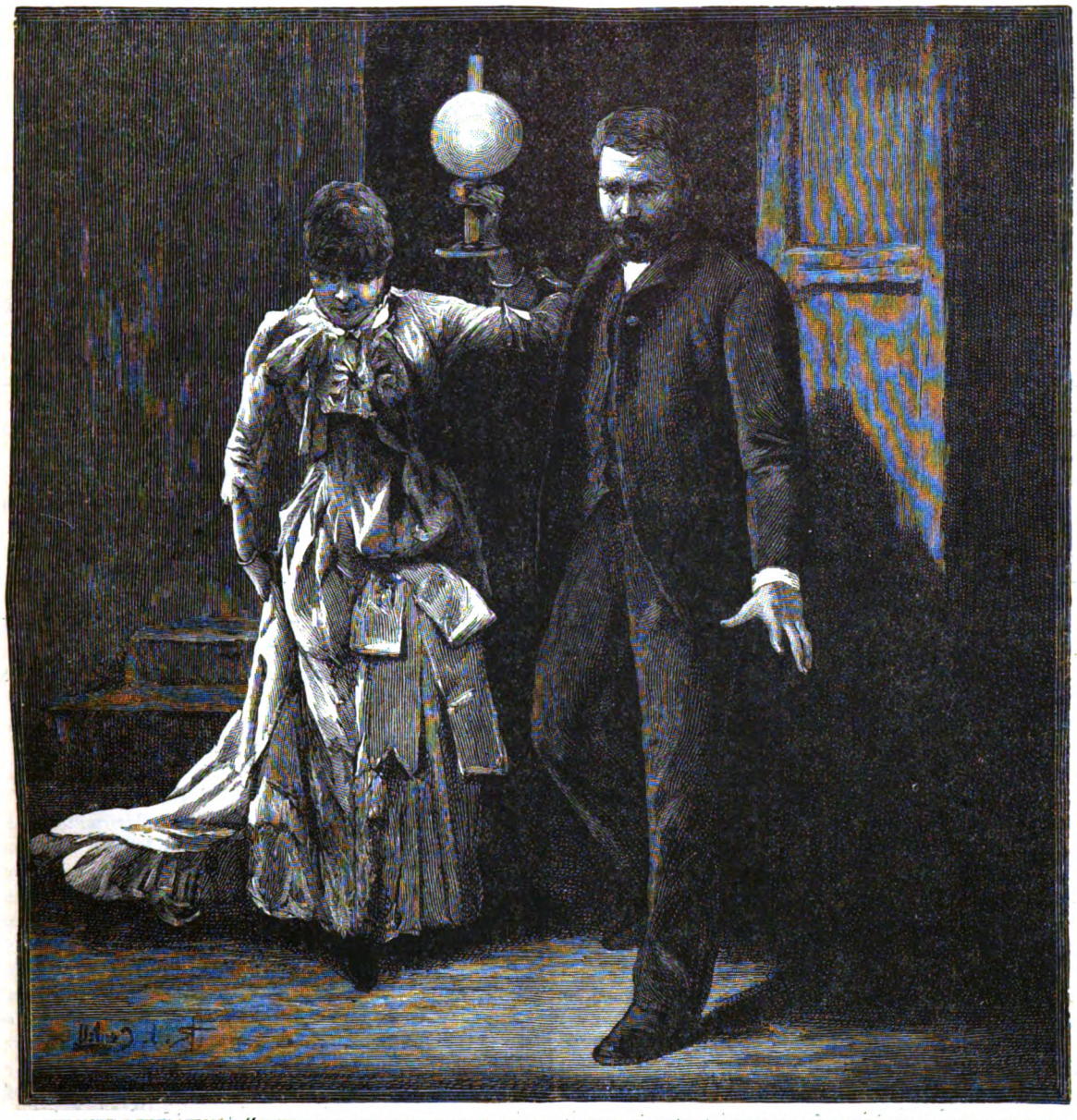
"The lions leap up and utter roars like peals of thunder; one staggered back and sprang at the spot where another ball had just struck the ground. They lashed their sides with their tails; they growled in a hoarse, dull tone. Twice again we fired. I was sure I had not missed, yet there was no sign that our balls had told. The great lion suddenly dashed toward the hillock. As long as I could, without risk of hitting Loulou and his companion, I kept up my fire. The lion neared them in rapid bounds, his tail between his legs. They stopped firing. Loulou took another negative. His comrade stood beside him like a Prussian sentinel on duty. Were they mad? I could not hold in. I called at the top of my voice: 'Fire! fire! he will kill you!' The words were not out of my mouth when Loulou, the black cloth still over his head, sprang toward the lion, brandishing the support of his apparatus in the face of the furious brute. One of the hunters had been telling us how a hunter had frightened off a lion by bending forward and swinging a large black hat, and Loulou was calmly repeating the experiment.

"It succeeded. The lion halted, lashed his sides, then bounded back toward the tree in all haste. Crack! crack! go our rifles, but the lion did not halt till he reached his comrades. 'A cat has nine lives,' we say of our domestic cat. This one seemed to have ten more. My rifle-balls seemed to have no more effect than the paper pellets of a child's toy gun. I fired at the two smaller lions, who soon retreated. The large fellow still stood defiant. I aimed carefully and steadily at his eye. I had no time to study the effect, for a gun went off just below me. A bushman had crept around and fired an old-fashioned blunderbuss.

"'Quick!' I exclaimed. 'Climb, or you are done for.' But instead, he darted toward some bushes; the lion bounded after him, then halted, and fell motionless on the sand.

"I descended from my perch, and we all gathered around the fallen monarch. Marks on the sand enabled me to measure his first bound over the giraffe. It was twenty-two feet. We counted in his skin seventeen bullet-holes."

PHOTOGRAPHING A LION.—"I FIRED AT THE TWO SMALLER LIONS, WHO SOON RETREATED. THE LARGE FELLOW STILL STOOD DEFIANT."— SEE PAGE 287.



A STRANGE REVELATION.—"WHEN WE REACHED A DOOR THAT SHOWED SIGNS OF A STRUGGLE WE STOPPED; WHILE CLAUDIA HELD THE LAMP ABOVE HER HEAD."

A STRANGE REVELATION.

By Thomas S. Collier.

Do I believe in unseen agencies?

The question is a hard one to answer to the satisfaction of most people, but if you have a half hour to spare, and care to listen, I will tell you of a part of my life that may be a satisfactory answer.

When I was graduated from college I was taken into my uncle's office as a clerk, but principally to learn the business; for I was the only male representative of the line except the relative to whom I owed my education and all the comforts that my mother and myself had enjoyed. He was very proud of his name, very proud of his manufactory, and very proud of the position he had won in the business world.

He had been so generous to me that not to love him was impossible, and no uncle ever saw his wishes more closely followed. I soon learned the routine of the office, and then, of my own free will, went into the workroom and made myself familiar with the many articles produced in the establishment of Winthrop & Winthrop. True, there was but one Winthrop in the firm, my father having died before he was admitted to partnership; but it had been Winthrop & Winthrop from the beginning, and my uncle would not change the name.

It took me three years to learn the business—that is, the mechanical part—and then it was deemed advisable to send a man West, as the rapid increase of the population made that section seem good ground to canvass for sales.

I had mastered the business so thoroughly that my uncle concluded to send me, and it was decided that I should start early in Spring. There were no railroads

running West then, though people had begun talking of them, and as the journey would be principally made on horseback, I was eager for it. The West, being a new country, was largely a land of romance, and I was young enough to feel and be swayed by the glamour of this.

Everything being in readiness, I left our manufactory early in April, and began working west, going first to Albany. Beyond that city I began seeking business, and May came before I struck off from the Genesee Valley and entered a wilder country. I stopped for my meals at such hamlets as I found along the way, but always carried a supply of provisions with me. I had been for two days following a road where the farms were not closely gathered, and as night drew on saw no chance of gaining a tavern, and determined to stop at the first house that offered shelter.

Reaching the crest of a hill, I saw a light flash out across the narrow valley ahead of me, and rode swiftly forward, as I knew that people went early to bed in this section.

Before I reached the first light a second showed beyond it, and I thought that I must be nearing a gathering of settlers. I soon reached the first light, and found that it came from a small cottage standing by the most pretentious gateway I had met. Heavy stone walls ran away from it, and there was the darkness of trees beyond. The gate was closed, but my call quickly brought a stout, middle-aged man to the door of the cottage, who, in reply to my request for lodgings, said:

"Of course you can get them here."

Then he came out to the gate, a lantern in his hand, and I noticed that he let the light shine on my face as he opened a way for me to enter, and that his gaze was intent and searching.

"We will go up to the house—the master is always pleased to see people," he said, and, as if no other word was needed, went forward along a wide driveway.

My horse followed until I checked him, and when he noticed this, the man laughed pleasantly, and said:

"Your animal knows where the stables are."

"But does the owner of the house desire company to drop in like this?" I asked.

"I should not have invited you if this was not so."

"Thank you; then I will go on."

We went slowly forward, and seemed to be ascending a hill, the side of which was covered with an orchard. The moon was rising, and showed a large house coming up beyond the trees, and I was surprised to see that it was the most pretentious mansion that I had met in this new land. It was of stone, two stories high, with heavy gables, and, unlike its near neighbors, which were regular in form and of the box order of architecture, it had wings, bay windows and jutting cornices, with a substantial and comfortable look pervading it that was very pleasant to a tired man.

"This is a fine place," I said, as soon as I became aware of its magnitude.

"The finest for many a long mile," answered my guide.

"Does the gentleman you call the master always reside here?"

"Oh, no. He is frequently in New York, and sometimes goes to Washington in the Winter. But this is the family house, and every man clings to his home."

We were now close to the house, and the man ran up the steps leading to the door, and gave the huge knocker a swing that sent a heavy clang echoing through the building.

The summons was quickly answered, and I heard my guide say:

"Tell the master that a gentleman seeks a night's entertainment."

He then returned to where, having dismounted, I was holding my horse, and, as though the matter was settled, unstrapped my saddle-bags and carried them to the door. Returning, he took my bridle, saying:

"I will look out for your animal now, sir."

As he spoke an elderly man appeared in the door, which had been left open, and said:

"Welcome to Markham House, sir."

He stepped forward with extended hand, and I hastened to meet him. His keen, gray eyes looked into mine with a searching yet pleasant gaze, which my own unflinchingly returned. He seemed pleased by this, and gave my hand an added pressure, then released his clasp, and turning to the man who had come with me, said:

"Take good care of the gentleman's horse, Wilkins, and I will see that the man is cared for."

Then he led the way into the house, and told the woman who met us to take my luggage to the great west chamber.

"Make a good fire in the fireplace," he said, "for the room has been long closed, and may be chill. And now, sir, let me introduce you to my family."

He led the way into a long and well-furnished drawing-room, and as I accompanied him, I said:

"Let me introduce myself to you first, sir," and I told him my name.

"Right glad am I to meet you, Mr. Winthrop; and let me say that my own is an old English name, for I am called Harold Markham."

We had walked slowly forward during this time toward a ruddy glow that showed behind a wide screen, and as we approached nearer I found that this came from a large wood fire burning brightly on a spacious hearth. Two lighted lamps stood on a table near this, and three ladies were grouped about it, who, seeing a stranger accompanying Mr. Markham, rose to greet me.

"This is Miss Claudia Markham, my cousin, and these are my daughters, Claudia and Bertha, Mr. Winthrop."

As they were mentioned the ladies greeted me, and one of the younger of them pushed an easy-chair forward and asked me to be seated.

The impression created by Mr. Markham's appearance was heightened by this acquaintance with his family, for they were plainly people of marked intelligence. The elder Miss Claudia showed strong personality, and though past middle age, was still very beautiful. The sisters were not alike, Bertha resembling her father, while Claudia had dark golden hair, a lighter and richer-colored complexion and deep blue eyes. She was not so tall as Bertha, but had the same well-rounded form, and dainty feet and hands. Both of the sisters showed strong soul-power, and it did not take me long to become very chatty with them.

Looking at me, the elder Miss Claudia, whom I will hereafter term Miss Markham, said:

"Years ago I met a Mr. John Winthrop. He was from Dorchester, and was a college classmate of our brother Rolfe, Harold."

"My father was named John, and the family belongs in Dorchester."

"How strange! I thought your face had a familiar look. I have a great faculty for noting resemblances, which Cousin Harold laughs at."

"I resemble my father in appearance," I answered.

This little bit of reminiscence helped me wonderfully,

and Mr. Markham said: "How fortunate that we are to have a late dinner, for Mr. Winthrop must be hungry. His room is warm by this time. Will you show him the way, Claudia?"

The young girl rose, and led me into a great hall, and up a broad stairway to the second floor, opening the door to a large chamber, wherein a warm fire burned in the wide chimney-place. It was in the western angle of the building, and had many corners, a certain dimness that was peculiar and striking gathering in these.

"Our dinner will be ready in half an hour," said Claudia, "and so I will let you get ready for it."

And she left me, her bright eyes leaving a look I could not forget lingering in my memory.

I could not devote much time to looking at the room, though, save in the corners spoken of, the moonlight filled it with a bright radiance; nor did I give more than a glance to the landscape opened by the windows. Even the strange feeling of companionship that had impressed me on entering the apartment could not now receive my attention, for the bright face of the younger Claudia Markham lured me to the drawing-room, and I was soon descending the stairway leading to this.

Dinner passed pleasantly, and it was my happy lot to escort Claudia to the table. The talk was general here, but when we had returned to the circle of the fire-heat in the drawing-room, she said:

"Have you met with any haunted building in your journey, Mr Winthrop?"

"Not that I know of, or that was made manifest to me," I answered.

I had almost given voice to my knowledge of a strange feeling in the chamber assigned me, but did not; some sudden impulse that I could not understand, though I obeyed it, preventing me.

"Then I must tell you that you have reached one," said she. "Markham House has a ghost, or so it is said, for no person has ever seen it. Perhaps you may be the fortunate one," and she laughed, merrily.

"If I might be allowed a voice in the matter, I should prefer to select my own ghostly company."

This opening led to quite a long talk concerning these unsubstantial visitors, in which the characteristics of the Markham House ghost were discussed. Its main terror seemed to be its invisibility, for, though its presence had been felt, no one had been granted a sight of it.

"If we could only locate it," said Claudia, "then there would be some satisfaction in having such a neighbor, but we cannot do this."

The evening passed very quickly, and eleven o'clock came and brought Good-night time. Mr. Markham had invited me to remain at the house for a few days, but, much as I would have liked to, my business would not let me. I said that on my return I should be pleased to, if it would then be convenient for them to receive me; and, having learned that I expected to be in the locality in October, I was told that I would be expected. The ladies did not say good-by, having decided to take an early breakfast with me; a plan that was very pleasant, and we parted at the head of the stairway; Mr. Markham going to the door of my room, which was as bright and cheerful as a great lamp and brisk wood-fire could make it.

I did not go immediately to bed, but looked out of the windows, and then, putting out the light, drew a chair before the fire, and sat there dreaming. It was strange to see how persistently the flames kept forming the face of Claudia, for as soon as one log would break, another caught the picture and continued it.

Then the story that she had told of the ghost recurred to me, and I wondered what and who the intangible person was. The chiming of a clock recalled me to my need of sleep, and I was soon comfortably settled in the roomy bed. The light was extinguished and the fire low, but the moonlight made the principal part of the room distinct, and so dreamful and cozy was it that sleep came quickly, and I lost even the face of Claudia and the wondering concerning the strange being whom no one ever saw.

I woke suddenly, though not with a start, for there was no feeling as though I had been called. There was no strange apparition in sight, though the dim night radiance would have shown such had there been one. I did not even sit up at first, even while feeling that something new in my experience was about to occur. Gradually the peculiar impression of companionship that I had felt on entering the room returned, and kept growing stronger. I remained still, and in a little time heard the clock I had before noticed chime two.

The feeling of companionship deepened, and I rose and lit the lamp, but the new light revealed no ghostly form. And yet that feeling which one has in dense darkness when nearing another kept growing, and I sat down in a chair by the still smoldering embers, and waited for new developments.

Here the impression came that the unseen presence desired me to go to the window, and I did so; and, on reaching this, the same feeling directed me to the bed, and I was moving toward it, when the only palpable evidence that anything unnatural was transpiring came to me.

When I was midway between the bed and the window somebody seemed to pass so near to me that I noticed the wind of its movement, and a low sigh of satisfaction, as though, after long trial, some desired result had been reached, fell on my ear. I could see nothing, and kept on to the bed, when I heard the words "Good-night," spoken in a very low, yet perfectly distinct, voice, and involuntarily replied to them. Still there was no visible form, and my voice alone left an echo.

I felt that nothing more would transpire, and again sought my bed, soon falling into a quiet slumber and sleeping until morning; for my strange experience had brought no excitement.

The breakfast-bell was just ringing when I stepped into the broad hall leading to the stairway, and saw a woman standing at the window lighting this. The hot throb of my heart told me that it was Claudia, and, as she turned at my step, her beautiful face greeted me.

"Good-morning, Mr. Winthrop," she said, extending her hand. "I have waited to have the first word with you, for I wished to ask if you had seen the Markham House ghost?"

She smiled merrily, but her face sobered when I answered;

"No, Miss Claudia, I cannot say that *I* have seen it, but I think I have both felt and heard it."

"You have?" she said; and, though there was a merry twinkle in her eye, her voice was more earnest.

"Yes."

"I will ride a few miles on your road, and you must tell me of it."

"Nothing would give me more pleasure."

No other word concerning the ghost was spoken, though the family all met me at the table, but Claudia announced her intention of showing me a short cut to the main road I should follow.

We found our horses were ready at the door, and

Mr. Markham said: "We'll see you again in October. Good luck and a pleasant time to you."

And, then, with their good-byes for pleasant memories, I followed Claudia, who rode on in advance.

When we had reached the shaded wood road that led across the country to the main western thoroughfare, I told her of my night's adventure, and, as I went on, I noticed that she was strangely impressed.

"What do you think it is?" she asked, when I stopped talking.

"I do not know, but I think that when I come back in the Autumn, we can solve the mystery."

She laid her little hand on my arm.

"Mr. Winthrop, I will ask a favor of you. When I spoke to you this morning, I did so in jest, for I had no faith in our ghost, though there has long been a story that this strange feeling of companionship is a property of the place. As no person ever saw anything, I gave it no credence; but your story gives it a positive existence, and as you have been telling me of it, I, too, have thought that we can unravel the mystery; for that there is a mystery back of this demonstration I do not doubt."

GENERAL ANNENKOFF, PROJECTOR AND CONSTRUCTOR OF THE TRANSCASPIAN RAILWAY.— SEE PAGE 299.

"I think that it can be solved, and feel that we will be fortunate in the matter, though why I have this feeling I cannot tell."

"It is agreed, then, that you will visit us on your way home, and that we will make an effort to solve the riddle of the ghost?"

"Yes."

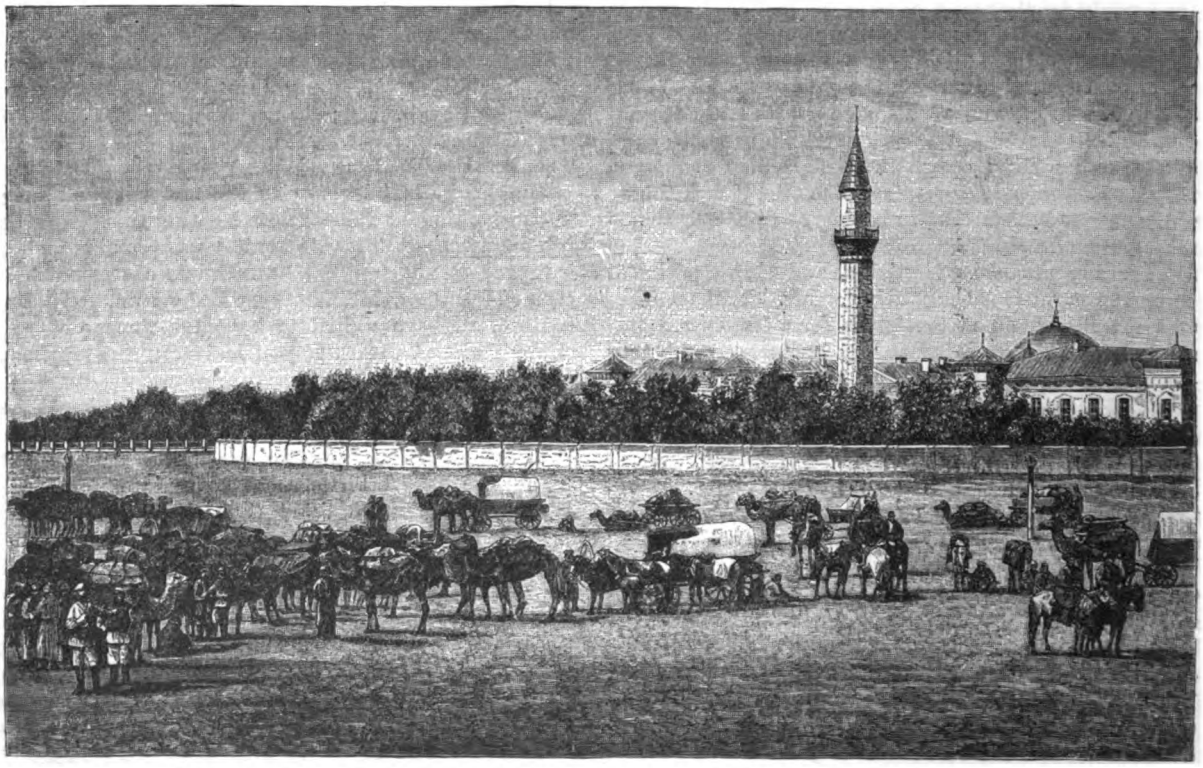
We chatted on, changing the topic, and soon reached a wider and more traveled road.

"I will say good-by at the crest of the hill yonder," said Claudia, and a pang shot through my heart as the words were spoken.

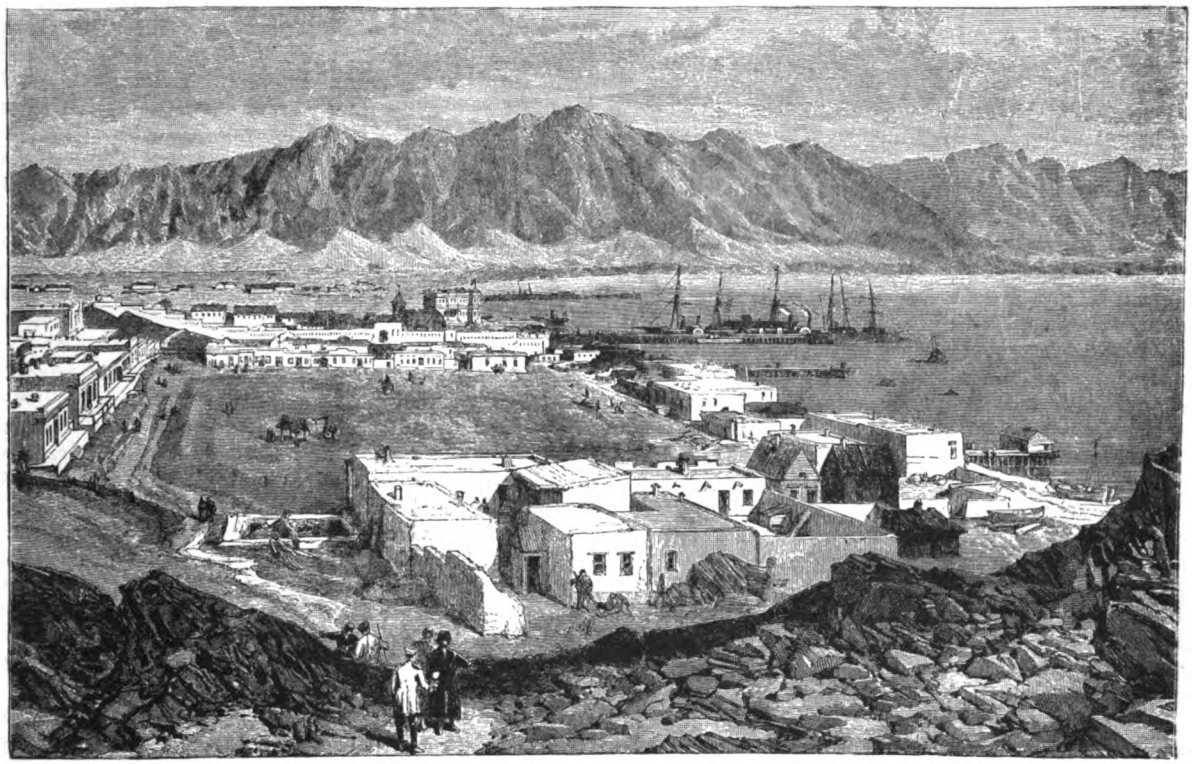
The spot was too quickly reached, and she gave me her hand, letting it linger in mine with a warm clasp. I raised it reverently to my lips.

"Remember the Autumn. Good-by, and God speed you," she said, as I raised my hat and went on. Two or three times I looked back and saw her waiting at the crest of the hill. Then I reached another height, from which the road wound sharply downward. I turned again, and her handkerchief fluttered a last good-by, to which my own replied. Then we gave our animals the rein, and were soon hid from each other.

Business prospered with me, and my uncle was well pleased, as his letters told, and I had permission to make



A CARAVAN LEAVING ORENBURG, BEFORE THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE TRANSCASPIAN RAILWAY.



THE TRANSCASPIAN RAILWAY.—THE PORT OF KRASNOVODSK, ON THE CASPIAN SEA.—SEE PAGE 299.

my homeward journey as slowly as I liked. Glad indeed was I when I passed the State line of New York once more, and knew that barely a day separated me from Claudia Markham; for the few months that had gone by had told me that she was the one woman of the world for me.

It was near the middle of the afternoon when I reached the hill-crest where I had parted from her, and soon came to the turning that led to the wood road. The quick gallop of a horse sounded along this, and in a moment the rider came in sight, her bright hair flying free and her face more sweet and fair than ever; for my heart had recognized the approach of its idol even before Claudia Markham appeared. Something in her greeting

GENERAL KOMAROFF, GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF RUSSIAN TRANSCASPIA.

PAUL LESSAR, EXPLORER AND DIPLOMATIST.

told me that she had been wishing for me, and that this was not the first time she had followed this road looking for me, and a great gladness surged through my soul.

Her voice, her look and manner all told that she, too, was happy, and there was a merry chatter as we rode onward. The remainder of the family met us at the door, and I was immediately installed in my former chamber, a circumstance that pleased me very much.

The evening was devoted to an account of my travels, and as I was to remain no early breakfast was talked of.

When in my room I sat down before the fire and waited. The same feeling that had come to me when I first occupied the room came again, and once more I was impelled toward the window. Then another direction was indicated, and the power seemed stronger as this new place was reached. Not that there was any loss of personality or of intellectual force on my part, for I was thoroughly awake, and the working of my mind was particularly acute; but the unseen presence had obtained a stronger mentality, or, perhaps, a better term would be, a stronger power in expressing its desires.

The door was next indicated as a point of destination, and on reaching it I knew that I was to open it and pass out into the hall. I did so, walking softly, and was led—for no other word can so well express the strange guidance—through a passage that ran off from the main stairway northward. Having reached the end of this, I retraced my steps, and at the door of my chamber heard the same low "Good-night."

Nothing further transpired that night, and in the morning I told Claudia of my experience.

"When do you think you will reach the end of the mystery?" she asked.

"To-night."

"Why?"

"I cannot say definitely, but it seems so. There is a thought in my mind that the mystery is near its solution, though why I should have this idea I cannot tell."

We decided not to talk much about the matter, but to let it develop as it would, and in the morning we went riding far into the woods, where the later Autumn flowers still flaunted their purple and golden plumes.

The day was a joyous one for me, though my eagerness to reach the end of my strange experience, made me long for night to come.

I had scarcely closed the door of my chamber ere the feeling of which I have told became manifest, and I gave myself up to its guidance.

It began by sending me to a window, and then back and forth across the room, until it had reached the desired amount of power, when it led me to the door and out into the hallway. I had made but a step in this, when a door opened and Claudia came out and joined me. For an instant the feeling of guidance seemed to weaken, but, as Claudia did not speak, it resumed its composure, and we went forward, following the course of the night previous; only, instead of going to the end of the hall, we stopped in front of some quaint paneling. Here, I was impressed to run my hand heavily along the oak carving, and soon came to a part that seemed loose. Pressing this, a door slowly opened, showing darkness beyond.

Claudia's hand sought mine and clung to it, but only for a moment, as I said, immediately and involuntarily:

"We shall need a light."

"I will bring one," whispered Claudia, and she sped back along the hallway, soon returning with a lighted lamp.

This revealed a flight of steps running downward, and these we were impelled to descend. The passageway was damp and narrow, and seemed to run out to and through the wall of the building. I soon knew that we had reached a depth lower than the first floor, and after this we came to a level way, arched with masonry. This level was less damp than the part containing the steps, and in a little time grew more high and afforded better air.

I saw that this path had not been used for many years, and when we reached a door that showed signs of a struggle, stopped, but the strange influence became so imperative that I threw it open, while Claudia held the lamp above her head.

A cry of horror escaped her, but she did not retreat or faint, only her clasp on my hand grew firmer.

The opening of the door had revealed a long and narrow chamber, arched and strongly built of brick and stone. There were shelves and closets in this, and a small desk that was thrust against the wall.

But what had caused Claudia's cry, and the thrill of horror that ran through me, was a grinning skeleton that sat upright against the wall in a corner, a mass of decaying clothes about it, and a stained parchment in its crumbling hand.

Two other skeletons lay on the floor, mingled with evidences of a desperate struggle. Broken pistols, an ax, a sword-blade here, its wrenched handle at the further end of the apartment. One of the skulls lying on the floor was rent, as though broken by a blow from the butt of a pistol, and sudden death had evidently come to all of the people whose bones we saw.

A strange influence impelled me forward to where the seated skeleton held the stained scroll, and I picked this up. Its face was evidently a legal document, but on the back a number of lines of clear writing showed As I held these to the light to see what they contained, I discovered that they had been scrawled in blood with a piece of sharpened wood or metal. The blood was still bright and red; and, as I began to read, the influence that had guided me vanished.

The writing was bold and plain, though it had evidently been written with great difficulty. There was but little of it, and it was the message of a dying man to his kindred. Here it is:

"If this should ever meet the eye of any person, it will probably be a Markham that reads it. To him I would say that I, Harold Markham, was followed to this, the treasure-vault of the house, by my cousins, Walt and Hobart. They attacked me, and in defending myself I killed both; but I am so grievously hurt that I cannot crawl forth from this place. It is my wish that we shall all be buried among our people, for death pays all debts, and this quarrel is not the world's, but our own. The Markham plate and treasure will be found in this vault.

"If any other than a Markham finds this writing, to him I say, see that the last request of a dying man is fulfilled."

There was some more writing, but it was indistinct, for death had evidently been too near for the weak hand to be held to its task.

"Do you know anything of these people?" I asked of Claudia.

"I have heard of the mysterious disappearance of three cousins, who were joint heirs to the place," she answered. "Father will know. Shall we call him?"

"It may be best," I said," and we retraced our steps.

She had given me the lamp, and her hand was on my arm. I could feel that its clasp was that of a person greatly excited.

"Was it not dreadful," she whispered, as we neared the steps; "this death alone in such a place? And to

think that we should have been the people selected to discover this tragedy."

Her hands clasped my arm. Something in the movement caused me to look into the beautiful face beside me, and a glance that met my own swept away the bounds that I had set for my tongue, and gave my love a voice.

The beautiful face drew nearer, the hand-clasp was stronger, and the warm sweetness of lips that were not turned away told me that the future would indeed be bright to me.

Only a little time did we give to joy, and then we went up the steps, and Claudia rapped at her father's door.

When he responded to the summons, a hasty explanation told of our experience and discovery, and leaving Claudia in the hallway, he went with me to the vault.

"This solves the mysterious disappearance," he said. "It is a short story. A little time after the house was built, its first owner, being an eccentric man, likely to create just such a hiding-place, it fell to the share of three cousins, who were suddenly missing, and of whom no trace has ever before been found. As the money and plate that were part of the old man's fortune were also gone, it was surmised that robbery and murder had taken place. Our branch of the Markhams then came into possession, and have held ownership ever since, but none of us have known of this secret place, nor is it shown on the plan of the house."

He turned over the parchment on which was the writing, and found it to be a deed of the property. It was folded, and he opened it, and there found another draught of the building, showing the secret door and the plan of the vault.

Yes, I married Claudia Markham, and we live in the old house now, for it is indeed a pleasant place, and the railroads have brought us very near to all the city's enjoyments.

And there have been no more ghostly manifestations since that time, for evidently the dead Harold Markham had only sought to show where the mystery of his race could be solved, and when this end was accomplished, had no further business with those who dwelt in or visited the home that he had hoped to enjoy.

PAUPER PRINCES.

In ancient Russia there were three classes of princes: (1) The descendants of Prince Rurik; (2) the descendants of the Lithuanian Prince, Gedimin; (3) persons belonging to various foreign nationalities, chiefly Mordvinians and Tartars. Many of the princely titles which had descended from the times of the petty princes had become extinct in 1700, but forty-seven still existed, some of which were very numerous; the Gagarins counting twenty-seven, and the Volkonskys thirty, representatives at one time. Eleven more of these princely lines have now become extinct. The rest of the tolerably numerous descendants of Rurik do not bear the title.

Of the posterity of Gedimin, there were extant in 1700 four branches, one of which, the Galitzins, has become extremely numerous. The great mass of princes, however, are not of Russian origin at all, but are of Tartar, Mordvinian and Georgian extraction. This swarm of foreign princes is explained by the fact that the Czars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, in their zeal for the diffusion of the Greek faith among the Tartars and Mordvinians, commanded all belonging to those nationalities who accepted that belief to assume the title of prince. There are at least eighty of these Mordvinian families who are entitled to bear the title; but most of them live like simple peasants, and occupy themselves, among other professions, with that of cab-driving in St. Petersburg.

ADVENTURES OF NAPOLEON.

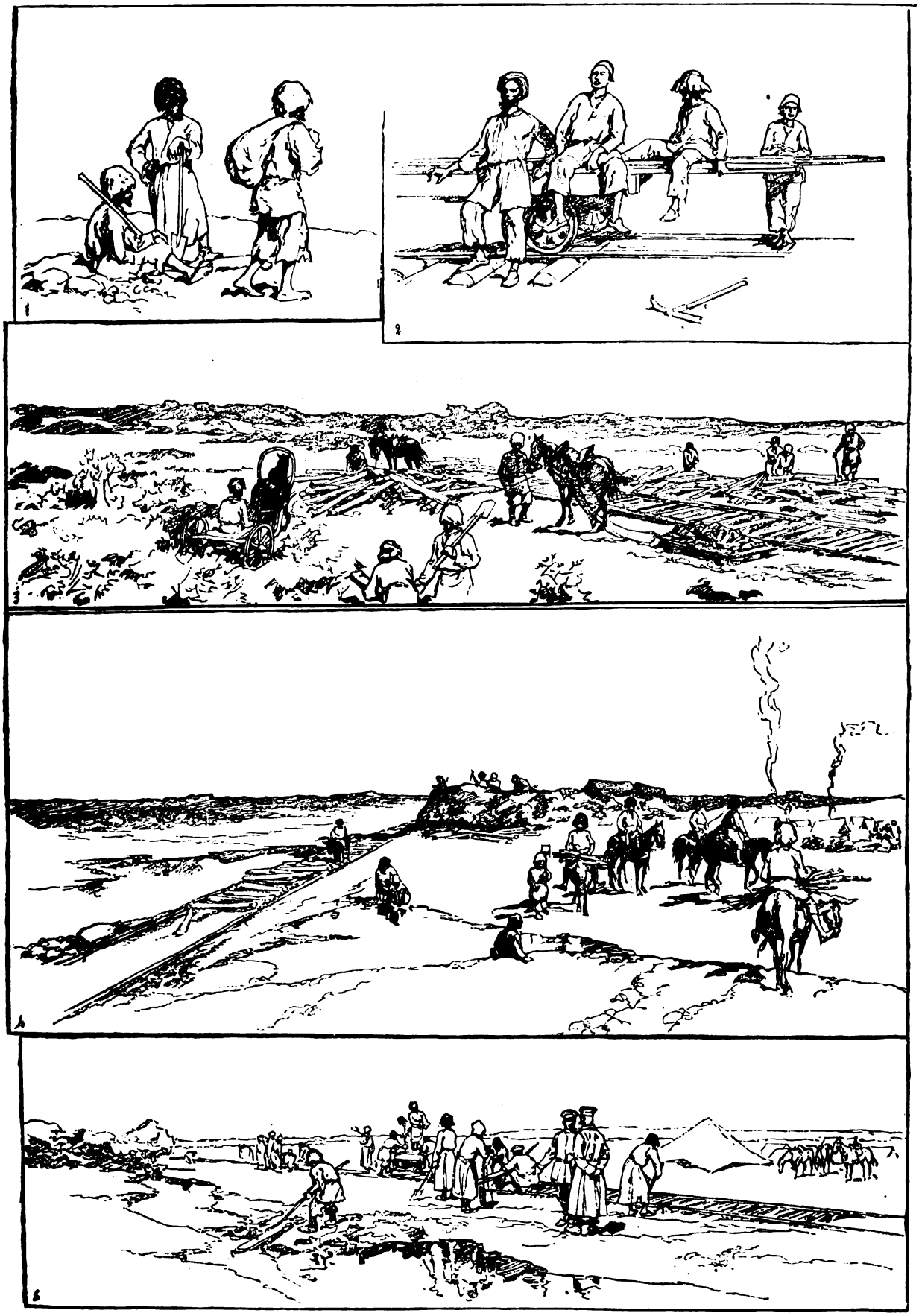
One never grows tired of personal details, even to the minutest, of the adventures of Napoleon, and, indeed, of all the Bonapartes. What an interesting little book, for example, might be written called "Old Clothes": being an account of the garments worn at different periods by Napoleon Bonaparte, some time Sub-lieutenant in the Regiment of La Fère, and afterward Emperor of the French and King of Italy! The straight-cut coat, stand-up collar, powdered and pomatumed hair of the student of Brienne and the Ecole Militaire; the lieutenant, the captain, the colonel; the general's garb, never complete without topboots, a plumed hat, and an immense tricolored sash, of the Revolutionary epoch; the red velvet coat, embroidered with gold, of the Consulate; the Imperial Coronation robes, designed by Talma; the green uniform of the Chasseurs of the Guard; the gray greatcoat and little cocked hat of Austerlitz; the furred pelisse of Moscow; the short velvet cloak, silk tights, and *chapeau à la Henri Quatre* of the Champ de Mai, 1815—ay, and the shabby nankeen suit and broad-brimmed straw hat of Longwood. What a book! To be copiously illustrated, of course!

SOME SMALL STATES.

It would probably puzzle most people to give a complete list of the sovereign states of Europe. We don't mean to suggest that they would be likely to omit Montenegro, or Servia, or Belgium, or Greece, or even Monaco, with its 7,200 subjects. But there is Andorra. One is prone to overlook its 600 square miles, and 10,000 mountaineers. And there is San Marino, the sole survivor of the old and once numerous republics of Italy. It contains only about 90 square miles and 8,000 inhabitants; yet it is a military power, and has an army of 950 men, while its revenue amounts to nearly $23,000 a year. And there is the principality of Lichtenstein, between the Tyrol and Switzerland. There is only a very little of this charming country. The land measures but twelve or thirteen miles in length, and the proud nation that inhabits it consists of only 10,000 souls; but, such as it is, this little principality exists under the rule of his most transparent Highness John II.; and it is protected by intimate alliance with Austria. Still more restricted in extent is the republic of Moresnet, between Verviers, in Belgium, and Aix-la-Chapelle. Its dominion reaches over only four square miles, it possesses about 3,000 inhabitants, and its annual revenue amounts to less than $2,500. The national army consists of one soldier, who also acts as policeman.

During the forty-nine years of Her Majesty's reign, seventeen different Viceroys have occupied the Viceregal throne in Dublin Castle, some few of whom—Lord Eglington, Lord Carlisle, the Duke of Abercorn and Lord Spencer—have reigned twice. Lords Clarendon, St. Germans and Carlisle received visits from the sovereign during the renowned twelve days, out of the forty-nine years of her reign, which she has so happily devoted to winning the affections of the Irish people.

THE TRANSCASPIAN RAILWAY.—A TURKOMAN RAID, NEAR THE PERSIAN FRONTIER, BEFORE THE RUSSIAN CONQUEST.—SEE PAGE 299.



1. Turkoman Spade Brigade. 2. Tartars and Persians Carrying Rails. 3. Bringing Sleepers and Ties. 4. Turkoman Workmen Coming to the Russian Post. 5. Turkomans at Work under Russian Officers.

THE TRANSCASPIAN RAILWAY.—SEE PAGE 299.

"BONNY DUNDEE."

By G. A. Davis.

Oh, well they named him "bonny"! Here in his tarnished frame,
Across the gulf of silence he smiles, the gallant Graeme!
Faint are the faded colors, yet oh, how fair to see,
Even this little shadow of Claver'se of Dundee!

He smiles, with lip half mocking, a courtly curve and fine—
The brown mustache curls upward, to show its crimson line;
Over an iron corselet the chestnut locks are rolled,
And one long, floating lovelock shows just a gleam of gold.

And clear as sparkling mountain streams, and bright, the hazel eyes—
Only the lashes' shadow across their sunlight lies;
Far down their amber stillness look long—yet you shall see
No ghosts of memory haunting this image of Dundee!

Without, the misty August skies drip down a tender rain,
And glints of sunshine come and go across the window-pane;
The Tweed croons low its old, old song—a plaintive Border lay,
Where loves and hates of centuries gone sing softly on to-day.

And faint, yet clear, the murmurs rise to clash of hoofs and steel;
High o'er the roar of chanted psalms the Highland slogans peal;
Down go the Covenanting lines—they fight and fall and flee—
And o'er them rides, like Azrael, the conquering Dundee!

Red were the fields of Scotland—redder than heather's dye;
Red rolled the burns to meet the sea, where Claver'se trampled by!
The smoke of burning homes went up, with wail of wife and maid,
Where stark and still the husbandman slept in his bloody plaid.

And curses rose with every prayer, in gorge and mountain glen,
Where the clatter of his horse's hoofs struck cold the hearts of men;
The devil kept his own, they said—the black steed bore him free—
For lead could never reach the heart of Claver'se of Dundee!

He rode like Fate through all the land, he spurred to Edinbro town,
Firm on the Stuart's head at last to fix the triple crown—

Abbottsford, September 2d, 1882.

Far down the ancient Canongate his troops rode on behind,
And like the rush of breaking waves stormed down Leith's narrow Wynd.

Sing low, O Tweed, your murmuring song, drip soft, O Summer rain—
I hear the wailing pibrochs cry o'er Killiekcrankie's slain!
The Highland yell of victory cleaves through roar of battle's tide,
And rings above the dying ranks that strew the Garry side.

And there rides Graeme of Claver'se, the dauntless chief and high;
His sword drives death before, and leaves death where he passes by!
Look out, look far and wide, brave eyes! the earth is fair to see—
But there's a silver bullet cast for Claver'se of Dundee!

The sun goes down all bloody red—on! for the last fierce charge!
The rain of blood, the clash of steel, the rattle of the targe—
Speed on, above the warring hosts, O soul at last set free!
That shot rang true, and found the heart of Claver'se of Dundee!

Still, like a dream before our eyes, that misty Summer day,
We saw these phantoms come and go, as cloud-flung shadows play;
We saw the gleam of corselets, the flutter of the plaid
Around the rallying standards, and the Stuart's white cockade!

The air was warm with heather scents, the gorse bloomed thick with gold,
And brown and sparkling through the fields the storied river rolled.
The glamour of the olden time o'er all the world seemed cast,
And wandering there, we hardly knew the present from the past.

O day so fair in memory! for us your sun stands still,
Above the Eildon's triple peak, o'er field and burn and hill;
Wind on, O Gala Water! flow, Tweed, to find the sea,
You brought us, in our dreams at least, "*one hour of Dundee*"!

WISHING-WELLS.

In "Shropshire Folk Lore" occur the following stories about wishing-wells:

In a valley called "Sunny Gutter," near Ludlow—the scene, it is said, of the adventure immortalized in "Comus"—there is a wishing-well, into which you must drop a stone, and the wish you form at the moment will be fulfilled. At Rhosgoch, on the Long Mountain, in the Montgomeryshire portion of the Shropshire parish of Worthen, is a favorite wishing-well, which is "good for the eyes" besides. "One of my cottagers," writes Sir Offley Wakeman, "who lived close to the well for two years, tells me that the bottom was bright with pins—straight ones, he thinks—and that you could get whatever you wished for the moment the pin you threw in touched the bottom. 'It was mostly used for wishing about sweethearts.'" These wells have either lost, or never possessed, any tradition of either tutelar spirit or saintly patron. Not so our most famous wishing-well, I might say the most famous of all our wells—namely, St. Oswald's Well, just outside Oswestry, which, if I read its traditional history aright, has practically been the origin of that thriving and important market-town. In all probability this was a Pagan sacred spring, frequented long before his time, to whom it was afterward dedicated. The waters of "Oswald's Well" still flow freely at the foot of a woody bank in a field on the outskirts of Oswestry, next to that now used as the grammar-school playground.

In the year 1842 a local antiquary, the late Mr. F. M. Doyaston, wrote that "the feeble and infirm still believe and bathe in the well, and did more so until it was inclosed in the noisy school playground. Bottles of water are carried to wash the eyes of those who are dim or short-sighted, or the tardy or erring legs of such as are of weak understandings." Nowadays it seems chiefly to be used as a wishing-well, and many are the ceremonies prescribed for attaining the heart's desire thereby. One rite is to go to the well at midnight, to take some of the water up in the hand and drink part of it, at the same time forming the wish in the mind. The rest of the water in the hand must then be thrown upon a particular stone at the back of the well, where the schoolboys think that King Oswald's head was buried, and where formerly a carved head wearing a crown projected from the wall. If the votary can succeed in throwing all the water left in his hand upon this stone, without touching any other spot, his wish will be fulfilled. Whatever ceremony be practiced, the wish, of course, must be divulged to no one. A young girl at Oswestry, about three years ago, obtained the wish which she had breathed into a small hole in the keystone of the arch over the well. Another approved plan is to bathe the

face in the water and wish while doing so; or, more elaborately, to throw a stone upon a certain green spot at the bottom of the well, which will cause a jet of water to spout up in the air. Under this the votary must put his head and wish, and the wish will be fulfilled in the course of one or two days. Another plan savors of divination; it is to search among the beech trees near the well for an empty beechnut-husk, which can be imagined to bear some sort of likeness to a human face, and to throw this into the water with the face uppermost. If it swims while the diviner counts twenty, the wish will be fulfilled, but not otherwise.

THE TRANSCASPIAN RAILWAY.

RUSSIA'S GREAT STRATEGIC LINE IN CENTRAL ASIA.

THE year 1886 witnessed the quiet consummation of an enterprise which, in the boldness of its conception and the importance of its results, both political and commercial, may be fairly ranked with the ocean telegraph-cables, the Suez Canal, and the Pacific Railroad. This marvelous enterprise is the Russian Transcaspian Railway, which reached Merv in July last, and had crossed the Oxus ere the beginning of the present Winter. Geok Tepé, which Skobeleff stormed only half-a-dozen years since, is a way station on this line, and trains pass daily over the desert penetrated by the adventurous O'Donovan, in his famous ride to Merv. Ere long the locomotive will invade ancient Bokhara, steam past the tomb of Tamerlane at Samarcand, and bring up at the gates of Tashkend, the commercial centre of Turkestan. Russia will thus be enabled to flank Candahar on the one hand, while on the other, the steamboats on the Oxus already connect the railroad with Khiva and the Aral Sea. Her strategic base is shifted to Transcaspia, and she is to-day practically mistress of Herat, which she could occupy with troops from the Caucasus in a fortnight less time than the English could from India, and with troops from Odessa in six weeks' less time than could possibly be done from England.

When the Russian Government sanctioned the completion of the Transcaucasian Railway, in 1879, there was probably no idea of constructing an extension beyond the Caspian in the direction of Askabad and Herat. The aim was rather at striking south of Tiflis to the Persian city of Tabriz; and, during 1880, railway engineers actually surveyed the country to Djulfa, on the Persian frontier, a point 284 miles from Tiflis, 85 from Tabriz, and 459 from Teheran. There was, also, talk of a railway to Kars, in Armenia.

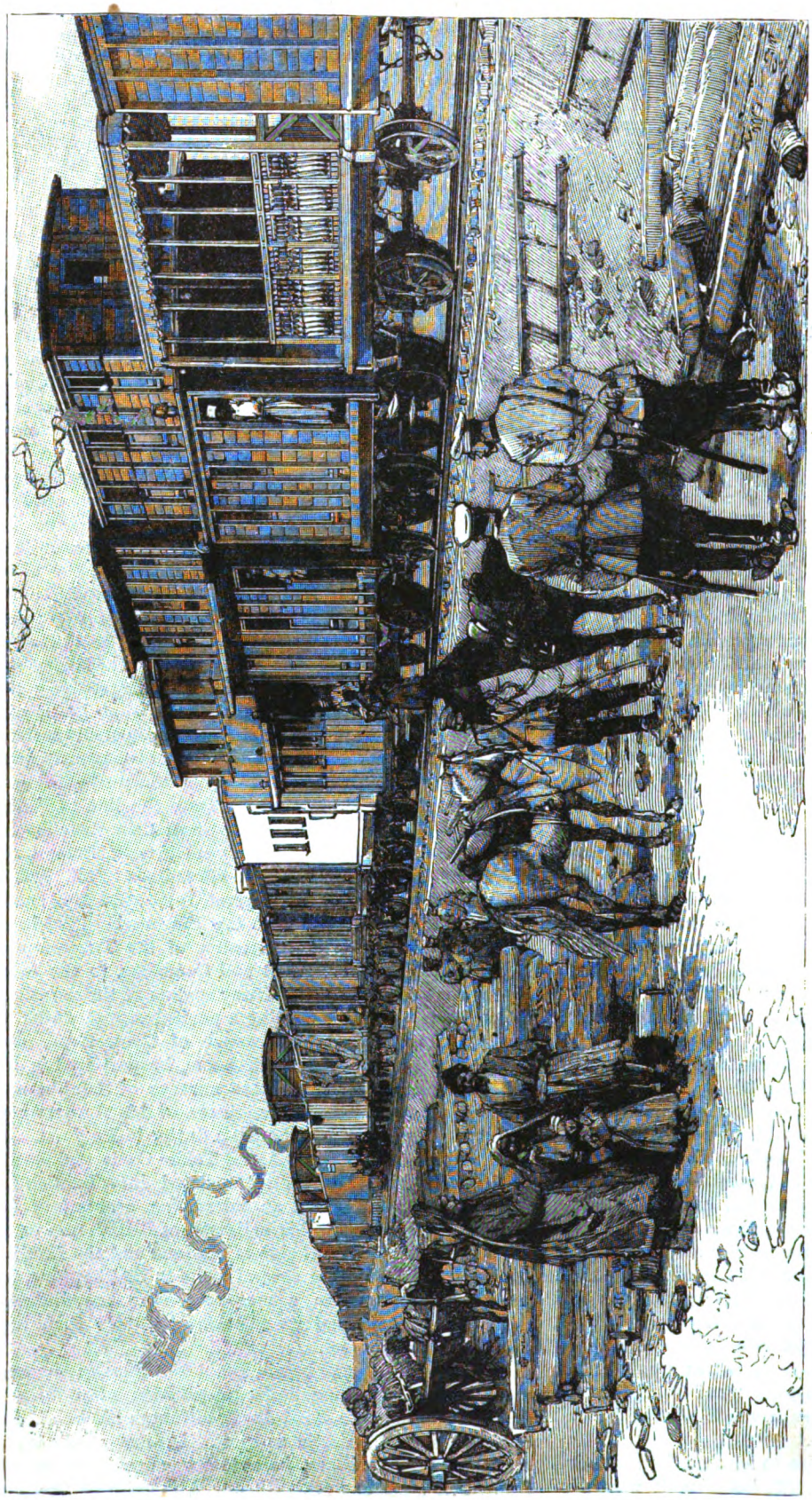
The original project of the Transcaspian Railway appears to have arisen out of Lomakin's defeat at Geok Tepé, in September, 1879; and but for that disaster, it is doubtful if the present line would ever have been constructed. But the power of Russia in Central Asia was shaken, rendering a campaign of retaliation unavoidable. The principal difficulty of the second expedition lay in the extreme scarcity of transport animals east of the Caspian, to convey the stores of the survey across the tract of desert lying between the coast and the oasis of Akhal. To overcome this, a service of traction-engines and *fourgons* was projected by General Petroosevitch, and, later on, the construction of a tramway between Tchikishlar and the edge of the Tekke oasis was mooted; but neither scheme received encouragement at St. Petersburg, and both were abandoned when Skobeleff decided against Tchikishlar as a base.

In proceeding to the Caspian to assume the command of the Turkoman expedition, Skobeleff took with him General Annenkoff, the Controller of Russian Military Transport. Annenkoff was a brilliant and honored officer, forty-five years of age. The son of wealthy and aristocratic parents, he had already passed through a varied military and administrative career. He had been intrusted, in 1877, with the transport arrangements for invading Turkey. At the close of the war he was appointed vice-president of the special commission instituted to report upon the reorganization of Russian railways, and was still actively engaged on this duty when the Government ordered him to the Caspian to supervise the transport of Skobeleff's expedition.

Krasnovodsk, on the southeastern coast of the Caspian, was selected for the base of operations; and Annenkoff at once suggested the construction of a railway from the Caspian coast to the Tekke oasis, at Kizil Arvat. The Russian Government had lying idle at Bender 100 miles of line, purchased and stored in 1878, in anticipation of a continuance of the war in the Balkan Peninsula; and Annenkoff urged that this material should be shifted to the Caspian and employed in the railway's construction.

The line was thus from the beginning entirely the project of Annenkoff. Moreover, from what he saw of the Turkoman region during the war, he speedily arrived at the conclusion—and in this he was subsequently supported by the engineers employed on the undertaking—that it would be feasible to continue the line to India. He was well aware that, in a very short time, the completion of a link in the Caucasus would give St. Petersburg direct railway communication, *viâ* Odessa, Poti, Baku, and Michaelovsk, with Kizil Arvat, in Central Asia; and, in order to enable Russia to tap the overland trade of India, he advocated the extension of his Transcaspian line through Sarakhs, Herat and Candahar, to the commencement of the Indian railway system at the mouth of Bolan Pass. Notwithstanding a painful wound which he received during a reconnaissance of Geok Tepé, and which necessitated his return home, he persisted in his scheme, and set on foot those surveys of Sarakhs and Herat by Lessar, then an engineer of his department, which subsequently raised such a flutter in England. In his pamphlet upon the "Akhal Tekke Oasis and Roads to India," which has been translated into English by Marvin, Annenkoff gives an interesting account of his scheme, together with his estimate of British power in India. Besides a knowledge of England and the English language, derived from several visits to that country, he undoubtedly possesses a more extensive acquaintance with Central Asia and its relations to India than any other Russian general.

But to return to our beginning. The Russian Government agreed to Annenkoff's proposition of a railway from the Caspian to Kizil Arvat, although Skobeleff did not give it enthusiastic support. In many influential circles in St. Petersburg, indeed, it was openly ridiculed. Annenkoff went to work with a will, in spite of the disparaging criticism of experts. Some of these asserted that the first sand-storm would bury the line. But experience proved that the sand could blow off as well as



CONSTRUCTION-TRAIN IN THE DESERT.

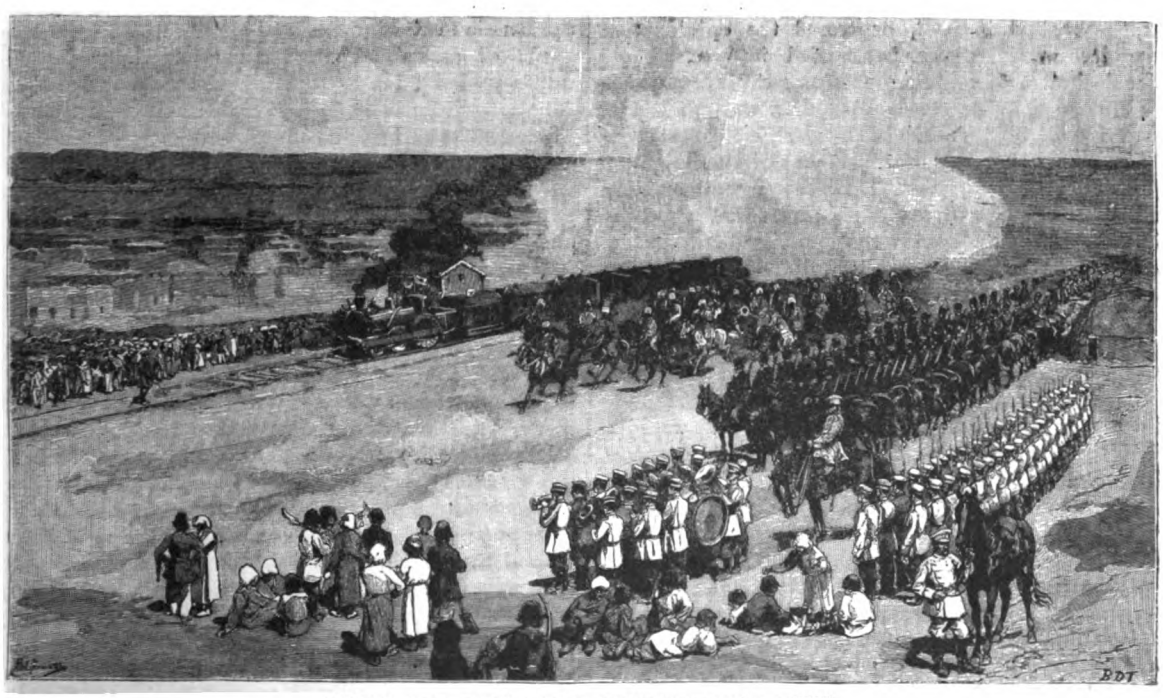
blow on the rails; and the traffic has never yet been interfered with by the shifting sands, notwithstanding the numerous storms that have tested the matter. The croakers then said that the periodical inundations of the Transcaspian coast would wash away the line; but this has not yet happened, for Annenkoff built his embankments so strongly, and protected them so well, that the severest inundations have scarcely injured it at all. Perhaps it was these dangers that induced Annenkoff to build the railway more substantially than had been originally intended. At any rate, it soon threw off its character of a "temporary military railway," and developed into a five-foot broad-gauge line, as substantially built as any in Russia.

If the railway did not render material assistance to Skobeleff's expedition, it at once justified its construction by powerfully increasing Russia's influence in Central Asia. Annenkoff's article on the "Roads to India" appeared before his railway was finished, and when doubts existed whether it would survive the campaign. With the fall of Geok Tepé and the occupation of Askabad, the *raison d'être* for the railway seemed—to its opponents, at least—to have disappeared. The Russian Government, nevertheless, steadily continued the construction of the line, and carried it on in due course to the terminus fixed upon—Kizil Arvat. This original Transcaspian Railway, from Michaelovsk to Kizil Arvat, was 217 versts or 144 miles long, and cost $22,500 a mile, or $3,240,000 to construct. When this was accomplished, and traffic opened throughout, Annenkoff may be said to have won

INTERIOR OF A KIBITKA TELEGRAPHIC POST.

the approval of the Government for his Indian scheme. Had the desert section of the line never been constructed, it may be doubted if Russia would have taken in hand the larger project, for the present, at any rate. But when the desert was traversed, and the country beyond found to be flat and fertile, and easily traversed by a railway, the notion of threatening British influence in the East by extending the line to within striking distance of Herat could not but prove irresistibly tempting to a Government which has always been singularly open to the reception of great ideas. Russia realized that the Transcaspian Railway was something more than a mere military line, beginning and ending nowhere, and intended only for the local transport of troops. It was seen that once the Transcaucasian Railway from Batoum to Baku was completed, the Michaelovsk-Kizil-Arvat or Transcaspian line would naturally fall into its place as a logical extension of the Russian railway system, and that it would prove a better route to Turkestan than the road from Orenburg to Tashkend, in the event of the long-projected Central Asian Railway ever being carried into effect. People began to recognize the credit due to Annenkoff for having given a solid character to a railway which the Russian Government itself had originally intended to be only of a temporary character, and which even such a brilliant and far-seeing man as Skobeleff had treated with inadequate appreciation.

Moreover, the moment the railway reached Kizil Arvat it began to be employed in transporting merchandise, arrangements being made for the dispatch of caravans to it from the east, north and south. The Khiva and Bokhara caravans, which had formerly proceeded along the Oxus to its mouth, and then *viâ* the Ust-Urt and Kazala to Orenburg, now took a new route from the Oxus to the railway terminus—a route which to-day may be traversed entirely by rail. The distance between Khiva and Orenburg is 863 miles, occupying forty-three days to traverse



ARRIVAL OF THE FIRST TRAIN AT MERV, JULY 14TH, 1886.

with camels. The distance from Khiva to Kizil Arvat, on the other hand, is but 316 miles, and could be traversed by caravans in fifteen or sixteen days, before the recent extension of the railway through to the Oxus, and the steamboats on that stream, reduced the time to something like sixty hours. The Persian trade-route from Nishapur to Astrabad, near the Caspian coast, was to a large extent diverted *viâ* Kelat and Bami to Kizil Arvat, in order to replace the 200 miles of camel road by the use of the railway. And, lastly, the Afghan trade-route, commencing at Candahar and running through Herat, Sarakhs, Askabad and Bami to Kizil Arvat, which in modern times had been blocked by the raids of the Turkomans, was reopened by the march of Russian enterprise.

Already, before the completion of the line to Kizil Arvat, Annenkoff had sent engineers to survey the country from Kizil Arvat to Askabad. When this survey demonstrated the feasibility of a railway extension to Askabad, he sent the surveyors on to Sarakhs, and finally to within a short distance of Herat. But for the excitement provoked in England by Lessar's movements, the survey might have been continued to India itself. The survey of this remaining section, however, was postponed; but additional surveys were made in the direction of the Khiva and the Amu Daria (Oxus). Turkestan had been fed for years with hopes of being one day joined to Russia by a railway. The projected line to Sarakhs and India left her out in the cold. This was not agreeable to Tchernayeff and other founders of modern Turkestan; and, in consequence of the pressure they brought to bear upon the Russian Government, Lieutenant Bweestrjinsky was dispatched to Transcaspia early in 1882 to effect a survey for a line from Kizil Arvat to Khiva—the idea at that time being to continue the communication thence by steamer up the Oxus, and, perhaps, lay down another line of rails through Bokhara to Tashkend. The route taken by Bweestrjinsky from Kizil Arvat to Khiva was through a country of desert character, ill-provided with water, possessing no fuel, and requiring, at places, considerable levelings and excavations. The total distance was 475 versts (315 miles). Marvin, in his book on "The Russians at Merv and Herat," published in 1883, expressed the opinion that this project would never be carried into effect, and predicted that a railway to the Oxus *viâ* Merv stood a better chance of being constructed than one *viâ* Khiva. The surveys of Alikhanoff and Lessar had shown conclusively that, with a little management of the irrigation system of Turkmenia, the Akhal, the Tejend and the Merv oases might be joined together, so that a railway would have to transverse only the 150 miles of desert intervening between Merv and Chardjui on the Oxus. Before three years elapsed, the predictions of the astute and vigilant young English writer were verified. The first train entered Merv last July, and the iron bridge across the Oxus at Chardjui was completed in October.

A battalion of Russian military engineers and laborers was formed at Moscow in the Spring of 1885. It was dispatched to Transcaspia on the 13th of June, arrived at Kizil Arvat July 3d, and ten days later a force of 1,000 men, under the personal direction of General Annenkoff, took up the work of constructing the railway where it had been left off some four years before. For the lodgings of his men, on the inhospitable Turkoman steppes, where glacial cold and scorching heat are the alternate characteristics of the climate, Annenkoff provided a train of immense dwelling-cars, two stories high, comfortably fitted up and warmed with stoves, forming a veritable camp on wheels. Dormitories, officers' headquarters, storehouses, kitchens and mess-rooms—all had their places in this great rolling camp, which advanced day by day over the newly laid rails. The work of grading was done mostly by Tartars of the Caucasus, Turkomans, and Persians. These were followed up by the military railroad-builders, who laid the ties and rails brought along by the construction-trains. Russian mujiks ran these trains, and did most of the wood work. It was most curious to see the Turkomans, with shovels thrust in their girdles instead of scimetars, coming on horseback to work under the direction of the Russians, who, in less than five years, have tamed these fierce nomads of the steppes and transformed their raiding-ground into a peaceful province of the Caucasus.

At intervals along the completed portion of the line stations of surveillance were established, and left in charge of an officer. For this purpose, a *kibitka*, or dome-shaped Turkoman tent, would be fitted up, in a semi-warlike, semi-scientific fashion, clean and cozy within, and connected by telegraph with the moving camp of the construction party. It was like a boat in mid-ocean—the wild desert extending to the horizon on all sides, the two ribbons of iron its only visible connection with the inhabited and civilized world.

The result of Annenkoff's excellent organization, and the energy with which he infused his command, was that the entire distance of 535 versts, or 355 miles, between Kizil Arvat and Merv were spanned by the iron road in thirteen months. At the same time the western terminus was removed from Michaelovsk to Novi Golfe, a military station with a good harbor, fifteen miles north of the former, and separated from Krasnovodsk by an arm of the Caspian Sea.

The first train arrived at Merv on the 14th of July, 1886. M. Gabriel Bonvalot, a French scientific missionary in Central Asia, describes the picturesque festivities attending this event in a letter to the *Monde Illustré*. The Turkoman laborers had no sooner laid the rails as far as the Merv station, than the train, gayly decorated with the Russian colors, steamed up, escorted by troops of Turkoman horsemen. A regiment of Cossacks and the corps of engineers, drawn up in parade order, received the Russian officials with loud cheers, in which the thousands of assembled Turkomans joined. An artillery salute pealed forth as the train drew up at the station. All the buildings of Merv were decorated, and the day was given over to rejoicings.

Merv, "the Queen of the World," has been considerably Europeanized since O'Donovan penned his picturesque description. Its situation is indeed superb, in the midst of the oasis watered by the Murghab, and whose fertility equals that of the Nile Valley. The gorgeous tulip grows here in its natural state; and every Spring the plains around Merv are covered with flowers whose perfume weights the air, and whose varied tints furnish, it is said, the designs of those brilliant carpets which the Tekke women weave. When M. Bonvalot arrived at Merv, *viâ* Persia and Afghanistan, a few days before the celebration, the irrigation channels were filled with water, and the Murghab was overflowing its banks. Approaching the city, which was almost hidden by trees, he found men at work building a brick wall around it. Carriages, and people on horseback and on foot, were moving about in all directions amidst clouds of dust. The scene was most animated and exciting, after the stillness of the desert.

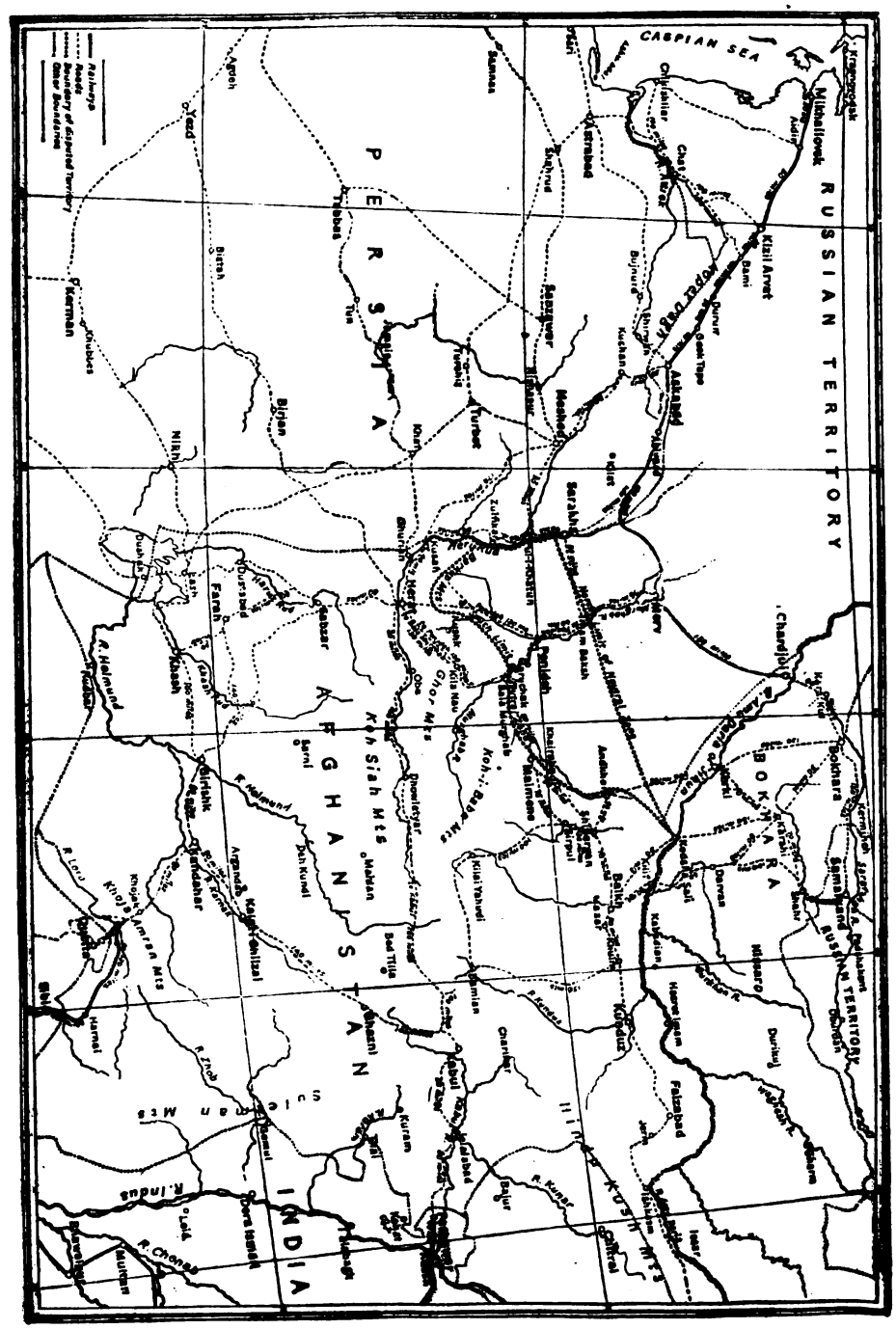
When the Russians first took up their quarters in Merv, the natives, as well as the Jews and Armenians

acquainted with the locality, advised them to erect their new town on the right bank of the river, where the site would be protected from floods. Disregarding this advice, they began to build on the left bank. In May last the river rose, overflowed its banks, and swept away all the newly erected buildings within a hundred yards of the left side of the stream. In July, many of the streets around the town were still filled with water, and a smell of stagnant marshes filled the air. The new town consists of two parallel streets running east and west. The building of the southern streets had been interrupted by the floods. The population of the quarter had risen to about 3,000, composed of Russian officers and employés, Armenian merchants, and workmen of all nationalities, attracted there by the railway. Most of the houses are one-story structures of brick; but larger buildings are at present in course of construction toward the western part of the town.

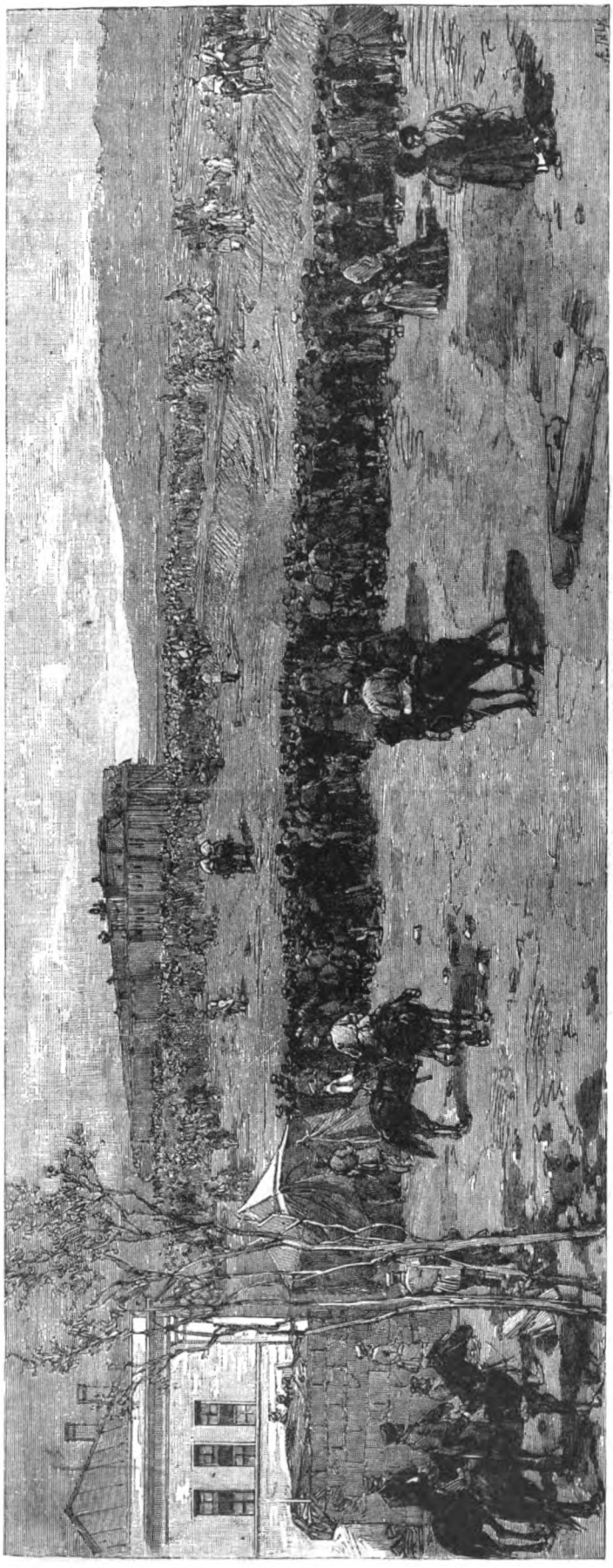
Concerning the work on that part of the line traversing the black sands of the Kara-Kum Desert between Merv and Chardjui on the Oxus, a distance of 209 miles, we have no details; but its completion was announced by telegraph some weeks ago. Eighty-five miles more will bring the railway to Bokhara, and 265 thence to Tashkend, the great Eastern goal of commerce. To the south, the short extension of the line from Kaaka to Sarakhs, on the Perso-Afghan frontier, will bring the Russian railway to within 200 miles of Herat.

While Russia has thus advanced toward India with tremendous strides, England is no nearer to her Asian Empire than she was fifteen years ago. Her sea communication with it cannot be improved. To keep pace with Russia, in Central Asia, she must have a railroad there. But the Euphrates Valley line, after a quarter of a century of discussion, is still a project; and the Quetta Railway, which Indian opinion is now in favor of pushing on to Candahar, is 469 miles from Herat, with far greater obstacles before it than the Russians have to encounter in their northern approach.

The most conservative of Englishmen can no longer remain blind to the significance of this enterprise; and opinions on the subject have greatly altered since 1876, when Lord Beaconsfield declared: "Far from being alarmed at the progress of Russia in Central Asia, I see no reason why Russia should not complete the conquest of Turkestan just as England has conquered India." Comparatively few Englishmen, even up to the present time, have admitted that Russia's advance menaces British domination in India. But now they begin to fear, to use the recent words of an English officer writing to the *Nation*, that Russia "looks to this rich land (India) as an ultimate compensation for the capital she is investing in the conquest of the sterile uplands of

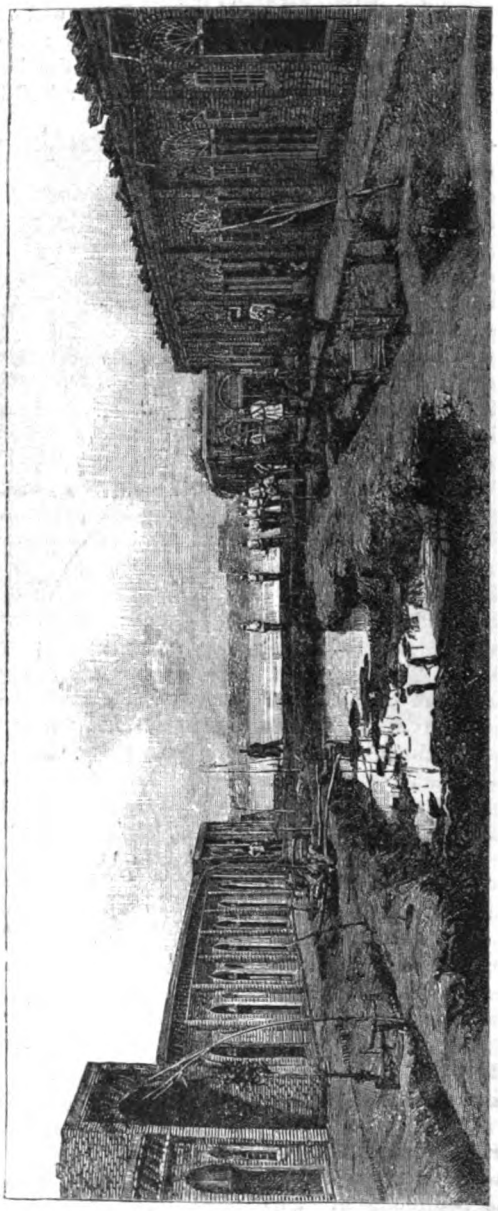


MAP OF THE TRANSCASPIAN REGION, SHOWING ITS GEOGRAPHICAL RELATIONS TO INDIA.



INAUGURATION OF THE STATION AT MERV.

Central Asia." Although in the recent European complications, Russia's doings in Central Asia have been temporarily obscured from the sight of the world, she has, since the retreat of Sir Peter Lumsden's superfluous Boundary Commission, gone on extending her base of operations toward Afghanistan as energetically as ever. Her present position, flanking as she does by railroad the unsettled provinces north of Kabul and Cashmere, renders speculation



A STREET IN MERV.

easy as to where an attack will be made the next time Russia and England come to open quarrel in Asia. Within the past few weeks, European dispatches have reported the adoption by the Russian Government of a scheme for the occupation of Central Asia as far as the Hindu Kush Mountains, taking in Herat. All this is but a question of time, which may prove unexpectedly brief.

HER FATHER'S SECRETARY.—"HER EYES AND HER FACE WERE TURNED FROM HIM. HE COULD SEE HER NECK, CRIMSONED WITH A BURNING BLUSH; HE COULD FEEL HER HANDS TWISTING IN HIS GRASP."

HER FATHER'S SECRETARY.

By Madeline S. Bridges.

Lilian Crystal was that rare and notable product of the nineteenth century, an American girl who had gone to England and come back—an American. She was further remarkable, being a beauty and an heiress, for returning unmarried; and now, at barely twenty-four, was beginning to eschew society and devote herself to books.

"In joining contrasts lieth love's delight," the poet tells us; consequently, Lilian's dearest friend and *confidante*, Clara Welles, went out five evenings in the week, never read a page of anything, and would rather be mistaken for an Englishwoman than an angel. She was thirty-two, and went skipping through life like a schoolgirl of sixteen. Just at present she had come from Newport, rushing in with the strength and freshness of the ocean breeze itself, and had settled down for a quiet week or two in Lilian's beautiful home on the Hudson. The family consisted of Colonel Crystal, his daughter Lilian, his secretary, Howard Russell, and a house full of servants. And here Miss Welles had staid her footsteps "to take breath," she said. Her manner of taking it appeared to consist in talking incessantly. She was *un camarade* with all the world, and in this respect also differed greatly from her friend Miss Crystal.

"I had just a lovely talk with Mr. Russell, Lilian," she announced, delightedly, a day or two after her arrival. The young ladies were enjoying the quiet sunset hour on the broad veranda, one in white and one in mauve, and both wielding the large fans of Fashion's dictate. "All the time you were asleep he sat and talked with me, and we got acquainted so beautifully! I don't see how any one can help liking him."

Lilian arched her eyebrows.

"Well, I don't," persisted Clara, seriously. "He is

so bright and kind; he is wonderfully kind to *you*—just like a big, strong, affectionate brother, and he never seems to mind your impertinence a bit."

"My dear Clara!"

"He is, too! I don't care, I *like* him, and we had a lovely time. He told me lots about himself; at least, not about *himself*, but his love story slipped out, and then I questioned him and made him tell."

"His love story!" echoed Lilian, in an odd sort of surprise, which she instantly modified by a tone of indifference. "He has a love story, then? He seems so utterly content with himself, I should never imagine him in the character of a heart-broken swain."

"Heart-broken? Not a bit of it. Indeed, no! He is very hopeful and happy, and very, very much in love!"

"Ah!" Lilian was quite absorbed for a second or two arranging the roses at her waist. "Then it would seem to be a prosperous affair, and—mutual."

"Entirely mutual. He met her first five years ago, when he was only twenty, and has been faithful ever since. But fancy his being only twenty-five now! I imagined he was thirty at least. The young lady is younger. He showed me a curl of her hair; he wears it in that heavy gold locket on his watchchain."

"Do you think that was a gentlemanly thing to do?"

"What? Wear her hair? Oh, show it to me, you mean. *I* think it was gentlemanly, because he would not mention her name, and only said how dearly he loved her, and how good and beautiful she was. He is working his way toward her in hope and patience, but does not know when they can be married. He left her in England nearly five years ago, but he seems quite sure of her and of himself; and, oh, I did think his frankness was something just delightful. Every way I find him pleasant and charming! Do tell me, Lilian, why it is that you dislike him so."

"I suppose it must be because he is an Englishman," she answered, coolly. "I got so tired of them when I was over there! They all look alike; they talk alike; they wear the same sort of clothes; they act, precisely, one like another. It seemed so strange to see no variety—no individuality! And all the children are made after one pattern, too. Lord Elton's growing family and Sir Dilby Wilkes's children, I could scarcely tell them apart, though I saw them almost daily when I staid at Lady Arden's. Mr. Russell is to me simply *intolerably* English."

"I should blush to acknowledge such prejudice," said Clara, loftily.

"Well, I have another feeling, too." She hesitated a little. "I may wrong him, but Mr. Russell impresses me with the idea that he is acting a part. I think we do not know him as he really is—there is something mysterious——"

"He is coming up the walk now," said Miss Welles, calmly.

"Of all things in the world!" Lilian made a quick movement as if to rise. "Can I escape, Clara? Is there time?"

"Well, he'll see your ignominious retreat. I wouldn't, if I were you! And it's dreadful, Lilian. You should not permit yourself such feelings, and especially toward a person who has never injured you."

"Please allow me my mental freedom," said Lilian, impatiently. "I hate Mr. Russell, that's all, and if I didn't hate him, I would detest him. Now do you understand?"

"Probably as well as you do," said Clara, with a curious smile. "But prejudice apart, isn't he handsome? Isn't he manly? Now you will see him throw his cigar away; he is smoking it up to the last minute, but—— There it goes! Oh, you needn't have sacrificed your cigar, Mr. Russell. I am so fond of the scent of tobacco, and so is Lilian."

Lilian had given but a very slight nod of recognition to the newcomer, who displaced his hat with prompt courtesy, and sat down on one of the lower steps of the veranda, looking up brightly at the two pretty faces above him.

"Oh, but here's a chair!" Miss Welles made haste to say. "Come up higher. I don't like to see you in such a lowly position."

"I am but as my fortunes are," was the smiling reply. "Besides, however much I may be looked down on, Miss Welles, I find it always delightful to look up, and as a natural consequence, in the present instance, to adore."

"Oh," said Clara, with a prolonged intonation, "Miss Crystal and I are wondering which one of us ought to appropriate the adoration. It would never do to divide it, you know."

"You are very welcome to my share," returned Lilian, with contemptuous indifference. "I certainly have no wish to retain it."

"But then, don't you see, Miss Crystal, that is the beauty of adoration," Mr. Russell observed, calmly. "It goes where it is sent, quite independent of reception. That's why I find it such a luxury, because it doesn't require any foundation in reason. It's so delightfully untenable! I believe with the fellow in Tennyson, that,

> 'To admire, and not to desire, if a man could attain it, were more
> Than to walk all day, like the sultan of old, in a garden of spice.'

I actually can do that. I can admire things that—well, that would bore me to death if I really possessed them. I dare say, Miss Crystal would never give me credit for that sort of mental equilibrium."

"I beg your pardon," she said, looking at him full, with bland impatience. "Did you speak to me."

"I think I mentioned your name," he spoke, with equal blandness. "But, really, the remark isn't worth repeating."

"I quite agree with you," was the scornful reply. "But Tennyson, perhaps, is worth quoting correctly."

"Didn't I? Well, really now, I beg his pardon, and yours. That *is* a shame! Thanks, very much, for your interest, though. I scarcely hoped you were attending *so closely*."

"I wasn't really," said Lilian, coolly, "but the misquotation roused me. It always seems to me such a breach of good faith and good manners to misquote."

"And so it is—a breach of both," said Mr. Russell, promptly. "I am, myself, I may say, unusually correct—almost infallible, in fact."

Lilian opened her fan with a twirl, and turned her face away. Why should it invariably happen, no matter how or when they met, that she must always find herself involved in some argument or discussion with this obtrusive man? She bit her lip angrily, and looked off at the sea-line with a determined gaze.

"But, you see," continued Mr. Russell, tranquilly transferring the rest of his observation from Miss Crystal to her more receptive friend, "the fact is, Miss Crystal expects too much of me. I disappoint her continuously. She fancies a secretary ought to know everything thoroughly and do everything perfectly. She expects him to be more than mortal, in fact. And—well—

I'm not that, Miss Welles. I have faults and shortcomings, like other human beings."

"No?" said Clara, deprecatingly. "Impossible! I thought Englishmen never had—in their own judgment!"

"Oh, yes; I assure you"—composedly—"they are not complete perfection by any means. I'm only sorry I can't quite fill Miss Crystal's ideal, that's all. And, you see, she blames me for what, in reality, is no fault of mine."

Lilian said not one word. She sat immovable. Miss Clara looked over, with a mischievous sparkle in her eyes, at the obstinate poise of her head, which still showed to her companion only its crowded braids of yellow hair.

"But I came up"—Mr. Russell roused himself from the contemplation of his own very pretty hands—"I left Colonel Crystal at the stables, and came up to say that it is his wish that I should drive Miss Crystal round the beach this evening. He doesn't feel quite well, and, of course, if Captain Bliss is coming to ride with you——"

"Oh, yes, indeed," assented Clara, delightedly. "Then you can go in the little phaeton with Lilian. That will be lovely!"

"I shall be charmed, for my part," murmured Mr. Russell, stroking his heavy brown mustache.

Miss Crystal turned her face round slowly.

"It need not make any difference with *your* arrangements, Clara," she said, clearly; "but, of course, I could not think of going with—without papa."

"It will make all the difference in the world," said Clara, in a disappointed voice. "I certainly won't go unless you do."

"But that is impossible," returned Lilian, steadily. "It is quite impossible, Clara dear, under the circumstances."

"Very well, then." Clara put on an air of resignation. "I suppose our ride can be postponed?"

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Russell, cheerfully, with a beaming smile at Lilian. "No doubt we can amuse ourselves quite as pleasantly at home."

To this suggestion Lilian made no reply beyond a glance of scorn, which seemed utterly lost on the culprit for whose confusion it was intended.

* * * * * *

"Papa dear, will you do something for me—for Lilian? You won't like to do it, I know; and oh, it *is* hard for me to ask you!" She pressed her cheek to his. "But—you must not refuse! Promise me!—say Yes!"

The brown eyes of her long-dead mother were looking at him coaxingly from the lovely, troubled face.

"Well, but give me *some* idea of the services required. You do not expect an unconditional promise beforehand?"

"N—no! Of course not. But—you *will* say Yes, won't you? no matter what it is—no matter how strange it may seem? And I've never made such a request of you before. Papa, now, have I—have I ever?"

"Bless me! I should hope not. I hope you won't, now, Lilian. I have never known any little girl of mine to be unreasonable——"

"But I *am* unreasonable!" she interrupted, with something like a sob in her voice this time. "I am. You will say so, and—I know it's true. I am going to ask you to—to send Mr. Russell away?"

"Mr. Russell! Send Mr. Russell away!"

Colonel Crystal drew his head back to look in his daughter's face, but Lilian was not to be looked at just then. She laid her cheek down on his thick, gray hair.

"I ask you, and I beg you, papa, for my sake, to do this. I know how you prize him. I know all the sacrifice; but, papa, *I* will try to fill his place. I know I can. I will learn to do his work. And—and—papa, he makes me so unhappy that I can't bear it any longer!"

"My dear Lilian, what in the world—what *can* you mean? I must beg you to explain. Unhappy? Mr. Russell makes *you* unhappy?"

"He makes me wretched," she returned, vehemently. "My life has been miserable ever since he came to the house. I don't know why he should have this power to annoy and irritate me. From the first moment I disliked him, and every day seems to make the feeling more intense, and I never, never can hope to be happy or like myself again until he is gone!"

"My dear girl, my dear girl, calm yourself! I never thought you could be so vehement."

"I never thought so, papa. It tortures me to be drawn out of myself like this, but can I help it if these strong feelings come and possess me, and make me a different being? And so I want the cause to be removed. I ask you, and I beg you, to send Mr. Russell away!"

"Well, my dear, well—but, tell me, have you any special cause of complaint against Mr. Russell? Has he offended you in any way?"

"I know you would ask me that," she said, despairingly; "and—there is nothing. I have no reason to complain. He is always gentlemanly and polite. And I have been so rude to him, so overbearing. You would be ashamed of me if you knew!"

"No, my Lilian; I am very sure I could not, under any circumstances, be ashamed of you."

"I have been ashamed of myself," she said, penitently, "often and often. But, papa, he provokes me so. He does not seem to know his place."

"His place, my dear?"

"Well, I can't explain, but, somehow, no matter how deferential he is, I always feel that he considers himself not only my equal, but my superior."

"And why not? In attainments he certainly *is* your superior, and in other respects, decidedly your equal; except, perhaps—well, some points of beauty are in your favor. Russell isn't handsome, that's so."

"Papa, and you really think that your secretary, who works at your command for a salary all week—you think he is the equal of your daughter"—she drew herself up with a lofty air—"Lilian Crystal?"

"I should like to know why not? You don't count your dollars, I hope—your paltry million or so—in the scale against a human being, the handiwork of the Great Maker? Do you think Russell would be a noble man, do you think you would like him any better, if he owned a lot of money?"

"Oh, no, no!" she said, impulsively; "I should hate him more, if that could be. Papa, it's hopeless, don't you see it is, this aversion? I feel nothing could alter my feeling, and that is why I ask you to part with him. If you knew how he makes me suffer, you would not, you could not, refuse me!"

"No one shall make you suffer, Lilian, if I have power to prevent it," her father answered, kindly, pressing her hand. "Mr. Russell goes next week, or sooner, if you like. Now are you happy, dear?"

"Oh, so happy, papa! Thank you! thank you!"

She laid her head down on her father's shoulder with a burst of tears.

* * * * * *

A tap at her door roused Lilian from the abstraction that seemed to be habitual with her of late.

"Come in," she called, languidly, without raising her eyes. Of course it could be only her maid or one of the servants.

"Miss Crystal."

Now, indeed, she lifted up her eyes with a flash of amazement; the color rushed to her cheeks. Mr. Russell had closed the door gently behind him, and advanced toward her. It was the first time he had ever entered her room, but his air was perfectly natural and unembarrassed.

"I have come to say good-by, Miss Crystal," he announced, in a self-possessed and friendly voice. Lilian had risen from her chair, and stood facing him in genuine surprise.

UNDER GREEN APPLE BOUGHS.

"Oh, I meant to come down. Of course I intended to —to—see you before——"

"Pardon me," he said, smiling. "The time was so short, and I was afraid you *might* forget."

"You must think I am a careless hostess."

"But I was not a guest," he rejoined, quickly. "And, at any rate, I wished to see you alone."

"Alone!" she echoed, coldly.

"Alone, to say good-by to you, if I must, and to tell you before I go—what you have long known, I think—that I love you, and—to ask you to be my wife."

He spoke clearly and distinctly, his strong, dark eyes fixed earnestly on Lilian's.

There was silence for a moment. Lilian's glance never wavered, but she had grown deadly pale.

"Forgive me," he said, more gently. "Perhaps I have startled you, but I thought you were fully aware—at any rate, I could not go from you with the truth unspoken. It is your right to know it, Lilian, and my right to demand a reply. I offer you now my love, and —my life."

"But how dare you?" she asked, in a low, shaken voice; "how dare you speak such words to me?"

It seemed she could say no more for sheer amazement.

"'I dare do all that may become a man,'" he replied, smiling strangely at her. "It requires no courage, believe me, to tell you that I love you, Lilian; but it *has* required courage to keep silence. Give me my answer," he continued, pleadingly. "But let it be from your heart, dear—from your heart!"

"I have answered you," she said, pantingly, her beautiful unflinching eyes still meeting his; "but I will repeat my answer: *How dare you speak such words to me? That* is the reply I make. And now, if you please, I will consider your farewells said."

She stretched out one hand toward him with a gesture of dismissal, but he reached her with a stride, and caught and clasped it in both his own.

"My farewells will be said when you refuse my offer, and when you tell me you do not love me—never till then."

"I refuse your offer," she said, instantly. "With indignation and contempt I refuse it!"

"Do you?" He smiled as he spoke the words. "Well, tell me now that you do not love me. Look into my eyes, Lilian, you that are the soul of truth, and tell me

you do not love me. Oh, have courage, dear! Only look at me and speak, before Heaven and your own heart, the truth!"

But her eyes and her face were turned from him. He could see her neck, crimsoned with a burning blush; he could feel her hands twisting in his grasp, and he had no mercy.

"Dearest," he said, bending so near that his cheek almost touched her own, "I have known it all along. I have known you loved me. That is why I have spoken fearlessly; but I do not know the reason you refuse to marry me. Have I not the right to ask? Lilian, is it because I am poor, because in the eyes of the world my station is below your own? Dear, that should not count against a love like—ours!"

He said the last word almost in a whisper, but it seemed to strike Lilian Crystal like a scourge. She shook her hands free of his grasp with determined strength and fierce energy.

"I wish you to leave me, sir," she said, loftily. "I have no further word to say to you, and I will listen to your insults no longer!

"Insults!" The color flashed into his dark, pale face, but he controlled himself with a great effort. "What insults, Lilian; in God's name tell me, I beg you, for the sake of all justice?"

"Ask your own heart," she answered, firmly; and now she looked him bravely in the face. "Ask your memory. Ask this love-token." She touched the locket on his watchchain. "You are a treacherous man," she added, slowly.

Then Howard Russell laughed a joyous and most natural laugh.

"My beautiful, proud Lilian," he said, gayly, his eyes glowing with delight. "It is your own hair, dearest. Look!" He touched a little spring in the trinket and drew out a long, fair lock of hair. "I cut this from your head four years ago, and I have kept it ever since."

She looked at him, bewildered.

"Do you remember when you were in England, staying at Lady Arden's place, in Devonshire, being thrown from your horse on the road one day?"

"Yes," she said, faintly.

"You were unconscious for a time, and some people picked you up and cared for you. Can you remember who they were?"

"They were a party of young people. Lord Elton's children and their tutor. Of course I remember."

"And one of the young men, the eldest, cut the hair from your forehead where it was wounded, and bound it up with his handkerchief, and rode home with you through the park afterward."

"It was a boy who did that," she returned, quickly. "A boy with dark hair and eyes——" She stopped suddenly, confused.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.—SEE PAGE 311.

"I was twenty, Lilian. I was old enough to love you. I have carried you in my heart ever since. They sent me back to college at Paris the very next week after that, but I loved you, Lilian! I kept trace of you through the Arden people, and as soon as I was my own master I came to America to find you. I am Howard Russell Elton. I told your father all, and he knew I had come to win you if I could. And I had his good will."

"But Clara told me of one you loved—some one you had left in England?"

"Dear, I left you in England. You were still at Lady Arden's when I went back to my studies in Paris. Have you forgotten everything about me? Can't you remember, even, that you danced with me once or twice there at a garden party the night before I started? You talked to me a little while beside the fountain, and I stood and worshiped you without a word. You wore a white silk dress, and most beautiful white pearls round your neck!"

"Yes; I remember now. You are Howard; but you are so changed, I should never have dreamed. And you

thought of me all these years, and came to me! I can't realize it."

"But you will let me stay, Lilian? You are not angry any more?"

"It was wrong to make me so unhappy," she said, gently; but now her cheek was pressed against his shoulder, and she was smiling a little through her tears. "You puzzled and tortured me. I imagined it was only because you were—English, that you put on that air of superiority and—and treated me as if I were only a willful child. And I know you tried to show me constantly that you loved me, and were sure of my love. I thought you very base and wicked to do that when your word was pledged to another, and when I had given you no sign; no reason to think I—cared."

"Ah, but I knew. Forgive me, dear! I knew you hated Englishmen, but I knew you loved me! And so I was happy under your snubs and slights. I knew you were trying to hide your heart, and—I loved you so dearly, so desperately! Only think, all that long time since the moment I held you, unconscious, in my arms, and you opened your lovely eyes and looked at me under those old English elms in Devonshire! You seemed so womanly, so composed, so grown up, Lilian, and yet you were a year younger than I. I remember when we rode away together from the others, and I felt that you were under my protection. Oh, Lilian, my heart beat so I could scarcely speak to you. And you—you did not think of *me* at all?"

"Yes," she said, dreamily, "I thought you were a beautiful boy."

RETROSPECTION.

Do you remember now, when stars are filling
The blue and tranquil spaces of the night,
Warm kisses that once set my pulses thrilling,
And fed my after-dreams with fond delight?

Can you forget when oft, in fair, fresh sweetness,
I met you at the opening of the day,
The mellow air infused with Spring's completeness,
How on my lips your fragrant greeting lay?

I lived but in the glamour of your presence—
I scarcely think that I have lived since then:
Existence now seems like some subtle essence
Distilled from flowers that blossomed in your ken.

And you?—I wonder are your memories bitter?
If you still conjure up the old desire?
Or, like some dreamy and belated sitter,
Start, but to find cold ashes where was fire!

CHINA-MAKING IN EUROPE.

REAL china was first made in Europe by Böttcher, potter to Augustus II., Elector of Saxony. It had been known long before, even in England. "Some Oriental China bowls" were given to the high sheriff of Dorset, in 1506, by Philip of Austria, when he was driven into Weymouth by stress of weather. In 1587 Lord Burleigh and his son gave their queen "a porringer of white, and a cup of green porselyn." All sorts of stories were told about its nature and composition. True porcelain was supposed to be a test of poison, and was said to be made of egg-shells, and shells of marine locusts beaten small, and buried for a hundred years. Lord Bacon, credulous as usual, speaks of it as "a kind of plaster buried in the earth, and by length of time congealed and glazed into that fine substance." In Italy it had been imitated ever since the beginning of the sixteenth century. Venice, Ferrara, Florence, all claim the invention, and in 1695 it was made at St. Cloud; but all these are the soft porcelain—*pâte tendre*—made chiefly of pipe-clay and ground flint. The hard kind—*pâte dure*—of china-clay (kaolin) and feldspar, was made by Böttcher just three years before Father d'Entrecolles, head of the French Jesuits in China, sent home the secret to Father Orry, who soon founded the famous Sèvres works. Böttcher's discovery was made in the midst of wars. He was experimenting, when, in 1706, Charles XII. invaded Saxony. So Augustus sent him and three workmen, under an escort of dragoons, to the Königstein, one of those curious rocks which rise, like huge masses of masonry, out of the plain of the Elbe. There he worked on, having to act as warder over his men, whose love for art did not reconcile them to imprisonment. At last, in 1708, he pulled a teapot out of his furnace, and, handing it to Augustus, begged him to plunge it in cold water. It stood the test, and from that moment Dresden china—really made at Meissen, near Dresden—became a hard fact. Runaway workmen carried Böttcher's secret to other parts of Germany; he himself was a Berlin apothecary's assistant, who had run away to escape a prosecution for alchemy. First the Vienna factory—afterward taken in hand by Maria Theresa—was started by a runaway from Meissen. Then Ringler, a Vienna man, went to Höchst, near Maintz, and, for safety, always carried all his recipes in his pocket. His fellow-workmen, however, made him drunk and stole his papers, and were ready thenceforth to sell the mystery; just as some German Universities used to sell their degrees for a small consideration.

In France the first attempt at porcelain—*porcellana*, a shell used in enamel manufacture; or, say some, the common cowrie used in the East for money by the Venetian traders who first brought china-ware to Europe—was made by Louis Potera, Sieur de St. Estienne, at Rouen. His was *pâte tendre*, as was, also, that of St. Cloud, of which Martin Lister, physician to the Duke of Portland, said, in 1698: "I confess I could not distinguish between the pots made there and the finest china I ever saw." For a long time Chicanneau, the maker, had royal highnesses, lords, ambassadors, and a crowd of amateurs, daily at his works. His glory died with him; and when a discontented workman burnt down the place, in 1773, nobody cared to rebuild it.

The Sèvres work was first established at Vincennes. At the outset it was all soft paste, which will not bear great heat, and of which you can scratch the enamel with a knife, whereas that of the kaolin-china is as hard as glass. Here, again, to one man is due the perfecting of the art. Macquer, who was the Sèvres chemist from about 1750, hunted right and left for kaolin. The Germans would not let it be exported; the French, having little trade, could not bring it in from China—as was done to the Chelsea works—as ballast. Some beds were discovered near Alençon, but the porcelain made from them turned out gray and coarse. At last a poor country surgeon's wife, named Darnet, found the splendid beds at St. Yvrieux, near Limoges, and thenceforward Sèvres was able to compete on equal terms with Dresden. Take care if you are buying "Sèvres" not to be duped in this way: Thousands of pieces, plain or marked with a gilt monogram, are painted elsewhere and sold as real Sèvres. Hold the piece slantwise to the light, and under the painting you will see the original monogram. Remember, too, that painted pieces are invariably marked "*décoré à* Sèvres" in addition to the mark. Otherwise the piece may be Sèvres, as the seller asserts it to be,

and yet the painting may have been done in Staffordshire.

The first English china was made at Chelsea, probably by one of Dwight's workmen carrying out his master's process. Both here and at Bow—which began very soon after, about 1740—Chinese clay was used till the Celestials stopped the supplies. George II. encouraged the Chelsea works, paying £1,200 for a dinner and tea-service, which he sent to the Duke of Mecklenburg. In 1769, under one Spremont, it all came to a sudden end, the plant being bought by Duesbury, the owner of the Derby works, who, also, bought Bow and other London works. Wages had ranged from eight shillings and ninepence to one shilling and sixpence a day, the chief painter getting five shillings and threepence. Spremont—who made his fortune—made a good effort to keep out Dresden china, the importation of which, "for private use," at a tariff of eightpence per pound weight, was so abused as to injure the English trade.

Meanwhile, at Lowestoft, china had been made—and very good it is, with the Tudor rose as its mark. Browne, a Lowestoft man, was so determined to get at the secret, that he went to Bow, and bribed some of the workpeople, who hid him in a hogshead close by the furnace, through the bunghole of which he watched the owner steal in after the premises were clear, and mix his chemicals. It was Squire Luson, of Gunton Hall, who started the Lowestoft works. He must have been a brave man, for he had to fetch his clay all the way from West Cornwall, and his coal from Durham. His partner, Browne, was only paying out the Londoners in kind; for some London workmen whom Luson brought down were tampered with by the London makers, and spoiled his bakings time after time.

Plymouth china, again, is an instance of one man's work. William Cookworthy, son of a Quaker weaver, born in 1705, was apprenticed to a London chemist, his widowed mother being so poor that the boy had to walk all the way from Devonshire up to town. By-and-by he set up as a wholesale chemist in North Street, Plymouth. It has often been told how he, in 1748, met a Quaker from Virginia, who, having read in Du Halde all about kaolin and feldspar, had found over there a boundless store of both. He showed some samples of Virginia-made porcelain, "equal," thought Cookworthy, "to the Asiatic." This Virginian china-maker disappeared like a wraith; but Cookworthy found plenty of both the needful minerals in various parts of Cornwall, notably at Boconnoc, the estate of Pitt, Lord Camelford. He tried them, and made a china "as white in body as that of Dresden—far whiter, that is, than the Chinese." His earlier specimens, proud as he was of them, were no great success; most of them were cracked and clumsy, and unevenly glazed; and before long he engaged a Sèvres man, Saqui, to whom, along with Bone, the Plymouth enameler, are due the beautiful birds and flowers which mark the later Plymouth ware. The works did not pay, though the kaolin was to be had so near, and in 1774 Cookworthy sold them to Champion, of Bristol, and gave his mind to other experiments; helping Smeaton with his lighthouse; receiving Sir Joseph Banks and Dr. Solander, and Omai the Tahitian, whom Captain Cook brought home on his first voyage; and trying hard to perfect a plan for distilling sea-water for use on shipboard. At first Champion had a hard struggle. Wedgwood—a man of very petty jealousies—writes, in 1778: "Poor Champion is quite demolished. He had neither professional knowledge, nor sufficient capital, nor scarce any real acquaintance with the materials he was working upon. I suppose we might buy some of his growan stone and clay upon easy terms." Champion, however, was not at once demolished; he was taken up by Joseph Fry, grandfather of "Fry's Chocolate"; but at last he sold his patent to a Staffordshire company, himself being made by Burke a Deputy Paymaster-general of the Forces!

Worcester, in England, owes its china to Dr. Wall, of Merton College, Oxford, painter as well as chemist, who founded a china company in his native place in 1751; and Worcester china has always ranked high, not only for excellence of body, but for the beauty of the painting. There are plenty more little English porcelain centres, Liverpool among them, and Nottingham.

HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

(H. H.)

WHAT SHE WROTE, HOW SHE LIVED, AND WHERE SHE IS BURIED.

By Emily Pierce.

"There are nine 'places of divine worship' in Colorado Springs—the Presbyterian, the Cumberland Presbyterian, the Methodist, the South Methodist, the Episcopal, the Congregationalist, the Baptist, the Unitarian, and Cheyenne Cañon."

So wrote Helen Hunt Jackson, as an introductory to one of her most finished sketches of mountain scenery. A little further on she writes: "Sittings are free in the Cathedral of Cheyenne Cañon," and all who knew her life will remember that, during its later years, this grand Cañon Cathedral held one devout worshiper at each Sunday service; but during the last long year the great mountains of the West have missed the presence of their faithful devotee, and the restless feet of the Summer's throng have gone in solemn pilgrimage to visit, as a holy shrine, the lonely grave in which she lies in the very heart of Cheyenne Mountain.

The most prominent feature in the works of Helen Hunt Jackson is the element of nature, and all her writings are impregnated with a passion of love, a subtle sympathy for and with nature, that showed itself in almost equal power in her earlier New England sketches, and in her later, grander pictures of Colorado, of which she wrote much and lovingly.

Here was her last home, and here her strong affections took firm root, and, following Mr. Whistler's nomenclature, she called Colorado "a symphony in yellow and red." Here she found, "the desert had infinite beauties of shape, and the sage had pathos of color"; and of a common sand-drift in the street she said: "No snow-drift can be lovelier."

She was an observer of the first order, and possessed the power of making vividly real the account of what she saw. Glimpses, with her, meant more than most people's patient study. There is a rare gift in writing, that Mrs. Jackson possessed in a marked degree. It is the power of translating into words the subtle atmospheric influences—not mere physical, but also mental and moral—

THE HOME OF HELEN HUNT JACKSON.

of a given place. As we read, we feel the spell of the spot stealing over us. Some visitors to the "Centennial State" have said they failed to find what she described, and were disappointed. But it was their fault, not hers. It was all there, and she saw it; but they, being blind to truest beauty and lacking sympathy, could not understand.

Each painter in words, as in pigments, has his own way of presenting nature; each one sees different things in a different light; but it would be difficult to find united in any single painter qualities equivalent to those found in the landscape art of Mrs. Helen Hunt Jackson. Painters are rarely so broad in their scope. The broadest contrasts, of blazing masses, gorgeous in the magnificence of their hues, to the most delicate perceptions of shadings; tones melting deliciously into each other, a range sweeping from the somberest depths to heights that lose themselves in luminous air.

Let us glance at a few, out of many hundreds, in the gallery of her pictures of nature.

The transition shown in the poem called "In the Pass," is one of the best examples of the gift of presenting pictures in sharp contrast. It is like the passages in a symphony where, from a noise like a war of the elements, there is instant change to sweet harmonies like peace eternal:

"Across my road a mountain rose of rock—
Fierce, naked rock. Its shadow, black and chill,
Shut out the sun. Gray clouds which seemed to mock
With cruel challenges my helpless will,
Sprang up and scaled the steepest crags. The shrill
Winds, two and two, went breathless out and in,
Filling the darkened air with evil din.

"I turned away my weary steps and said:
'This must be confine of some fearful place;
Here is no path for mortal man to tread.
Who enters here will tremble, face to face,
With powers of darkness, whose unearthly race
In cloud and wind and storm delights to dwell;
Ruling them all by an uncanny spell.'

"The guide but smiled, and holding fast my hand,
Compelled me up a path I had not seen.
It wound round ledges where I scarce could stand;
It plunged to sudden sunless depths between
Immeasurable cliffs, which seemed to lean
Together, closing, as we passed, like door
Of dungeon which would open never more.

"I said again: 'I will not go. This way
Is not for mortal feet.' Again the guide
But smiled, and I again could but obey.
The path grew narrow; thundering by its side,
As loud as ocean at its highest tide,
A river rushed, all black, and green, and white,
A boiling stream of molten malachite.

"Sudden I heard a joyous cry, 'Behold, behold!'
And smiling still on me, the good guide turned,
And pointed where broad, sunny fields unrolled
And spread like banners; green, so green it burned,
And lit the air like red; and blue which yearned
From all the lofty dome of sky, and bent
And folded low and circling like a tent;

"And forests ranged like armies, round and round,
At feet of mountains of eternal snow;
And valleys all alive with happy sound;
The song of birds; swift brooks' delicious flow;
The mystic hum of million things that grow;
The stir of men; and, gladdening every way,
Voices of little children at their play;

"And shining banks of flowers which words refuse
To paint; such colors as in Summer light
The rarest, fleetest Summer rainbows use,
But set in gold of sun, and silver white
Of dew, as thick as gems which blind the sight
On altar fronts, inlaid with priceless things,
The jeweled gifts of centuries of kings."

What more perfect sketch of nature, of harvest plenty, than her "Fallow Field"!—what more exquisite sermon of faith and patience:

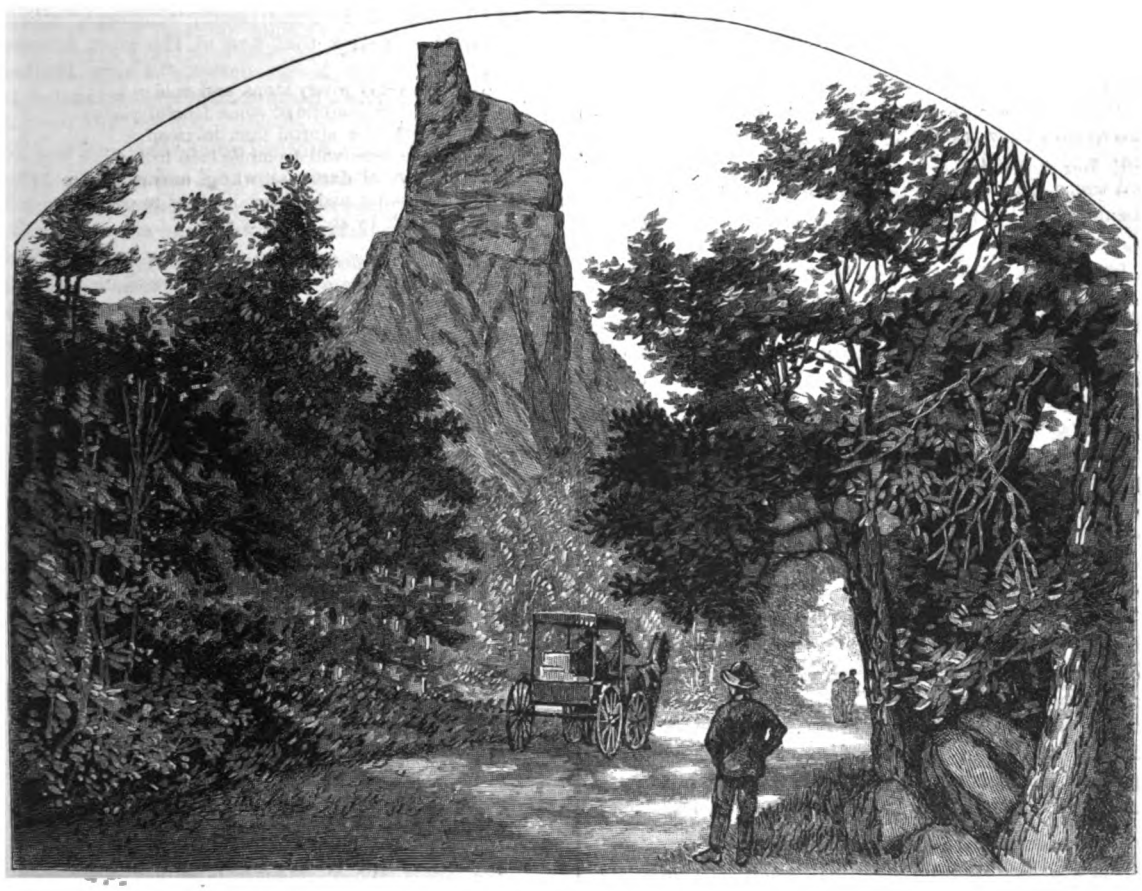
"Above, below me, on the hill,
Great fields of grain their fullness fill;
The golden fruit bends down the trees;
The grass stands high round mower's knees;
The bee pants through the clover-beds,
And cannot taste of half the heads;
The farmer stands, with greedy eyes,
And counts his harvest's growing size.

"Among his fields, so fair to see,
He takes no count, no note of me.
I lie and bask along the hill,
Content and idle, idle still;
My lazy silence never stirred
By breathless bee or hungry bird:
All creatures know the cribs which yield;
No creature seeks the fallow field.

"But to no field on all the hill
Come sun and rain with more good-will;
All secrets which they bear and bring
To wheat before its ripening,
To clover turning purple red,
To grass in bloom for mower's tread—
They tell the same to my bare waste,
But never once bid me to haste.

"Winter is near, and snow is sweet;
Who knows if they be seeds of wheat
Or clover which my bosom fill?
Who knows how many Summers will
Be needed, spent, before one thing
Is ready for my harvesting?
And after all, if all were laid
Into sure balances and weighed,
Who knows if all the gain and get
On which hot human hearts are set
Do more than mark the drouth and dearth
Through which this little dust of earth
Must lie and wait in God's great hand,
A patient bit of fallow land?"

What a grand bouquet of color she gives us in her autumnal picture of "The Miracle Play of 1870, in Bethlehem, New Hampshire." To select a passage to quote is like choosing a single leaf from the full glory of an October maple. Let us follow her as she gathers her brilliant trophies, and listen while she tells us: "With reverent eyes we went close into territory after territory; coming nearer, we found that the scarlet, or the claret, or the crimson, or the orange, which we had seen from the distance as one pure, uniform tint, was no longer scarlet, or claret, or crimson, or orange, but all of these, and more than all of these, shading up and down and into each other by gradations indistinguishably fine and beyond all counting; alternating and interrupting each other, in single leaves or in clusters on boughs, with an infinity of change and combination almost like caprice or frolic. I have seen our Western prairies in their June flowering; I have seen also the mosaic fields of blossoms in the Ampezzo Pass, at which one cannot so much as look without shaded eyes, and from which Titian learnt color; I



NORTH CHEYENNE CAÑON.

have seen old altar-fronts on which generations and centuries of kings have lavished jewels till they are so thick-set that not one more dot can be added; but I have never seen such flaming, shading, shaping, changing, lavishing, rioting of color as in this death of the Autumn leaves on these Bethlehem hills."

In sharp contrast with this vivid bit of Northern autumnal coloring, we read that tropic scene of exquisite loveliness from her noblest work, the novel of "Ramona": "The wild mustard in Southern California is like that spoken of in the New Testament, in the branches of which the birds of the air may rest. Coming up out of the earth, so slender a stem that dozens can find a starting-point in an inch, it darts up, a slender, straight shoot, five, ten, twenty feet, with hundreds of fine feathery branches locking and interlocking with all the other hundreds around it, till it is an inextricable network like lace. Then it bursts into yellow bloom, still finer, more feathery and lace-like. The stems are so infinitesimally small, and of so dark a green, that at a short distance they do not show, and the cloud of blossom seems floating in the air; at times it looks like golden dust. With a clear blue sky behind it, as it is often seen, it looks like a golden snowstorm. The plant is a tyrant and a nuisance—the terror of the farmer. It takes riotous possession of a whole field in a season; once in, never out; for one plant this year, a million the next; but it is impossible to wish that the land were freed from it. Its gold is as distinct a value to the eye as the nugget-gold is in the pocket." Here, with the saintly Father Salvatierra, we stand, straining our eyes forward into the golden mist of blossoms, and catch our first clear view of the face of beautiful Ramona.

As a poet, Mrs. Jackson takes rank with Mrs. Browning. Glancing through the little volume bearing the modest title, "Verses by H. H.," one is glad to echo that never-to-be-forgotten tribute to her genius by Emerson, who said, when asked the question, "Don't you think Helen Hunt the greatest woman poet in America?" replied: "Why not drop the word *woman?*"

Of all her poems, Emerson's favorite was her sonnet called "Thought," while the poem which combines most of depth and popular sympathy bears the well-known homely title of "Spinning." Her poems seem written through the light of actual experience—emanate from the very centre of her heart. We lay aside the little volume, only to return and read over and over her impassioned words as a fit translation of the mute language of our own individual soul. To her, more than to any other woman of her time, is applicable that definition of the secret of the power of Madame Recamier, given by Châteaubriand, who, when asked to explain her wonderful gift of attracting and holding all who came within her orbit, replied: "Sympathy, sympathy, sympathy."

Beginning literary work late in life, Helen Hunt became one of the most enthusiastic and prolific of writers. She was thirty-four years of age, and already a childless widow, declaring of herself, "I alone am left, who avail nothing," when, through the great mystery of her grief, she first spoke to other bereaved hearts, through the fourteen lines of blank verse called "Lifted Over," referring to the death of her boy, and signed "Marah," through blinding tears. How many mothers have read it as an echo of a broken heart, and yet confessed its comfort, and subscribed to its faith!

"As tender mothers guiding baby steps,
When places come at which the tiny feet
Would trip, lift up the little ones in arms
Of love, and set them down beyond the harm.
So did Our Father watch the precious boy,
Led o'er the stones by me, who stumbled oft
Myself, but strove to help my darling on.
He saw the sweet limbs faltering, and saw
Rough ways before us, where my arms would fail;
So reached from heaven, and lifting the dear child,
Who smiled in leaving me, he put him down
Beyond all hurt, beyond my sight, and bade
Him wait for me! Shall I not then be glad,
And, thanking God, press on to overtake?"

This first poem, and first work of this gifted woman, seems to embody a clearness of faith and spiritual vision unequaled by any that followed, until we read the closing lines, which were penned, I believe, four days before she left us, written in the presence of Death, and the fitting "Swan-song," of the sweetest singer of our own, or any age:

"A LAST PRAYER.

"Father, I scarcely dare to pray,
So clear I see, now it is done,
That I have wasted half my day,
And left my work but just begun;

"So clear I see that things I thought
Were right or harmless were a sin;
So clear I see that I have sought,
Unconscious, selfish aims to win;

"So clear I see that I have hurt
The souls I might have helped to save;
That I have slothful been, inert,
Deaf to the calls Thy leaders gave.

"In outskirts of Thy kingdoms vast,
Father, the humblest spot give me;
Set me the lowliest task Thou hast,
Let me, repentant, work for Thee!"

"AUGUST 8TH, 1885."

As a novelist, Helen Hunt Jackson scored a signal triumph through her noblest work, "Ramona," although it was an open secret that two of the most interesting volumes of the No Name Series, "Mercy Philbeck's Choice" and "Hetty's Strange History," emanated from her prolific pen.

Of the Saxe Holm's Stories, no one can read the initial sketch, "Draxy Miller's Dowry," and for one moment doubt its authorship, although regarding this series Mrs. Jackson always maintained a profound silence. Had she really wished to hide her relationship to these charming sketches she should not have introduced the three verses which divulge her secret to every lover of her poetry. Her poems were a part of herself, and the sweetest and simplest part is "Draxy's Hymn":

"I cannot think but God must know
About the thing I long for so.
I know He is so good, so kind,
I cannot think but He will find
Some way to help, some way to show
Me to the thing I long for so.

"I stretch my hand—it lies so near;
It looks so sweet, it looks so dear.
'Dear Lord,' I pray, 'oh, let me know
If it is wrong to want it so!'
He only smiles—He does not speak;
My heart grows weaker and more weak,
With looking at the thing so dear,
Which lies so far and yet so near.

"Now, Lord, I leave at Thy loved feet,
This thing which looks so near, so sweet:
I will not seek, I will not long—
I almost fear I have been wrong.
I'll go and work the harder, Lord,
And wait till by some loud, clear word,
Thou callest me to Thy loved feet,
To take this thing so dear, so sweet."

Her charming prose sketches are bound together under the unpretending title of "Bits"; "Bits of Travel Abroad," "Bits of Travel at Home," "Bits of Talk for Young Folks." Whether at home or abroad, she is always at home with her subject, and we learn that she so interested the American tourist in her fascinating "German Landlady," as to actually advance the general price of board and lodging in the City of Munich where she located; while her Colorado sketches are adopted as a travelers' handbook in the region which they so graphically deseribe.

Children's stories fell from her versatile pen like fairy tales from a young mother's lips. "The Hunter of Cats of Connorloa," "Mammy Tittleback's Stories," and "Nelly's Silver Mine," were followed by a book called "The Training of Children," of which subject she betrayed her usual degree of keen insight and offered practical suggestion.

Possibly the cleverest "Bit" Mrs. Jackson ever gave the world, was a sketch that appeared in the May number of *The Century*, 1885, called "The Prince's Little Sweetheart." Written in the simple style of a fairy story, such as any child would enjoy, it vails a satire upon love and marriage, keen, deadly, true. The story fills only three pages, but covers the mistake of a lifetime. It should be artistically illustrated, brought out as a dainty volume *de luxe*, and utilized as fit and meet for a wedding-gift to every "Prince" who possesses a "Little Sweetheart." We read between the closing lines and there find the pith and meaning of the whole:

"'I hate him!' cried the Little Sweetheart, her eyes flashing and her cheeks scarlet.

"'Oh, no, you don't!' exclaimed all the spider-sweepers. 'That's the worst of it. You may think you do, but you don't. You love him all the time after you've once begun.'

"'I'll go home!' said the Little Sweetheart.

"'You can't,' said the others. 'It is not permitted.'

"'Is it always just like this in this Court?' she asked.

"'Yes, always the same. One day just like another; all whirl and dance from morning till night, and new people coming and going all the time, and spiders most of all. You can't think how fast brooms wear out in this Court!'

"'I'll die!' said the Little Sweetheart.

"'Oh, no, you won't,' they said. 'There are some of us, in some of the rooms here, that are wrinkled and gray-haired. The most of the sweethearts live to be old.'

"'Do they?' said the Little Sweetheart, and burst into tears."

For nearly twenty years Helen Hunt was loved as a poet and acknowledged as a painter in words through her published sketches, but while her connection with the No Name Series was not definitely settled, it was a mooted question whether she was capable of the sustained effort required as a novelist. This problem she solved by giving the world "Ramona," in the year 1884. A book of sufficient merit to claim its place among standard works and a masterpiece of genius, in that while every page is an appeal in behalf of the injured race whose cause she so nobly espoused, yet never a line of its literary structure is sacrificed.

She was a marvel of versatility. This will be believed when we say that the late Dr. Holland "formed a plan to let Mrs. Jackson's contributions accumulate sufficiently to fill one number of *The Century*—poetry, fiction, travels, criticism, and all—and then send it all forth as the product of one person." This plan was finally dismissed, we are told; not from the slightest doubt of its practicability, but only because it might be viewed as sensational.

As a zealous philanthropist, she takes rank above all women of her generation, and all the powers of her later years were merged into a moral enthusiasm that controlled her mind and directed her pen.

In the Autumn of 1873 she journeyed to Colorado. She was much discouraged and disheartened by chronic diphtheria, and sought the benefit which that invigorating climate promises. She reached the Inter-Ocean Hotel at Denver on a dull afternoon in November, and the climax of her misery was completed by a cheerless room and a smoking chimney. She was dissolved in tears, anathematizing the country, and resolved to shake its dust from her feet, when one of her letters of introduction was answered in the person of one of the oldest of Colorado's pioneers and her most genial and hospitable of hosts, in whose home Helen Hunt was ever afterward a welcome and honored guest.

She had come to Colorado absolutely unprejudiced upon the question that so largely colored the last interest of her life; but it chanced that her host was the one man in Colorado who bore the title he had earned—"the Indian's friend"—and from this first Colorado acquaintance, and with her first footfall upon the very threshold of a new home, she encountered the element of influence that afterward swayed her entire life.

By temperament fastidious, and naturally conservative, yet equally impulsive and earnest, this many-sided woman threw her whole soul into this question of Indian reform, and henceforth she subordinated literature, not to an ulterior aim merely, but to a single aim.

She wrote to a friend at the beginning of the year 1880:

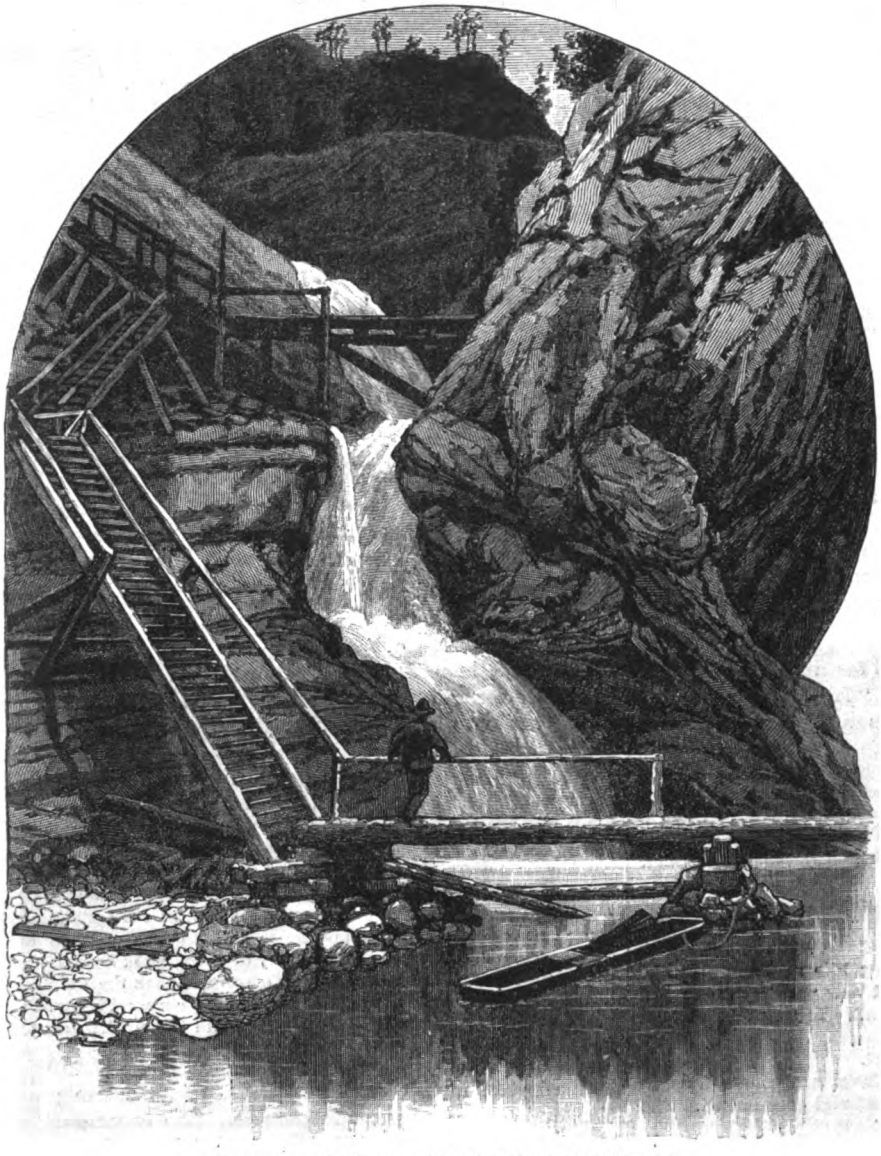
"I have done now, I believe, the last of the things I had said I never would do. I have become what I have said a thousand times was the most odious thing in life, 'a woman with a hobby.' But I cannot help it. I think I feel as you must have felt in the old Abolition days. I cannot think of anything else from night to morning, and from morning to night. I believe the time is drawing near for a great change in our policy toward the Indian. In some respects, it seems to me, he is really worse off than the slaves. They did have, in the majority of cases, good homes, and they were not much more arbitrarily controlled than the Indian is by the agent on a reservation. He can order a corporal's guard to fire on an Indian at any time he sees fit. He is duly empowered by the Government."

She immediately carried her theories into active practice, and began her work in earnest. She corresponded with statesmen, she visited remote tribes, she spent months in the Astor Library in New York city, she worked herself sick, and gave the world her "Century of Dishonor."

Soon afterward she received an appointment from the United States Government to report on the condition and needs of the California "Mission Indians," and in the Spring of 1883 she visited the region and explored the history of the early Spanish missions. This saddest and most picturesque era of California history won her earnest enthusiasm, and sketch after sketch was drawn by her artistic pen—a line of pictures as vivid, lifelike and correct, as they were tender and sympathetic, yet each was a separate record of outrage and wrong.

One of the first fruits of the harvest which Helen Hunt Jackson sowed with such royal generosity is the perpetuation of the memory of her eloquent words in the very region where she most powerfully pleaded against Indian wrongs, by the founding of "The Ramona School at Santa Fé."

This memorial school bears the name of the impassioned story which so deeply stirred the hearts of the American people for our Indian population. It is an industrial school for Indian girls, and the outgrowth of the efforts made by the University of New Mexico to



CHEYENNE FALLS—PATH TO THE GRAVE OF "H. H."

reach by education the hitherto almost neglected tribes of the Southwest.

Its Indian pupils were at first of both sexes, and chiefly from the Pueblo tribes within one hundred miles of Santa Fé. A few were also gathered from the Apaches in the southern part of the Territory. Special efforts are now being made to educate the Navajo and Apache tribes, who are mostly pagan, and wholly ignorant. They number 30,000, and, including other heathen tribes in New Mexico and Arizona, have 10,000 youth of school age. They are steeped in superstition, and from civilization they have contracted nothing save its worst vices.

Yet this great Apache nation includes the hardiest, most warlike, shrewd, agile and capable tribes of our American Indians. In some of their industries, notably weaving, they show remarkable skill, even in their barbarous condition, and they have signalized themselves during the last two generations in successful war with the United States, as for 200 years with Mexico and Spain. They are but just now conquered. Their wealth is great in value and patriarchal in kind. Yet all of these Apache tribes are living in mental and moral barbarism.

The condition of women among them is as singular as deplorable. They are sold for wives at twelve years, and owned as slaves. They are the industrious part of the people, and, among the Navajos especially, soon acquire controlling influence by their ownership of the sheep and the profits of their skill at weaving. They have the right of voting, and of divorce when they choose, but are again sold by their relatives for wives and must endure the evils of polygamy.

To civilize these tribes, their children, and especially their girls, must have a proper industrial and Christian education, that will lead them to establish homes rather than build the temporary hogans and tepees in which they now dwell. Without such education the citizenship of these peoples, in their present condition, though it be immediately given, as now demanded, would be shameful to any government or nation.

The Ramona School is devoted entirely to educating girls of these heathen tribes, taken at an early age and kept for three or five years, or longer, *by consent of and contract with their parents and with the United States Indian Office*, removed from all the degrading impressions and evils of the Reservation.

The noble woman who wrought this beginning of a great work left us before the cornerstone of its first foundation was laid; but the coming years will give abundant proof of the power with which she wrought.

The story of the life of Helen Jackson, especially the last sad, brave months of her life, is too familiar to be enlarged upon. Massachusetts is honored by naming her as one of its daughters, for she was born at Amherst in October, 1831. She was the eldest of the two daughters of Professor Nathan Fiske, of Amherst College, and when just twenty-one years of age was married, in Boston, to Captain Edward B. Hunt, an officer in the United States Army. The loss of her husband, who was killed October 2d, 1863, at Brooklyn, N. Y., while experimenting with some invention of his own construction, and the death of her two beautiful boys, left her, in the year 1865, utterly crushed through heavy bereavements.

The outgrowth of this discipline of sorrow was her appearance in a new *rôle*, and her earlier literary efforts breathed an atmosphere of profound sorrow. Her earlier poems appeared under the soon well-beloved and widely known signature of "H. H.," and the New York *Independent* gave most of them to the world, as it did,

also, her first attempts in prose. Her relation with that journal continued till the time of her death; her contributions numbering 371 articles in all.

During the Autumn of 1873 she visited the Centennial State in search of health, and soon afterward made it her permanent home. Here she met Mr. William Shapless Jackson, of Colorado Springs, and in 1875 became his wife. She planned and built her house in this spot of her heart's choice, with her own artistic execution and unfailing judgment, and it stands to-day a lonely evidence of the beauty-loving eyes and rare taste of its lost mistress.

She looked upon Colorado with the eyes of a lover, and wrote of it enthusiastically. To her, the crude railway town, with the ringing hammers, was "A New Anvil Chorus." The bloom on the mountain-side was "the Procession of Flowers," and the nearest and most beautiful valley was "the Cradle of Peace." And she made her readers hear the music of her "Anvil Chorus," and sniff the perfume of her "Procession of Flowers," and rocked them in her "Cradle of Peace."

Her brave eyes closed upon earth, and its beauties that she had loved so well, on the afternoon of August 12th, 1885, and at the close of the burial service her poem "Last Words" was read; being a fitting ending to her life page, as it is to her volume of "Verses."

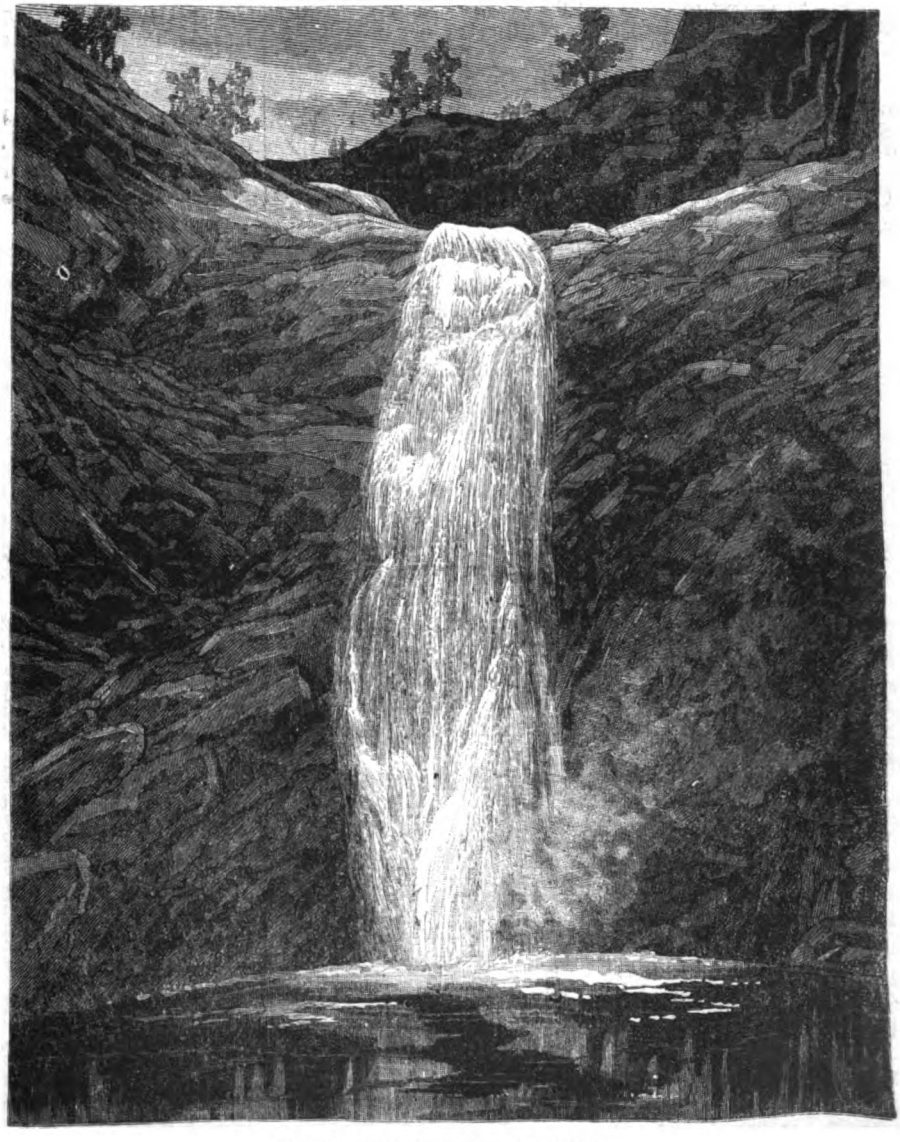
Cheyenne Cañon was her favorite haunt during her ten years' residence in Colorado, her resort for "Cathedral Service" on Sunday, and, in addition to her avowed love for this wild and romantic spot, there is an incident of local interest that alone seemed to make this nook of nature especially her own. The residents of Colorado Springs will recollect that, several years before her death, a certain man, of beggarly nature and grasping soul, thought to fill his coffers by levying tax upon his townspeople who were blessed with a larger gift of appreciation than himself. So he purchased the land *in front of the entrance* to the Cañon, built a fence and a gateway and left an Englishman in charge to collect entrance-toll.

Ever impulsive in her scorn of mean actions, on this occasion Mrs. Jackson roused herself to her best effort. She rallied her full force of tongue, pen and friends. She lashed him with the first, scored him with the second, and incited the last to the riotous pitch of tearing down and carrying away the offending barrier in its entirety. It is needless to say that the popular sense of justice triumphed and the fence was never rebuilt.

It was in the month of November, a year ago, that the first funeral train, with its little band of only six mourners, moved up through the precipitous pathway of Cheyenne Cañon, and with loving hands laid in her final resting-place all that was mortal of the gifted woman, whose last request was that her last sleep should be in this beautiful "Cradle of Peace."

> "And had she not high honor?
> The hillside for her pall,
> To lie in state while angels wait,
> With stars for tapers tall."

The grave lies in a gentle slope, just above the larger fall, and the music of its waters is her eternal requiem. Already the spot is looked upon as a shrine, and each visitor who toils up the tiresome height adds a stone to the rising cairn at the head of the lonely grave, while tender Mother Nature has covered the mound above the heart of her most loving child with a fitting screen of kinnikinnick, the "Indian's evergreen," a vine she particularly loved because of its tenacity to life, its bright scarlet berries, and, above all, its traditional solace to



CHEYENNE FALLS, NEAR THE GRAVE.

the red man. For, be it known that this same kinnikinnick was their original tobacco before the introduction of the Virginia weed, and to this day no festival or council is ever celebrated without the two weeds are mingled and smoked from the council-pipe, be it of war or peace.

It is easy to write of Helen Hunt Jackson in her various *rôles* of poet, novelist, philanthropist, but the *woman* eludes us; and yet it is noticeable that, in all the tributes to her memory—and they have been written with pens dipped in tears—in all it is the *woman*, rather than the accomplished writer, to whom all hearts do homage.

Susan Coolidge, the comrade of her travels and the friend of her heart, has given us, through the *Christian Union*, the following faint shadow of this woman, who has impoverished the world by going out of it:

"I cannot find her type; in her were blent
Each varied and each fortunate element
Which souls combine, with something all her own—
Sadness and mirthfulness, a chorded strain,
The tender heart, the keen and searching brain,
The social zest, the power to live alone.

"Comrade of comrades—giving man the slip,
To seek in Nature truest comradeship,
Tenacity and impulse ruled her fate,
This grasping firmly, what that flashed to feel—
The velvet scabbard and the sword of steel,
The gift to love, to frankly hate!

"Patience as strong as was her hopefulness;
A joy in loving which grew never less
As years went on and age drew gravely nigh;
Vision which pierced the veiling mists of pain,
And saw beyond the mortal shadows plain
The eternal day-dawn broadening in the sky;

"The love of doing, and the scorn of done;
The playful fancy, which, like glinting sun,
No child could daunt, no loneliness could smother.
Upon her ardent pulse death's chillness lies;
Closed the brave lips, the merry, questioning eyes.
She was herself!—there is not such another."

THE LANGLEY BURGLARY.

THE large party assembled as usual at Langley Towers to celebrate in approved fashion the approaching 1st of September, were all collected one night after dinner in the drawing-room, when the conversation, hitherto rather languid, chanced to turn on a burglary that had taken place in the neighborhood. Every one at once seized on the topic, and proceeded to relate more or less irrelevant, but all alike ghastly, stories of famous burglaries and robberies, till suddenly Miss Cecil Clifford, a cousin of Lady Langley's, a very pretty girl and an heiress to boot, who had hitherto taken no part in the talk, looked up suddenly and said:

"I do wish you would not all discuss such horrors! How do you expect us to sleep quietly in our beds if you will insist on retailing such frightful stories, especially as those wretches who broke into Colston Park are still at large? I feel as if I should find a burglar in my room to-night; so, if I should rouse the house with a false alarm, don't blame me!"

"I think I should die if I were to wake and see one in my room!" exclaimed little Lady Langley, shrugging her pretty white shoulders in not wholly affected fright.

"At all events, the man would not trouble you long with his company if that tin case of yours, with your diamonds in it, were lying on your dressing-table as usual," returned her cousin. "I know you'll be murdered through those diamonds one day!"

"Do you really mean that Lady Langley keeps her jewelry on her dressing-table?" asked Captain le Marchant, an impecunious young man, who was suspected, on very good grounds, of being *au mieux* with the pretty heiress, and who was, in consequence, rather out of favor with her guardians.

"To be sure she does," laughed his host; "and, as Cecil says, I know we shall wake up some fine morning to find ourselves corpses because of that whim of hers."

"What's the use of having jewelry if it is always to be at the banker's?" retorted Lady Langley.

"I wish to goodness you'd be sensible, Flo'," remonstrated her cousin, "and have it kept in the plate-room, at all events. I know that I shall do nothing but dream of your diamonds!"

Lady Langley laughed gayly, and seemed to take a malicious pleasure in keeping the conversation on the same subject, despite her cousin's very evident dislike of it; in which she was assisted by Captain le Marchant, who chaffed Miss Clifford a good deal about her nerves, until the party separated for the night.

Next morning the house was in confusion, for the diamonds were gone!

Lady Langley missed them the moment she rose, for, her maid being far from well at the time, she had bidden the girl not sit up for her, and had undressed herself, leaving her diamonds, which she had been wearing, loose on her dressing-table, where Cecil Clifford found them when she came to her cousin's room to bid her good-night as usual, and she put them in their case. Of course, every hole and corner was searched, but in vain. The police came, but were equally unsuccessful. Not a trace of either the thieves or the jewelry was to be found. The police, including the detective hastily summoned from London, were positive that the robbery had been committed by some one in the house—a conviction that did not add to the comfort of the inmates of Langley Towers. Suspicion ran riot; the household servants, one and all, belonged to well-known and respectable families in the neighborhood, and had mostly been for considerable periods in the Langleys' service; while the visitors' servants, as it happened, seemed equally above suspicion. The only person who ventured to differ from the officials was Captain le Marchant, who openly poohpoohed the whole thing as simply invented by the police to screen their own incompetence.

Whether from conviction or opposition, Miss Clifford embraced the police theory, and before long her suspicion fell on the maid of one of the visitors, who she felt convinced was at least an accomplice. Unfortunately for this poor girl, Cecil Clifford confided her doubts to her cousin, who in her turn unconsciously betrayed them to the detective; so the unlucky maid was immediately placed under a surveillance that rendered her life a burden to her, and ultimately cost her her situation.

Captain le Marchant remonstrated several times on the subject with his *fiancée* (for such she really was, though the engagement was not officially acknowledged), but without effect. She somehow seemed to distrust him, as of late, from some cause or other, his usual sunny temper had quite deserted him; his tongue had acquired a bitterness new to his friends; whilst his handsome, merry face had grown to look worn and haggard.

Miss Clifford, though still persisting in her opinion, bore his strictures with gentle patience, laying the very evident temper he showed to the account of some money troubles that she well knew were worrying him; but at last he went too far, and ere their interview on this

occasion terminated the engagement between them was summarily broken off by the lady.

Captain le Marchant never took any steps to bring about a reconciliation, which, on her side, Cecil Clifford was far too proud to dream of, though what the estrangement cost her only she could have told. All she knew about him was that he had exchanged into a regiment stationed in India, and beyond one other fact she heard no more of him till, three or four years later, the newspapers told her that he had joined the army in Egypt, and formed one of the band sent to the relief of Gordon and Khartoum. Strangely enough, the one fact that she did hear privately—namely his having, before leaving England, provided for the future of the poor girl who had suffered so severely from the suspicions that were cast upon her about the lost diamonds—only seemed to render her more incensed against her betrothed.

Six or seven years had passed since the burglary at Langley, when one night, toward the end of the season, Miss Clifford (Miss Clifford still, in spite of her wealth and beauty), at a large dinner, found herself being introduced to "Colonel le Marchant" by her host, who, ignorant of their previous acquaintance, had been actuated by a benevolent desire "to do dear old Denis a good turn" by making him acquainted with the heiress.

The old lovers stood for a moment face to face in silence, scrutinizing one another, the lady secretly, though not a trace of the hard work he had undergone escaped her; the gentleman openly. He was the first to speak.

"It is long since we met, Miss Clifford."

"Not since we were together at Langley," she replied.

"Yes; when the diamonds were stolen. I wonder if that business will ever be cleared up?"

Just then dinner was announced; and the guests filed down in solemn procession. Although Colonel le Marchant escorted Miss Clifford, her attention was at first claimed by her other neighbors. But when the conversation had become sufficiently animated to allow of private conversation, Colonel le Marchant turned toward her, and their eyes met.

"What a wretched time that was?" he said, softly.

"At Langley, do you mean? Yes; indeed it was. But was it not curious how they found those diamonds?"

"Found them! you don't say so!" he exclaimed, eagerly. "When? Do tell me, please, Miss Clifford. You see I only came home a few days ago, and have heard nothing."

"Oh, it is nearly a year since. Sir James was out fishing with one of the boys, when his line got entangled in the branches of an old tree which had fallen into the river at some time. In disentangling it they saw something wedged in against the trunk of the tree which, after a little trouble, they fished out. It proved to be the identical case in which Lady Langley kept her diamonds, and when it was forced open there they were, safe enough, and reports which appeared later declared that the box must have lain there ever since the night of the robbery.

"Curious!" said Colonel le Marchant, slowly.

"Yes, is it not?" she forced herself to answer, quietly, for the strange expression on her companion's face troubled her, she scarcely knew why. "I suppose there can be no doubt that it was some of the servants, though, after such a lapse of time, it would be hopeless to try and bring it home to any one."

Le Marchant looked at her sharply, and was just going to speak, when their host interrupted him with some question about the Soudan, and the conversation became general till the ladies retired.

Miss Clifford had sheltered herself in the drawing-room behind a large portfolio of rare prints to think undisturbed over her unexpected meeting with her old lover, when the subject of her thoughts quietly came up and took a seat beside her.

"I cannot tell you how glad I am that those diamonds have been recovered," he said.

"So am I," she answered. "Do you know, I feel as if I were a clairvoyant or something of the sort, for ever since the robbery, whenever I have been at all unwell, my nightmare has been about those diamonds and the river. I hear the rushing of the water quite plainly," she went on, dreamily, unconsciously dropping into the old tone her companion remembered so well. "I wonder why it is!"

"I suppose it is because you really hid the diamonds under the bank of Langley Water," was the answer.

"I hid the diamonds! What on earth do you mean? You must be mad, Colonel le Marchant!"

"No, I am not. I saw you do it," he replied, quietly.

"You saw me do it! Then why to goodness did you not say so at the time?"

"Because I *was* mad then, Cecil, and made a horrible mistake."

"You thought I stole the diamonds?"

He was silent.

"Then that was why you were so keen about that poor little lady's maid?"

He nodded.

"You believed—oh!—and were trying to screen me all the time!"

"Forgive me, Cecil."

"But do you mean that you actually saw me take the diamonds?"-she asked, in wonder. "Please tell me!"

"I had sat up late in the smoking-room, worrying over some money trouble, when, startled to find how late it was, I was retreating as silently as I could to my quarters. As I was passing along the bedroom passage I suddenly saw you, in your dressing-gown, come out of Lady Langley's room carrying a tin box. Instinctively I drew back behind the curtain of the staircase window, and you walked by without noticing me. I followed you softly. You went to the little side door into the garden by the drawing-room, about which young Lovat had chaffed Langley so much, unfastened it, and went out, right across the lawn toward the river. Then, to my horror, you bent over the bank till I felt certain you would slip in, and I was just rushing up to catch you when you scrambled back—without the box! You returned as you came, by the little door (through which I followed you), and regained your room. I was too utterly taken aback to speak to you, for the idea that you were sleep-walking never struck me till just now. Next morning, when the robbery was discovered, I remembered the box you had carried; and then the recollection of that tin case you and Lady Langley had spoken of the previous night flashed across my mind."

"But did you never go to look at the place?"

"Yes, that very day; but though I felt certain that I was on the exact spot, I could find nothing. This confirmed my suspicions that you had an accomplice, for I watched you closely enough to know that you had not yourself again visited the river. So you can imagine my feelings when I found you, as I thought, trying to fix the crime on Mrs. Crompton's maid."

"Good heavens! Then that was what you meant that last day, when you made me so angry! Well, confusion for confusion, Colonel le Marchant. You saw me, as you thought, steal the diamonds. For my part, judging

THE LEGEND OF THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

from your agitation at the time, and your energy in defending that poor girl, I grew convinced that you knew more of the robbery than you should have done, and actually believed that your subsequent kindness to her was simply remorse for having let her be suspected of the theft."

"What a chapter of accidents," said Colonel le Marchant, slowly. "If only we had spoken out at the time! I can scarcely complain of your doubt; but yet I think you should have known me better."

"You doubted me, Denis!"

"But I saw you!"

Miss Clifford smiled.

Still sheltered by the portfolio which they were both apparently so interested in, Colonel le Marchant caught his companion's hand, and whispered:

"Let bygones be bygones, Cecil, and set one mistake against the other. They have lost us years of happiness already!"

Though their *tête-à-tête* was interrupted by their hostess, Miss Clifford must have found means of answering this appeal, for, before the week was out, all the world and his wife were discussing the impending marriage of Colonel le Marchant and the hitherto unapproachable heiress.

THE LEGEND OF THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

By Lucy M. Blinn.

Sit here beside me, darling, in this pleasant "children's hour,"
While I tell a sweet old legend of a lovely little flower;
A flower that hides its bashful face in wildest, lowliest spot,
And shuns the kisses of the sun—the fair Forget-me-not.

'Tis said that in the Edenland the blossoms and the birds
Had each a language of its own, and spoke in quaintest words;
And Eve, her waiting mother heart on gracious cares intent,
Walked lovingly among them, and named them as she went.

Beside a shaded river a little flower she found,
Lifting its shrinking, blue-eyed face up from the mossy ground;
She kissed and called it "Bloom of Heaven"; it answered to her call—
And of Eden's wealth of sweet things, she loved it best of all.

Alas! one day poor sin-bowed Eve, with sorrow-streaming eyes,
Went sadly down her garden walk—banished from Paradise!
The roses blushed and turned aside—when, hark, in accents sweet,
"Forget me not," was faintly breathed, in whispers at her feet.

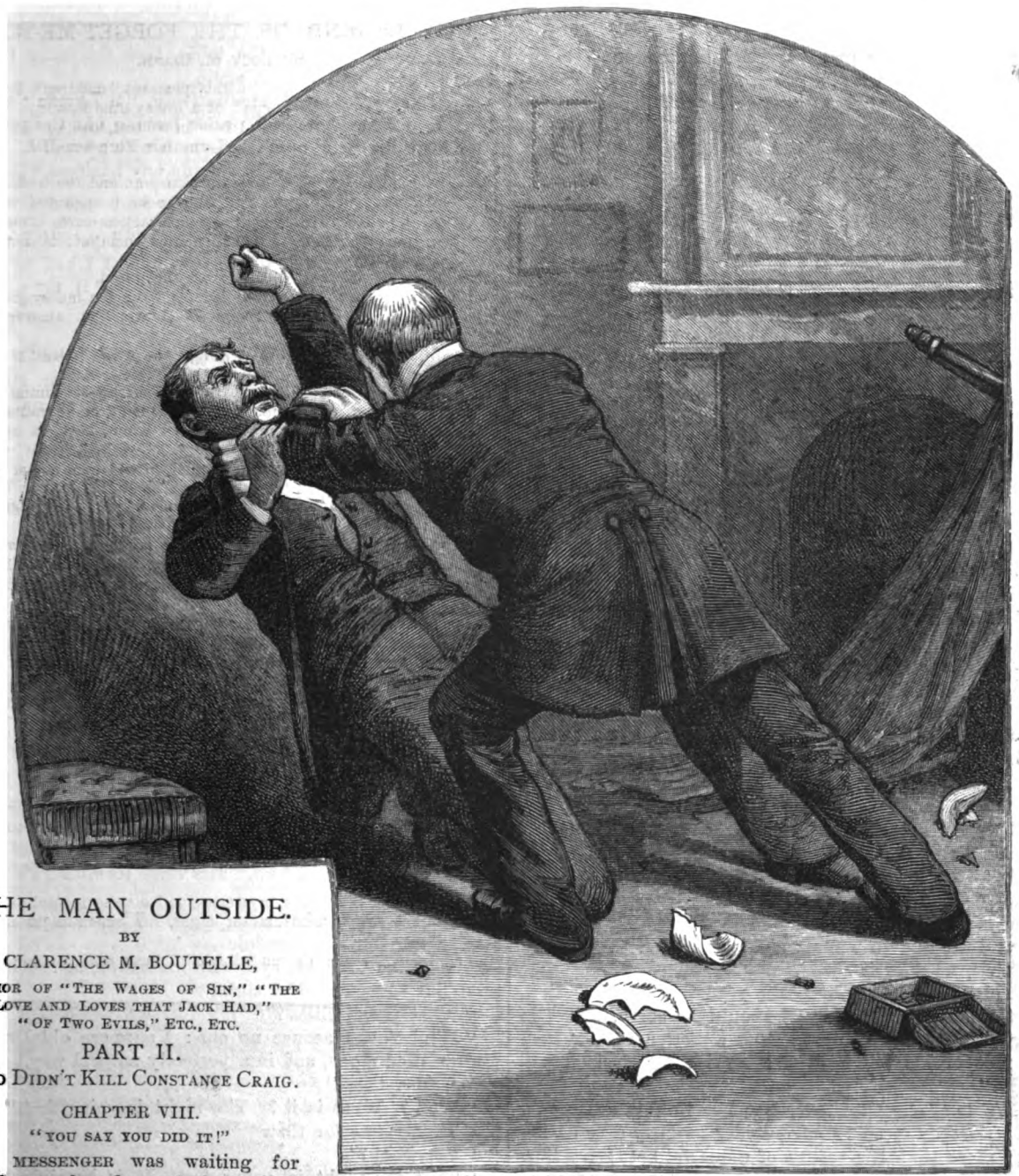
'Twas her little "Bloom of Heaven" that spoke; she caught the tiny spray,
And pressed it to her breaking heart to soothe its pain away;
"'Forget-me-not' art thou, my flower! for thou alone of all
That I have loved remember me, nor scorn me for my fall!"

The steadfast blossom lived for her—it gave her all its bloom—
It whispered comfort when she died—it grew upon her tomb;
But when the sad, distressful days of crime and shame were come,
The pretty blossom bowed her head, dismayed and hurt and dumb!

For long, long years her voice was hushed, when, one midsummer day,
Upon the hills of Galilee, a Child went forth to play;
The waiting blossom heard His step—she cried aloud in bliss—
As she felt the loving pressure of the little Christ Child's kiss!

And the legend tells us, darling, that the child whose tender heart
Loves all of earth's sweet mysteries, and claims in each a part,
May, on the bright midsummer night, the queen night of the year,
Hear all the pretty blossoms tell what I have told you here.

BLOSSOM-TIME.—BY T. HAMILTON GIBSON.



THE MAN OUTSIDE.— "A FURIOUS FIGHT ENSUED IN THE DARKNESS, AND FOR A LITTLE WHILE THE RESULT SEEMED IN DOUBT. BOTH WERE SO DESPERATE WITH ANGER THAT THEY DID NOT STOP TO CONSIDER CONSEQUENCES."

THE MAN OUTSIDE.

BY

CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE WAGES OF SIN," "THE LOVE AND LOVES THAT JACK HAD," "OF TWO EVILS," ETC., ETC.

PART II.

WHO DIDN'T KILL CONSTANCE CRAIG.

CHAPTER VIII.

"YOU SAY YOU DID IT!"

A MESSENGER was waiting for Mr. Senn when he and the detective reached the hotel. Since the man had been to the bank, found it closed, gone to Senn's boarding-place, found he was absent, and then reached the hotel in advance of as hungry a man as Senn and as anxious a man as Prier, it is evident that he was both shrewd and swift.

Mr. Senn took the letter, noticed that it was unsealed, glanced at the address upon the envelope,

G. SENN, ESQ.,

INTRODUCING S. LYMAN,

and lost no time in reading what was written within. It was no more than he had expected, perhaps, but the receipt of the letter was a terrible shock, nevertheless. It was as follows:

"BOOMVILLE, MAINE, *November 8th*, 1870.

"MR. GILBERT SENN: You will deliver the keys, books, etc., of the bank owned by my late father, Donald Barron, and known as '*Barron's Boomville Bank*,' to the bearer, Mr. S. Lyman, who will take charge of my business hereafter. The subordinate employés will be retained in the bank at present. You can make Mr. Lyman familiar with the business, or you can delegate that work to those who have worked with you. ELSIE BARRON-SENN.

"P. S.—It is only fair to say that I defy you. I am your wife—in name. I shall never submit to your control, or your presence near me, however. Remember that I can prosecute you at any time, and that I can force Mr. Prier to testify, on his oath, to what you confessed. I shall let you retain your freedom, however, *if you are prudent!*

"I shall not let you assist further in my business. I shall not grant you a partnership. I warn you not to try to thwart me or baffle me. E. B. S.

"P. S., No. 2.—You will not find it necessary to consult with Mr. Prier regarding the settlement of my business. He will not be admitted to the bank again on any pretext. E. B. S."

Mr. Senn delivered the key to Mr. Lyman, taking a receipt for it.

"I have no other property belonging to Mrs. Senn or to her father," he said; "and, as I half expected that Mr. Barron's death would result in some changes in the force employed, I have given Mr. Clark full instructions regarding the money and the books. You will find Mr. Clark on hand in the morning, and can obtain full information from him."

"But, Mr. Senn," said Mr. Lyman, "I have never met Mr. Clark; I am a stranger—or almost a stranger—in the place; I—I think this is very irregular."

"It is. For a man to be displaced from a position which he has held for years, *is* very irregular. Good-evening, Mr. Lyman."

"Good-evening," said that individual, pleasantly enough, but with a look in his eyes which belied his tone.

He bowed low, looked curiously at Mr. Prier, and was gone.

"Read that," said Senn, extending his wife's note.

Prier read it, and handed it back.

"You will do what she demands, I suppose?" he asked.

"I shall."

"Without regard to your rights?"

Senn looked up to meet Prier's smile; he remembered his own question of the morning, and took the implied rebuke good-naturedly.

"Without regard to my rights. I feel that I've only one right which I care for at all, just now—the right to a good supper, after my day's fast."

"And you shall have it. Come upto my room at once."

They went up-stairs together. A supper was served which was a credit alike to the "Boomville House," and to the taste and judgment of Mr. J. B. Prier.

"I would rather have his friendship than his enmity," said Mr. Prier, suddenly, after Senn had had an opportunity to somewhat lessen his hunger.

"Whose?" asked Senn.

The new cashier's. You dismissed him very abruptly and treated him in a most shabby manner."

"Well, what of it?"

"This: I have no doubt he read Mrs. Senn's letter; she threatens you in that; I should be sorry, were I in your place, to have him possess a better reason than the fact of his being in her service for desiring my injury."

"It's true she threatens, but her threats are vague. What do they mean to an outsider? They may be nothing more than the results of a quarrel between a husband and wife who have learned to hate each other at the threshold of their married life; no one could be sure that anything in her letter proved that love might not once have existed between the writer and the one addressed. Am I not right?"

"You are, and yet——"

"And yet you are kind enough to wish me well, and tired and worn enough to see evil for me in the future? Is it not so? I do not like Mr. Lyman; I felt at once that I never could like him; and I never waste words on those I do not and cannot like. Do you?"

Mr. Prier laughed.

"You heard me call myself 'the talkative detective'; I am talkative, and I am frank; I never waste words on any persons outside two classes; my friends—and my victims."

"And I—I suppose I am——"

"Who spent a day opening the safe for you? Who has cloyed your intellect with good advice?"

"You did; you have. My question is answered. Do you like Mr. Lyman?"

Prier reached across the table, took the letter from Senn's hands, and read it again.

"S. Lyman," he said, meditatively, "S. Lyman; no, I don't like him. I should prefer leaving out the period after his initial, and spelling Lyman with a small *l*. Say, Gilbert Senn, do you think I'd run any business without keeping my eyes wide open?"

"No; I think not."

"You may be sure I wouldn't. And yet, if I were going to open a bank to-morrow, and if I had to put S. Lyman or Gilbert Senn at the head of it, my choice would be Gilbert Senn——"

"Thank you."

"Though I never trusted a thief, yet, and would hate to trust a liar," concluded the detective, in an almost inaudible undertone, as he meditatively stirred his coffee.

"You are making a good meal," laughed Senn, "for a man who had supper since we got the safe open."

"I didn't have supper."

"You didn't? You went away to get supper."

"I know I did. But there was some writing which had to be done. I forgot my hunger in my attention to my work."

"Did you? What was your work?"

"I'll tell you—later. By-the-way, I suppose there will have to be an inquest over Donald Barron, after all; I heard, as I came from the bank, that the doctors are being found fault with, and the accuracy of their conclusions is being called in question. Do you suppose it possible——"

Prier stopped just there. He was watching Senn closely. Senn got up, walked to the windows, closed the blinds, drew down the curtains, and came back to the table. His face was pale. His hands shook as he tried to pick up his knife and fork. His voice trembled when he spoke:

"I don't know what to suppose. There are possibilities so horrible—so horrible——"

And he covered his eyes with his hands, as though to shut out some dreadful sight.

"What possibilities?"

"Mind you, I accuse no one; I suppose old Donald Barron died alone, and in a perfectly natural way. And yet—and yet——"

"Well? What is it? The night is going fast."

"Thank God for that."

"For what?"

"That the night is going fast. It is horrible—horrible—and I cannot bear it."

"Well, go on with what you were about to say."

"I will. Picture this: A man sleeping quietly and healthfully; an opened door; a stealthy footstep along his floor; a sudden awakening of the sleeper to life—only to find head and throat muffled in a hot and seemingly impenetrable covering, while some strong wretch presses it closer and closer, avoiding the almost aimless blows which a blind animal-instinct prompts. Think of many long minutes of that; think of the death which lies at the end of it, a death without a sign left behind to tell how it happened; think—think—Merciful God! can a human mind picture such a horrible—fiendish——"

Prier sprang forward. He caught Senn by the shoulders, his fingers leaving marks which were not obliterated for many a day, and dragged him nearer the light.

"What—what do you mean? What can you tell?" he fairly screamed into the ears of the once cashier.

Senn sank back into the chair from which he had risen, and covered his face with his hands again. It was more than a minute before he tried to speak. Then he looked up, and said, brokenly:

"You—you surely—cannot think that I—that *I*—killed Donald Barron?"

"No; *I know you didn't.* I haven't told you yet where I spent last night; I have only told you I spent it outside. I haven't told you yet how it would have been impossible, in the state I was in, in a state of nervous dread and agitation, for me to have done other than I did. The truth is, I felt the bank and its treasures were as safe as they had ever been—far safer since robbery had happened once—and I didn't watch there. I walked, all night long, in front of Mr. Barron's house; no one went in; you are innocent—there. In fact, I am convinced that an inquest in his case would be a farce; he was not murdered; he died a natural death. But——"

"But what?"

"But people have died in the way you pictured, and remorse has led their slayers, again and again, to deeds and looks and words which were little less than confession. And you—you, Gilbert Senn——"

Prier's passion mastered him then, and for a little time he could not find words.

He pushed a paper across the table toward Senn.

"Sign that!" he said, roughly.

Senn took up the paper and read it slowly through, his amazement showing more and more on his face as he read. This was the paper he was asked to append his name to; this is the character he was asked to claim for himself:

"BOOMVILLE, MAINE,
WEDNESDAY MORNING, *November 9th*, 1870.

"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: I, Gilbert Senn, in the presence of Mr. J. B. Prier, of the City of Boston, a detective having a considerable knowledge of the facts, do make and subscribe to the following statements. And I do declare that I do so without fear of personal violence being done me by the said Prier; and I do further declare that I will indorse all which is herein stated when I am brought before the legal authorities, and that I will then answer all questions which may be asked me, and will answer them fully and truthfully:

"1. I knew Constance Craig.

"2. I was acquainted with the arrangement of rooms in the house which she occupied.

"3. I knew some of the servants, and knew that they were sometimes all absent.

"4. I went to her house on the evening before the morning when she was found dead in her bed. I went then, rather than at any other time, because the servants were all away. I knew they would be absent. I unlawfully entered the sleeping-room of Constance Craig.

"5. She awoke and found me in her room. I found that I was recognized. I caught up a pillow and held it over her face. I intended to kill her. I held the pillow there for many minutes. I held it until her struggles had ceased. When I lifted it up she was dead.

"6. I knew, when I entered the room of Constance Craig, that murder was likely to be necessary. I deliberately and thoughtfully did as I did, with the possibilities fully in mind, and I neither claim now, nor will I ever, at any time, claim, that the murder was the result of sudden passion, the result of unforeseen circumstances, nor that it was committed in self defense.

"7. I will, when arraigned before the proper tribunal, plead guilty of the crime of murder in the first degree, and will not plead extenuating circumstances of any kind.

"8. I promise to reveal fully all that regards the causes of the crime, and to give the names of all who knew of my purposes or any parts of them."

Senn finished the reading, and looked dazedly up. Prier sat watching him narrowly, one hand—the right—being thrust carelessly into his pocket.

"Sign it!" he thundered at Senn.

Senn pushed the document back across the table.

"I will never sign it," he said, quietly, "for it would be a terrible lie! I—I am not guilty. I never—never heard the name of Constance Craig before."

"Gilbert Senn, one or the other of us will never leave this room alive unless I get to the bottom of this mystery which has troubled me for years."

"Very well. I am unarmed, as you know, for you took pains to inquire of me this morning. It will be the easiest thing in the world for you to kill me; it will be a cowardly thing to do—but it may be a kind one; for I had rather die than have the world at large know a word against my name and my honor."

"You would?"

"I would. I have a mother, a gray-haired old lady, living among the hills to the north of us; I love her more than I love anything else in this world. It would kill her to know that her boy had gone wrong, and so you——"

"Well?"

"And so you can shoot me to death, if you desire, but you can neither threaten nor bribe nor coax me into putting my name at the bottom of that horrid lie!"

"Lie? Is it a lie?"

"It is. It would be a crime for me to sign it. I never knew Constance Craig. I never knew the servants of Constance Craig, for I never knew the servants of any person with whom I was personally unacquainted. I did not know the arrangement of the rooms in her house, for I never entered the house of a stranger. I never entered the sleeping-room of any woman. I never committed the crime of murder. I will never sign the paper you have presented to me; I will not call for help; I will not try to escape. If you are resolved that I must sign or die, kill me at once; you will gain nothing by waiting."

"You say you had rather die than have dishonor and disgrace connected with you?"

"I said it; with me—*or with any one who bears my name.* I would——"

"No matter. We are wandering from the subject. You would not like the world to know that you robbed the bank here?"

"No; but I don't worry about that. The world will not know it."

"It may. I know it, and your wife knows it."

"Very well. Suppose you two do? You will neither of you tell. But it is you who are wandering from the subject now; am I to live—or to die?"

"Excuse me, Mr. Senn, but I am *not* wandering from the subject. The bank-robbery is as closely connected with the murder of Constance Craig as any one event can be connected with another. Will you tell me why I will not tell that you robbed the bank?"

"Because your story would be ridiculous and apparently merely malicious if unconfirmed by other evidence. Think of what you have to tell, ending with helping a bank-robber open his dead employer's safe and then inviting him home to supper. Would any one credit such a tale? You would be laughed out of Boomville."

"And why will not Mrs. Senn tell?"

"For various reasons. No one ever before heard of a woman doing what she did; no one would believe it now. She may have the same idea regarding dishonor and disgrace that I have; you remember what she did for her father; you remember that she is a Senn now. Besides, I understand that some have the idea that her marriage was arranged solely to the end that the business in which her father was engaged might have the

benefit of the money I am supposed to have had. I think she may be willing to let that idea go uncontradicted."

"But there would be dishonor and disgrace in that."

"True. But women and men sell themselves in marriage—sell themselves for gold—every day. It may be less evident than in this case, usually, though none the less true. Compared with the greater evil of being known as a felon's wife, Mrs. Senn may be very willing to be regarded as a very avaricious person."

Hope was fighting with fear in Senn's breast. The night was going fast. With morning, he might find certainty of life. And he must be vile indeed, or wretched indeed, who does not love life and long for its continuance while youth and health are still with him.

So Senn welcomed conversation, was glad when it wandered away from the subject of Constance Craig, and watchfully wondered at Prier and his purpose, and thought bitterly in the pauses of the conversation of his own probable—and possible future.

"And so," continued Senn, after a considerable pause, "I think Mrs. Senn will not speak of my crime until you do, and then——"

"Well?"

Senn smiled.

"And then she will dispute you," he asserted.

Prier pondered over that proposition for some time; the thought was evidently new to him, and was as evidently unpleasant. To think one has another man in his power—fully in his power—and to have his intended victim himself point out an unthought-of avenue of escape, must be exceedingly disagreeable—perhaps as much so to a detective who means to do nothing unjust and wants no advantage which is unfair, as it would be to a desperate criminal.

"Well," said Prier, at length, "you are certainly a cool one. You are the greatest rascal it was ever my forture to meet—or the greatest fool. Seriously, I did not expect you to sign that paper. Frankly, I have not meant to make your crime in connection with the bank public; I have reasons—but no matter. I will tell you honestly, however, that I had no doubt I could prove that you stole Donald Barron's money—*or that you say you did it*——"

"Which amounts to much the same thing."

"To much the same thing; yes, sir, to much the same thing. But now, I do expect you to sign *this*, and to sign it promptly."

And Prier pushed another somewhat lengthy document across the table to Senn.

Senn read it, and could have laughed for very joy. Compared with the former document it was so simple and so trivial. A man who did not quite understand it might find an excuse for putting his name at the bottom of so innocent and vague a document as that; one who knew nothing whatever of its meaning might find pardon in his own eyes for writing the lie of his signature to it.

Only——

There is always an "only" or an "if" or a "but" written across the safe and the simple in temptation's path.

Only, the shrewdest, keenest and most merciless detective in America wrote it, and he has hung men on evidence whose beginnings were even more vague than that. This is the new confession which Senn was asked to sign:

"BOOMVILLE, MAINE, *November 9th*, 1870.

"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: I, Gilbert Senn, being pressed to tell the truth regarding certain matters, do, in the presence of Mr. J. B. Prier, freely make the following statements:

"1. I have seen two rings which may be described as follows:

"(*a*) One of them is a seal ring; gold; the setting a heavy white stone, on which are engraved an anchor—a female head below it—and the letter "S" below that.

"(*b*) The other is an old-fashioned ring, the band of heavy silver; half of the setting, a blood-red brittle stone, is gone.

"2. I admit the fact of these rings having been found by Mr. Prier under circumstances which justify him in the conclusion that they have been for many years in my possession.

"3. I shall not deny, under any circumstances which may arise, that the rings mentioned have been in my possession."

"Will you sign that?" asked Prier, persuasively, when Senn had finished his reading.

"I will not," answered Senn, "unless I am in some way compelled to do so."

"I shall not try to compel you," said Prier, gravely, "by the use of any force. I let you wrong me, since I knew the power which sometimes lies in fear, by believing that I might kill you. You have been in no danger; you will be in no danger if you do not yourself provoke it by resistance to such authority as I may have. Let me explain: Those rings were found by me on the floor of Donald Barron's bank, near the safe. They were not there when the bank closed on Saturday night, for the room was carefully swept by a boy at the close of the day's work, while you finished your work upon the books. They were there the morning after; they were there when I examined the bank, for I found them and secured them. Now you may sign the paper I have handed you, or you may let me try to prove that you know of these rings because you were the one who took the money from Barron's bank. You shall never have it to say that I have been unfair or underhanded; I have been frank and straightforward; I have proved myself a 'talkative detective' in very truth. But I am in earnest, desperately in earnest, and I tell you, Gilbert Senn, you have got to go into court and tell what you know of those rings."

"Suppose I say I know nothing of them?"

"You'll have a chance to prove it; a jury will have an opportunity to compare your story with those of other men; twelve men will have an opportunity to decide upon its truth or falsity."

"I know nothing of *other people's rings;* I never saw *your rings.*"

"Sign the paper, or I'll brand you as a bank-robber."

"On my word of honor, I know nothing——"

"Bah! The word of honor of a man who can do what you have boasted doing. You know nothing of the rings—nothing? Do you know nothing of the murder?"

Prier sprang up excitedly. He laid his hand on Senn's shoulder. His eyes fairly blazed.

"Do you know nothing of the murder?" he repeated; "nothing? Let me paint you a picture—a picture such as you painted me. Listen, man, listen and look up: An innocent woman, young and beautiful; see her sleeping quietly; fearlessly; God's vengeance on the man who would disturb her." Senn groaned. Prier shut his teeth sharply and savagely together.

"A beautiful picture," continued the detective; "a very Eden come to earth again. But see! The serpent! A man creeps into the room. There is crime written all over his face—crime and fear. Why should he fear? The woman is weak—alone—defenseless; he is strong and active. She awakes. He is a coward. A shot may give alarm and bring help. A knife will leave a mark where its strength for evil falls, and he cannot run the risk of detection. He forces her back upon the bed; he covers her face with her own snow-white pillow; he—he—— I cannot go on—I—I cannot bear it——"

"For God's sake stop," cried Senn, excitedly; "*I* cannot bear it."

"I should certainly think not. Gilbert Senn, I arrest you for the murder of Constance Craig!"

Prier sprang upon him, handcuffs in hand; Senn threw him back. Prier drew his pistol; Senn wrenched it away and tossed it across the room. Prier's casket slipped from his pocket, fell upon the table, struck in such a way as to open, and its contents fell out.

Two rings! A gold ring and a silver ring! The gold

THE YOUNG NATURALIST.— DRAWN BY L. BOGLE.

ring set with a broad, flat, white stone, on which were engraved an anchor, a woman's head, and the letter "S." The silver ring still holding half a broken blood-red stone. Those were the treasures which Prier had kept with so much care. Those were the talismans by whose aid he hoped to plant the gallows across the path of the "somebody" he was determined to hang.

There is wisdom and unwisdom.

Men in an emergency are quite as likely to be unwise as the opposite.

With a chance to be wise, Senn threw the chance away. He turned the table over, letting the rings fall to the floor with the broken dishes, and tried to crush them under his heels.

Prier reached up and turned out the gas. The room was in utter darkness. He meant to save his rings, at any cost.

Then both men started for that part of the room where Prier's revolver had been thrown. Half way there, they came in contact with one another. A furious fight ensued in the darkness, and for a little time the result seemed in doubt. Both were strong; both were so desperate with anger that they did not stop to consider consequences; each was in a mental condition very favorable to the sudden decease of the other if any advantage put that other in his power; if either one had happened to put his hand on that pistol, while the fight in the darkness was going on, I am very much afraid he would have *spoiled this story!*

Senn, pulling fiercely at Prier, much as the pictures represent the lion pulling the buffalo down, was unfortunate enough to slip; Prier's clothing gave way; Senn fell so hard that he was completely stunned for a moment. Prier lighted a match, partly to see what had happened and partly to aid him in determining what should happen next; his pistol and his handcuffs were both upon the floor and both in plain sight; one at his right and the other at his left, each a couple of yards or so distant. Fortunately, in every sense, his eyes fell upon the handcuffs first; he fastened them upon the wrists of his dazed foe, so that when Senn had recovered his senses he found himself a prisoner.

Prier lighted the gas. He got his pistol; he picked up his rings and restored them to the casket and the casket to his pocket. By that time, there were a dozen of the alarmed inmates of the hotel at the door of Prier's room clamoring for admission.

Prier turned to Senn.

"I shall let these men in in a half-minute," he said, in a hoarse whisper, "and you've got to choose very promptly. Will you sign, or shall I prove that you robbed Barron's bank as a step toward proving that you killed Constance Craig."

"I'll sign," said Senn, sullenly, and Prier freed his right hand long enough for him to do so.

Prier folded the paper and put it carefully into his pocket. Then, as he moved toward the door to let in those who were vigorously pounding there and demanding admittance, he said:

"Donald Barron died a natural death; Constance Craig was murdered. The murderer of that woman shall hang, unless I find the grave of the guilty wretch lying across the path I am following. Whoever can throw light upon that murder, must and shall do so. Whoever robbed the bank in this city can explain the fate of Constance Craig. Confession or accusation, as the case may be, I shall wring a full and explicit statement from the man who stole Barron's money, whoever he may be. *You say* YOU *did it!*"

CHAPTER IX.

THE WORLD VS. THE JURY.

THE strange news flew from tongue to tongue in the early morning: "Gilbert Senn is arrested for murder"; "Gilbert Senn is accused of having killed Constance Craig"; "Gilbert Senn resisted the officer who came to arrest him."

No one knew who Constance Craig had been, where she had died, nor how, nor when, nor why. No one knew whether she had lived in America, or half way round the big world from Boomville. No one knew whether it was pistol-shot, or knife, or poison which had taken her life. No one knew whether she had been young or old, handsome or homely, good or bad. No one could say whether Senn had killed her because she wouldn't be Mrs. Senn, killed her because she wanted to be Mrs. Senn, or killed her for some such impersonal reason as the love of money. No one knew anything about the matter—except that Gilbert Senn killed her! The citizens of Boomville were very few indeed—outside the churchyard which held "the silent majority"—who were not quite satisfied in their own minds that Senn was guilty. They had little reason, of course, no more than the accusation which is all too often taken as proof, when men fall—or are said to. But, after all, they had known Senn, sober, industrious, honest, for *only ten years;* behind that knowledge lay a past of which they knew as little as—as little as they knew of Constance Craig. *Only ten years!* Can the leopard change his spots? Can a man who has made crime a trade live a consistent life for *only ten years?* Can a man who has been a true and noble gentleman for ten years deliberately go down to a level deeper than hope has ever sounded or salvation reached? Can he?

Reader, with all this mystery and doubt before you, do you *know* the manner of man Gilbert Senn was? Did God ever set the wrong face, the wrong sign and seal of character, over any human soul?

The citizens of Boomville, with exceptions, of course, were quite certain that Senn was guilty, and that Prier was a hero—a hero and a wonderful man.

With exceptions, I said.

There were exceptions.

Donald Barron was not certain that Gilbert Senn killed Constance Craig. Poor old Donald Barron, with his white hair, and his cold, sunken face; he had no word to say about it all—no word of comfort for his daughter, coming into the room where he lay in the silent dignity of death, crying out in hot-eyed, tearless pathos that her lot was more that she could bear.

Walter Aldrich did not believe that Gilbert Senn killed Constance Craig. "I—I can imagine how a man might do it," he said, passionately to himself, but he was thinking of the treasure of Elsie Barron's love, and of the way in which Senn had made her his wife, when he said that. For Aldrich had not heard of Senn's connection with the robbery; he had no idea that Senn had done aught else than win her through her affections; and the blessing of Elsie's love seemed so great—so far beyond any earthly good of which he could think—that he could half forgive the treachery which he believed had been quickened into being by a desire as great as his own.

"I know he did not—could not—do it," he said, when he thought of the crime of which Prier had accused his once friend. And whatever else he might or might not think—however much his thoughts dealt with a strange past—however much with a dark and clouded future—however bitter they might be—he had no more to say that morning, even to himself. For marriage: "I—I

can imagine how a man might do it." For murder: "I know he did not—could not—do it."

Elsie Barron-Senn was sure that Gilbert Senn was guiltless. She had no very good reason for her belief, perhaps. She would have given a woman's reason had any one pressed her for a reason at all. Gilbert Senn was guiltless, because—with a pause—*because* he wasn't guilty! Woman's reason! Woman's wonderful instinct! Higher than logic, or the needs of logic! We may laugh, scoff, scorn; we may say our measures cannot determine it, nor our systems explain it; no matter. The man who has ever had a woman's love or a woman's friendship knows that she has a power of prescience—a faculty of unreasoned cognition—which is as true as existence, and as inexplicable. Elsie Senn felt very sure that her husband had not killed Constance Craig.

And J. B. Prier? What of him? Elsie Senn might have found a new reason for her negative belief, and a better one from a mere masculine standpoint, in Prier's affirmative one, than she yet had, if she could only have known that Prier *knew* that Senn must be guilty. The truth was, Prier was very doubtful. He would have told you that he had arrested Senn "on suspicion." "On suspicion" is a very convenient term.

So, you see, Senn had a very fair minority of doubters.

Let us count them:

Walter Aldrich, whose promised bride he had taken from him.

Elsie Senn, whom he had forced to marry him.

J. B. Prier, the great detective who had arrested him.

And—and——

I am sure there were four.

And I am sure I did not count dead Donald Barron.

And—and—I remember now:

Lurline Bannottie knew that Gilbert Senn did not kill Constance Craig!

* * * * * *

The trial of Gilbert Senn came on very speedily. Mr. Prier urged the authorities forward in every way possible, and was angry and impatient at every delay. Senn or his friends might, undoubtedly, have secured a postponement for a time, lasting at least until the "nine days' wonder" which his arrest had caused, had in a degree subsided. But Senn sat in his cell with downcast eyes and drooping form, evidently full of a dull apathy, and careless of his future and his fate. And where was the friend who cared to help him?

He learned from the jailer the popular conclusion which had been reached regarding him. He had money; Mr. Barron's business had suffered; he had offered to help the banker past the crisis in his affairs on condition that Elsie became his wife; Mr. Barron had consented; the girl had been forced to yield; that was the story which was generally believed in Boomville. Senn cared little for what they said about him; he was willing they should say what they would—believe what they would—so they did not learn the real reason for Elsie's marriage with him; and, since his arrest and incarceration on the charge of murder, he was not so particular to have his connection with the bank robbery kept a secret as he had been.

The jailer not only told him all about the conclusions at which the citizens of Boomville had so easily arrived, but he informed him that there were many who believed that the money he was supposed to have had had been stolen from murdered Constance Craig.

Senn heard of Donald Barron's burial. To look at the prisoner's face, one would have found it easy to believe that he had loved old Donald Barron—loved him in spite of any wrong he had done him and his house. There were surely tears in his eyes as he looked at the jailer and listened to his narrative; there was surely a weak quaver in his voice as he replied. But he heard of Elsie's wild grief, and he smiled; Gilbert Senn was not in love with the woman who had cost him so much—so much—and who was likely to cost him more.

The trial came on speedily, as I have said. One day Gilbert Senn knew that he had been indicted; that night he knew that to-morrow he must face trial. But he barely looked up while he was told of what was to come; he let his head fall forward upon his breast again—he looked down and not up—it seemed as though he had forgotten his danger and forgotten what had been said.

The jailer had grown to like Gilbert Senn. It may be that the authorities and instruments of the law's vengeance always learn to like those of their prisoners who are quiet, docile, orderly, and who cause them no extra care nor alarm; it may be that men always like those with whom they become familiar. I do not know. I cannot say. It is certain that the jailer had learned to like the accused. Perhaps because the fellow was his prisoner, and under his control. Possibly—because the man was Gilbert Senn.

"You have no lawyer?" asked the jailer.

"No. I suppose the court will assign me one."

"You have made no arrangements for having witnesses called in your behalf?"

"No; I shall need none."

"Surely you will not plead guilty?"

Senn raised his eyes then. He had not looked up before during the interview. There was a look upon his face which seemed a stranger there.

"I shall plead 'Not guilty,'" he said, "for I *am not guilty*. But I am outside hope—outside pity—outside any chance for a future. They may hang me; no matter, I—I——"

His gaze was no longer fixed upon the jailer's face. He had given up hope, no doubt.

There was a letter for Senn that evening.

"Mrs. Senn's companion, or friend, or whatever she calls herself, sent it," said the jailer.

Gilbert Senn had never seen her, except as she walked in to see him married, and walked out and intruded herself into the carriage with him and his newly wedded wife. To him she was an unknown quantity in the problem of life—a vailed figure, with graceful movements, but with an utter blank where the woman's face should be. He had little interest in her; he believed she had worked for him, rather than against him, when Elsie's fate hung in the balance, weighing itself against her father's future; he scarcely knew why he placed her on that side in the conflict—he did place her there, almost instinctively. She probably knew nothing regarding his connection with the bank robbery; she had only urged Elsie to avert, by her consent, a disaster of which the adviser understood neither the nature nor the remedy.

So Senn had little interest in his wife's companion. What interest he had was connected with Elsie. He opened the letter very leisurely and very indifferently.

There were three bits of paper within. Senn read them in order. This was the substance of the first, dated that day, and evidently written by a person laboring under intense excitement:

"MR. SENN: I shall offer neither explanation nor excuse for what I am about to do. If my help and my warning are of use—it is well; if they are not—it is well. Walter Aldrich will come

to see you this evening, and I know what his errand is; no matter how I know; it is enough that I do know.

"Mr. Aldrich has not been here since your marriage. He has sent one note to Mrs. Senn—*to your wife*. He may have sent more; I have reasons to think he has not; no matter what my reasons are; I have them.

"I inclose the note Mr. Aldrich sent. I inclose a copy of the letter Mrs. Senn sent in reply. 'A word to the wise' is all I intend. LURLINE BANNOTTIE."

It was treachery's hand which had sent these letters, these communications between Walter Aldrich and Elsie Senn, and the strange letter of explanation which did not explain. Treachery and cunning were written in every line—not concealed nor hidden, but paraded and boasted of. The letter hurt Senn; had he been a free man it might have hurt Miss Lurline Bannottie as well. But——

What does the proverb say?

"Drowning men catch at straws!"

"Straws!" No more. No less. The word is unqualified. I suppose it would include *rotten* straws as well as others.

Senn put Miss Bannottie's letter—the first message from the outside world which had come to him without even a semblance of friendliness in it—in his pocket.

He opened Walter Aldrich's letter next.

It was not a long letter. It did not say much. If, however, the writer had known that *Mr.* Senn would see the letter to *Mrs.* Senn, it might have been shorter and have said still less:

"BOOMVILLE, *November 9th*, '70.

"MRS. SENN: The gossips are very busy with your name and mine since your marriage and the arrest of your husband. They say, among other things, that you were not a willing bride—that your marriage was forced upon you, or that you were unfairly influenced. I confess that I did not think so this morning, though I thought you should have known me too well to think that I would hold your promise binding if you found some one for whom you cared more than for me. I do not know what to think to-night; will you help me to think aright?

"Are the gossips right? Are they wrong?

"Are you happy, despite the cloud which now rests on the character of the man whose name you bear? Or are you miserable?

"I love you still. I always shall. If your marriage was not of your choosing, there is hope for divorce. Let me know the truth; let me know how much help you need—how much hope I may cherish. Ever yours, WALTER ALDRICH."

Gilbert Senn tore Aldrich's letter into fragments, and tossed them aside.

He opened the copy of Mrs. Senn's reply:

"BOOMVILLE, *November 9th*, '70.

"MR. ALDRICH: I have no explanation to make regarding the causes which led to my marriage with Mr. Senn, nor shall I ever have. Regarding that matter I shall do no more than assert again the fact with which you are already familiar. *I am the wife of Gilbert Senn.*

"Talk of divorce is utterly useless in my case; I shall take no legal steps toward removing the bonds which I voluntarily assumed. You must never hint at such a matter again, either by letter or in person.

"I shall be glad to see you at any time—as a friend. If you come, you must remember that the past is a forbidden topic while Mr. Senn lives. Should I outlive the man whose name I bear, and should you desire to say again to me the most pleasing things in your letter, you will find the widow ready to hear that which the wife may not listen to. Until then, I am no more and no less than

"Your sincere *friend*, ELSIE BARRON-SENN."

Senn tore up that letter also, and scattered its fragments as he had scattered those of the other.

"A love letter in disguise," he said, bitterly; "and what a letter! A letter worthy of the writer—worthy a fiend! A bid for my blood! A premium on my death! She cannot bring herself to think of *divorce;* she cannot go through the labyrinth of legal ways to freedom and love; but she can go—and go gladly—across my grave!"

And Senn's judgment was good—very good. It was a letter worthy a fiend, good reader, and a letter worthy its writer!

The jailer opened the door. Senn was sitting in his old disconsolate, drooping mood again. He had destroyed all the letters, but he still had them to think about.

"A visitor for you," said the jailer.

"Yes. Let him come in."

Walter Aldrich entered the cell.

Senn did not look up. Neither one offered his hand to the other.

"I have come to offer my legal services in your defense. I understand you have secured no lawyer as yet. Will you give me the privilege of standing between you and the law's vengeance?"

Senn did not look up. He muttered something to himself, far too low for his visitor to hear:

"If she outlives the man whose name she bears, and you desire to say again the things in your letter which she found most pleasing, you will find the widow ready to listen to that which a wife my not hear. Well—well. And so you dare not—dare not—— O God! Have I mistaken him so? After all, a—a—— Such a traitor as that would deserve no better." He spoke aloud: "You may defend me."

"What will be your line of defense?" asked Aldrich.

"You are the lawyer," replied Senn; "how should I know?"

"Don't be foolish. You will plead 'Not guilty'?"

"I am not guilty."

"You will have witnesses?"

"I know of none."

"You signed some paper which Prier will use?"

"I did."

"If he threatened you, you may decline being bound by its terms."

"I shall not deny my signature. I shall admit all I signed, and take the consequences."

"I shall study this case carefully, as carefully as the information at my disposal will allow."

"Thank you."

"But I may fail."

"Yes; you may. Good-night."

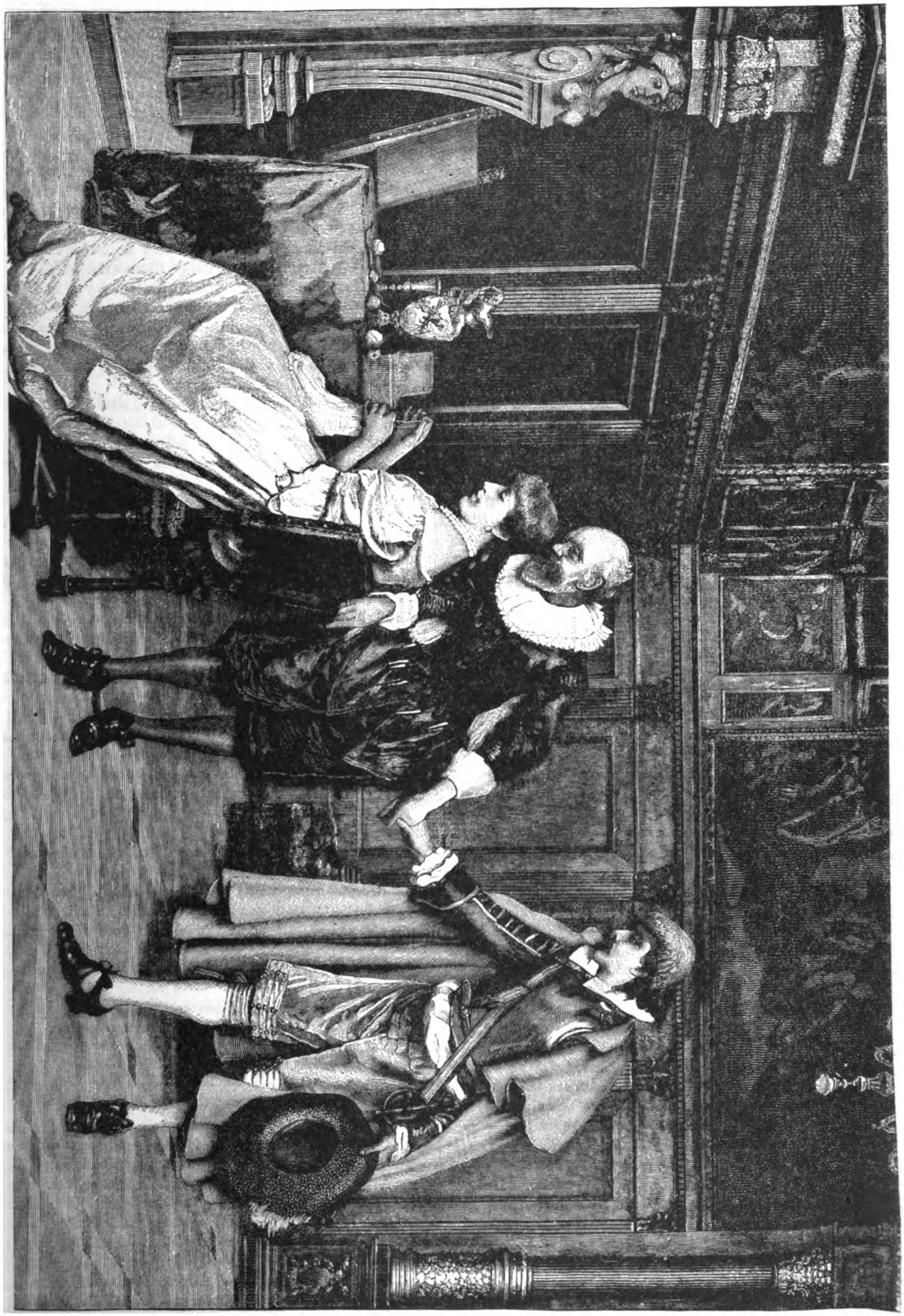
"Good-night."

Senn did not look up until Aldrich was gone, not until the jailer had shot the heavy bolt into its place in the door of his cell. Then he sprang to his feet, dashed himself against the iron door, and wept as though he were a broken-hearted child.

"Oh, Aldrich, Aldrich," he cried, "how can you? how can you? Why did you not kill me that day in the bank? Why were you not brave enough to take my life with your own hand? Or, better still, why did you not leave me to my fate under the heavy engine-wheels, ten years ago?"

* * * * * *

Gilbert Senn was brought into court. He was heavily ironed. He was well guarded. There had been some talk which had worried the authorities, weak, foolish, irresponsible, talk, of course, but even cowards and fools may do mischief which the wise and brave can never undo. Senn's guards were watchful—very watchful—and a close observer would have noticed that they watched Senn less than is usual in the case of a man charged with a capital crime. They took off his handcuffs as soon as he was fairly inside the court-room.



THE RECONCILIATION.

They evidently half expected that something serious would happen. They meant that he should have a fair chance for his life if anything did happen.

But Senn was taken quietly, and without difficulty or interference, to the prisoner's place. He had nothing more serious to face than hard looks, cold—stern—unsympathetic. Perhaps because "it is the unexpected which always happens"; perhaps because those who talk most bravely are usually cowards at heart.

But Senn did have a cold welcome—a very cold welcome. There were men in the court-room whom he had befriended, who now looked at him with hate or distrust—or did not look at him at all. There were men and women who had known him for long years who had let a few days of doubt and need outweigh all of his past which they knew. There was little of kindness or encouragement for him anywhere, in any face, as he entered the room.

Naturally enough, he looked for certain faces; naturally enough, in his terrible extremity, it was individual thought and feeling which he desired to read in the countenances before him; naturally enough, for the great crowd, as a whole, he cared nothing.

The first person upon whom his eyes rested was his wife. Elsie Barron-Senn was pale, very pale, and looking even whiter than she really was because of the deep mourning which she wore. She looked straight into Senn's eyes as he came up the aisle between the crowded seats, but she gave him no smile, no nod, no look of recognition.

I think her haughty indifference hurt him. I am not sure that a smile, or any other token of interest, would not have hurt him more. Senn said nothing, not even to himself; let us not try to interpret his thoughts as he looked squarely into the eyes of the woman who was joined to him by bonds which could not be broken until "so long as ye both shall live" should be a thing of the past.

It was a relief when his wife let her vail fall between him and her beautiful, pale face.

Walter Aldrich was the next one selected by the restless eyes of Senn from among the many in the crowd. He rose as the prisoner nearly reached the place to which he was being conducted, and said a few quiet words of direction—to the guards. His face was as pale as Mrs. Senn's had been; he looked at Gilbert Senn, but he spoke no word and did not appear to see him. Senn was given a seat. Aldrich took a seat near him, but he turned away his head.

Senn looked anxiously over the assembled throng. There were faces which he missed. He could scarcely realize that he should look vainly, for evermore, for the face of good old Donald Barron. "Does he know? Can he see? Is there a smile on his face, up in heaven, for me—even for me?" he whispered to himself. But faith could not reach high enough, imagination was not strong enough, to compass a task such as his agonized question had set before his mind and soul—his brain and heart. He only thought of the grave and of death and of decay, when he thought of Donald Barron; he shivered in the overheated court-room, as he thought how cold and heavy were the clods which rested that morning on the pulseless heart of the man whose face he so much missed.

Gilbert Senn looked for Miss Lurline Bannottie. There was no lady near Mrs. Senn, though he had expected to see the two there together. He had never seen Lurline Bannottie's face; he had never heard her described; he did not know whether she was light or dark; he scarcely knew—though he was conscious that he ought to—whether she was short or tall, stout or slender.

But Gilbert Senn had a belief that he would know her, know her under any circumstances and wherever he might see her—this unknown woman who had written him so strange a letter of warning, and who must be a peculiar sort of friend to her in whose home she lived. Senn looked eagerly, anxiously, feverishly; there were many women present—young and old, pretty and plain, women who were merely curious—women who were merely indifferent—women filled with that cruel thirst for blood which is a remnant of the days when our ancestors were a disreputable horde of prehistoric savages. But among them all Senn did not find the face which quite filled his ideal of Lurline Bannottie.

He found the face of J. B. Prier, the eyes looking as though they were gazing deeper than the surface and reading his soul, and he—he alone of all there—he, whose accusation he had to face and whose skill was to be made to prove him red-handed if skill could do it—he had a smile for him.

Another look for Miss Bannottie, who could *possibly* smile at him also.

A vain search!

Miss Lurline Bannottie was sick that day. Not very sick. Not sick enough to need a physician. Only a headache—a nervous headache—or something of that sort. Only something which kept her away from the court-room, something which kept her from the side of her dear friend Elsie Senn, something which demanded the utmost quiet and freedom from excitement. Not serious. Oh, no. Not serious if she could be left to herself, and to undisturbed repose. A sudden shock, a subpœna as a witness in the case of The State *vs.* Gilbert Senn, for instance, might have endangered her life!

So Senn came to his trial without knowing whether her welcome would have been a smile—or a stare.

He came to his trial with only one kind look—and that from the man who had sworn vengeance upon the murderer of Constance Craig.

Perhaps it had not needed the fact that he had waived a preliminary examination; possibly it had not been necessary for him to be committed without bail. Or, it may be that these two facts had had weight. Be that as it may, an anxious crowd was waiting for the trial of Gilbert Senn.

Waiting to know who Constance Craig had been; waiting to know where she lived, how and when and why Senn killed her. Beyond those facts—why have a trial? Under the circumstances—why have a jury? The multitude scoffed at the forms of law, at its exactness—its dignity—its delays.

For the question had been settled.

The World had decided that Senn was guilty.

CHAPTER X.

THE TRIAL BEGINS.

It is fortunate, whatever may be said of the Jury System, that The Jury desides momentous questions over which The World may wisely or wickedly have stumbled. The legal light which is focused upon the jury-box has an illuminating power which the spectator does not always adequately appreciate. Guilty, a man might dazzle his fellow-men with his audacity, and escape by the very boldness of his guilt; innocent, he would find a greater degree of safety in the searching scrutiny of twelve honest men, sworn to do their duty, than in the shifting partisanship of an irresponsible and

prejudice-blinded populace. If law's *raison d'être* be justice, then The Jury must remain—The World must bow in submission.

It took some time to secure a jury in Gilbert Senn's case, for there were few who had not talked about it, few who had not formed and expressed opinions.

But it is undoubtedly always true that twelve men can be found who know little enough of a given case to qualify them to act impartially. They found a jury for Senn; Senn heard them sworn, listening himself in a sort of indifferent stupor, and feeling as though he could not be concerned in the matter himself — feeling as though it must be some one else whose life was in danger — feeling a vague and impersonal sort of pity for the luckless wretch against whom the powers of law were about to be invoked.

The Winter sunshine fell into the room. Outside, the day was beautiful. Beyond this room there was life and freedom and honor—surely he could not be shut out from it all for ever—surely it must be a dream, a bad dream.

But no! Freedom and honor belonged to the dream; the horror all about him belonged to the real.

And he awoke from his day dream suddenly——

They were reading the indictment.

It did not take long. There was not so much of detail as he would have been glad to hear; when a man must face a horror like this it is a comfort to know—in all respects—just what the horror is.

The indictment was read, its statements of names and places and dates being given with great particularity. He glanced curiously at Aldrich. The lawyer neither looked up nor moved. Senn's face took on a look of proud despair.

Then, almost before he knew what he was doing, some one had assisted him to his feet. Some strained, harsh voice, which he could scarcely realize was his own, so changed was it, had faltered "*Not Guilty!*" and he was sitting in his place again, his face buried in his hands, trying to shut out the sight of the hateful multitude who waited for his doom.

The prosecuting attorney arose and briefly explained the case. The murder took place more than ten years before, and in a country house some fifty miles distant. The murder was peculiarly atrocious from the fact that the guilty man had so planned and executed his crime as to leave the question of the manner of his victim's death in doubt.

The prosecution would admit that there were those who had honestly believed that Constance Craig died a natural death; the prosecution presumed such witnesses would be introduced by the defense. The prosecution desired to state frankly in the outset that they had only circumstantial evidence upon which to rely; they admitted that they were unable to assign an adequate motive for the commission by him of the crime of which Gilbert Senn stood accused; they had no proof to offer tending to show that ill-will or revenge had anything to do with the horrible deed—indeed, there was no reason for thinking that Gilbert Senn had been acquainted with Constance Craig prior to the murder. No evidence would be introduced tending to show robbery in the ordinary and usual sense of the term; it had been the intention of the murderer to make it appear that death was not the result of murder, and one little article, whose presence in the room of death would have been evidence of a struggle, had been removed; this article was of little value; it would be shown that Gilbert Senn had had it in his possession. The facts, then, which the prosecution would establish by the testimony of reliable witnesses were these:

"1. The death of Constance Craig.

"2. The fact that her death was accompanied by a severe struggle, which took place while a person who had never confessed his presence there was in the room with her.

"3. The fact that an article belonging to her had been removed at the time of her death.

"4. The fact that the murderer had carried a small article of his own into the room.

"5. The fact that the article stolen from dead Constance Craig, as well as the other article to which reference had been made, had been traced to and found in the possession of Gilbert Senn.

"6. The fact of the presence of Gilbert Senn near the residence of Constance Craig not long before the murder.

"7. The fact that the general character of Gilbert Senn at the time of the murder of Constance Craig was such as to make the theory of murder or any other infamous crime a reasonable one in his case.

"8. The fact that when arrested he had attempted to destroy the articles on whose silent evidence the prosecution largely relied to prove his guilt.

"And now," said the prosecuting attorney, "there is one thing more to be considered before we call our witnesses. I hold in my hand a document, dated in Boomville, Maine, on November 9th, 1870, in the handwriting of J. B. Prier, as I believe, and signed with the name of Gilbert Senn. In it Mr. Senn admits the finding by Mr. Prier of two rings, duly described, under circumstances which justify the conclusion that they had been for many years in his possession. Mr. Senn pledges himself, in this document, not to deny the fact of the rings having been in his possession. Now we shall introduce this document in evidence; we shall find little or no difficulty in proving that the admissions made by Mr. Senn are true; we shall prove them, if we are compelled to do so. There exists, so Mr. Prier tells me, a tacit compact between Mr. Senn and himself, however, that the circumstances under which they were found shall not be investigated. Of course Mr. Prier is only a witness for the State in this case, and equally, of course, the State is not bound in any way by this implied personal contract between him and the prisoner. I wish, however, to regard this agreement, if it is possible. I ask, then, whether the defense will admit the genuineness of the signature and the truth of the admissions made? or whether they prefer that we should proceed to prove the facts therein stated?"

Walter Aldrich turned to his client.

"Deny the signature; refuse to make the admissions; claim that you signed under the influence of fear; let us make a bold, hard fight, here and now," he whispered.

Senn shook his head.

"It's your best chance," pleaded Aldrich, in an undertone, "and it may be your only one."

Senn looked him squarely in the face—squarely and a little indignantly.

"You know better than that," he said, firmly; "I shall not deny my signature; I shall not deny the truth of my admissions there made; if I cannot tell the truth and live, I can, at least, tell it and die."

Aldrich turned from his client, and toward the judge, the jury, and the prosecuting attorney.

"We admit all that is asked," he said, sullenly.

"That is not enough," said the prosecuting attorney, blandly, rising to his feet; "that is not by any means enough in so important a case as this. I ask to have the prisoner sworn."

"You wish to question him?" asked Aldrich.

"I do."

"On this matter?"

"Certainly."

"And on nothing else?"

"Nothing."

"It's terribly irregular, isn't it?"

"We will not press the matter. We will prove——"

But Senn was already upon his feet.

"Do as you like," said Aldrich, savagely.

So Senn was sworn.

The prosecuting attorney questioned him.

"You have seen and read this document?"

"I have."

"Is this your signature?"

"It is."

"Do you admit the accuracy of the statements contained in it, and will you abide by the pledge given?"

"I will abide by the pledge given. I admit the substantial accuracy of the statements made."

"You speak of the 'substantial accuracy' of the statements. Please explain yourself? State briefly what you admit?"

Senn raised his head a little higher; his form was more erect than it had been; there was no longer any need for those sitting in the far-away corners of the room to give breathless attention in order to hear. The prisoner's voice was low, but firm and strong, and it filled the room with its power.

"I have seen the rings which are described in the document. They were found under circumstances which justify the conclusion reached by Mr. Prier. It would be useless for me to deny that they have been in my possession, and——" His voice broke. He fell into his seat as though he had been shot. He covered his face with his trembling hands.

The audience drew a long sigh of relief.

The jurymen looked at each other in interested amazement.

Mrs. Senn, without raising her vail, bowed her thanks to some one who handed her something she had let fall.

Prier smiled, grimly.

Aldrich did not move or look up.

A gray-headed lawyer nudged the young law-student who sat next him, and whispered:

"He's signed his own death-warrant!"

The prosecuting attorney smiled, and rubbed his hands softly over one another.

"That is all," he said, pleasantly; "that will do. We are ready to examine the witnesses now. Will Matilda Webb be sworn?"

Matilda Webb came forward and was duly sworn. Her testimony, condensed from the form of questions and answers, was, in substance, this: Her age was thirty years; business, that of a house servant; she was in the employ of Constance Craig at the time of that lady's death; was twenty years of age at that time; it was her duty to assist the housekeeper in such ways as that person might require. The indictment charged that the murder had taken place during a certain night. She remembered that night well. It was a Monday night. She spent the night with friends, three miles away. She returned home quite early on Tuesday morning. It was certainly not later than eight o'clock when she reached the residence of Constance Craig. There was no one stirring in the house. She hurried up-stairs. She went into her mistress's room. She found her dead. She ran down-stairs. A team happened to be passing. She gave the alarm and sent for help. She remembered a peculiar ring which her employer had owned; it was a silver ring, set with a red stone; she saw Constance Craig have it on her finger when she went away; it was not there when she found her dead in her room; she had never seen it since.

Cross-examined, Miss Webb added these facts: There were three servants employed by Constance Craig, a young man for out-of-door work, the housekeeper and herself inside. The young man was her cousin. He spent Monday night at the same house where she did. He was dead now; was drowned about five years after the time of the murder. The housekeeper was absent during that night; she had been absent for a week prior to the murder; she did not return until after the funeral of her mistress.

Redirect examination: Miss Webb had always had the highest opinion of the housekeeper; the housekeeper had been a very old lady; she had been dead now for several years; Miss Webb had herself attended her funeral. Miss Webb had been engaged to the young man who was accidentally drowned; no question regarding his character and integrity had ever been raised. Miss Webb had been on the best of terms with her employer; never had any trouble with her; had permission to be absent. The witness knew that Constance Craig wore the silver ring with the red stone regularly and constantly; she did not know where she obtained it, nor whether it was a gift.

The prosecution called Dr. Oscar Welton:

"I am a physician and surgeon; I am a regular graduate in medicine; I have practiced my profession for over thirty-five years; I am sixty-one years of age; I have testified on several trials in this State as a medical expert. I was the regular medical attendant of Constance Craig, if it is correct to say she had any; I was always called when she needed a physician; she was usually well; I attended her but seldom. I was the first physician at the house after the discovery of the murder; I was the first person who touched or moved the dead body after she was discovered by Matilda Webb. Constance Craig did not die a natural death. I insisted from the first that she was murdered. She was smothered to death. There was no other post-mortem examination of the body than was possible without the use of instruments. I feel certain that she was killed by the placing and holding over her face of something which prevented the access of air to her lungs.

Dr. Oscar Welton was cross-examined:

"I was not the only physician called in in connection with this case; there were two others present; one was an older man than I; each had had advantages, in education and in practice, equal to mine. One of them, the young man, agreed with me; the other insisted that the death was a natural one. Neither of the other doctors is living; at present there are only two persons, Miss Webb and myself, to be found who were there that Tuesday morning." All this, of course, in answer to questions.

"Was a post-mortem examination proposed, and if so, by whom?"

"I proposed a post-mortem examination."

"Why was none made?"

"The other physicians objected."

"On what grounds?"

"The reason, as I remember it now, had something to do with the probable wishes of surviving friends and relatives who had not yet been notified of the death."

"What did the physician who regarded the death as due to natural causes say was the immediate cause of death?"

"I do not remember. Perhaps he made no suggestion; I really cannot say."

"What sort of natural cause would produce death in such a case?"

"No natural cause in such a case. Constance Craig was murdered."

"You seem very certain?"

"I would risk my professional reputation upon it."

"A post-mortem was not a necessity, then?"

"No, sir; that is——"

"You proposed one?"

"I did, but——"

"Never mind; that will do," said Walter Aldrich.

"Wait a moment," said the prosecuting attorney; "I

TERESINA.— BY HÖNEMANN.

have a question or two to ask : Did *both* the other physicians object to a post-mortem examination ?"

"Yes, sir."

"And for the reasons you have stated ?"

"I so remember it."

"You told my legal friend a minute ago that an examination was not necessary. Will you state why you proposed one, that being the case ?"

"Simply for the satisfaction of others. I had no doubt whatever regarding the cause of Constance Craig's death. I do not see how any one could doubt that it was the result of violence."

"Do you remember whether all three of you remained in the house for a long time."

"Only two of us did."

"Which went away, the one who agreed with you or the other ?"

"The other."

"Why ?"

"I do not remember."

"I mean to ask whether it was the result of the disagreement, or because he had other duties elsewhere ?"

"It was because he had duties elsewhere ?"

"How long was he in the house ?"

"I cannot say exactly."

"Was it more than an hour ?"

"No, sir ; it was less than an hour."

"And how long were you and the other doctor there ?"

"Ten or twelve hours."

"Very well. You say you were certain Constance Craig was murdered: did you take any action based upon that opinion ?"

"We did. We notified the authorities. We telegraphed for a detective."

"For what detective ?"

"For Mr. Prier."

"And he came ?"

"He came."

"That is all," said the prosecuting attorney.

But Walter Aldrich had still other questions to ask :

"You do not see how any one could doubt that the death of Constance Craig was attended with violence ? Did you so testify ?"

"I did."

"Did not one physician doubt the theory of violence ?"

"No, sir, not exactly; he admitted that there had been a severe struggle ; he insisted that it was due to convulsive activity resulting from natural causes."

"I see. The oldest doctor, the disagreeing one, went away after a little, did he ?"

"He did."

"Perhaps he had a more extensive practice—with more frequent calls—than you had ?"

"Perhaps so."

"Did he ?"

"I do not know."

"What is your opinion ?"

"I do not know that I have data on which to base an opinion."

"What action did the authorities take ?"

"None."

"Why ?"

"Because they took sides with the oldest physician."

"The detective," said Mr. Aldrich, very slowly and very sarcastically, "no doubt took sides with the medical majority ?"

"He did."

"That is all," said Aldrich.

And the prosecuting attorney had no other questions to ask. Dr. Oscar Welton retired, having made about the impression that a capable, honest, simple man usually makes when he undertakes to follow a train of thoughtful truth under the guidance of the legal fraternity.

It is doubtless unnecessary to say that Dr. Oscar Welton had hurt the case of the prosecution, and hurt it badly ; half the spectators, counting out the judge, jury, witnesses and lawyers, would have voted him a fool, while the rest—with very, very few *scattering votes*—would have denominated him a clumsy liar. It is unfortunate that honest men *must* submit to the moral degradation of being "important witnesses." There was no way in which Oscar Welton, M.D., could show what an honorable record his had been as the servant of health and humanity ; there was no way in which he could prove that his younger friend had been a prodigy of learning and skill ; over the grave of the other older man there was a costly monument, covered with eulogy and regret, and one could no more show how little his opinion in the Constance Craig case should be regarded, and how little it was really worth, than he could go and write the hard, harsh truth "*Incompetent, obstinate quack*," on the stately marble above his ashes.

As for the citizens among whom Constance Craig had had her home—as for the self-important petty country authorities—their opinions were possibly as valuable as those of the throng who had assembled to see Gilbert Senn put in peril of his life ; they were certainly no more so. Fixed and stable in belief—as the ocean is fixed ; following this way in a flood—that way in an ebb—as the sea follows the moonshine.

And look ! See ! The crowd once clamorous for the blood of Gilbert Senn has turned. Fortune's tide is flowing in for him once more. He holds up his head, and there are smiles of encouragement for him everywhere. There is a buzz of pity—a murmur of repressed applause—in the air. Those so sure, in the morning, that Senn killed Constance Craig, are sure now that she died a natural death. It is not alone what Dr. Oscar Welton has said which has turned opinion in this way—it is the way in which he has said it—it is the hesitation in his honest face, his great anxiety to be accurate—which has done much.

The prosecution had meant to prove so much by the testimony of Dr. Oscar Welton !

The prosecution has so lamentably failed to proved anything—has done worse than fail !

But wait !

The same waves which climb the crags when it is flood tide, go down into the dark sea again. The men whose opinions have changed once—may change their minds again. Human nature would be one tissue of folly, human action one gigantic farce, were not life—with its lofty ambitions and its bitter disappointments—so terrible a tragedy.

"J. B. Prier."

The great detective comes forward, the same grim smile upon his face which we have seen there before.

He raises his right hand.

"You do solemnly swear that in the case now on trial you will tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—so help you God !"

He bows his head reverently.

He pauses to look over the anxious faces before him.

And——

The tide of opinion is turning again already !

(To be continued.)

A SLEEPLESS NIGHT.

THE centre of this universe of stars
  Is the poor human heart that feels its pain!
  Nearer to its individual gain,
Its story personal of wounds and scars
Than all the far off-thunder of the cars
  Of wheeling planets in the midnight's plain;
  One moment's torture makes the pageant vain—
One tear the vision of th' Eternal mars.
Bound in a narrow, mystic ring of fire,
  We live but when we suffer, and we touch
  The real only when we suffer much;
All else is shadow. Ah! when hopes expire,
  And to its source the stricken heart-blood runs,
  My life to me is more than all the suns!

ABOUT HAWKS AND HAWKING.

"I know a hawk from a hernshaw."—*Shakespeare.*

HAWKING, according to Beckman, was known to the Greeks and Romans, who no doubt greatly delighted in this pleasant and dexterous sport, now, alas! almost fallen into oblivion. It is certain that the Egyptians were well acquainted with the pastime; and the hawk was the avatar of Ra or Horus, their Sun-god; it is difficult, however, to determine the origin of the sport in England; it can only be absolutely traced to the reign of the Saxon monarch, King Ethelbert, in the year 760, when we have evidence of this sport-loving monarch sending to Germany for a brace of falcons. From this period hawking was a favorite amusement with all the "great lords and ladies" in England, and the birds were given every protection and care. In James I.'s reign we learn that Sir James Monson is said to have given $5,000 for a cast of hawks, which at once demonstrates their rarity and value in those days. In Edward III.'s time a law was passed making it a felony to steal a hawk; taking its eggs, even in a person's own grounds, was punishable with imprisonment for a year and a day, together with a fine at the king's pleasure—not much pleasure in that!

In former times the custom of carrying a hawk on the hand was confined to men of high distinction, so that it was a saying among the Welsh, "You may know a gentleman by his hawk, horse, and greyhound." And Peacham adds, "It can be no more disgrace to a great lord to draw a fair picture than to cut his hawk's meat." Even the ladies, at one time, were partakers in this gallant sport, and many are the pictures and statues which have represented them with hawks in their hands. The gentleness and speed of the hawk are proverbial, and it is on record that a falcon belonging to the Duke of Cleves flew out of Westphalia into Prussia in one day; and in the county of Norfolk "a hawk has made a flight at a woodcock of thirty miles in an hour." Some of the larger kind have been taught to fly at the wild boar and the wolf. If required for this purpose, the training, if the description can be relied upon, is most peculiar. When young they should be accustomed to feed from out the sockets of the eyes of a wolf or boar's head, the whole skin of the animal being stuffed so as to make it appear alive. "While the bird is feeding, the falconer begins to move the figure gradually, in consequence of which the bird learns to fasten itself so as to stand firm, notwithstanding the precipitate motions which are gradually given to the stuffed animal." The bird would lose his meat if he quitted his hold, and therefore takes care to secure himself. When these first exercises are finished, the skin is placed on a cart, drawn by a horse at full speed; the bird follows it, and is particularly eager in feeding; and then, when they come to fly him in the field, he never fails to dart on the first beast of the kind he discovers, and begins to scoop out the eyes. This goes to prove that the hawk is nothing if not imitative. The animal is then in such distress that the hunters have time to approach and dispatch it with their spears.

The French kings, besides potentates of several other countries, used to keep their falcons. The Duke of St. Albans is Hereditary Grand Falconer in England. St. Albans seems to have been greatly frequented for hawking. Shakespeare says:

"Ride unto St. Albans,
Where the King and Queen do mean to hawk."

At St. Albans, too, Caxton, the first printer, issued a work on hunting, hawking, and heraldry. There are many species of hawk, and Dame Juliana Barnes gives the number of different birds as fourteen, with a classification as to who the various kinds are for. An instance or two: The Gerfalcon; a Tercel of a Gerfalcon is due to a King (Tercel is the male bird); Falcon gentle and a Tercel gentle for a Prince; Falcon of the rock for a Duke; Falcon peregrine for an Earl; and so on. Other hawks are Merlyn, Hoby, Goshawk, Sparehawk, Murkyte, and Kesterel; this latter is said to be for "a knave or servant." The "Sore-hawk" is a hawk of the first year; so called from the French *sor* or *saure*—brownish yellow.

It may not be out of place to mention here that well-known historical fact relating to the accident that befell the much-married Henry VIII. His Majesty, it appears, was pursuing his hawk on foot at Hitchin, in Hertfordshire, and attempted to jump, with the assistance of a pole, across a ditch that was half full of muddy water. The pole, having no respect for the royal jumper, incontinently broke in twain, and precipitated King Henry on his head into the mud, where he would have been stifled had not a footman, named John Moody, who was near at hand, and saw the accident, leaped into the ditch and released His Majesty from his perilous situation; and so, observes the pious historian, "God of Hys goodnesse preserved him."

There have been many attempts to revive the art and practice of falconry, but not with much success. It is true, falconry has long gone out of fashion; still it is quite a mistake to imagine that the sport has altogether died out. The few falconers that remain, and steadfastly hold to the old sport, both amateur and professional, are believed to be direct successors of those past masters, of the ages gone by, who hold their heads as high as any follower of other pastimes. Very often has it seemed that these faithful sportsmen had become extinct, but although obscure, there has never been a period when they were not to be found in some parts.

A recent writer remarks, apropos of this, "That little should have been heard or known of these stubborn votaries (falconers) of an unfashionable sport is no surprising matter. Little is now known or heard of the falconers who nevertheless survive in various parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland. They are consoled easily for the absence of any loquacious reporter to describe their doings in the style which we know so well in accounts of a long day with the Pytchley, or a fast run with the Quorn."

Well, if modern falconers wish to keep so very secluded, it is very evident that falconry is not destined to exist for a very lengthy period, though it seems a pity that so interesting a sport should be allowed to sink into utter oblivion without an effort to once more give it vitality.

THE WARBLER'S NEST.— BY GIACOMELLI.

THE STATUE AND THE LAMP.—"THE WHITE-HAIRED MOTHER, FRANTIC IN HER GRIEF, THRUST A BIT OF PAPER IN THE PALLID FACE OF THE YOUNG WIFE. 'READ IT!' SHE CRIED. 'YOU WROTE IT.'"

THE STATUE AND THE LAMP.

By Millie W. Carpenter.

Nothing but graves left now—nothing but graves in the neglected garden, with its moist leaves and tangled vines—with its forsaken air, as if the straggling sunbeams were ever creeping affrighted away.

The path sloping upward to the mildewed door is deep with dying leaves and grass. Behind the door are old, dismantled rooms, where no footsteps ever sound; and in one of the rooms a broken statue (is it a copy of some Greek lad of the olden time?—some swift runner, dashing back his hair and just starting in the race?), a lamp that never burns, and some pieces of rare carved wood, on which the moths and the rust of time work steadily.

This is Cloisterleigh, and the graves are the graves of those who lived and loved, and, having wrought well, died here.

Only—only that part of an artist which never dies—which cannot die—still lives on and works its mission above the crumbling dust.

And now—and now, back in that dim time, in these dim rooms, a mellow light is shining. All is warmth and cheery life.

In one end of the long room, where the artist sits at work, a huge clock towers, and in a terra-cotta jar a lovely daphne blooms. Here, too, is the white young Greek god—the swift runner in the race—with the lamp always burning before him to light him on his way.

"Is it a David?" old Dame Telfener was wont to ask. "I think it must be a David, though my son says not. He made it, and he ought to know. Strong and swift as the Hebrew lad was, and pure-looking, even as David must have been in his youth."

It was her pride as well as her duty to keep the lamp trimmed and burning brightly before this statue.

"It's David's fancy," she would say, "and may be an idle one. To be sure, against that dark carved wood, the marble does not look the same if the light is gone, so I keep it burning. And I have a fancy—my fancy, too—that as long as the light burns clear and bright, so long will David's path be sure before him."

"Well, well, mother"—here the young, living artist David, coming up behind unheeded, would touch his mother's wrinkled hand reverently—"still toiling and still preaching! Was ever so foolish and so wise a mother!"

"Ay, David! A foolish old woman—only a foolish old woman. But she loves her only son!"

The blue-eyed young David, with a smile and a tear together, stooping, kissed reverently this white-haired prophetess's hand.

"Any son with such a mother must be blessed—ay, he is blessed! For me, my one prayer is that in my life and in my death I may prove worthy of her who calls me 'David—son.' Now, leave me to my work; and, mother," he called to her, and then, as she, pausing, turned, his voice hesitated and fell, "it maybe Ruth will come for a few minutes to-night."

The mother did not answer. Something that was not quite a shadow, but was more like a dusky light, passed over her fine old wrinkled face.

She did not look at her son again, but went out of the room, shutting the door with studied carefulness behind her. Once in the hall, she stopped and looked curiously about her.

She was alone now. The low western light streamed through the wide-open door and fell upon her. And there before her eyes, at the end of that level stretch of road, not a mile away under the hills, another house stood. One tall brick chimney, towering straight up, caught the light, and so lay like a red mark—Cain's mark—on the lovely green of wood about it.

"Ay, ay"—Dame Telfener nodded, slowly—"maybe she'll come, David says—maybe she'll come. But she'll not come, David; your sweetheart will not come to-night. No, nor maybe to-morrow night, or the next."

Just then the old clock in the room where David sat at work began to strike. She stood motionless till the last echo of the deep sound had died away.

Then she lifted her hand and brushed away a tear.

"Strike, and silence!" she muttered to herself. "That's what the motto on the clock-face says. Strike, and silence. I've always held it to be an ominous thing, having that clock in there where David works, with those sinister words printed on it. I tell him so always, for some day he will strike his strongest into the deep stone—he will touch the very heart of the marble—and then his arm will be broken, and there will be silence ever after."

The old dame took a few steps forward.

"Strike, and silence. David laughs at me when I tell him that; he says it's just another of my fancies, like that of the lamp before the statue. Yes, I am old, but I know—I know. I have lived, and I know."

Her last words as she went out to her household tasks were:

"And I have learned to read a woman's face."

* * * * * *

Meanwhile, in that other room, David sat before the open window, a sure light in his eyes, a brave smile on his lips. With a sheet of rough paper and a bit of charcoal, he strove to catch and make visible the visions that thronged his brain.

All his beautiful, strong youth was instinct with work, and now to shape some flitting dream. Should it be some maiden—that Russian poet's *Brown Marianne*—the girl with the black eyelashes who walked along the sombre wood waiting for the moon, and wept? He could see her with her eager look there—

> "Where now in green boughs' shadow
> The cross rests on my nurse's grave."

Or should it be another, a more majestic shape, that another poet of another time and land had made immortal, when Robert Burns, mourning his broken life and his dead love, came up out of the pale Spring morning, "a wae-worn ghaist," flinging his shadow across all future time.

Suddenly a shadow from without fell upon the artist's paper. A sweet voice spoke:

"Oh, how busy you are! It's a shame to disturb you. I'll just say greeting and good-by."

The blood had flushed and then paled suddenly in David's handsome face. He looked up and saw standing just outside the window a tall young girl, her serious gray eyes looking straight at him.

A straw hat was tied over her ruffled hair, and with her bare hands she was carelessly knotting a little red shawl about her shoulders.

"Is it you, Esther? I was just thinking of wandering ghosts. You are shutting off my light, and you might as well come in."

"Ah, I did not think of that!" The girl stepped quickly aside. "I am so sorry. No. I am not coming in. I have been sitting with your mother."

"With my mother?" The young man's face flushed consciously. "You found her all alone, I am afraid, and, of course, she was glad to see you."

"Yes, she was alone!" Esther paused just a second here, but then she went on steadily: "She was fretting, David. I am afraid she is too much alone. She is old."

"Yes, yes!" David answers, a little hastily. "Just now, maybe, she is too much alone, but it will be different by-and-by." He glanced up at the girl who stood there mutely listening. "There will be a change. She will not be so much alone soon."

"I hope she will not," was Esther's quiet answer.

David's clear blue eyes looked at the young girl with a great friendliness in their glance.

"It is very kind of you to think of my mother," he said, "but you were always a favorite of hers. I like to think of your being with her always."

And now, if the slender hands under the red fringe of the shawl are tightly clinched—if there is a quiver of the soft brown cheek, and a dull, cold pain finding its way into the tender heart—what is that to him? or, how is he to know? Only, only if David had wished to make another sketch of the girl with the black eyelashes, whom the Russian poet sang of—the *Brown Marianne* who wept under an apple-tree—one would think his chance is here.

But this *Brown Marianne* does not weep now. Oh, no—no matter how hot and near the crowding tears lie behind the white eyelids.

"Good-night, David."

Esther stretched out the slender, strong young hand.

"Good-night, Esther; I am very sorry you will not stay."

She had gone some steps away across the turf, but some quick, stirring impulse—perhaps an innocent desire to get one more glimpse of the dear old house and the busy worker there—made her turn and fling a last sentence over her shoulder:

"I have further to go this evening. Ruth is gone away, and the house is shut up, so I must go on to grandmamma's."

There was no more work done at the window that night.

For a long time David sat with his pale face bowed on his cold hands, motionless.

No gladness in him now; the quick, stirring instincts of fierce and fiery work in him all dead; light and passion gone.

Ruth gone!—gone with no message for him, and only that morning he had seen her, and sweet and warm in his heart her promise lay that in the evening-time she would come, and, hand in his hand, whisper "Mother" to his mother, pass her vow to be wife and daughter there, and David's home should be her home thenceforward evermore.

Where was she now? Still another long hour he sat there, so motionless that he seemed to be a part of the never-moving shadows.

Then a feeble step came along the floor, a feeble hand touched his arm.

"David, my son."

"Yes, mother," he answered, gently, but not looking around.

"Why do you sit here alone in the dark? And you are cold! See, your hand is cold. It chills me."

The old mother had caught one of his nerveless hands and was striving patiently to warm it in her thin, pale grasp.

"It is nothing, mother. I have been sitting here too long quiet. I must have lost myself."

"Nay, you are in trouble, David. Do you think I cannot see?"

David lifted himself. He looked vacantly around.

"It is nothing, I tell you. I will go for a walk, and then I shall be better."

He had stepped to the window, but catching a glimpse in the dusk light of the old lady's sad, stern face, he paused. He stooped and kissed the wrinkled forehead under that white hair.

"Good-night, mother," he said, with a forced quietude in his voice. "Do not wait for me. I shall be well and will sleep when I come back. Do not sit up."

"You are trying to deceive me," said the old mother, with a jealous bitterness in her tone. "Do you think I do not know? I am old—ah, I have lived to learn many things. An hour or more, a long night's walk, will not cure the pain left by a false woman's vows."

Was it that his mother might tell him this he had lived through that sweet summer-time with the woman he loved by his side, listening to his dreams—the whole wide, beautiful future clasped in their folded hands?

He did not answer for a moment; his face seemed to grow wan and old as he stood with his sad eyes fixed on the distant wood. Then he gently released himself from his mother's grasp.

"I think I am rather tired," he said, in a low voice. "Do not fret about me, mother. I will come back soon."

His mother stood and watched him as he went away.

"You will come back soon," she muttered; "you will come back soon—ay, but my son David, the lad who lived and wrought so cheerily in this room, will never come back to me again."

Her gaze wandered out and fell on that other home, darkened now, whose shadow stretched backward and fell upon her own. Whither had she gone—that beautiful woman who had wrought this change? And now, even as the son had grown old, and haggard and worn, the mother's face seemed to grow infinitely younger in the passion that swept over it, filling it with vital force.

She lifted her trembling hand and shook it fiercely at the house below the hills.

"Wretch!" she cried. "What have you done with my son?"

* * * * * *

It was perhaps the simple instinct of old affections that led David's feet now by the accustomed ways he had gone with Ruth; it seemed to him that the path must yet be warm with the pressure of their beating feet, still green with the waving grass and flowers of those happy times.

But when he stood in the low gateway and looked about him, he felt all the change. Always there had been a voice to welcome him—a light burning for him. Now all was dark, silent and desolate.

He crept up the path to the door, and kneeling with upstretched arms, laid his cheek against the chill panels. His pierced heart felt all the agony of One who on the cross cried out that He was forsaken.

David, too, forgot his mother. Forsaken! forsaken! And there was no answer to his cry.

As he went down the walk, later, a lad whom he remembered to have seen in the service of Esther about the place, approached him. David paused and turned; the boy peered curiously up into his face.

"Oh, it is you, sir, is it? I was to give you this if you came."

He held up a white letter in the dusk.

"Miss Ruth sent it."

David took the missive. A message from Ruth. He felt cold—strangely cold from head to foot. The paper felt like ice to him. Why should there not be some magnetism of love in it to warm his chilled veins through.

Why, it was from Ruth—from Ruth!

He tried to formulate his thoughts to shape them in some question that might bring him a return of welcome tidings, but the words fell away from his lips like empty air—soundless.

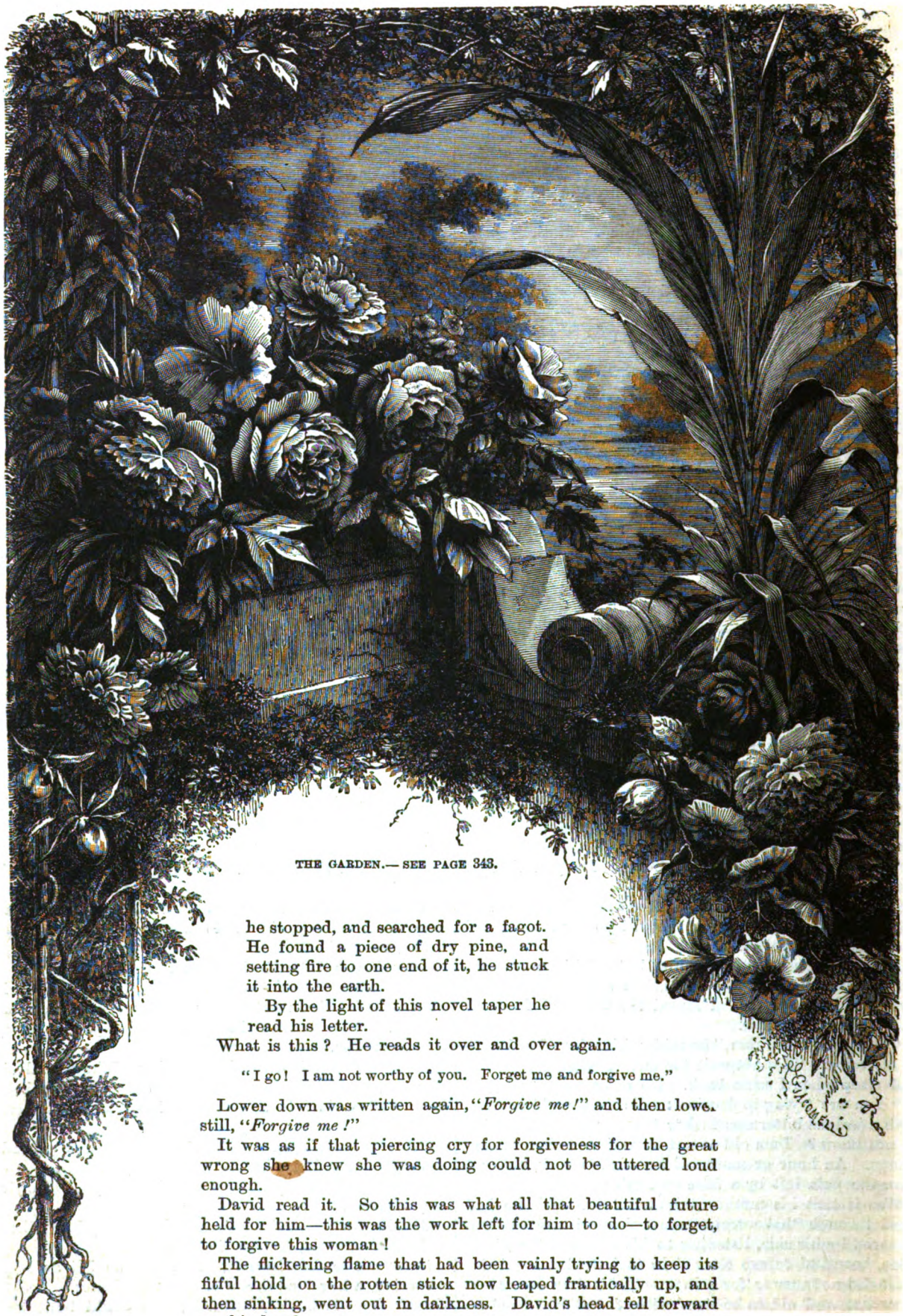
Perhaps the waif divined something of the tumult in him, for, sticking his hands deep into capacious pockets, he peered again into the visitor's face, and said, cheerfully:

"I'm to get sixpence a day for keeping the grounds clean till Miss Ruth comes back. If you want any of these flowers here any time, I'll get 'em for you. They're only wasting."

Till Ruth "comes back." She is coming back, then, and soon. Surely, he can live till then.

So much he has learned. And now he felt an overpowering, a hurrying desire to open the letter. He had shrank from it before, but, now, who could tell. Perhaps——

He had been running along the silent road, and now



THE GARDEN.— SEE PAGE 343.

he stopped, and searched for a fagot. He found a piece of dry pine, and setting fire to one end of it, he stuck it into the earth.

By the light of this novel taper he read his letter.

What is this? He reads it over and over again.

"I go! I am not worthy of you. Forget me and forgive me."

Lower down was written again, "*Forgive me!*" and then lower still, "*Forgive me!*"

It was as if that piercing cry for forgiveness for the great wrong she knew she was doing could not be uttered loud enough.

David read it. So this was what all that beautiful future held for him—this was the work left for him to do—to forget, to forgive this woman!

The flickering flame that had been vainly trying to keep its fitful hold on the rotten stick now leaped frantically up, and then sinking, went out in darkness. David's head fell forward on his hands.

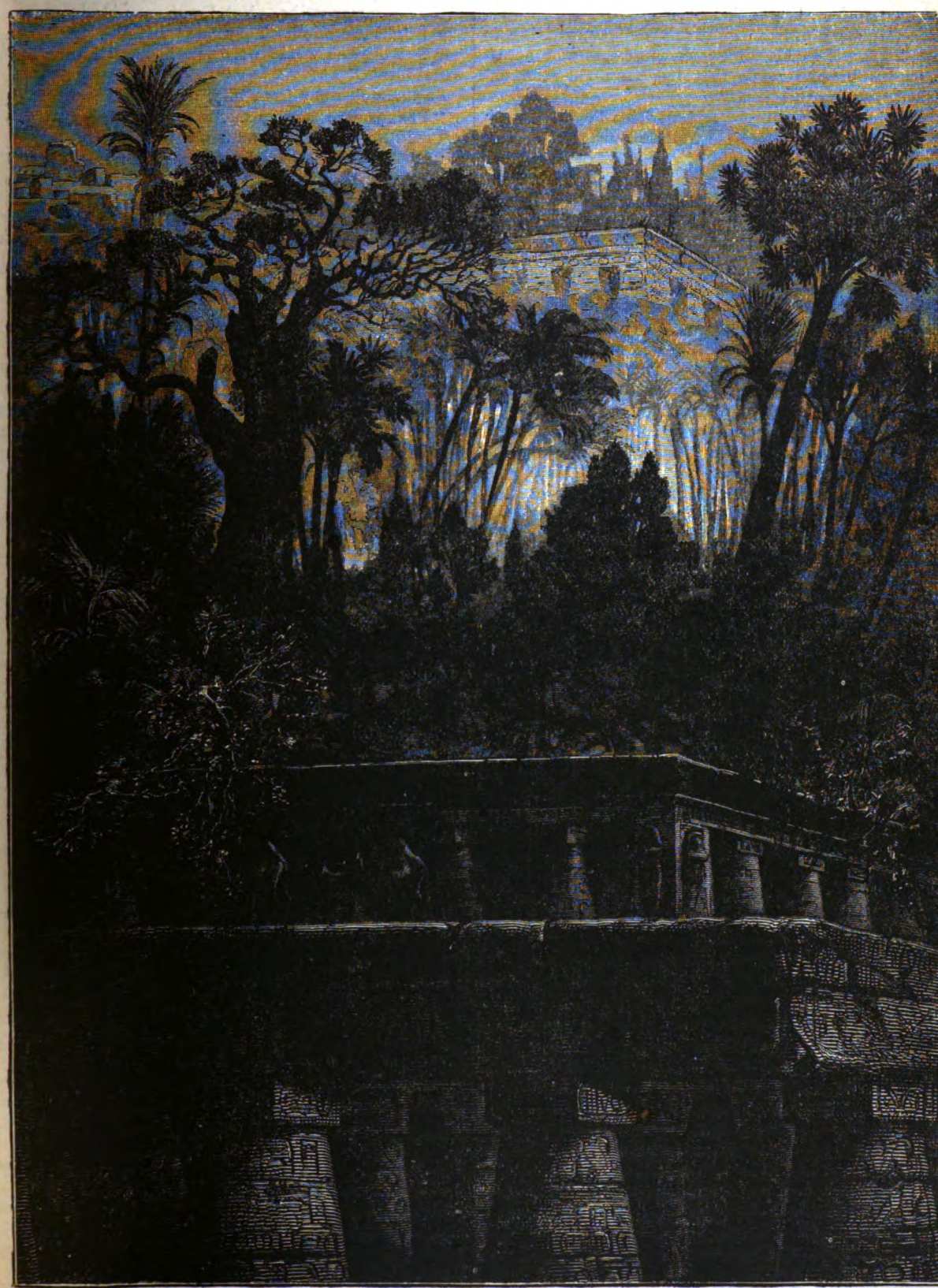
To forget! to forgive! And now, as the moon, sweeping up

above the dark circuit of the hills, sailed proudly out into the deep blue hollow of the heavens, the earth below grew darker. A shiver of moaning wind stirred the sombre night.

To forgive! Ay. And then another light that had been feebly striving to keep its dull hold on life went out in the darkness of despair.

The lamp that burned before the fair white statue was broken and empty now.

Still he lived; he would not die. He was not so weak



HANGING GARDENS OF BABYLON.—SEE PAGE 343.

as all that, he said to himself, and as to live meant to work, to eat and drink, and sleep and rise again to a new day, he found out in due time how hard that first allotment of his struggle was—to forget.

Sometimes he walked half through the night, coming home in the pale dusk, wan and haggard and weary-eyed—a hopeless, heartsick man.

Once, turning over some of his designs, striving to interest himself in his work once more, he came across the sketch he had made that bygone night, the unfinished "wae-worn ghaist."

David burst into a bitter and derisive laugh.

"You were there before me, Robert Burns!" he cried. "You, too, lost what was best of youth. But your Mary was in heaven. And mine, where is she—where?"

He pushed the papers aside. His mother, who was standing mutely behind him, great tears rolling down her cheeks, stole softly out of the room. She could not look on *that*.

The result of his watching, his wandering and unrest, was that a low fever seized him and kept him to his room for days. Something that was like fire crept through his veins, and ate his weakened life—his spent force vanished like stubble before a devouring flame.

Still no word from Ruth; but one afternoon he fancied he saw a change in his mother's face.

Something had happened—something she would not tell. So, at dusk, when she fancied him sleeping, he stole out and made his way as best he could to *her* gate. A faint flush quivered over his wan face as he saw the lights in the windows—the busy stir in the opened rooms.

All was warmth, light, bustle—the stir of happy life. Ruth had come home.

David staggered up the steps, and, pushing open the door, entered—unexpected, unbidden.

There, in the faint warm light of the pleasant room, in a low chair swinging lightly back and forth, singing softly to herself, a fair young woman sat. Ah, well! she was beautiful! No wonder, now, at David's yearning grief. Tall and lithe, with undulating waist, a soft carmine flush on the brown, dimpled cheeks—her rippling bronze-brown hair piled high over the broad forehead; the brown eyes wide open and full of laughing light, brown eyelashes, curving upward in a golden fringe.

This was *Brown Marianne*, the ideal and the living personification of David's artist dreams.

"Ruth! Ruth!" he cried.

The young girl sprang up. She stared at this gaunt intruder with wide, shocked eyes.

"David!" she whispered, in an awestruck voice. "David—is it you—*you?*"

"Ruth," he said, gently, "you have come back to me at last. Oh, why did you leave me? and you were gone so long, and there were no tidings of you. The time has been long—long. But now——"

He stopped, weakly. He had no strength for further speech. Ruth stared at him with glittering eyes.

"Oh, Heaven!" she whispered; "what a change! Tell me I did not do it—this is not my work."

"I could not live without you, Ruth," he said. "I have been very ill—I could not work, and I could only wait for you to come back. You came back to me, Ruth—you are my Ruth still?"

"No—no!" she cried out, terrified. "Oh, David, forgive me. I could not keep my promise. I was false—false. I could not love you well enough to be your wife."

Fire flashed from David's sunken eyes—a hectic flush burned in his thin cheeks.

"It was a lie, then!" he exclaimed, while he stretched out a thin white hand. "All your soft words were lies—all your sweet smiles were false. Who was it taught you that? Not those fair women that we read and talked of in our Summer walks. Not Laura, nor Evangeline, nor the bright Rosalind. They were faithful. And you—you? All your words were falsehoods, all your smiles were deceit."

She shrank away from him, affrighted.

"I ask you to forgive me," she sobbed, brokenly.

David stretched out sudden, entreating hands.

"Ruth—Ruth! come back to me," he pleaded. "Oh, my darling! let things be as they were before. Be my Ruth again. Come home to me."

She fell back a step—then turned away.

"I cannot; it is too late!" she answered.

She paused; quick footsteps—those of a man—approaching along the hall startled this excited pair.

Ruth flushed, and then turned deathly pale.

"Go, David," she whispered, rapidly—"go; it is my husband coming!"

David stood mute a moment. It seemed as if he might be turned into stone.

"Your husband!" he muttered, at last, and the words came thick as though his lips were numb. "Oh, Ruth, you belie your name! The Bible Ruth was sweet and true. *Your husband* here!"

He staggered; with some difficulty he reached the door. Then he paused and threw back one last look at her.

Tears were running down her cheeks, and she was supporting herself by the table as if she felt faint.

"Your name was Ruth," he said. "You were my Ruth; but your name should be Herodias, for you love to kill!"

It seemed to the wretched girl as if a dead man had risen up to accuse her.

And now, how cold he felt! His blood was ice in his veins. Where was he? Was this the fair, soft Summer world he had left behind him when he went within-doors? Was not, rather, the air full of blinding, whirling ice? He could not tell whither he was going.

"Mother!" he sighed—"mother!"

* * * * * *

That night Dame Telfener, haggard and worn and wild, burst into the room where Ruth was sitting with her husband beside her.

Terrible and dark she stood over the pair, sitting exultant in their bridal bloom.

"Wretch," she cried, "where is my son? What have you done with him?"

What answer?—what answer to be made to that?

The white-haired mother, frantic in her grief, thrust a bit of paper in the pallid face of the shrinking young wife.

"Read it!" she cried. "You wrote it. You have killed him! My boy! my boy!—give me back my boy!"

* * * * * *

In the wan, sad morning twilight they brought the son home to his mother—dead!

Was there any atonement for that, or was there any crime in what was wrought that David died? He died young, and we have read that the gods loved such deaths.

He had a peaceful grave among the hills, and the warm, yellow light streamed in on the black earth, and

on the coffin-boards. And the grass was crisp and golden—the air sweet with piny odors.

They covered the coffin-boards with the tall, green mountain fern, and sang a few fitting lines above it.

"Eternal beam of Light divine"

were the words they sang—that lovely old hymn of Wesley's. And Ruth was there, and Esther, supporting the bowed mother. One could have fancied David himself standing by, with a placid smile on his lips.

So good-by, and God rest thee, gentle soul! There have been sadder deaths. At least, on yours there was no stain.

You only suffered! You did not strike!

GARDENS.

By Walter Edgar McCann.

Bacon wrote of gardens, and it is one of the best of his wise and stately essays. The value of his work of this character is that its wisdom is for all time, and what he wrote can be read with pleasure still, although his directions for the setting-out of trees and the cultivation of plants have, for the most part, been long since obsolete. There is something pleasant and musical in his enumeration of the old-fashioned flowers, and, in his formal advice as to how they should be displayed, it is noticeable that he dwells on their perfume more than on their color. His large and tranquil spirit loved things on a grand scale. His first statement is, that a garden should comprise not less than thirty acres.

A man of reflective mind requires little more to make him happy than books and a garden. It is to these that, however full of adventure his life may have been, he turns always in the end. Lord Beaconsfield spoke of how vividly the feeling came to him after he had laid down the cares of statesmanship and retired to his estate. Everything, he said, changes but the trees and flowers. His heart beat with relief and something like rapture to get back among his roses. The peace and loveliness of his country seat exercised the spell of music over his tired senses.

There is, in truth, a never-ending interest in the tending of flowers. Every rosebush has its individuality—the hardy and the sick and weakly. It is not necessary to know anything of botany—perhaps the real enjoyment is all the greater for ignorance in this field of erudition. The age is too much disposed to go into the anatomy of things. The most sacred passions, the tenderest emotions, we must analyze. People seem to have been really better before they fell into this morbid habit of dissection—there was more simplicity and genuineness. Nowadays, in a love story, we must dig down into the most secret motives and innermost feelings of the hero and heroine. No one loves unconsciously and with the frankness and impulsiveness of Sir Charles Grandison's time.

Man has a natural affinity for a garden; probably a remnant of Adam in him. He likes, too, his bit of earth for himself. The individual who first stamped his foot upon a spot of the soil and exclaimed, "This is mine!" was, according to Rousseau, the first robber; since he seized that which, until then, had been the common property of all; but it is human nature to desire such a resting-place. The day arrives when the wanderer is tired, and when he feels that he must have a shelter under his own vine and fig-tree. He must possess such a refuge, in which he shall not be disturbed by the sound of shallow foppery in the world outside, and from which he shall not be expelled.

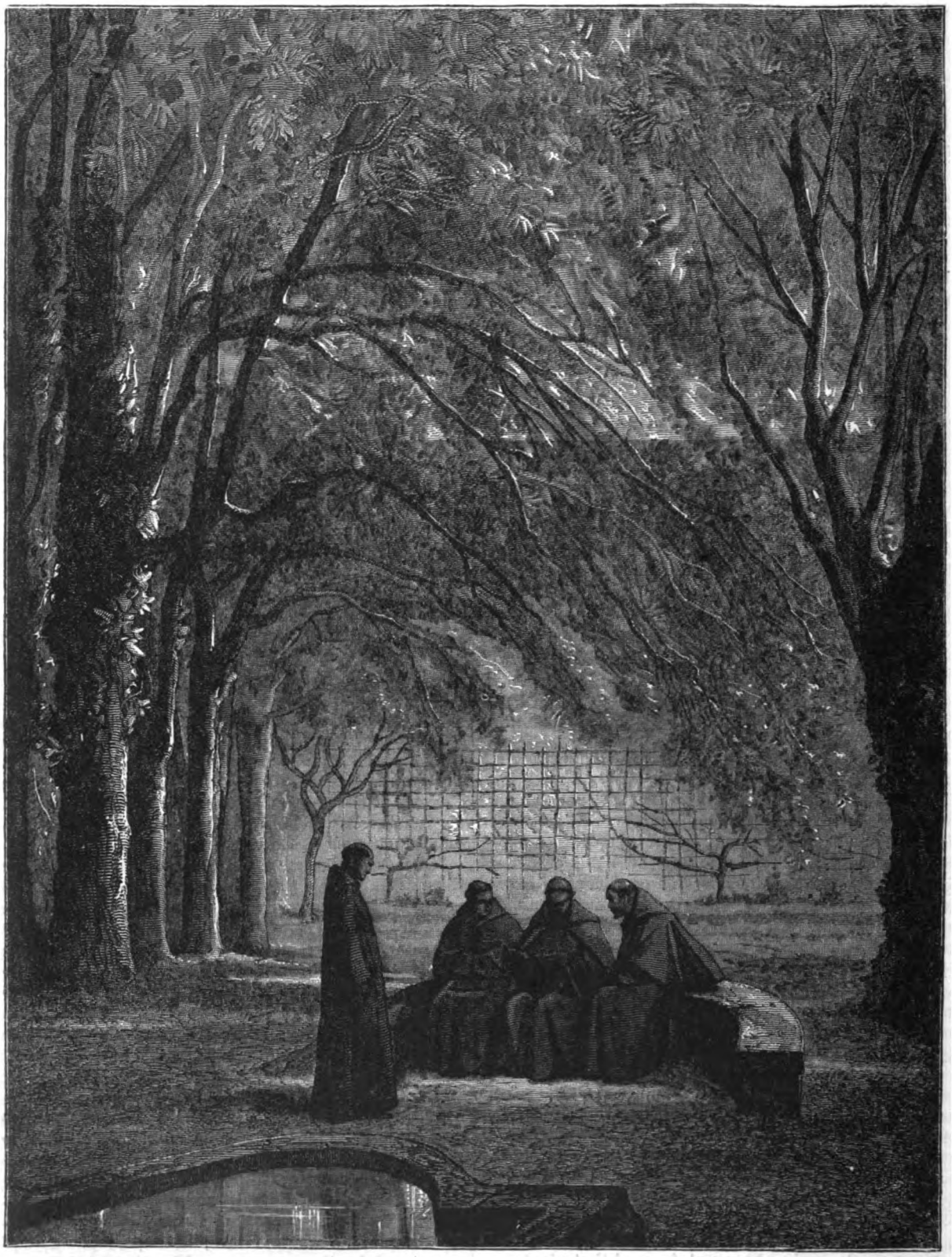
Lately, a theory has been put forward that plants are among the best of sanitary agents, and those who are ailing are advised to live among and cultivate them as much as possible. A scientific reason is given—in a materialistic age people must have an explanation for everything—namely, that the sweet or pungent odors are grateful to the lungs and fatal to the bacilli which are supposed to be the cause of modern diseases. Florists who take ordinary care of themselves are said to live longer and enjoy better health than other persons, and the statistics of longevity are reported to exhibit some marvelous results in this respect.

There is nothing unlikely in such a theory, and it would, perhaps, be difficult to give the invalid better advice than to concern himself with the affairs of a garden. It should be as far as possible his own—that is to say, he should have a direct personal interest in the welfare of the sweet and lovely growths about him. The plants which have been placed in the ground by his own hands he will watch with a different solicitude from that with which he would regard the work of a deputy. Any one who has ever set out so simple a thing as a rosebush must have realized how the affections insensibly become entwined among its leaves. The birth of every bud is an event in the world of creation. It is not surprising that some, like Byron with his Newstead oak, planting a tree, have watched its course with a superstitious anxiety and have fancied a correspondence between its career year by year—its flourishings and fadings, its sickness and its health—and their own. His oak outlived him and still stands, as memorial trees generally do. There is an oak planted by Gilbert White in 1730, now about sixty feet high and in good health. In Arundel Park there are two oaks planted by the Queen and the Prince Consort in December, 1846, and both are flourishing, although the Prince himself is gone; so that there is not much in the superstition.

A man's garden may be likened to his kingdom, and there is, therefore, no one so poor who may not be a monarch in his own right, although his possessions comprise not as much as an acre. No monarch has lovelier or more submissive subjects. They are always striving to please and paying tribute to him with their sweetest incense. Where are there courtiers with greater splendor and variety of attire? To whatever point his eye may turn it is fed with a thousand tints and hues which no earthly art can mock or follow. There are the beautiful and haughty ladies and the graceful knights of his court, and his brave men-at-arms, the trees.

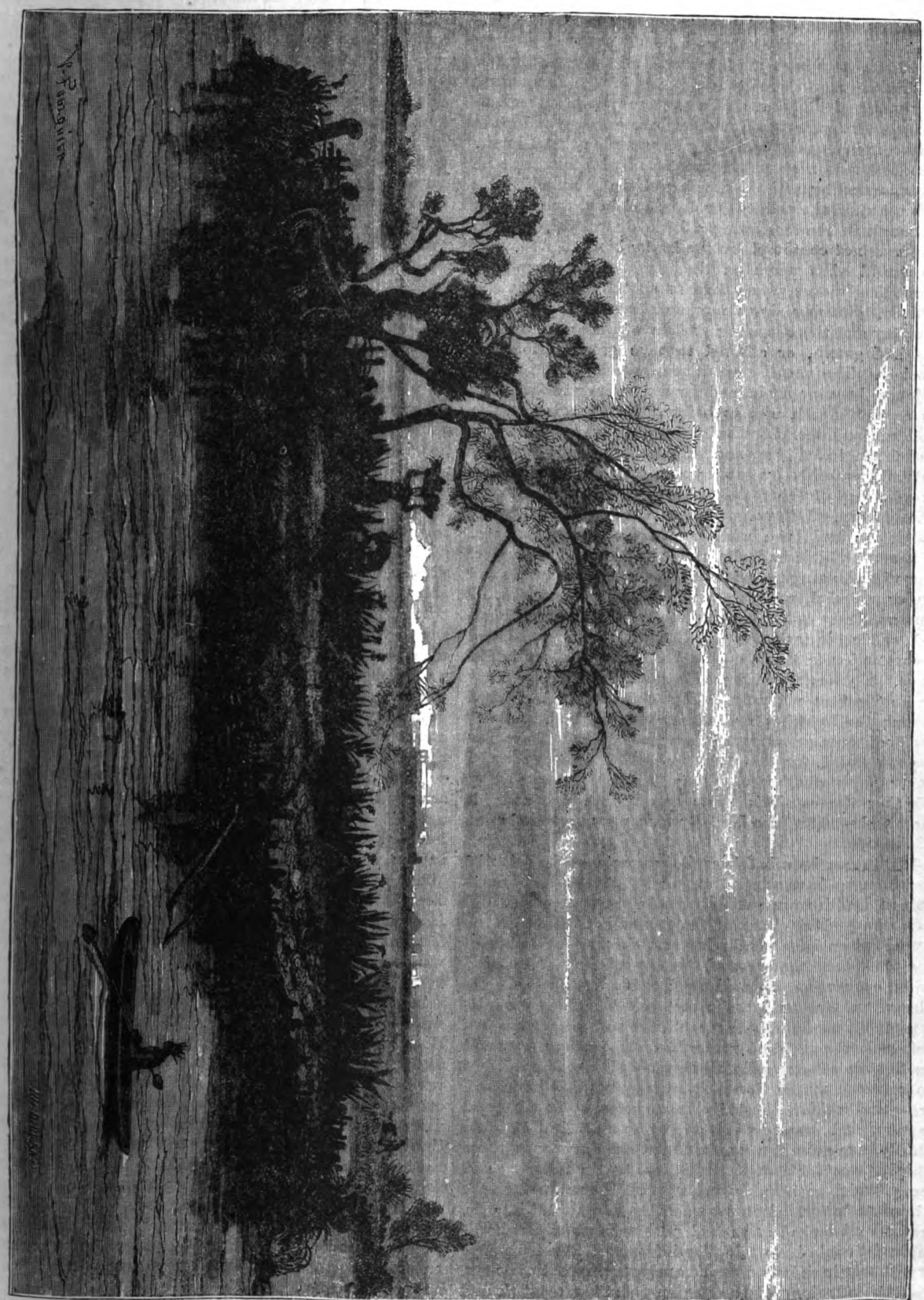
And, like the larger kingdoms of the world, every garden has its annals and its incidents. There are momentous days, when the birds begin to come back and build their nests. Mr. Lowell, in his charming way, has described the endless delight he found in this sort of study and observation. His heart always gave a leap to see the robin, "whose return," he says, "is commonly announced by the newspapers, like that of eminent or notorious people to a watering-place, as the first authentic notification of Spring." And such his appearance in the orchard and garden undoubtedly is. There is, I admit, a spice of vulgarity in him, and his song is rather

of the Bloomfield sort, too largely ballasted with prose. His ethics are of the Poor Richard school, and the main chance which calls forth all his energy is altogether of forfeited that superiority which belongs to the children of nature. He keeps a strict eye on one's fruit, and knows to a shade of purple when your grapes have



OLD CONVENT GARDEN.

the belly. He never has those fine intervals of lunacy into which his cousins, the catbird and the mavis, are apt to fall. With whatever faults, he has not wholly cooked enough in the sun. The robins are not good solo singers, but their chorus, as they hail the return of light and warmth to the world, is unrivaled. . .



THE FLOATING GARDENS OF MEXICO.

The poet, however, confesses that he was almost equally fond of the catbird, which is more shy. If one might be allowed, in a rambling discourse like the present, to express a preference, I should say that the catbird has always been my favorite of all the garden tribe. In his shyness there is something of the fascinating coquetry and artfulness of a pretty woman. I remember one who came two Summers in succession and made his home in a quaint and disorderly garden that I knew. The first season everything went well with him, and he incorporated himself as a member of the household. He did not mind the children or dogs, and in course of time, although in the beginning a little distrustful, grew to feel a sort of contempt for the family kitten. At sunset he would often perch on the bough of a cherry-tree, immediately over puss's favorite spot for napping, and whistle, glancing down now and then with a careless scrutiny and the charming disdain of a spoiled beauty. He had grown, or affected to have grown, altogether fearless. The next Summer, remembering his pleasant sojourn, he came again, and for a month or two all went as agreeably with him as before. But, meanwhile, the children and the kitten had grown considerably. Puss had taken to burglary and still darker crimes—and my catbird, probably by some unpleasant observation, became aware of the fact—and the children had become mischievous. Life was no longer the careless and merry holiday it had been with my feathered acquaintance. Whenever visible he had a hurried and anxious manner, and when he sang near home it was at long intervals and under restraint, and with a vigilant eye about him. I was suddenly called back to town. On the morning I left, while the train was standing a few minutes, I heard a commotion in the tree—the voice of my catbird in distress. He was fluttering hither and thither—scolding and appealing violently. The children had climbed among the branches and discovered his nest. At this point of acute suspense the romance of that little garden for me ended, for the train now glided on again, and I never knew whether anything fortunate interposed or whether the catbird's home was broken up, and his lares and penates, like Lord Byron's, were shattered upon his hearth.

Plants may be valuable sanitary agents, as the scientist to whom we have alluded avers; but those who have regained health from gardening, it seems more likely, did so because of the charm of the occupation. There is the beneficial exercise of digging and delving—the work of the trowel and the hoe and the tiny scissors. And mind finds occupation as well as the body. There is the pleasant anticipation and suspense. The little population about one has all the vicissitudes and uncertainties of beings in the world of human life. The young trees and bushes are set out and the flower-seeds are planted, but no one can say, in Banquo's phrase, "which grain will grow and which will not." Some come up in vigor and beauty, and some do not appear at all. And of those which have entered upon existence, some, perhaps those which promised best, like children, die in infancy; and some, which were sickly and stunted in youth, reach the fairest maturity. And yet when the seeds went into the ground all looked alike, and not the most expert horticulturist could have told the difference. The horoscope of a flower is as impenetrable a mystery as that of a man, and the astrology of the garden is but guesswork and empiricism. The most vigorous plant will often droop without any apparent reason, and there is grave anxiety, and science is called in. We give tonics and coddle the sufferer, and place supports about him. Perhaps mysterious insects are found eating away the roots. There is too much or too little moisture. There are inscrutable troubles, and the loved one pines and dies. It is astonishing how trees will often be seized with a baffling malady—generally some favorite fruit-tree, noted for the superiority of its product. I remember a fine pear-tree which, after bearing luxuriantly year after year, and providing, every Summer, a lavish banquet of the most delicious pears, suddenly began to languish. The fruit started forth with its usual glorious promise, but before maturity was smitten with the mysterious stain of internal decay, and dropped off. The surgeon was called in, and examined the branches and the roots and the ground, and made incisions and talked wisely. He gave remedies and directions in abundance, but nothing availed. The tree lived on, and was as hardy in appearance as ever, and in all outward seeming was in perfect health as could be wished; but the fruit continued to be abortive, and it certainly was provoking, remembering those luscious pears in the past, to see them now drop off, blighted, before their time.

The constant life in the open air which gardening requires is obviously one of the reasons why the occupation is deemed, and must be, healthful, although there may be virtue, too, in the ozone of the plants. There is nothing new in the idea of good or ill contained in the emanations of flowers. Who does not remember Hawthorne's story of "Rappacini's Daughter" and the garden of poisons? From his flowers and herbs the sinister Dr. Giacomo Rappacini distilled his medicines, potent as a charm. A baleful garden was this, with "its dark pool, into which the water from the fountain subsided, and around which grew the mysterious plants with their gigantic leaves and gorgeous flowers. Some were placed in urns, rich with old carving, and others in common garden-pots; some crept, serpent-like, along the ground or climbed on high, using whatever means of ascent was offered them. One plant had wreathed itself round the statue of Vertumnus, which was thus vailed and shrouded in a drapery of hanging foliage, so happily arranged that it might have served a sculptor for a study." The lovely Beatrice, daughter of the malevolent old doctor, had inhaled the perfume of this hellish garden until her breath became, like them, poisonous. What a striking and artistic touch is that where the stray butterfly comes over the wall, having wandered from the city, and, drawn to Beatrice, flutters about her head and grows faint and falls at her feet, its bright wings shivered—blighted by the exhalations from her beautiful lips!

Bacon, to return to him, was evidently a practical gardener after the stiff and artificial manner of his time. His essay on the subject is one of the longest in his collection, and is curious as displaying the ideas which then prevailed. He speaks in a strain which shows that the employment of digging and planting was one of those nearest his heart. At the time he wrote he had passed through trouble, and had learned from bitter experience the hollowness of human ambition. Many great spirits, sore with disappointments, have turned to this homely and serene occupation, in the pursuit of which, with its tranquil labor, its gentle uncertainties, its pleasant anticipations, and even its disappointments, there is possible an absorption which drives away disagreeable memories and graver cares.

Bacon writes of a garden, as of other things, like a man used to princes and courts, always on a grand scale. He reminds us that it was God Almighty who first planted a garden, and says that it is the purest of human

pleasures and the greatest refreshment to the spirits of man. In the royal ordering of gardens, the spirit in which he conceived his enterprises, he would have a garden for every month in the year, and he gives us a prodigal catalogue of what should be planted. In his flowers he would pay most court to those which do best perfume the air, and he, therefore, gives preference to the violet, especially the white double violet, the which, above all others, yields the sweetest smell in the air, over the roses, "which are fast of their odors." Those which perfume the air the most delightfully, not passed by as the rest, but being trodden upon and crushed, are the burnet, wild thyme and water-mints, and accordingly he recommends his readers to set whole alleys of them, "to have the pleasure when you walk or tread."

Bacon, after his splendid and prince-like fashion, would have a garden not less than thirty acres in extent, and he describes, at length, how he would lay this out, in three parts: a green in the entrance, a heath or desert in the going forth, and the main garden in the midst, besides alleys on both sides. Some of his notions are strange and fantastic, but he was not without taste in the smaller details, since, he says: "I, for my part, do not like images cut out in juniper or other garden stuff; they are for children." This wretched piece of ill-judgment prevailed, not only in his own day, but centuries later was carried to an extreme. He would even have statues, which, although they may be added for state and magnificence, add nothing to the true pleasure of a garden. His whole description is quaint and interesting, and shows the scope and stateliness of his mind.

The literature of gardens would fill a vast library. The ancients have written freely of them. The Greeks and Romans were people who lived much in the open air, and the latter seem to have had true relish for Adam's occupation, although their ideas of landscape were stiff and formal. The modern poets sing with evident enjoyment of the tranquil pleasures of cultivating flowers and plants. Cowley's poem on the subject, dedicated to J. Evelyn, Esq., is one of his best.

Says honest Cowley, writing with impatience and disgust from "the inn of a hired house and garden among weeds and rubbish":

> "When God did man to His own likeness make,
> As much as clay, though of the purest kind,
> By the Great Potter's art refin'd,
> Could the divine impression take,
> He thought it fit to place him, where
> A kind of heaven did appear,
> As far as earth could such a likeness bear:
> That man no happiness might want,
> Which earth to her first master could afford,
> He did a garden for him plant
> By the quick hand of His omnipotent word.
> As the chief help and joy of human life,
> He gave him the first gift; first, even before a wife.
>
> "For God, the Universal Architect,
> 'T had been as easy to erect
> A Louvre or Escurial, or a tower
> That might with heaven communication hold,
> As Babel vainly thought to do of old:
> He wanted not the skill or power;
> In the world's fabric those were shown,
> And the materials were all His own.
> But well He knew what place would best agree
> With innocence and with felicity:
> And we elsewhere still seek for them in vain;
> If any part of either yet remain,
> If any part of either we expect,
> This may our judgment in the search direct;
> God the first garden made, and the first city, Cain."

The works which have been written upon practical gardening would form at least one-half of the library of which I have spoken; but the art is not to be acquired from books. No one ever learned to be a fisherman from Izaak Walton's garrulous volume, although so many thousand anglers have thumbed it. Every man has ideas of his own, and, in truth, in carrying them out lies the fascination of the employment. There is a charm even in the failures. Perhaps none other is more fascinating, as is shown by the undiminished ardor with which, in spite of frequent disappointments, it is pursued. In this, as in many other things, the garden is an emblem of life. We continue to labor in the constant hope of good fortune in the future, although the same dream has been so often shattered.

The changes in landscape gardening since the art was first pursued are singular, and shows how long mankind takes to learn. When pleasure-grounds were first laid out everything was formal and geometric. The trees and plants were trimmed into grotesque shapes, and the park filled with temples, monuments, statues, fountains and other accessories, so that the whole had the air of the stage. Nothing could have been more tasteless, and yet down to the days of Pope, and, indeed, as late as those of George IV., this was the vogue. In such gardens it was fit that the scenes of the dreary eclogues of the antiquated English poets should be laid. The theory now is just the reverse—the more natural the garden the lovelier. All that suggests art is scrupulously excluded. Natural scenery is studied, the effects of light and shade, the disposition of ground surfaces, trees, grass, roads and water. The negligence and wildness of the natural landscape is sought for. In the famous Gardens of Versailles the artificial style was followed, and the effect was extremely monotonous and irksome.

The Hanging Gardens of Babylon, shown in our illustration, were among the wonders of the ancient world. The stories of their origin are various; but Queen Semiramis is said by most authorities to have constructed them. They are described as having formed a square, with an area of nearly four acres, but rising in terraces constructed with stone pillars. The summit was elevated three hundred feet above the base, the whole looking, at a distance, like a pyramidal wooded hill. At the summit there was a large reservoir, filled with water from the Euphrates, for the purpose of irrigation and the supply of the many fountains. Throughout the terraces were distributed fountains and banqueting-rooms, and there were groves and avenues of trees and parterres of flowers, and from these elevations the view of the city and neighborhood was extensive and magnificent.

Of all gardens, however, one's own is the most beautiful and the best. "I like my garden better than any other garden," says Alexander Smith, "because it is mine. And ownership in such a matter implies a great deal. I am the creator of every blossom, of every odor that comes and goes in the wind. These plants and trees have their seasons of illness and their sudden deaths. These are the tragedies of the garden, and they shadow forth other tragedies nearer us. In everything we find a kind of dim mirror of ourselves."

A Royal Hangman.—It is not generally known that Henry VIII. hanged no fewer than 72,000 thieves, robbers, and vagabonds, and that "good Queen Bess," doubtless affected by her royal father's ferocious example, was, in the latter part of her reign, responsible for the slaughter of three or four hundred criminals yearly.

LINNÆUS.

LINNÆUS, AND UPSALA UNIVERSITY.

By Sarah K. Bolton.

It was on the 24th of July that we left Stockholm, the Venice of the North, built on her nine islands, for the famous university town of Upsala. The ride, of about two hours' by rail, lay along fine fields of wheat, blue with corn-flowers, and past comfortable-looking red farmhouses and barns.

The town, of 13,000 people, is quaint and quiet, yet most interesting to a stranger. We wander over the grand old Gothic Cathedral, begun 600 years ago. Here is the silver-gilt sarcophagus of King Eric IX., who died in 1160, and of John III. Here, also, that of Gustavus Vasa, the deliverer of Sweden, on a high marble pedestal supported by pillars, his three wives on either side. The walls of the chapel where he lies are covered with frescoes, depicting scenes in that wonderful life; the rags of the miner, and the sumptuousness of the throne.

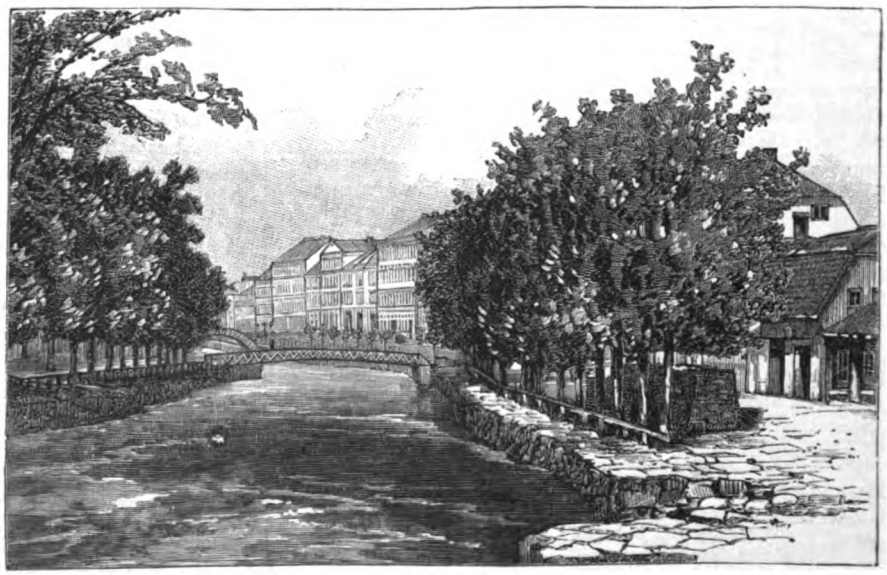
But especially are we interested in a plain slab, underneath which sleeps the man who, more than any other, has immortalized Upsala University, and helped to make Sweden an intellectual and student-loving country. Near by is the monument, of dark porphyry, with the plain, shaven face in bronze, wreathed with laurel, and the words, "Carolo a Linné Botanicarum Principi Amici et Discipuli, 1778."

Then we turn our steps to the University, the pride and hope of Sweden. Here 1,500 gather, not in dormitories—which were tried fifty years ago and discarded—but scattered in various homes, as in the German universities. Women are educated here on equal terms with men, and we are assured by the professors that, though admitted only a few years ago, their presence is most helpful, and the plan has proved entirely successful. No duels are allowed, these having been abolished by stringent laws 200 years ago; a thing Germany should long since have done, and thus ended this brutal custom.

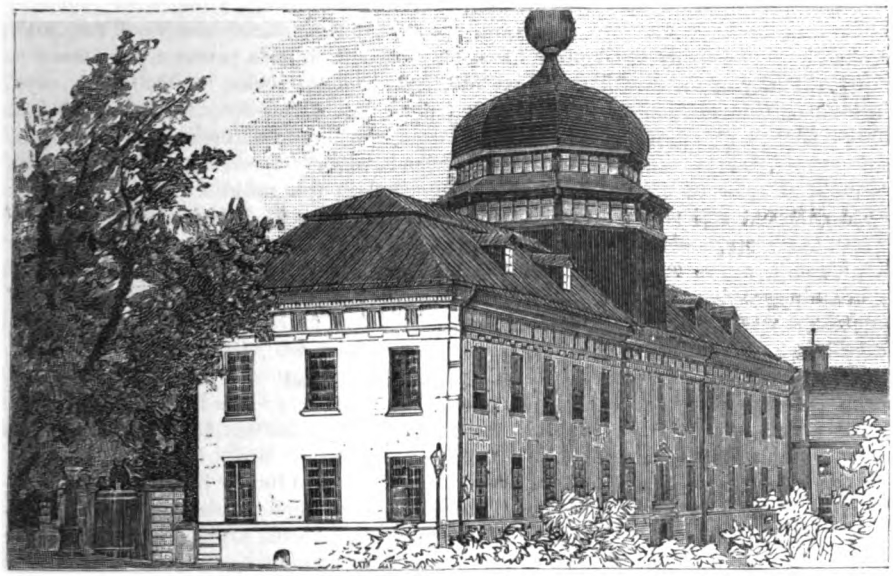
Here is the Astronomical Observatory, the Chemical Laboratory, Anatomy Building, Academic Department, and handsome Library with 200,000 volumes and over 7,000 manuscripts. Here we look at the celebrated "Codex Argenteus," a translation of the four Gospels by Bishop Ulphilos, dating from the second half of the fourth century, written on 188 leaves of parchment — gold and silver letters on a reddish ground; and the MSS. by Tegnér of Frithiof Saga.

Now we visit the Botanic Garden which Linnæus so loved and developed, and go over the two-and-a-half-story stuccoed house, cream-colored, where the great naturalist lived and entertained princes. Under these dark poplars, enormous in size, he taught the pupils who came from all the world to hear him. The dark, closed blinds are as he left them, for Sweden would not change one thing about the precious home. Too little in our own country do we treasure the homes of those who have shed honor upon the nation.

The history of Linnæus is, indeed, a romance. Few have had such great struggles with poverty; few have come off such conquerors. Few lives have given to the world such lessons of cheerfulness, of perseverance, and of untiring industry. He was born, May, 1707, at Bashult, in the South of Sweden, the son of a poor minister,



THE CITY OF UPSALA.



OLD UNIVERSITY, UPSALA, FOUNDED BY GUSTAVUS I.

and the eldest of five children. The father had obtained his education by the hardest, and, while he had only poverty to offer his family, he gave them what money could not buy, tender affection, and the inspiring influence of a cultivated mind that loved Nature and studied her closely. His mother, a woman of sense, prudence and good judgment, was his idol. He wrote of her in later years: "She possessed all the virtues of her sex, devoting the utmost attention to impressing on my mind the love of virtue, both in precept and example."

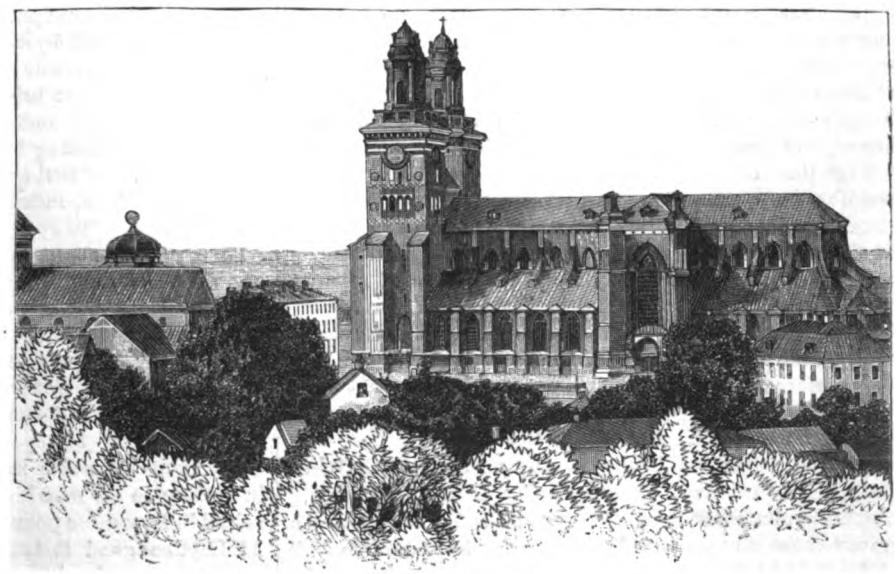
If more mothers talked plainly with their sons about "virtue, devoting their utmost attention to it," we should have thousands more pure lives, like that of the great Linnæus, than we have to-day.

From a child he was fond of his father's garden, and gathered from the fields all kinds of wild flowers. He says of himself in his autobiography: "He was scarcely four years old when he accompanied his father at a feast at Mökler, and in the evening, it being a very pleasant season of the year, the guests seated themselves on some flowery turf, listening to the pastor, who made various remarks on the names and properties of the plants, showing them the roots of the succisa, tormentilla, orchides, etc. The child paid the most uninterrupted attention to all he saw and heard, and from that hour never ceased harassing his father about the name, qualities and nature of every plant he met with; indeed, he very often asked more than his father was able to answer, but, like other children, he used immediately to forget what he had learned, and especially the *names* of plants. Hence the father was sometimes put out of humor, and refused to answer him unless he would promise to remember what was told him. Nor had this harshness any bad effect, for he afterward retained with ease whatever he heard."

When he was eight a piece of ground was assigned him, which was called "Carl's Garden." Here he gathered plants and flowers, and introduced so many rare weeds that his father had great trouble in eradicating them. So interested did Carl become that he had nests of wild bees and wasps, not agreeable playthings usually.

But the play days with weeds and wasps came to an end, for the bright boy must go to school. His first teacher was "a passionate and morose man, better calculated for extinguishing a youth's talents than for improving them," and the next "pursued the same methods, preferring stripes and punishments to encouragements and admonitions." There was little time now for the precious study of flowers. At seventeen he must go to a gymnasium or high school, where he would be taught classics and made ready for the ministry, like his father. He had no fondness for the languages, neither for theology nor metaphysics; but, having obtained two books on botany, he read them day and night, committing them to memory. The teachers and scholars called him "the little botanist."

What was his father's chagrin, when he came to the school to visit him, to hear that Carl was quite unfit for the ministry, but would probably make a good tailor or shoemaker! Poor as he was, he kept his boy at school for about twelve years. Now, wellnigh disheartened, he stopped, on his way home, to confer with his family physician, Dr. Rothmann. That good man suggested that the boy might like medicine, and accomplish great things in natural history. He offered to take him into his own home, and give him lessons in physiology,



CATHEDRAL, UPSALA.

which kind proposal the father accepted, though with little faith. The doctor also taught him botany, and Carl grew happy under the new *régime*.

The next year he was sent to the University of Lund, with the following not very creditable certificate from the head master of the Gymnasium: "Youth at school may be compared to shrubs in a garden, which will sometimes, though rarely, elude all the care of the gardener; but if transplanted into a different soil may become fruitful trees. With this view, therefore, and no other, the bearer is sent to the University, where it is possible that he may meet with a climate propitious to his progress." Through a friend entrance was obtained without showing the obnoxious certificate.

Carl took lodgings at the house of Dr. Stoboens, physician to the King, who gave him access to his minerals, shells and dried plants. Delighted at this, the youth at once began to make a collection of his own, and glue them on paper. He longed to gain access to Dr. Stoboens's library, but how should it be accomplished? Finally a young German student, to whom he taught physiology, surreptitiously gained the books needed, and young Linnæus spent nearly the whole nights in reading. The doctor's aged mother did not understand why their lodger kept his light burning into the small hours, and besought her son to investigate. He did so, and found the crestfallen Carl reading his own library books. He forgave the student, took him to his own table and treated him as a son.

Advised by Dr. Rothmann to go to Upsala for better medical opportunities, he proceeded thither, and here began his bitterest poverty. His father could give him only forty dollars. As he was unknown, and without influence, he could obtain no private pupils. Starvation actually stared him in the face. He says "he was obliged to trust to chance for a meal, and in the article of dress was reduced to such shifts that he was obliged, when his shoes required mending, to patch them with folded paper, instead of sending them to the cobbler." Often hungry and half clothed, there seemed nothing before the poor Swedish lad but obscurity and early death.

One day, in Autumn, as he was examining some plants in the Academical Garden, a venerable clergyman, Dr. Olaf Celsius, saw him, and asked him where he came from, how long he had been at the college, and what he knew about plants. He, too, was interested in botany, and was preparing a work on the plants mentioned in the Bible. Perhaps something in Carl's face or manner touched the minister's heart, for he asked him to go home with him, and soon offered him board in his own house, and gave him access to his valuable library.

The tide of struggle was beginning to turn. Some pupils were obtained, and a little money flowed into the empty pockets. At twenty-two, by a close examination of the stamens and pistils of flowers, he decided upon a new method of arrangement by the sexes of plants, which, in after years, became the basis of his great fame. This procured him the appointment of Assistant Lecturer to Dr. Rudbeck in the Botanical Garden, where, but a year before, he had asked to be the gardener!

He still had little money, but, what was equally useful, some leisure time. He began his great works, which were not completed for seven years, "Bibliotheca Botanica," "Classes Plantarum," "Critica Botanica," and "Genera Plantarum," "letting," as he said, "not a minute pass unoccupied during his residence at Upsala."

Scarcely had he begun this valuable work when the envy of one of the professors became as hard to bear as his previous poverty, and, through friends, he obtained an appointment to study the natural history of Lapland. It was a hazardous expedition for a young man of twenty-five. Now he climbed steep rocks, "which," he says, "broke loose from a spot which my late guide had just passed, and fell exactly where I had been, with such force that it struck fire as it went." Once, when floating down a river, the raft parted in the middle, and he narrowly escaped drowning. "All my food," he says, "in those fatiguing excursions, consisted, for the most part, of fish and reindeer's milk. Bread, salt, and what is found everywhere else, did but seldom recreate my palate." He traveled nearly 4,000 miles, mostly on foot, often through bogs and marshes, with the water to his knees, yet always cheerful, always enthusiastic. On presenting his report to the University, on his return home, they gave him about fifty dollars for his traveling expenses for five months!

A single incident shows the tender heart of the young explorer. Very few birds were visible except the ptarmigan. He says: "The little Alpine variety of the ptarmigan was now accompanied by its young. I caught one of these, upon which the hen ran so close to me that I could easily have taken her also. She kept continually jumping round and round me, but I thought it a pity to deprive the tender brood of their mother; neither would my compassion for the mother allow me long to detain her offspring, which I returned to her in safety." Tenderness to animals seems to be a striking characteristic of great men and women.

During the journey, he found a modest little flower in the great northern forests, almost hidden in the moss, and this he named after himself, *Linnæa borealis*, thinking it was so like him, expanding in obscurity. He chose for his motto, "Tantus amor florum," so great is the love of flowers.

On his return to Upsala he began courses of private lectures in medicine, but so bitter was the envy of the before-mentioned professor, that the Archbishop was prevailed upon to prohibit private lectures. Thus deprived of a livelihood, Linnæus turned his attention to mineralogy, visiting the Swedish mines. The Governor of Dalecarlia was so pleased with him that he engaged him to investigate the productions of his country. Here he fell in love with the daughter of John Moroeus, a well-to-do physician.

Sara Elizabeth reciprocated the affections of the young man, who was told by the father that he must wait three years for a final answer; for, in truth, Linnæus's financial prospects were not bright. The University of Upsala did not want him, and there seemed to be no hope of writing or publishing his books on botany. But a man usually achieves little who does not fight his way at every step. Now, indeed, for love's sake he must make his mark.

After saving about seventy-five dollars he decided to go to Germany and take his doctor's degree, but first he must visit his home, out of which his beloved mother had gone at forty-five. "Alas! alas my mother!" was all he could say, as the tears fell fast upon her grave. She had witnessed his poverty and his heroism; she was not to witness his great renown.

At Hamburg he spent a month, receiving civilities from many scientific men. He showed his good sense in feeling in no wise humiliated because he was poor, a valuable lesson for poor young men and women to learn. At Leyden good fortune came to him. Dr. Gronovius was so pleased with the manuscript of his "Systema Naturæ" that he requested to publish it at his own ex-

pense. By his advice Carl waited upon the celebrated physician, Boerhaave, and after eight days gained admittance. So famous was this man, that when the Emperor of China sent a letter to "Boerhaave, the famous physician in Europe," it easily reached him. He advised a rich banker, Mr. Clifford, to have Linnæus describe his magnificent collection of plants, and to send him to England and elsewhere to collect specimens for him. This was indeed a blessing. "Here," he says, "I lived like a prince, and had one of the finest gardens of the world under my inspection." A society in Amsterdam advanced the plates for his "Flora Lapponica," and fame seemed really to be coming at last.

In his visit to England, Sir Hans Sloane, who founded the British Museum, looked upon him coldly because he had suggested a different system in natural history from his own! At Oxford Dillenius said to friends, sarcastically: "See, this is the young man who confounds all botany!" Linnæus felt hurt, and when about to take his departure from the city, asked the scientist why he had treated him thus. After the young student had explained his work, Dillenius became his warm friend, and pressed him to stay, and even to share his salary with him. Linnæus was greatly pleased with London, and when he saw the golden purse in its green leaves, fell on his knees before it.

On his return to Germany he went to the deathbed of Boerhaave, whose parting words were: "I have lived out my time and done what I could. May God preserve thee, from whom the world expects much more! Farewell, my dear Linnæus!"

He now hastened to the idol of his heart in Sweden, and what was his amazement to find that the friend to whom he had intrusted the correspondence had been trying to win Sara Elizabeth for himself! However, matters were amicably adjusted, and the long-waiting lover became engaged.

He repaired at once to Stockholm to begin the practice of medicine, still keeping as near Upsala University as possible. And here troubles began anew. He says: "Being unknown to everybody, people were unwilling to trust their lives in my hands. Nay, they even hesitated to trust me with their dogs! Abroad, I had been honored in every place as Princeps Botanicarum; but in my own country I was looked upon as a *Klim*, newly arrived from the subterranean regions! No one cared how many sleepless nights and toilsome hours I passed. Had I not been in love I would certainly have left Sweden and gone abroad."

After a time a fortunate cure effected by him brought him speedy popularity. "No invalid could now recover without my assistance. I was busy from four in the morning till late in the evening; nor were my nights left undisturbed." He was soon chosen a member of the Upsala Academy, and at the request of the King, through his tutor, Count Tessin, gave public lectures on botany and mineralogy.

And now the rising botanist desired that he might claim his bride. They were accordingly married June 26th, 1739, when Linnæus was thirty-two. Dr. Moroeus had waited long enough to see that his daughter was making no mistake. Life now flowed on smoothly. If the "little wife," as he called her, governed him with no very gentle sway, in after years he always regarded her as "one of the choicest gifts bestowed upon him."

His medical practice brought him plenty of money, but he wrote to a friend: "Once I had plants and no money; now what is money good for without plants?" Soon the desire of his heart was granted, and he was made Professor of Botany at Upsala University, together with the superintending of the Botanical Garden.

Now he says: "I render thanks to the Almighty, who has ordered my lot so that I live at this day; and live, too, happier than the King of Persia. I think myself thus blessed, because in this academic garden I am principal. This is my Rhodus, or, rather, my Elysium; here I enjoy the spoils of the East and the West, and, if I mistake not, that which far excels in beauty the garments of the Babylonians and the porcelain of China."

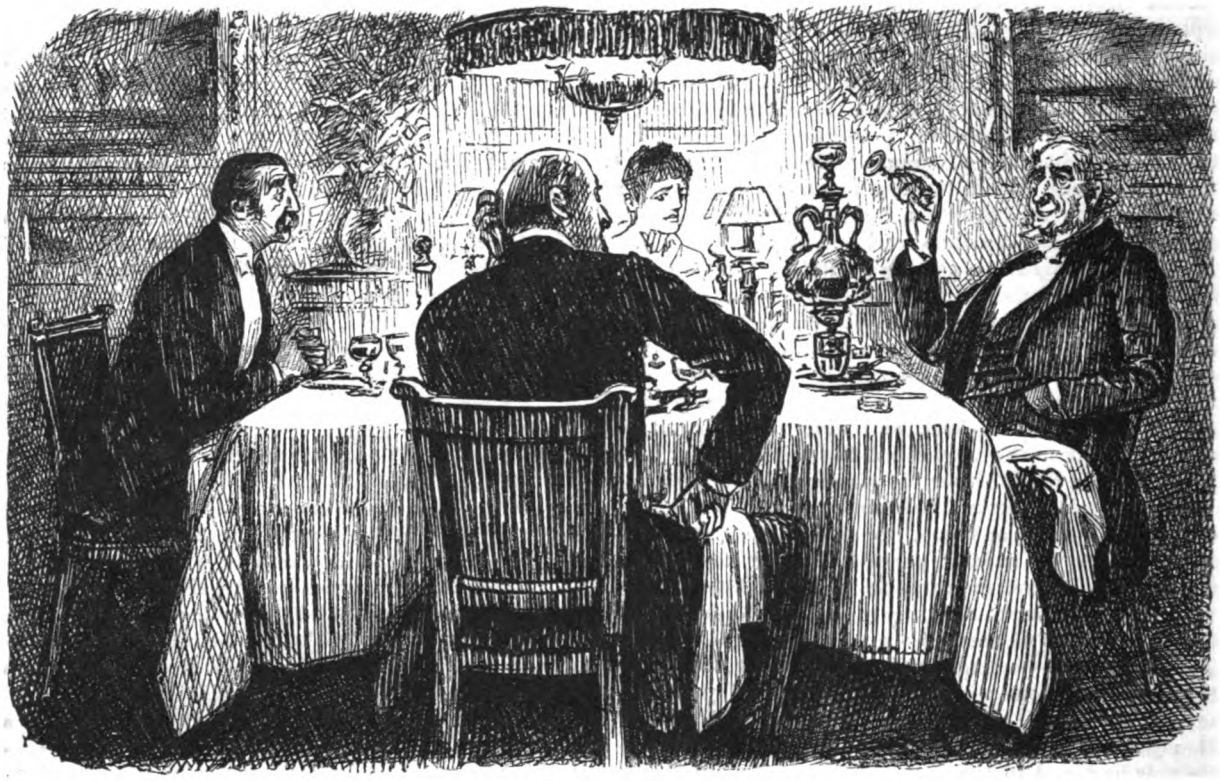
His fame grew rapidly. He published, in 1745, his "Flora Suecica," and a year later his "Fauna Suecica," a description of Swedish plants and animals. His lectures soon, from their enthusiasm and eloquence, brought listeners from all parts of Europe. The University grew from 500 to 1,500, young men coming even from America to hear the great botanist. During the Summer he made excursions twice a week, often at the head of 200 students, and when some rare plant was discovered, the news was announced to the others by horn or trumpet. His scholars, imbued with his spirit, went over the world in scientific investigation. Some died in the Arabian deserts; some in the swamps of Africa. From foreign students he would take no fee, as he desired to show them how he loved his work. Once he said to a German student: "Tell me, candidly, are you rich, and can you afford it? If you can, then give the money to my wife; but, if you be poor, so help me Heaven, I will not take a single farthing from you!"

Most of the scientific societies of Europe made him a member after his great works were published. The Imperial Academy called him "Dioscorides Secundus"; a gold medal was struck in his honor in 1746, and the King made him Dean of the College of Physicians. He published two valuable medical books, and received the honor of the Polar Star, never before conferred for literary merit. He was made a noble, and took for his motto, "Famam extendere factus," adorning his crest with the little flower which he discovered in his poverty. He was made Rector of the University, holding the position for several years. How different from the time when he could obtain only a chance meal, and covered up the holes in his torn shoes!

He bought two estates, living at one of them—Hammerby—for fifteen years. In 1774, when he was sixty-seven, he suffered an attack of apoplexy in the Botanical Garden, and, two years later, another stroke made him a paralytic. When he could no longer walk, he used to be carried to his museum, and look long and earnestly at his treasures, gathered from every clime. His memory so failed him that he mixed the Greek and Latin letters, and forgot even his own name. On the 10th of January, 1778, death came in his sleep.

The University went into mourning, the King made a public address, and the whole nation regarded it as an irreparable loss. His museum and library were sold, after a time, by the wife, to Sir James E. Smith, the founder of the Linnæan Society, of London, where these treasures are now to be seen, and most of the 180 works which he published during forty-five years. The struggling boy truly astonished the world with his knowledge.

Of his six children, the oldest soon became Professor of Botany, to assist, and then succeed, his father, but he lacked the parent's just and honorable love of fame. The eldest daughter inherited much of his ability, first discovering at night the luminous property of the nasturtium-flowers. Sara Elizabeth survived her noble husband many years, and now lies beside him in the Cathedral.



SOCIAL AGONIES.

BROWN (THE EMINENT AND WITTY LAWYER.) WOULD BE THE MOST DELIGHTFUL COMPANY IN THE WORLD, BUT FOR A HABIT HE HAS, WHEN HE HOLDS FORTH, OF UNCONSCIOUSLY BUILDING THE MOST ELABORATE AND TOP-HEAVY STRUCTURES WITH HIS HOSTESS'S BEST WINEGLASSES AND DECANTERS.

ARTISTS ALWAYS MODEST.

Fair Stranger (airily)—"ANYTHING SPECIAL IN THE ACADEMY THIS YEAR? WHAT ARE THE BEST THINGS ON THE LINE?" "*Our Artist*" (vaguely)—"MINE ARE HUNG. I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE OTHER FELLOWS!"

BY THE SEA.—"SOMETHING ROSE TO THE CREST OF AN INCOMING WAVE, REMAINED AT THE TOP, SWEPT NEARER AND NEARER—NEARER AND NEARER. THE WATERS LAID IT AT HER FEET."

BY THE SEA.

CHAPTER I.

THEY parted by the sea. It was morning. It was June. The sky was blue and deep, without a cloud. The sea was calm. The waves were friends, running up the smooth beach toward them, then slipping down into the deep again.

Edmund Picton had his arm about her; her head was upon his shoulder; her eyes looked up into his. It was a goodly sight indeed; he, so strong and tall and dark; she, with eyes like the June sun, and with hair in which the June sunshine seemed to have lost itself.

He stooped and kissed her.

"You'll always be true?" he said, eagerly.

"Always," she answered him, passionately; "always."

"Whatever happens in the future?"

"Whatever happens."

"Whatever men may say of me?"

"Certainly; you know I love you."

Edmund Picton looked away over the dancing waves. His face grew a little more stern than she had ever seen it in their month of acquaintance, and his lips were closely shut and a trifle white. A sudden mist seemed to shut away the Summer scene; he shivered despite the sunshine.

Then he stooped and kissed her again, held her closely for a long minute, then left her without another word.

He walked rapidly away, leaving the sunny sand and the dimpling waves behind him.

Allie Arneon stood where he had left her, and watched the sky and sea.

He followed his shadow toward the forest and the hills.

She remained with the sunshine all about her.

Chapter II.

August followed July as July had followed June, and Allie Arneon had heard no word from her lover. If he had died he could not have gone more utterly out of her life. Sometimes she would almost have felt it to be a dream, only that his ring shone on her finger, and his kisses still burned on her lips.

Edwin Farrand had come in July. Edwin Farrand had met Allie Arneon. Edwin Farrand had allowed himself to say that he would win this woman—if he could. He had said it to none but himself; but he had said it only under his breath; he had said it very earnestly indeed. He meant it all.

Some one had mentioned Edmund Picton to Edwin Farrand, and he had scowled when he heard the name. Then he had let the same name fall carelessly from his lips as he walked down the beach with Miss Arneon, and she had blushed. One would have thought that Mr. Farrand might have scowled again if his looks and manner toward her meant much, but he did not; indeed, when he was alone that night, with the darkness and his cigar, he laughed a little to himself.

It was a strange laugh, an indescribable laugh. Some ladies, just ahead of him, quickened their steps at the sound of it. A gentleman, just behind him, hurried to get nearer. The man wondered; the ladies feared; it was a strange laugh, indeed, to move those who heard it as it did.

After that, Mr. Farrand was as constant as Miss Arneon's shadow; he was more—for she had her shadow only in the light, while he followed her whether it was bright or stormy, whether it was day or night.

* * * * * *

Farrand stood at the door of the little railroad station, one evening, when the train came. An observer with curiosity (or with a logical mind) might have found it time to wonder why it was that this gentleman found this place the most enjoyable one in which to smoke his cigar every night. Possibly he was looking for some one.

Some one came that night. Scarcely the one he was looking for, to judge by his face; not one very welcome, if the nervous haste with which he threw away his half-smoked weed was an index to his feelings.

Some one behind the newcomer heard a groan from him, and wondered what had happened to trouble one who had been so genial and companionable upon the cars.

Then the two men met; they shook hands heartily; no one could have doubted their friendship; no one but a keen observer—at least.

"Ah, Farrand, glad to see you here," said one.

"Picton, this is indeed an unexpected pleasure," cried the other.

Then they walked on in silence.

"Come this way," said Farrand, before they had reached the streets of the little seaside village.

He pointed down a lonely road, leading away among the trees.

"I—I——" began Picton.

"I understand all that," said Farrand, with a gesture of impatience, "but I've something to say to you. Let us walk this way."

Picton went with him without a word.

Twenty rods down the road he turned and faced Farrand.

"What is it? I beg you to be brief. I have no time to waste," he said.

"Possibly you've more time to spare than you think," said Farrand, lazily. "You know Miss Arneon is here, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"You love her, so the people here say."

"I do."

The words were short and full of pain.

Farrand leisurely lighted another cigar. After a long pause he spoke.

"I love her, too," he said, looking straight in Picton's eyes.

"You—you love her?—your love is an insult to any woman!" cried Picton.

He stepped forward, and raised his hand as though he would strike the other, but thought better of it, if he had thought of violence at first.

"I don't understand why my love is an insult to a woman," said Farrand, quietly; "perhaps you will be so kind as to tell me."

"I will. You've a wife in Chicago now. You told me that yourself."

Farrand laughed—a cunning, heartless, mirthless laugh.

"She's dead—dead months ago," he said.

"Then there was a story of another one in New York," said Picton, hesitatingly.

Farrand's face grew dark with passion.

"That was a lie—a malicious lie; do you suppose I am weak enough to put myself in danger from the law, as that would have been? I didn't know you'd ever heard that story, though. Where did you hear it?"

"Never mind," said Picton, "we were speaking——"

"Never mind!" interrupted Farrand. "I do mind. Perhaps you believe the story?" he said, with a sneer, moving threateningly toward Picton.

"It was very circumstantial—very plausible," said Picton, with much gravity.

"Well," drawled Farrand, with much indifference, "it's of little consequence. To return to our subject, I love Allie Arneon; I'm free to marry her—what are you going to do about it?"

"What! what! what!"

"Yes. Mr. Edmund Picton, what are you going to do about it?"

"Miss Allie Arneon is my promised wife, sir, and in God's good time she will be my wife in truth. I've paid my debt to you over and over again; I shall do nothing more for you; I have made the last sacrifice I shall ever make for you."

Farrand waved his hand deprecatingly.

"That is very well," he said—"very well indeed. It's very different, though, from what you said one bitter Winter day, something like ten years ago. Do you remember what you said then, my dear friend?"

"You made me your debtor for life; I know that as well as you do. You saved my life——"

"Yes," interrupted Farrand, "I saved your life. I saved it when no one else dared try. It's a dangerous feat, diving through an air-hole and searching for a drowning man under the solid ice. Did I hesitate? Did I cower and tremble as some of those did who had known and loved you all their lives? Did I fail?"

"You've been the evil genius of my life," cried Picton; "you had better have let me die than have followed and tortured me as you have done."

"Possibly. You are, doubtless, a better judge of that than I am. But the fact is, I did save your life, and my creed is, if you have a friend, *use him?*"

"I believe you. Do you know how much money I have given you since then?"

"I haven't the slightest idea; I should never think of keeping an open account with gratitude."

"It has been over twenty thousand dollars; more than two thousand dollars a year."

Farrand raised his eyebrows.

"That doesn't seem much, everything considered," he commented, pleasantly.

"Perhaps not for a gambler——"

Farrand bowed.

"A drunkard——"

Farrand smiled.

"And a libertine."

Picton paused.

"Have you quite finished?" asked Farrand.

Picton made no answer.

"Because, if you have, I want to ask you a few questions. Why did you leave here so suddenly last June?"

"I should think *you'd* ask!" cried Picton, white with indignation.

"Why?"

"Why? Do you ask why? I know you wrote it; I know it just as well as though you had told me you had done it."

"You attended to it, though, without a word of objection."

"Certainly. I remembered the awful afternoon when I went under the ice; I remembered what I told you with my cold lips that day."

"You did? That was kind. Your uncle believes in you still, I suppose?"

"Believes in me? Of course he does. He knows the truth."

"Did it ever occur to you that it might be difficult to prove the truth?"

"What do you mean?"

"This: That unless you go away without seeing Miss Arneon, I'll telegraph to the authorities at New York."

"Well, suppose you did?"

Farrand laughed again.

"You know it wouldn't be well for you if I did," he said.

"You know you are the guilty man," said Picton, hotly.

"Yes," said Farrand; "but I can prove that you are. It is a disadvantage to be innocent."

The two men walked on together in silence.

"Well," said Farrand, at last, "do you consent."

"Never!" cried Picton. "I'll face everything your wicked soul can bring against me before I'll be as false as that."

And Farrand knew by the other's tone that he had failed.

He had one or two other resources left. He paused a moment to grow calm enough to attempt another line of action.

"I believe I've won Allie Arneon's love," he said, after a little.

"You lie! She promised to be true to me always," returned Picton.

Farrand snapped his fingers.

"That for woman's promises!" he said. "I tell you I am sure she cares for me."

"She's never given you a word of hope; I'd swear to that," said Picton.

"Frankly and honestly," said Farrand, "she never has. But there are looks and actions——"

"Bah! she loves me. I'll not banter words with you. Let us go back."

"But suppose that she no longer cared for you?"

"She does."

"Suppose it were true that she loved me better?"

"You are unworthy."

"Suppose I could make her happier than you can?"

"That is impossible."

"But if——"

"If——"

"If I were to ask her for her love—ask her and win it——"

"It would kill me."

"Will you let me try?" Will you let her choose between us? Will you let me see her to-night? I swear that if I fail I will go away to-morrow, and never come back!"

Farrand stood still. The night wind muttered among the trees; the hoarse roar of the sea came to them through the wood; the distant flash of lightning shone up into the starlit sky.

It was a crisis. Only Farrand—Farrand and Omnipotence—knew how terrible a one.

"If you fail you will go?" faltered Picton.

The man who hesitates is lost. Farrand drew his hand from his pocket; there was no need of the pistol which he had held for many minutes.

"Yes," he said, "I will go."

"Remember," insisted Picton, "your threat has availed nothing."

"Nothing," assented Farrand; "I never meant it; it was folly."

"And I know my love is true to me."

"Undoubtedly, old fellow, undoubtedly. I only ask one chance; I only ask one evening to try my fate. After that you will have love, happiness, heaven."

"And you ask it——"

"In the name of friendship; in the name of the life I saved? Yes, certainly."

Picton extended his hand; Farrand's grasp closed over it.

"I will not go to Miss Arneon until you have seen her," said Picton.

For one moment Farrand held the hand he had taken.

"My dear, dear friend!" he exclaimed, brokenly.

Then he strode rapidly away through the forest, smiling like a fiend.

Chapter III.

The storm broke at midnight. The waves whirled in dizzy masses, and came thundering far up on the beach; the thunder and lightning were grand and awful.

Farrand drew Allie Arneon into a sheltered nook among the rocks; his hand trembled. Had it been light enough for her to have seen, she would have known that his face was very white.

A vivid flash showed a boat a half-mile from shore.

"How terrible!" she cried, clinging to him.

"Terrible indeed!" said his lying lips, while he laughed silently to himself.

"Edmund Picton came to-night," said Farrand.

He could feel her tremble with excitement, but she made no answer.

"He left very suddenly last June, did he not?"

"Rather, I—I believe."

"'Twas a strange affair. He had spent a great deal of money. He forged his uncle's name to a check for an immense sum. He was discovered, made to meet the payment of the check, and his uncle forgave him. He tried to fix the guilt on another—on a man who had saved his life. He——"

Farrand paused. The lightning lit up the scene; the

girl at his side tossed a ring from her far out into the waves; it glittered for a moment, then disappeared for ever; the boat, far out, was floating bottom up.

"I love you," whispered Farrand.

She pushed him from her.

"Cannot you learn to love me?" he begged.

"No," she said.

"Will you marry me?" he said; "I will not ask your love. I ask only that."

She drew away from him. For hours they stood there. He knew she was weeping.

"I want you," said one.

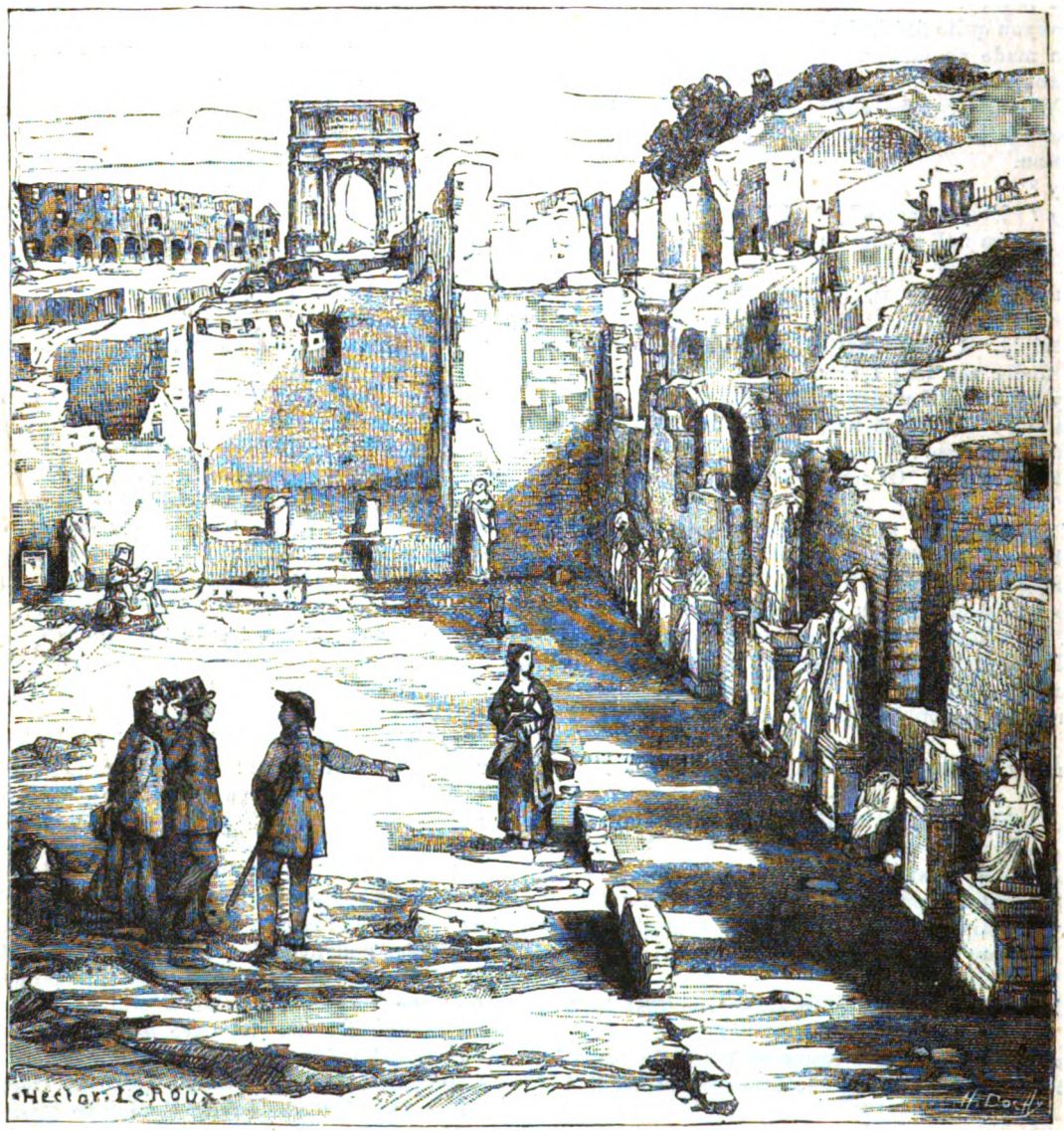
"And I," said the other.

"For bigamy," said the first.

"For forgery," said the second.

And they led him away up the sands.

She turned her eyes seaward. The sun was coming up. The storm was done, the heavens were all aglow. Beneath, the dark and sullen deep roared and raged. Something rose to the crest of an incoming wave, remained at the top, swept nearer and nearer--nearer and nearer—nearer and nearer.



VESTA AND THE VESTALS.— THE HOUSE OF THE VESTALS AT ROME, DISCOVERED IN 1877.— SEE PAGE 358.

Then dawn came. She turned a white face toward him.

"I have lost all faith in humanity. I will marry you," she said.

Farrand laughed. He pointed down at the waves.

"Had you refused me, I should have jumped in there," he said.

She shut her eyes and shuddered.

"And taken you with me," he whispered in her ear.

Then they descended to the beach.

Two men came from opposite directions.

The waters laid it at her feet.

One look from the dying eyes of Edmund Picton, in which so much of love and honor lay that love and truth could never doubt again.

One look from the eyes of Allie Arneon, kneeling on the water's edge with her lover in her arms, a look which will make his heaven brighter, beyond this storm-swept world, until she comes.

And then——

"It ended as it began,
They parted by the sea."

VESTAL WATCHING THE SACRED FIRE.— SEE PAGE 358.

VESTA AND THE VESTALS.

By Marc F. Vallette.

It is well known to all who have ever visited the Eternal City that it is next to impossible to dig up the streets, or, indeed, any part of the city, without striking upon some work of art, or upon some atrium or court, or building filled with art treasures that have been buried and forgotten ages ago. During a recent visit to Rome the writer of this article was driving past the venerable Church of the Minerva (the titular church of the late Cardinal McCloskey), when his attention was attracted by a number of persons watching some workmen, who appeared to be engaged in repairing water-pipes, or the like. Upon drawing nearer, he ascertained that these workmen had struck upon what proved to be a red obelisk some twenty-five or thirty feet long, and in an excellent state of preservation. Similar discoveries are made from time to time, and many of them prove of great historical interest, besides their artistic value. Thus, in 1877, while some excavations were being made under the direction of Dr. Bacelli, then Minister of Public Instruction, the workmen came upon what proved to be the Atrium of the Vestals, of which a striking illustration is here produced, showing also a distant view of the Coliseum and the Arch of Titus. Search had long been made for the real site of the habitation of the Vestals, notwithstanding the fact that there are extant very precise directions given by authors who were contemporaneous with them. Martial sends a messenger to the house of Proculus, which was near the Palatine: "Go along the Temple of Castor, near the ancient Vesta and the abode of our Virgins." Livy located it in the Via Nova, "the spot," said he, "upon which a chapel rises over the Temple of Vesta." The Via Nova itself was discovered only a few years ago, some seven meters above the House of the Vestals, between the Via Sacra and the Via Victoria, which is situated some twelve meters higher up. These two streets ran in the same direction along the Palatine Hill. Tradition tells us that the Temple of Vesta, which is circular in form, was built by Numa Pompilius, the second King of Rome. A sketch of the Vestals and their occupation may not be uninteresting.

The Vestals derive their name from Vesta, the Roman name of the goddess of the home or hearth, or, as some authors express it, of fire. She was first honored in Phrygia, and was taken to Rome by Æneas. According to Hesiodic theogony, she was the daughter of Cronos (Saturn) and Rhea, the mother of Jupiter and of some of "the more aristocratic" gods. In Greece her priestesses were widows; in Rome they were maidens, and were known as Vestal Virgins. At first they were four in number, but under Servius Tullius they were increased to six. Vacancies were filled by the King, as Chief Pontiff. He selected twenty young patrician maidens of from six to ten years of age. These were to be without blemish, and to give promise of future beauty. The divine will, represented by lot, designated which of these was to be consecrated priestess. When the selection was made the Chief Pontiff advanced, and taking the hand of the chosen one, said: "I take thee; thou shalt be priestess of Vesta, and shalt perform the sacred rites for the safety of the Roman people." He then led her to the Regia, which some suppose to have been the house of Numa, and which was the Pontiff's residence. Behind it were the Atrium and Temple of Vesta. In the Regia the novice's locks were cut off, and she was clad by her sisters with a white garment.

It was the duty of these virgins to watch by turns a fire which burned night and day on the altar of Vesta. If by any accident this fire should happen to be extinguished, it was regarded as a terrible omen for Rome, and the hapless virgin through whose neglect this accident had happened was scourged with rods in a dark place by the Chief Pontiff, who afterward relighted the fire by rubbing together two pieces of wood taken from the tree of good fortune, *Felix arbos*, or, as in later times, by concentrating the rays of the sun through a burning-glass. There seems to have been no scarcity of these *arbores felices*, for the groves of that day abounded in oak, holm-oak, beach and mountain-ash.

The Vestals were also required to make libations, offer sacrifices, and perform a peculiar ceremony, which may have had some connection with their vow of chastity. When, on April 15th, the Pontiffs immolated thirty pregnant cows, the embryos were taken and committed to the *Maxima Virgo* or Chief Vestal, who burned them and carefully kept the cinders, which she distributed among the people on the day of the Palilia, that they might make expiatory offerings of them. This festival was celebrated on April 21st, the anniversary of the foundation of Rome by Romulus. The principal rites were the purification of the stables, flocks and herds by fire and smoke, and the offering of cakes, millet and milk, followed by prolonged jollity and feasting. Varro relates that at about this time, too, the Vestals threw into the Tiber, from the top of the Sublician Bridge, twenty-four osier figures of old men, to replace the human victims that they no longer threw in after the time of Hercules.

It was the custom of the Vestals, every morning, to cleanse the temple with water drawn from the fountain of Egeria in a vessel with a large mouth, and ending with a point, *futile*, so that it could not be set down without the water being spilled. In connection with this word, it may not be out of place to state that Servius asserts that this is the origin of the word *futilis*: "A man incapable of keeping what is confided to him." From this source, too, comes our English word *futile*, which Webster defines as something "that easily pours out."

The Vestals enjoyed the protection of Fascinus, the god who averts evil spells. They had also the care of holy relics, pledges of the duration of empire, *fatale pignus imperii*. These relics were preserved in the most secret place in the sanctuary, and consisted of the Palladium, a small wooden image of Pallas, or Minerva, thrown down to earth by Jupiter. It is said to have fallen in the vicinity of Troy, where Ilus, the founder of that city, who had just prayed for favorable omens, looked upon it as an answer to his prayer, took possession of it, and built a sanctuary for it. It was long a tradition that Troy could never be taken while this image remained in the city. It was stolen by Ulysses and Diomedes, and was carried to Greece and afterward to Rome. The Romans, like the Trojans, came to regard the preservation of this figure as the only means of the safety and perpetuation of the Roman power. This statue is said to have been brought to Italy by Æneas. The Chief Vestal, or *Maxima Virgo*, was alone permitted to enter this holy of holies.

The functions of the Vestals lasted thirty years: the first ten years were passed in a sort of novitiate, during which the novice became acquainted with her duties; the next ten years were spent in performing these duties, and the remaining ten were spent in instructing others. At the end of this time the Vestals could re-enter the world, and even marry, if so disposed. Very few ever availed themselves of this right. They ended their lives near the goddess to whom they had vowed their chastity, and after death were interred in the Grove of Vesta. Traces of their sepulture were found in the sixteenth century on the site of the Church of Santa Maria Liberatrice. Twelve tombs of Vestal Virgins, with their inscriptions, were found here.

As a compensation for the sacrifice the Vestals imposed upon themselves by adhering to their vows after the required period of thirty years, they were treated with the greatest respect and enjoyed the greatest honors. Being released from parental restraint, *patria potestas*, and from the authority of their kindred, they could receive legacies and dispose of their possessions by will and testament. No oath was required of them in courts of justice when called upon to give evidence. If a magistrate met a Vestal, he had the fasces, the badge of his authority, lowered in salutation. Fortunate was the criminal, on being led to punishment, if, by accident, a Vestal crossed his path. His freedom was sure to follow upon the *accidental* meeting being verified.

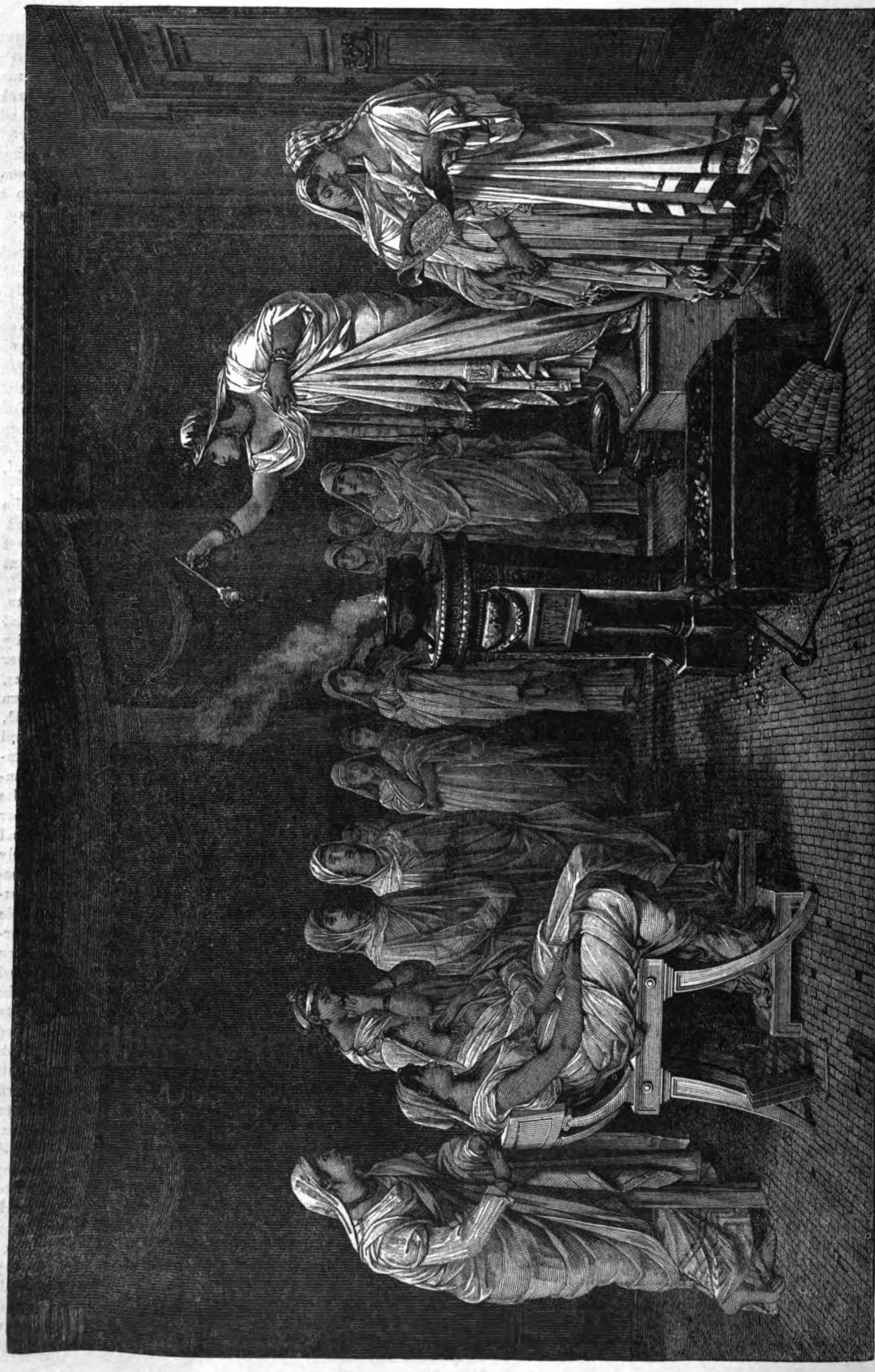
But, if the greatest honors and privileges awaited those who lived up to their vows, the most horrible punishments awaited those who violated them. At the extremity of the Quirinal, between the Colline gate and the place where, later on, stood the famous garden of Sallust, was the *Campus Sceleratus*, or accursed field. Here was a subterranean chamber in which the guilty priestess was buried alive. Stretched out upon a bier, covered over with heavy drapery to stifle her cries, she was borne in mournful procession across the Forum, through the silent crowd, to the vault, in which was placed a bed, a lighted lamp, some bread, a little water, milk and oil—provisions for one day in that eternal prison—given, not in mercy for the poor victim, but the mocking help of a piety unwilling to acknowledge to Vesta the murder of one of her virgins. When the funeral train had reached the fatal vault, the high priest offered up silent prayers; then the bier was uncovered, and the victim, wrapped in her white vail, as in a shroud, descended by a ladder into her tomb, which was speedily covered up by slaves. The earth above was soon leveled, that no trace might be found of the place where, in the darkness of the tomb, the guilty Vestal had expiated her crime. Nor did her punishment end here. No libations, which even the poorest Romans offered to the Manes, were made here. She was cut off from the world of the living and of the dead. The spectators, after the carrying out of the dread sentence, slowly and silently disappeared, deeply moved at the terrible punishment visited upon a young and beautiful maiden, and grateful for the greater evils averted from their capital by this propitiatory sacrifice.

But Vesta was not always so cruel to her priestesses. One of them, Amelia, being about to be condemned to death for having intrusted the duty of keeping up the sacred fire to a novice who allowed it to go out, after having implored the intercession of the Goddess Vesta in her behalf, tore a strip from her robe and cast it on the cold cinders. The fire blazed up again, and Amelia was saved. Another equally fortunate Vestal was Tuccia, who was accused of incest. Conscious of her innocence, she appealed to her patroness for aid. "O Vesta," she exclaimed, "if I have ever approached thy altar with clean hands, grant me a sign to prove my innocence," and, seizing a sieve which was near by, she ran with it to the Tiber, filled it with water, brought it back and poured the water over the feet of the astonished pontiffs. The memory of this miracle has been preserved by an engraved medal. These legends, by attesting divine intervention, freed the Roman conscience from the remorse of having condemned innocent victims to a most frightful death, when their merciless policy demanded a victim to propitiate popular superstition.

The honors paid to the Vestal Virgins were measured by the religious importance of the worship which took place around this public altar, upon which the sacred fire was never to be extinguished. The influence exerted upon the manners of the Romans by the existence of the Vestals must have been beneficial, especially at the period of which we write. To the religious idea which first gave rise to the institution, and which determined the conditions imposed upon these maidens, was added a moral idea—none but virgins were permitted to keep alive the undying flame which symbolized the life of the Roman people—and this, though, perhaps, unintentional, was an exaltation of chastity.

The public maintenance of the Vestal Virgins and the worship of Vesta were discontinued by Gratianus, A.D. 382. Symmachus made this a subject of the strongest protest against that Emperor and his colleague Valentianus, but the Vestals were doomed.

The Temple of Vesta is attributed to Numa Pompilius, and is supposed to have been constructed with wattled walls and a thatched roof. When Rome was captured by the Gauls, the Vestals took the sacred fire and other relics to Cære, in Etruria, for safety. The temple was, probably, then destroyed. It may be interesting to learn that the Temple of Vesta was burned in the year B.C. 241, on which occasion L. Metellus, then Chief Pontiff, saved the Palladium at the expense of his eyesight. In compensation for this devotion, he was allowed to be conveyed in a car to the Curia whenever he attended the Senate, a privilege which had been enjoyed by no other Roman. The temple was again burned in B.C. 210, and again during the great fire of Nero, when it was probably rebuilt by Vespasian, on some of whose coins it is represented. Profane fire seems to have pursued the sanctuary of sacred fire with unceasing energy, for the temple was again burned down in the fire which occurred during the reign of Commodus, and which destroyed, among other important buildings, the Temple of Peace, erected by Vespasian. Herodian describes the removal of the Palladium by the Vestal Virgins through the Via Sacra to the Imperial Court, on which occasion it was supposed that this image was first seen by mortal eyes since its arrival from Troy. As we look upon the ruins of this temple, the mind goes back over the lapse of ages, and most interesting, indeed, are the memories that seem to cling around those now almost shapeless ruins—the tradition of a primeval and mysterious worship, of idealized descent from Troy and Æneas, claimed for Rome and for the Cæsars. Tacitus tells us that Nero, when about to start on his journey for a theatrical progress through Greece, "offered up prayers for the success of his voyage in the Capitol, and thence proceeded to the Temple of Vesta. Being there seized with a sudden tremor in every joint, arising either from superstitious fear of the Goddess, or from a troubled conscience, which never ceased to goad and persecute him, he renounced his enterprise altogether."



THE SCHOOL OF THE VESTAL VIRGINS.—SEE PAGE 358.

THE DOOMED VESTAL.— SEE PAGE 358.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

By Edmund Gosse.

Three hundred years ago, the hope of England was lying in the house of Mrs. Gruitthuissens in Arnhem. He had everything about him which he had once proposed to exchange for sleep—

> "Sweet pillows, sweetest bed,
> A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light,
> A rosy garland, and a weary head"—

and now sleep, also, had consented to come in long, refreshing intervals, which gladdened the loving, anxious hearts that thronged about him. The head, however, grew no less weary, and on the 1st of October, 1586, Sidney himself had become persuaded of what none of his physicians believed, and what couriers were dispatched over Europe to deny, that the end was certain to be fatal. The desperate retreat from the misty trenches of Zutphen had happened on the afternoon of the 22d of September. The famous refusal of the draught of water, the feverish volubility that alarmed Leicester when, after riding a mile and a half with his broken thigh, Sidney "ceased not to speak still of Her Majesty"—these were incidents of that same evening. Next day, from the discomforts of the camp, he was taken up the Yssel, from Deventer to Arnhem, in his uncle's barge, and brought into the house of a wealthy lady, where his best friends hurried to watch over him. After the prolonged pain and excitement, the greatest danger seemed at first to be for the brain; during four days he got no natural sleep. At last, on the 27th, he fell into a long, sound slumber, and when he waked he ate with appetite. The surgeons assured the Earl of Leicester that the worst was over, and that it was now only a question of slow recovery. There was but one person who was not of that opinion, and that was Sidney.

The whole affair of Zutphen had been foolhardy. Leicester held all the upper waters of the Yssel, but he was cut off from the Zuyder Zee by the Fortress of Zutphen. For nine days before the battle, the English had been investing this place, while Palma had been trying to relieve it. On the 22d, Sidney advanced eastward from the camp, not, as has been supposed, to attack the fortress—which, with such a minute force, he could scarcely dream of doing—but to watch the river for Palma's convoy of provisions.

A dull Dutch fog hung over the polders, and, when it suddenly lifted, the English troopers found themselves in the very midst of a body of the enemy five times as numerous as themselves. Sidney's little troop managed, after an hour and a half, to get back to camp, not without having very severely punished the enemy. But Sidney himself fell a victim to his own quixotism. He had started in full armor, as befitted the enterprise he had undertaken. But he met the Lord Marshal on the way, and, perceiving that he was without armor, Sidney took the steel plates off his own thighs to be no better armed. This vanity, or generosity, whichever we choose to call it, was his destruction. In the beginning of the fight his horse was killed under him; he himself contrived to escape unwounded, and, finding another horse, returned to the charge. Then it was that he received the wound in his unprotected thigh. A ball struck him in the slope of the leg, just three inches above the knee, splintered the bone, and then was lost inward and upward. The soldiers about him declared that they never knew a musket-shot, not in a vital place, do so much damage. It was probably from the first an extremely critical wound, but it was rendered ten times worse from the fact that the victim had to carry the shot rankling in his inflamed flesh for a mile and a half upon a plunging horse. Add to this that the best surgery of the day was clumsy and empirical, and we have no difficulty in perceiving that Sidney was a lost man.

Something must have told him the truth on the last day of September, for his gayety, with which he had sustained the sinking spirits of those who attended him, gave way to a great gravity. As he was brought to Arnhem, then, perhaps, half delirious, he had been overheard thanking God for giving him time for setting his spiritual house in order. These thoughts now returned to him, and he summoned the Rev. George Gifford, who seems to have been attending him as his chaplain, to prepare him for eternity. Gifford wrote down an account of the interview, but unfortunately it is in the hopelessly turbid style of the ordinary divine of that period, and gives us nothing but spiritual commonplaces. There is, perhaps, one touch of Nature in his report of Sidney's frequent complaint that "his mind was dull in prayer." When the clergyman had sufficiently roused the patient to "violent gestures" and "increased mortification" of spirit, Sidney made his will. Next day the Earl of Leicester wrote to Walsingham to inform the Queen that Sir Philip Sidney was making good progress toward recovery, and bulletins of the same hopeful nature were forwarded to various parts of Europe. Meanwhile, Sidney occupied the dreadful tedium of his condition by inditing a poem on his own accident. It is described to us as "La Cuisse Rompue," but it does not seem to be recorded in what language it was written. It was a strange conceit to compose such a work; stranger still to have it set to music and sung at his bedside. We may, perhaps, not regret that "The Broken Thigh" is a lost masterpiece of literature.

By this time all his friends who could contrive to leave their posts were with him. His wife had come from Flushing, his brother from Rammekins; Leicester, singularly moved, could not quit the house; and Hohenlo, in a maudlin fury of distress, was threatening the surgeons. Imperious messages from England announced that the patient's life must be saved. Meanwhile, on the 8th of October, a dreadful symptom revealed the worst to Sidney himself, and he wrote off the last and most pathetic of his charming letters. It was addressed to the famous physician at Cleves, Johann Wier, the author of the "De Dæmonum Præstigiis," an old man over seventy, at that time, perhaps, the greatest medical authority in Europe. Sidney's last chance was to have an opinion from Wier. He wrote:

> "My Wier, come, come! I am in danger of my life, and I long for you. Neither living, nor dead, shall I be ungrateful. I can no more, but with all my strength I pray you to make haste. Farewell! Thy Ph. Sidney."

But the old doctor did not reach him in time. At daybreak, on the 17th of October, Sidney called Gifford to his bedside. He had not slept that night, and he knew that he had not many hours to live. All day the bed was thronged by loving and despairing faces, and to each one he had some word to say which, as Fulk Greville

puts it, in his exquisite way, "gave witness to the world that those sweet and large, even when dying, affections in him could no more be contracted with the narrowness of pain, grief, or sickness than any sparkle of our immortality can be buried in the shadow of death." His last words were spoken to his brother, Sir Robert Sidney: "Love my memory," he said; "cherish my friends; their faith to me may assure you they are honest." We need not prolong the narrative of a scene which, after three centuries, cannot be contemplated without emotion. At two o'clock in the afternoon, with his hands clasped on his breast in the attitude of prayer, he ceased to breathe, without a struggle. He had lived only thirty-one years and eleven months.

Perhaps no other Englishman was ever so famous at so early an age as Sidney was when he died. Byron, who naturally occurs to the memory, was certainly less widely interesting to the world at large in 1820. Among his own contemporaries, the most illustrious, Raleigh, was an obscure though rising courtier, and unheard of outside a private circle, in his thirty-second year. But the death of Sidney, though it certainly is rather difficult to see why, was an event of universal interest. For some reason or other he had attracted the notice and awakened the hopes of Reformed Europe. From Tunis to Cracow it was felt that if any one could stem the tide of the triumph of Philip II. it was this slim and maidenly young gentleman from Penshurst. When Sidney was only five and twenty, Antonio of Portugal thought it desirable to secure his sympathy in a letter such as a king usually writes only to a king. It was even whispered that Sidney might have been a monarch himself—that, when Henry III. fled to Paris, the crown of Poland was his for the asking. Among the familiar friends of this English youth were Rudolph II. and William of Orange; princes in politics like William of Hesse and John of Austria; princes in art like Veronese and Tintoretto. William of Orange, no everyday giver of unasked testimonials, thought, though it was a great mistake, that Elizabeth undervalued this treasure of her Court, and actually called her attention to the fact that in Philip Sidney "Her Majesty had one of the ripest and greatest councilors of state at that time in Europe." There is no doubt that Palma thought the loss of Axel and Doesburg richly paid for in the death of so dangerous and brilliant an enemy. The Governor of Flushing had proved himself no less a warrior than he was a diplomatist.

The accounts of the mode in which Sidney's death was received in England seem almost fabulous. Elizabeth, who did not need the eulogies of William the Silent to teach her what her men were worth, broke out into one of the rages which passed for sorrow in this leonine woman. She had tormented Sidney with her caprices; she had let loose the bolts of her temper upon him when, with signal courage, he had solemnly reproved her; she had even spited him in the person of his family, and driven him from her Court; but she knew his value. Whether she ever liked him as she personally liked Raleigh or Essex is more than doubtful; but she was exceedingly proud of him. She spoke of him, now he was dead, as "that inconsiderate fellow," and for weeks she was dangerous to approach. Meanwhile, by slow degrees, the precious body was brought to England, the States of Holland being flatly refused the privilege of keeping it. After a week, during which I suppose that it was embalmed, it left for Flushing; after another week, it was sent to London, and from the 5th of November, 1586, to the 16th of February, 1587, it lay unburied, in a sort of pomp, in a house in the Minories. The vessel that carried it was painted black, with sails and cordage of the same color. It was met in the Thames with military honors, as though it bore some great general or admiral killed in the wars.

All this solemn prolongation of the national grief was nicely calculated to heighten the sense of national loss. The legend of Sir Philip Sidney took fabulous proportions. James VI. summoned Minerva and Apollo, with all the Muses, to mourn one in whom all their arts had been divinely mingled. Camden cried out that Providence had only sent Sir Philip Sidney as a model of the virtues, and properly had snatched him back to heaven from an earth never worthy of him, and that now had seen him long enough to learn the lesson. Meanwhile, the slow period of public mourning, and the long-drawn funeral, gave the poets an unequaled opportunity. Oxford and Cambridge each produced a volume or garland of elegiac verse, and the sorrows of New College, Oxford, overflowed into a special "Peplus Sidnæi" of their own. At last, on the 16th of February, 1587, when enthusiasm and anguish were past all bounds, there followed the funeral in St. Paul's, of which a unique pamphlet has so astonishing an account. The youth dragging the "Semper eadem" in the dust to the soft playing of fifes; the page leading the dead poet's war-horse, with a broken lance that trailed upon the ground; the endless pomp and indescribable splendor of the pageant that followed; the Lord Mayor at the head of the City Guilds—all this gives but a faint notion of a ceremonial, the contemporary picture of which occupies thirty plates, designed to be fastened together in one long roll.

When the funeral was over, the tide of panegyric rose to the extraordinary height marked by the publication of "Astrophel." And now the student of this curious mass of literature begins to notice a strange circumstance. Except in the perfectly sane utterances of Fulk Greville, the adoration of Sidney, by 1588, passed altogether out of the category of the praises of a real man.

As an example of this singular craze or passion, let us examine what the greatest poet of the day, himself the friend of the man he celebrates, has to tell us about him. Spenser describes Sidney as a poor Arcadian shepherd, brought up on the banks of Hæmony. He is a slender swain of comely shape, who seems made for merriment (Sidney being notorious for want of humor), and who is famous among the shepherds at shearing-time for piping, dancing and sweet caroling. Many maidens wooed this swain, and so did wood-goddesses; but he fell in love with Stella, "the fair, the fairest star in sky," an astronomical deity, and scorned all these other nymphs. Wandering in a "forest wide and waste," driven thither by the desire of killing "savage beasts" in Stella's honor, a boar ran out of a thicket, and so gored him that he was like to bleed to death. But "a sort of shepherds" finding him, stanched his wounds and brought him to Stella, who had come down to earth for love of him. They fainted into one another's arms, and, as they lay there in the field, the gods transformed them "into one flower that is both red and blue." This herb is considered medicinal, and the poet recommends any one who meets with it to "pluck it softly." What could be more unreal, what could falsify history more, what could be more deplorably Byzantine in taste? It was left, however, for one Matthew Roydon to express the belief that Sidney was really the Arabian Phœnix in disguise, settled "on a cedar in this coast." Within two years Sir Philip Sidney had become a vague and splendid fable to the very men who had known and loved him.

It is, therefore, not inexcusable that, after about a century of worship, some reaction should have begun to express itself in relation to the mythical hero. Horace Walpole could not understand Sidney at all; the accounts which he found of his person and character struck him as revolting to common sense, and he expressed himself on the subject with scandalous flippancy. "No man," says Walpole, "seems to me so astonishing an object of temporary admiration"; and he goes on with dreadful justice to describe the "Arcadia" as "a tedious, lamentable, pedantic, pastoral romance, which the patience of a young virgin in love cannot wade through now." With one of those superficial flashes of judgment which served him like an instinct, Walpole saw that the figure of Sidney himself had been merged into that of his heroes. Walpole, having made this discovery, cared to go no further, but we cannot leave our poet thus among the griffins and heraldic monsters. We know that he was entirely unlike the portrait that his fanciful contemporaries left of him. Is it possible to strip off the fable, and see the actual Philip Sidney as he breathed and talked?

Much has been done in this direction by Mr. Fox Bourne in the pleasant "Life of Sidney," published in 1862. But there is something left to do, and we anticipate, with pleasure, a monograph promised from the pen of Mr. J. A. Symonds. In the meantime, I would essay a few words on the character and genius of this wonderful man. Our modern estimate of him, I suppose, is mainly summed up in Shelley's words:

> "Sidney as he fought
> And as he fell, and as he lived and loved,
> Sublimely mild, a spirit without spot."

STATUES FOUND IN THE ATRIUM OF THE HOUSE OF THE VESTALS. — SEE PAGE 358.

This is very charming, but it borders not only upon the fabulous, but even upon the namby-pamby. I do not like "sublimely mild." Almost the first thing that dawns upon the student of Sidney's character is, that he had a quick temper. He was far from being sublimely mild when he wrote the letter in which he told Mr. Molineux that if he ever again read one of the private letters Sidney addressed to his father, "I will thrust my dagger into you; and trust to it, for I speak in earnest." He was even less mild, he was positively injudicious, when, in the Italian inn, he accused his friend

Coningsby of stealing money that was really in the pocket of mine host. The famous letter to Queen Elizabeth was sublime, but not at all mild, and we must drop this epithet, even in the peculiar sense in which Shelley may have used it, as equivalent to benignantly unperturbed. Sidney was prompt and rapid in mental movement; he formed opinions and translated them into action with great alacrity. In the very typical case of his quarrel with Lord Oxford we find him keeping his head when most men would have lost it from sheer rage; but it was all that the Queen and the Privy Council could do to prevent him from having the earl's blood. Unquestionably he looked mild; he had a girlish face of pink and white; and Oxford, no doubt, did not know his man when he dared to bully him. But there was wiry fibre in Sidney's mind and body, and we may be sure that, in those fighting days, no mere carpet-knight would have impressed himself on the popular mind as a hero.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.—SEE PAGE 362.

His extraordinary ability in all the diplomatic arts is quite beyond dispute. To be a diplomatist, a man must possess sympathy, and have a rare judgment in the use of it. The ideal diplomatist, like the ideal poet, is a man in whom the masculine and feminine qualities of the intellect balance one another with absolute harmony, each supplying the wants of the other side of the character. What is related of Sidney tends to prove that he possessed this equilibrium to a very extraordinary degree, and I take it to have been the secret of his charm and of his power. Spenser tells us how the vulgar Gosson, pushing his wares into the unwilling hands of Sidney, "was for his labor scorned"; but he instantly feels that the word is incongruous as applied to Sidney, and hastens to say, "if, at least, it lay in the goodness of that nature to scorn." In the same sense, we may note the perspicuous patience with which he held Greville at bay, and watched the countenance of Admiral Drake during the extremely trying circumstances of his visit to Plymouth in 1585. His manner of dealing with men is clear enough from a great many fragments of evidence. He gave his full attention, very gravely, to what any individual said to him; his sympathy, which, as we have seen, was very quick, enabled him to fathom easily what was in the mind of a nervous or embarrassed applicant, and no one seems to have ever left his presence without an enthusiastic personal feeling of regard. With a temperament of this exceptional kind, and with equally exceptional opportunities and facilities, such a man as Sidney has only to see enough people to become the most beloved of men; and the sole difficulty which we can legitimately find in the story of his popularity is to conceive how, in so few years, and without the leverage of wealth or rank, he contrived to influence so many individuals.

He possessed all the personal advantages that make a primrose path of life. His delicate beauty, almost feminine in character, was in itself a passport in an age which set an extravagant value on good looks, and preferred that they should not be too massive. But this maidenly aspect belied an exceedingly vigorous and very manly temper. Nor did Sidney ever allow himself to be browbeaten on account of the bloom of his complexion. When he was only two-and-twenty, Elizabeth sent him as ambassador to Don John of Austria, who received him with condescension, somewhat startled that the Queen of England should send such a boy to Philip II.'s generalissimo. But Sidney contrived to show him his mistake, and soon after we find Don John not knowing

what tribute to pay to this "extraordinary planet," and proving his appreciation of Sidney by treating him with more honor and respect than any of the ambassadors of other states. It was the same everywhere. There is no doubt at all that he was marvelously fitted to fill the most precarious posts in the world of diplomacy. It does not seem that he took any interest in politics. His prognostics of events in his letters are as incorrect as they could possibly be. His strength lay in personal intercourse with men who held the reins of power. He knew how to please them and secure their confidence, and even when they were the enemies of England he did not seem able to help leaving them Sidney's friends. It was not like Elizabeth's usual cleverness to distract the possessor of this extraordinary gift to other fields. The man who had more tact than all the rest of her Court should have been restrained, against his own preference, from becoming a soldier.

Of late years people of a nice morality, not very familiar with manners in the reign of Elizabeth, have been very much scandalized with regard to Penelope Rich. A critic wished that "Astrophel and Stella" had never been written, as soon as he discovered that Stella was a married woman. But, obscure as the circumstances of this celebrated love affair are, we must judge them impartially, and by the standard of the times. To his contemporaries the sonnets written to Penelope Rich only increased their respect for Sidney's character. In the most grave and public estimates of his career, this passion is openly mentioned as one of the most interesting of its events. A severe moralist, in 1591, summed up the cycle of sonnets as a work of which "the argument is cruel chastity, the prologue hope, the epilogue despair." It is impossible to put the matter more neatly in a nutshell. Penelope Devereux was twelve and Sidney twenty when they first met, and there is something almost ridiculous in the poet's apology for his stupidity in not falling in love at first sight. "I saw and liked," he says; "I liked, but loved not." But the Earl of Essex had not only determined on a match, but I think a hint on this subject had been given to Languet, who begins in the Autumn of 1575 to urge marriage on Philip Sidney in almost the very terms which Shakespeare uses in his opening sonnets. But we find Sidney almost restive in reply; he has no thought of marriage, or even of betrothal; and Penelope probably did not cross his thoughts until, in September, 1576, her father, in dying, desired that she and Sidney should be matched. In December their betrothal is still only talked about. In March, 1580, nearly four years later, we begin to hear of Lord Robert Rich as a suitor to Penelope Devereux. Six months pass, and Sidney makes no sign; in September, 1580, she becomes Penelope Rich. At that time Sidney was at Wilton, composing the "Arcadia," and there is no evidence to show that he was in the least perturbed in spirit. Some writers say: "To Sidney the news of the marriage was terrible"; but they base this statement on expressions in poems, the dates of which are mere conjecture. Early in 1581 Sidney came up to London again as a Member of Parliament, and then, and not until then, apparently, he heard of Stella's miserable existence with her worthless husband. His first expression would be, perhaps, the scoffing sonnet, "Rich fools there be." He would then meet Penelope Rich, for the first time since many years, and would find the child of twelve developed into the very beautiful woman of eighteen. Then he would realize what it was that he had lost, and the "Astrophel and Stella" would be the record of a turbulent emotion, in which pique and disappointment would have no small part. This record would occupy, perhaps, the remainder of 1581. The incident was closed, I cannot doubt, before Sidney went to the Netherlands early in 1582. A few months later he was married to the wife with whom he lived quietly, and in whose arms he died. It is evident that several elements besides infatuated passion were mingled with the worship of Stella. If it be not unkind to say so, the desire of rivaling Petrarch in his praise of Laura, and still more Surrey in his praise of Geraldine, was a very considerable bellows to the flame. As a piece of history, there seems all reason to believe that the facts are summed up in this stanza from the eleventh song:

"*Stella.* Peace! I think that some give ear;
Come no more lest I get anger!
Astrophel. Bliss, I will my bliss forbear,
Fearing, Sweet, you to endanger;
But my soul shall harbor there."

If to say that it does not appear that *l'éternel féminin* took any great part in Sidney's busy life be a paradox, it is none the less in accordance with evidence. We are quaintly told that many noble ladies "ventured, so far as modesty would permit, to signify their affections unto him," but their advances were courteously declined. He married at twenty-eight, and was a husband, as one of his earliest biographers tells us, "exemplary to all gentlemen." It was, indeed, in the ranks of friendship much rather than in those of love that Sidney, despite his sonnets, seems to have been eminent. He had an extraordinary power of attracting, and, what is not always found in the same nature, of returning affection. As an example of the former, the correspondence of Hubert Languet remains to us. Languet, at the age of fifty-four, met Sidney, just eighteen, at Frankfort, and a friendship began which lasted until Languet died. His letters to Sidney are like none that I remember except those of Gray to Bonstetten; the relation between the men was somewhat analogous — the worn and weary student of life and books watching the young and brilliant creature which has swum into his ken, and guarding it with an almost motherly anxiety. Sidney, in his replies, is always respectful, affectionate, assiduous, but, as usual in such cases, the strong feeling is all with the older man. It was a more equal emotion which presided over his friendship with Fulk Greville and Edward Dyer. There is no such touching trinity in all the annals of comradeship. From childhood to the grave of Sidney, where the survivors bore the pall above his body, these three held together without a single flaw in their loyalty, through all the vicissitudes of life.

"Welcome my two to me,
The number best beloved;
Within my heart you be
In friendship unremoved.
Join heart and hand, so let it be;
Make but one mind in bodies three."

So he says, and, for fear there should be any doubt about the three, his autograph of the poem bears the initials in the margin, E. D., F. G., P. S. Over and over he repeats this declaration of fidelity; and the two who outlived him repaid him with their fullest loyalty.

Dyer and Greville were poets like himself, and almost the only reference to the famous Areopagus includes their names. He says:

"Well was I, while under shade
Oaten reeds me music made;
Striving with my mates in song,
Mixing truth our songs among."

and presently the margin says, "Sir Ed. D. and Mr. F. G." The Areopagus finds its niche in every handbook of literature, but it is noticeable that we know extremely little about it.

The years 1578 and 1579 were quiet ones in Sidney's career, and they mark his first serious attention to literature. His masque of "The Lady of the May" belongs to May, 1578, and is even below what men like Gascoigne and Churchyard had been producing. The moment was a critical one in English poetry. The hour was darkest just before the dawn, and, though England was full of boys of genius, there was only one living poet of recognized position—namely, Sackville, who had long ceased to write. Everything seemed dead; Spenser, writing to Cambridge from London, could hear of no new books except "The School of Abuse." For some reason or another, all lovers of literature, all the young men who desired to excel and had not found a voice, looked to Sidney as the pioneer who should open a way into the kingdom of poetry. This is the secret of Sidney's extraordinary interest to the poetical student; he is the leader of the Elizabethan chorus, elected by popular acclaim to point the way for Spenser and Marlowe and Shakespeare. Very hard things have been said about the affectation of his earliest efforts, and the lovers of Sidney have tried, as we have seen, to evade the facts as regards his leadership of the Areopagus. But something may be said to justify action, the responsibility of which must remain on his head.

In the very midst of the Areopagus period there appeared "The Shepheard's Calendar," with its pretty, timid triplets of dedication to Sidney. All through 1580 Spenser, as much the greater poet as Sidney was the greater man, was breaking away from the bondage of his friend, while Sidney was still pursuing the vain attempt, as the asclepiads and anacreontics of the "Arcadia" are enough to prove. But, indeed, that famous pastoral is, in a certain sense, one of the most interesting books that ever were published; in the eyes of the literary historian it is a belvedere from which he looks up and down the whole range of English literature. It is the great transitional or probationary book, in which the old is passing away and the new is coming in. In verse it contains specimens of all the styles then fashionable, or defunct, or about to come into vogue. There are the quantitative failures of the Areopagus; there are long swinging pieces in the Golding or Turberville manner; there are sextains and sonnets in the new Italian fashion; there are rhyming dialogues, octosyllabics in the form that Green and his friends were to adopt, all meeting in the verse-divisions of the "Arcadia." The prose bears the same transitional character, except that it leans more to one model, and is less original.

If the "Astrophel and Stella" belongs entirely to 1581, as has been generally admited until lately, it marks a further advance in Sidney's power. Very little of the verse in the "Arcadia" is even tolerable; the latest and the most indulgent of the critics of Sidney's poetry admits that here he is "undeniably dry and artificial." There is in this fact an important element of internal evidence to rebut the notion that much of "Astrophel and Stella" belongs to a period earlier than Lady Penelope Rich's marriage.

If it had been so, there would have been a sensible incongruity between the style of the various sonnets, as there is between that of the earlier and later sections of the verse in the "Arcadia." But no such incongruity can be discovered. The sonnets of the "Astrophel and Stella" differ very singularly in merit, but they are written in the same mode. Mrs. Ward has claimed that the cycle is second as a series of sonnets only to Shakespeare's. She speaks, of course, of Elizabethan competitors only; but it is no very great praise to say that the "Astrophel and Stella" is better than "Delia" or "Idea" or "Fidessa." The Elizabethans loved to compose cycles of sonnets, repertories of affected and often very careless work, in which only one or two pieces possess lasting merit. Sidney did better than this; of his one hundred and ten there are, perhaps, fifteen that are very good. Charles Lamb admitted twelve into his selection of the best; Mrs. Ward quotes twenty-three, but amongst her favorites there are several which evidently owe their admission only to a happy phrase or a touch of natural feeling. By far the best are the two most famous—the one to the Moon, and the other to Sleep. It is strange that Lamb did not happen to light on the following sonnet, one which admirably exemplifies the qualities he claims for Sidney's poetry, the swift and gallant run of the verses, the full, material and circumstantial color:

"I might! unhappy word—O me, I might,
And then would not, or could not, see my bliss;
Till now, wrapped in a most infernal night,
I find how heavenly day, wretch! I did miss.
Heart, rend thyself, thou dost thyself but right;
No lovely Paris made thy Helen his;
No force, no fraud, robb'd thee of thy delight,
Nor fortune of thy fortune author is;
But to myself myself did give the blow,
While too much wit, forsooth, so troubled me,
That I respects for both our sakes must show;
And yet could not, by rising morn, foresee
How fair a day was near; O punished eyes,
That I had been more foolish or more wise."

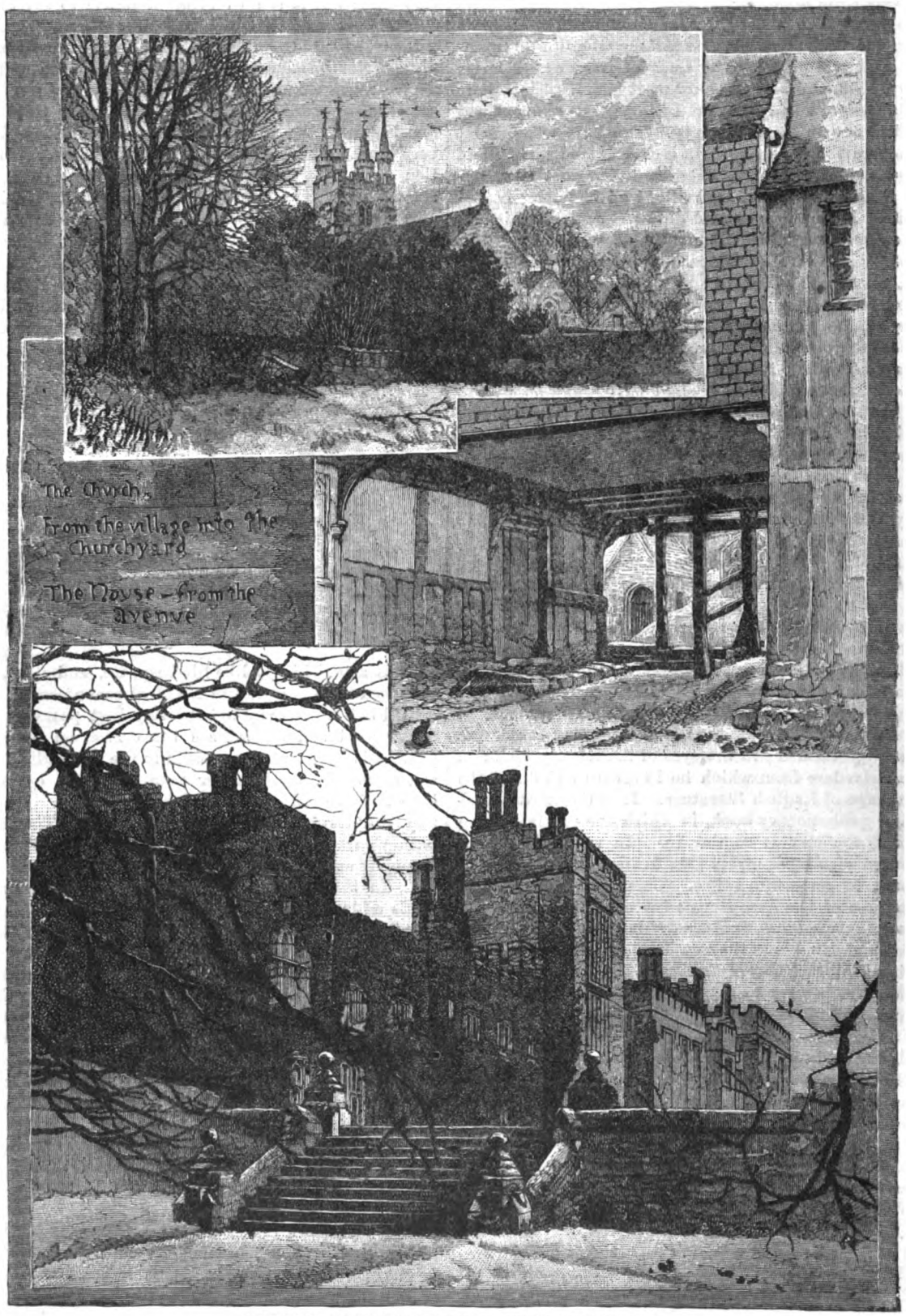
This is astonishingly like Shakespeare, and it was written when Shakespeare was a lad of seventeen.

Still better than any but the very best passages in the "Astrophel and Stella" are the occasional verses first printed in 1598 as an appendix to the "Arcadia." These are, doubtless, mainly later than the Stella cycle; and here we have Sidney at his highest as a poet. They contain the lovely ode "Philomela"; and "The Dirge," Sidney's finest lyric, isolated from the rest of his verse as strangely as Raleigh's "Pilgrimage" is from the rest of his. In the same category I would place the two pastorals addressed to Dyer and Greville.

It is difficult, however, to date any of Sidney's poems later than 1582, and during the last four years of his short life he seems to have been silent. He died, as a poet, at twenty-eight, younger than Shelley or Collins. He was eminently an "inheritor of unfulfilled renown," and yet it is very hard to tell whether he would ever have come back to literature from diplomacy and swordcraft. His poetry was but an accident of his leisure. So universally gifted a man, in that age, was bound to write verses, and, being Sidney, we may say, was bound to write them well. But we have only to compare his work with that of Spenser to see the difference between the most brilliant amateur and the artist who made verse the sole business of his life.

To us, perhaps, in summing up, Sidney is most interesting as a radiating centre of sympathy, intelligence, brightness. He was singularly modern, a little ahead of every one else about him, full of ideas and wishes, which he strewed around to fructify when he himself was dead. As a great author, surely, we must never venture to regard him. The positive merit of the bulk of his writings is almost pathetically inadequate to any excess of praise. Even Lamb, perhaps, in his generous indulgence, says a

little too much. Yet it would be an error to overlook the original flavor or perfume which gives a charm to his work, even where it is a little thin and uninteresting. There is always to be found in it the "Sidneian sweetness," the purity, the grace of thought. In the beautiful "Apology for Poetry" we see these qualities at their best, clarified from their author's occasional affectation and triviality; and this essay seems to hold a middle position between his verse and prose. After 300 years, however, Sir Philip Sidney has become more important to us than his poetry. We perceive that he was one of the most gifted and engaging persons that ever lived.



PENSHURST, ENGLAND, THE HOME OF SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

A YOUNG WIFE'S TRIALS.—"ANN ROSE UP LIKE A FURY, HER GREEN-BLUE EYES GLEAMING WITH ALL HER HEART'S HOT HATRED OF THE YOUNG WIFE."

A YOUNG WIFE'S TRIALS.

By Grace Mortimer.

Elfleda Leroy was a beauty and a fortune, and when she chose me, Miriam Summerson, out of Madame Varcoe's crowded seminary, to be her friend, my heart clave to her with a true love, passing far beyond the usual ephemeral love of the schoolgirl in its depth and endurance. She deserved a loyal love, for her nature was true and tender, and she made my solitary existence exceedingly pleasant to me all the while she staid with us; so that when, in her seventeenth year, she was wooed and married and carried off by Philip Ashburnam, I nearly broke my heart.

Owing to early bereavements I was alone in the world, left unprovided for, and obliged to earn my own support; mine was one of the obscure lives, sad-colored in its texture, and dependent upon outside influences for any thread of brightness which might in mercy be woven through it.

This pretty creature was my thread of gold. Rich, fair, petted and indulged by all around her—even to our sovereign head, Madame Varcoe herself—she had turned from them all to me, and in all the years of my solitary life she was the only being who had ever offered me the

precious boon of human friendship. I sorrowed in silence for my darling girl. I supposed that marriage had closed for ever this brief episode of my happiness.

My delight was proportionate when, three months after her wedding, I received a letter from Mrs. Ashburnam, announcing that she and her husband had returned from their wedding trip, and inviting me to join her at their Summer home in a neighboring State.

"Philip is called to Canada on business which will detain him a fortnight or more"—wrote Elfleda—"and I shall be indeed to be pitied if Madame Varcoe will not spare her aid-de-camp to me. I have written to her, describing in moving terms the situation in which Phil's absence plunges me—alone in a country house, without a soul to speak to, save and except my husband's old housekeeper; a person of surpassing fidelity, he avers—ugliness, I say. I'm afraid she is not well pleased with him for bringing home a young mistress to set over her, after enjoying sole rule in his bachelor abode for six or seven years; at all events, she follows me with a Gorgon gaze wherever I go, and is mighty reserved and civil. However, if she has been faithful to dear Phil, I shall not allow her outward appearance to estrange me from her, and, with goodwill on my side, I am sure we shall be the best friends in the world. Only come to me, my own good Miriam, and I shall not care which way the wind blows in Phil's absence. When he is with me I am brave enough for anything."

I laid down this letter with a feeling of uneasiness. Was there to be war between the old maid and the young mistress? Too often it happened so, when an ignorant woman had ruled too long without supervision. I should have almost have suspected this old housekeeper of Elfleda's of having wronged her master, and of fearing detection by her mistress, if I had not heard Mr. Ashburnam describe many a time the fidelity of his factotum, whom he flatteringly termed "Faithful Ann."

Madame Varcoe was pleased to spare her under-teacher to the distinguished Mrs. Ashburnam for a brief holiday, and in twenty-four hours I was approaching the end of my journey, with mingled feelings of gladness and anxiety.

She was married now, my pretty Elfleda, yet I could not all at once forget the habits of a loving intimacy, and cease to care for, and suffer anxiety for, her sake.

Mr. Ashburnam's Summer residence was a cottage *ornée*, surrounded by a neat little domain, and situated a few miles from the city in which his business lay.

There was an air of deep seclusion about the place which would have suited my reserved temper well, but which might, I thought, prove depressing to the vivacious spirit of my friend.

However, if the avenue trees were deep-foliaged and solemn, in the vicinity of the house, flowers, fountains and the brilliant plumage of ornamental birds lent grace and gayety to the scene; and when I saw my dear on the veranda, waiting me with eager impatience, I felt that there was nothing more to be desired.

"Oh, Miriam, how welcome you are!" she cried. "I can't tell you how I have longed for you!"

She received me in her arms. There was a certain strain in their clasp, and the tears started to her eyes.

I could not help examining her closely. I longed to be sure of her happiness, of her safety in her new existence. But she turned from my earnest look uneasily; for the first time in our acquaintanceship, poor Miriam's glance confused her. She took refuge in the vivacity of her welcome, and I laid by my troubled thoughts and followed her into her pretty home.

Upon the threshold I encountered a singular-looking woman, who was courtesying a prim welcome, and whom I instantly recognized as "Faithful Ann."

She was past middle age, and she was no beauty. Her features were harsh; her faded eyes seemed frozen in their deep and wrinkled sockets. Her complexion was brick-red, and sewn with yellow freckles. Her hair was dust-colored, and a score or two of red bristles adorned her chin.

Nor did her facial expression teach forgetfulness of her ugliness, for it was fawning and treacherous—at least, it seemed so to me, although I felt ashamed of myself for the hard judgment even while I made it.

Mrs. Ashburnam formally presented the valuable creature to me, adding to her, with a singular air:

"You have been bemoaning my sad condition since your master left us, so you see I have induced my friend—the best friend in the world—to take pity upon me. We shall soon be all right now, Ann; I am sure of that."

I thought there was defiance in the young mistress's tone, and that the housekeeper looked quite taken aback at my appearance; but, whatever she felt, she was quick enough to postpone its expression, while she remarked, with rather a crooked smile:

"The dear knows, it's time ye had somebody to take care of ye, for I'm no comp'ny for ye, an' well I know my place; though the time was—an' not so long ago, neither—when I was thought good enough to take care of iverything he had. An' it's himself has said to me many's the time, 'Ann,' says he, 'I wad trust ye with untold gold,' says he. But I'm only a poor servant-gurl now, an' I knows my place."

"I have heard of you from Mr. Ashburnam," I said, hastily, bringing the interminable oration to an end. "He reposed great confidence in you."

But as I said this, I could not but fear that his confidence had been misplaced; for if ever envy, hate and all uncharitableness were expressed in human visage or tone, they were in "Faithful Ann's."

Elfleda carried me off before the woman could resume her discourse, and only breathed freely when we were shut together into the charming little chamber which she called mine. I waited for her to burst out with all that was in her heart, as she ever had used to do when we were alone; but I waited in vain—she was very busy over me.

Her hospitable duties quite engrossed her, until there was nothing possible to be done for my comfort that was not done; and then she sat beside me, and put me through a gay catechism about the seminary and its inmates, with a host of similar subjects.

I was at first amused by her radiant satisfaction, then I began to covet a nearer approach to her inmost self.

"And now, Elfie, tell me true," said I, playfully, "are you happy?"

A change instantly passed over her animated face. It fell—fell.

"Why do you ask me that, Miriam? Do I not look quite well and happy?" she returned, fixing a penetrating look upon me.

"Indeed you do," I could with truth reply. "But yet I must say that I detect a change in you, not a physical change, but pertaining to—what shall I call it?—the spirit."

I stopped with a start. Her eyes had dilated and her cheek had paled. What could I have said to affect her so?

"My darling girl," I cried, "there *is* something wrong

here. I suspected it from the first, and now I feel sure of it. Won't you tell me your trouble, Elfie?"

She rose to hide her face from me, and as she walked up and down the length of the room once or twice, I saw her step falter and her hands wrung hard together.

Alas! the common lot of mortals had fallen to my bright Elfleda; she had her sorrow, bitter and hard, to bear.

When she was sure she could trust herself to speak, she came back to me with a forced smile, and said:

"I was afraid you would find that out, Miriam, and make yourself wretched about me; and not even *you* can help me, though I know well that you would be willing to lay your dear heart under my feet to do so. *No one* can help me—*no one.*" Ah, what anguish curled beneath her soft tones as she spoke these words! "And, after all, it is such a little thing," she went on, choking back her emotion. "Such a very trifle to wreck one's whole life—— But what nonsense I am talking! All will come right again, I am quite sure."

She uttered the reassurance for my benefit—I saw that, and that she had not the slightest hope of it all coming right.

Amazed and terrified, I pleaded with her to confide in me. She shrank from the very thought with a reluctance which hurt me cruelly.

"You *used* to tell me everything," I could not help bewailing.

She threw herself upon me in a passion of love and grief.

"Is it Ann McEvoy who is the disturber of your peace?" I whispered.

She shuddered, but would not otherwise answer. I thought I had put my finger on the sore. "Faithful Ann" had already contrived to make the young pair quarrel about her. Finding that the old housekeeper was not going to relinquish the reins without ill-feeling, Elfleda had probably begged her young husband to dismiss a person so inimical to their married happiness, and Mr. Ashburnam had, with a man's peculiar blindness in such matters, refused to cast out the model of fidelity. A lover's quarrel, thought I, with an inward smile at my poor darling's despair; and I soothed her back to cheerfulness with a light heart.

But I did not love "Faithful Ann" the better for my suspicions.

I learned that Mr. Ashburnam had been gone three days; consequently, Elfleda had been left to the tender mercies of the faithful one quite long enough to have a taste of her quality, undiluted by his protecting presence; and that the young mistress seemed to fear and dislike her, spoke ill for Ann McEvoy's loyalty.

I resolved to keep an attentive watch over "Faithful Ann," and felt sure that sooner or later I should detect her in some act of iniquity which would secure her dismissal from her too credulous master upon his return home; and in the meanwhile I felt as bold as a lion to protect my sweet girl from every annoyance which had its origin in Ann.

Cheered by these thoughts, I passed a delightful evening in the society of my friend; and as she had resolutely cast off every trace of preoccupation, I believed her to have forgotten her trouble in my love.

Next morning was as lovely as sunshine and Summer breeze could make it, and when we met at breakfast, Elfleda looked quite her old sprightly, care-free self. As her bright laugh rippled out, and her eyes shone with merriment, I caught Ann shaking her head with a dismal air, and croaking as if to herself:

"Poor thing! poor thing! Heigh-ho!"

At which my pet's bright face fell, and I could have wrung that old witch's neck for her.

By-and-by I proposed a walk about the grounds, which looked very inviting from the window.

Elfleda threw an involuntary glance toward her grim handmaiden, whose little green eyes were already fastened upon her. In vain I strove to read that glance, interchanged by eyes innocent as an angel's and eyes malevolent as a satyr's. I thought the woman changed color, that her jaw fell; I know my darling threw up her head with a haughty motion, very foreign to her nature, and answered me calmly:

"By all means. Small as our grounds are, we have quite a maze of wood-paths; and, best of all, a pretty view from the summit of a hill which will not tire you to ascend."

"Gracious!" cried Ann, in trepidation; "you'll never be takin' the miss up that steep in the face of such a sun? 'Deed, an' if ye do that, Mis' Ashburnam, you'll be a rash woman, this day."

Her young mistress looked her indignation.

"Do you interfere with my liberty of action?" said she, haughtily.

"Far be it from me, a poor Highland gurl, to interfere with a fine leddy like you," said Ann, with overdone humility. "But if I might mek so bold as to *advise* ye, I wad say, by no means to tek the young miss up yonder, for it's a bitter climb in the hot sun, an' you're not overly strong. But there, I'll say no more, for I know my place."

"Be kind enough to keep it, then. Your anxiety on my account is irksome," was her mistress's chafed reply.

"Faithful Ann" moved a little behind me, and from that shelter telegraphed a look to Mrs. Ashburnam which drew the blood hotly to her cheeks.

"Enough!—enough!" she cried, imperiously. "I shall not be imprudent."

With a distinct desire to annihilate the intolerable paragon of fidelity, I wheeled round in my chair, and caught her with her arms folded, nodding her head, with lips pursed up—the personification of grim fate.

"Dear me!" I exclaimed, in affected amazement, jumping up as if terrified, "what an extraordinary person! Is—is she quite *sane?*"

To do myself justice I will explain that I whispered the last words; but before my friend could reply, Ann pounced upon me in virtuous wrath.

"'Deed, miss, an' I am as sane as yourself, an' far saner than some of ye little think; an' I will say, it's come to a fine time o' day when me, that's been mistress here for six long years, is to tek the like o' that off——"

"Ten thousand pardons, excellent Ann!" I hastened to interpose, before her distressed mistress could join in the fray. "You must make allowance for my ignorance, and keep in mind that I am not accustomed to the ways of old and privileged servants with their mistresses."

With this I got out of the room, dragging Elfleda with me, and leaving my enemy glaring after me, doubtful how to take my apology.

I expected Elfleda to break down and relieve her pent-up anger when we were alone, but all she said was:

"What must you think of us! Oh, Miriam, I am almost sorry that I made you come!"

We were walking down the pleasant avenue, well out of the Gorgon's hearing, when I relieved my pent-up spirit.

"Do you know what I would do with that paragon of

AURORA.

yours, if I had the misfortune to possess her ?" I asked, quickly.

"What would you do ?"

"I should pack her trunks this very morning, portion her respectably, and dispatch her per express to Mount Arlington Insane Asylum as a life inmate," I replied, with malignant gusto.

What ailed my darling ?

It seemed as if my idle speech had given her a cruel stab ; she looked at me with a stricken look, and a moan of keen suffering escaped her.

"My darling Elfie !" I cried, unutterably shocked ; "do you know that you are torturing me with this secret trouble of yours. I can see that it is no girlish trifle—it is something very cruel." Yes, her wan look assured me that it was very, very cruel. "Then why not tell me all about it ? Are you not dear to me as my life ? and can I see you in anguish and distress without suffering greatly myself ? Ah, my dear, you should confide in Miriam !"

She twined her arms about me, whispering with her cheek to mine :

"Miriam knows that I love her with all my heart. Oh, yes ; more dearly now than ever."

"Then let me share your trouble."

She shook her head, tears gushing from her eyes.

"Why, darling—why ?" persisted I.

"By-and-by," she faltered. "Perhaps it will pass. Let me wait a little longer."

"Elfie, I would give much to share your trouble," I said, with great emotion ; "but I shall never force your confidence. Only keep this in your mind, dear, that whenever your burden becomes greater than you can bear, I am ready to share it with you."

"Oh, that you could ! But no one can !" she exclaimed, with a gesture of despair.

I urged her no more ; the sin of the solitary was mine. I was too proud to obtrude myself even upon my only friend. I allowed her to change the subject once more, and tried to find comfort as before in the thought, "It is a passing quarrel with her husband ;" but already that theory was shaken, and darker suspicions beset me.

The premises were very prettily laid out in a landscape garden—they occupied about eleven acres, two-thirds being covered with wood. As Elfleda had said, a perfect labyrinth of footpaths wound through the miniature forest. There was a fish-pond, and a rivulet with a rustic bridge : many rustic seats scattered about for the comfort of wanderers, and in the centre of the wood an eminence of some considerable height, crowned with a single giant oak, a picture in itself.

I was struck by Elfleda's wan look toward this noble forest king when first we came in sight of it.

"Don't let us go up there if you have any unpleasant feelings connected with the place," I ventured to say.

"On the contrary, I am eager to take you there," she answered, repressing agitation. "It is always breezy upon that bare summit, and the view will delight you. Yes, yes ; I have dreamed of having you beside me up there, Miriam—I have looked forward to it."

And "Faithful Ann" particularly protested against my going there, I remembered. I was puzzled anew.

As we made the ascent side by side, I could not help looking for some sign of the weakness which Ann had ascribed to her mistress as an excuse for her interference ; but her step was as elastic, her motion as powerful, as it used to be in the schoolgirl days, when she and I scrambled over the rocks on the beach below the seminary, glad to get away from the prim regulation promenade of the rest of the class. But in those days I never observed the excitement, the repressed eagerness and anxiety, in my bright girl companion, as now broke through her utmost endeavor to seem at ease.

The steepness of the acclivity tried me, but she was fresh as ever, and bounded on before me toward the oak, the broad shadow of which swallowed her up from my sight for a few moments, until I also arrived, panting and laughing.

She seemed to have regained some ease of mind, and gave me a mock-effusive welcome to her favorite bower.

"I sit here half of my time when the weather is fine," said she ; "and I hope you will like to come as much as I do."

A broad seat encircled the gigantic trunk of the tree, and the far-reaching foliage spread over us like a green firmament.

Some hoary branches grew low enough to be within reach by standing on the seat, and these, I was amused to observe, had been so trimmed off as to form a very

passable ladder to a luxurious seat in a cleft twenty feet up the trunk.

This was Philip's own pet reading-chair, Elfleda explained, ever since he was a boy. I should only see him run up and down his ladder!

"We had such merry times at first up here," she said, in a low voice, a look of quiet despair in her lovely eyes. "How I used to laugh at him, perched away up in the heart of the tree, almost hidden among the leaves, reading aloud in the most affecting manner to me, seated down here!"

The view from the hill-top was like a bird's view of half a county.

The toy forest girded the foot of the hill, and beyond, on every side, spread land and water, picturesquely mingled; on the one hand melting into the soft purple masses of distant mountains, on the other bounded by the blue sea-line.

The oppressive heat was tempered by a sweeping breeze, and the rustle of the countless glossy leaves overhead soothed the senses with thoughts of murmuring sea-waves.

It was, indeed, a charming Summer seat, and one ought to have been happy there.

All this was inexpressibly delightful to me. I could have forgotten my own peculiar sorrows, and reveled in the feast of beauty so bounteously spread before me, but I could not cut free from my darling's trouble.

There she sat at my side, silent, preoccupied, her eyes fixed and dilated, her ears set to catch the faintest sound; starting at every bird's whistle or squirrel's chirp; her nervous tension so great that when, with a sudden pang of unutterable yearning, I laid my hand on hers, she bounded as if touched by fire, and sank back again, quivering and hysterically trying to laugh.

What—*what* ailed my darling?

"It's no use disguising it, I'm quite unstrung," said she, unsteadily. "Don't mind me, dear Miriam. Just be kind and sit beside me."

My sigh was from the very bottom of my heart.

"You may help me—perhaps this very day," said Elfleda, earnestly. "I assure you that, if you knew all that has happened, you would do just that—sit beside me and wait."

Wait for what?

She was listening *for what?* She dreaded *what?*

Gradually this mystery took possession of me. A weird terror crept upon me. I began to hold my breath, to strain my ears, to gaze with blank, dilating eyes, to listen as she listened—but for what?

We had not sat there an hour when the spell was broken, and in the most prosaic manner.

Up the hill-path toiled the stumpy figure of "Faithful Ann." Puffing and blowing, with one hand to her side, and her gruesome face red as fire, she confronted us.

Most suspicious was the glance she darted from one to the other; but something in our quiet looks seemed to reassure her, and she became her own garrulous self.

"'Deed an' indeed, Mis' Ashburnam, I little thought it's *here* ye wad hef brought your comp'ny, you that's so——"

"What is your errand, Ann?" demanded her mistress.

Without another word, but with a venomous smirk, the faithful woman plunged her hand into her pocket and produced a letter.

"From Philip?—oh, thanks! thanks!" exclaimed the poor young wife, her face instantly transfigured with lovely joy.

"I thocht ye wad be fain to get it, an' so I made bold to bring it myself," Ann explained, laboriously; but if ever envy and hatred looked from human eyes, they looked upon Elfleda Ashburnam then.

Nobody pressed her to remain, and presently, with a queer look around, and up into the heart of oak, the housekeeper withdrew to her more legitimate duties.

Elfleda was absorbed in her letter, a long, four-page, closely written one—a true love-letter, that brought the light to her eyes, the shy, loving smiles to her mouth.

I had learned one fact—namely, that Elfleda's trouble was not a quarrel with her husband. All was well between them. He knew nothing of her distress.

Alas! what, then, ailed my darling?

* * * * * *

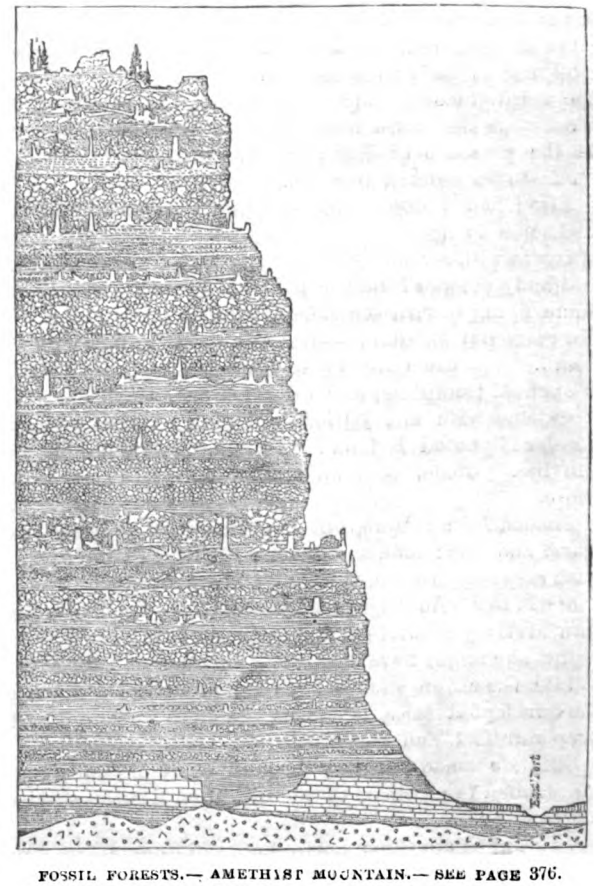
Days passed, and Elfleda kept her secret. We spent part of every fine day under the oak, and Elfleda never failed to listen and watch in uncontrollable excitement for a sound that never came.

Ann strongly objected to these proceedings on the score of her mistress's delicate health, but she was never heeded.

I kept secret but vigilant guard over the grim heroine in the hope of catching her napping, so as to have a case against her black enough to secure her dismissal; but her integrity was inviolable, or she was too cunning.

Meantime Elfleda's secret sufferings were affecting her health. In the morning she rose unrefreshed, as from a sleepless couch; she ate little, and that perforce; her spirits were unequal, her movements growing more and more languid. She was pining away before my eyes. I was at my wits' end. A fever of apprehension beset me. I felt as if a calamity was hanging over my darling. I wrote to Mr. Ashburnam to come home.

The day I looked for him was a wild and stormy one



FOSSIL FORESTS.—AMETHYST MOUNTAIN.—SEE PAGE 376.

There was no word of going out that morning. Elfleda and I were in her own pet parlor, that charming room prepared for his bride by the devoted Philip.

The house shook 'neath the shocks of the roaring wind, and the sound of the blast through the surrounding trees came to our ears like the rushing of great waters; a dim and wintry sky lowered overhead.

Elfleda was restless. She tried, poor thing, to settle herself by my side at one of the various bits of feminine employment which were temptingly scattered around us, but an invincible fascination drew her to the window, and she could not rest, for edging over to one or other of them, and gazing long and earnestly upon the wild scene without.

I thought of the traveler flying alone in the railway-car toward us, nearing his journey's end, and amusing himself by speculations upon the meaning of his abrupt recall; and instead of relief, the thought only disquieted me with the keenest anxiety as to whether I had done well in taking the law into my own hands, as I had.

How little Elfleda dreamed of what was to come that day. I noted that Ann McEvoy kept uneasy watch upon our movements that stormy morning. Twice she came to her mistress with some puerile mock message. I wondered whether she apprehended our going out for a walk to the oak; and if so, why not?

The hour for Mr. Ashburnam's arrival approached; my uneasiness increased. Fearful of betraying it, I went to the piano, and occupied myself with the most intricate music I could find. I played myself calm, and gradually got interested. I played a long while; then, happening to look round, I found that I was alone.

Expecting Elfleda back every minute, I returned to the theme which had so pleased me, but music had lost its charms. The image of my darling came before me, and the mystery of her unhappiness took gradual and entire possession of me.

As she had done, I wandered from window to window, stopping at each to gaze upon the wild scene without; the weird voices of the tempest, and the blows of the blast upon the house intensified my agitation to agony; in the presence of Nature's ruthless course, the direst misfortunes seemed possible.

Alas! had I done well to bring her husband home unknown to her?

It was with a rending heart-pang that I saw my darling suddenly emerge from the fringe of the shrubberies, and come flying toward the house, bareheaded in the storm, her garments streaming—fleet as a spirit, and as white as death. She came directly to the window where I stood. I opened, trembling, and drew her in quickly.

"Come with me, Miriam, quickly; she has gone up yonder!" panted Elfleda; "I thought she might, and she has. Come, we shall see for once what she wants there."

I asked for no more, but flew for wraps, and made her warm and safe; then she put her little cold hand in mine with a grasp like naked nerve, and we escaped through the window like frightened fugitives. Certainly, had Ann McEvoy's factotum, the under-servant, observed our flight, she might have reasonably thought us half crazed to take the air on such a day; for as we toiled through the tormented trees, it was as much as we could do to keep our feet, and our breath was almost gone.

Still, we made our way through every difficulty until we reached the bottom of the hill, then Elfleda stopped me to say:

"I want to get there before her, and unseen—we must take another path—can you to climb a steep ascent?"

I smiled reassuringly—of the two I was surely the stronger then, for excitement and haste made my companion tremble like an aspen-leaf. She led me round behind the hill, and up we scrambled a zigzag path that brought us to the lee side of the oak, the broad trunk of which completely concealed us from the usual approach.

Arrived, I sank exhausted upon the seat, but Elfleda stood before me, in an attitude of listening, her hand raised warningly, her wild eyes holding mine imperiously.

"Listen, Miriam, listen," said she, "and tell me if you hear any other sound than the wind and the trees?"

In breathless expectation, I bent my ear to listen.

Never before or since have I experienced the utter dread, the creeping flesh, the freezing marrow, that I endured while we waited thus for a sound that I could not even define to myself.

I could only look in her pallid face in dismay, and strain my ear toward the fierce din of the elements.

At last I heard it, rising low and mournful, swelling louder and louder—a long, wild, human cry, that ended in a gasping, choking moan!

Elfleda's eyes held mine imperiously until the last murmur died away, and the rush of the wind was all the sound we heard; then, as I stood up in terrible agitation, she caught my hands in a convulsive grasp.

"Speak!" she implored.

And at that moment "Faithful Ann" came round the tree, panting, disheveled, her hair blown in elf-locks by the wind, but laughing to herself.

She screamed when she saw us, and staggered backward, sinking on the seat in a heap; and with her came another cry, rising high above the tempest, swelling louder and louder, and ending in a choked and broken moan.

"In the name of Heaven! what is that?" I cried out in ungovernable terror.

To complete my consternation, Elfleda burst out with a shriek of joy:

"She has heard it! There *is* a cry! And *I am not going mad*," said my poor girl, in a frenzy.

I caught the truth in a flash.

That guilty, cowering woman there had tampered with her young mistress's reason in very hate and envy.

"Certainly I have heard it," I said, "and so has your servant? Have you not?" I demanded, sternly.

Rage, fear and bitter chagrin convulsed her evil countenance. She closed her lips, and would not speak.

"My own dear Elfie," I soothed my trembling darling tenderly, "I see that you have been made the victim of a bad woman's hatred. But the truth has come to light at last, and your trouble is over."

"Oh, I do thank Heaven for my reason!" exclaimed Elfleda, with a great gush of tears. "It was so dreadful to think that I heard a sound that no one else heard—that I believed in an illusion! How could you wish to do me such a cruel wrong, Ann?" she asked her handmaid, with a natural burst of indignant wonder.

Ann rose up like a fury, her green-blue eyes gleaming with all her heart's hot hatred of the young wife.

"If we talks of wrong, Mis' Ashburnam, which of us two has done the worst wrong to the other? I was here long, long afore he efer saw yer face, an' I could mek him as comfertible and happy as the day was long. I was a decent Highland gurl, an' he thought the worl' and all of me; and I might—och! woman, who wanted *you* here? You've taken my place from me."

She ceased her astounding disclosures, and burst into a fit of hysterical crying.

Angry and shamed as I was, I could not but feel sorry for the poor old creature when I saw her tearing her sparse locks out in handfuls, while the bitter tears streamed down her convulsed face.

Elfleda listened in speechless astonishment, quite conscience-smitten at the wickedness she had been guilty of.

"But, Ann, how could I know?" faltered she.

"Nonsense!" I interrupted, impatiently; "Ann knows well that she was herself solely and entirely in the wrong. And now, if you please, confess what the origin of that dreadful voice is?"

Ann turned upon me like a scorpion.

"Confess, is it? Thank ye, miss, I'm none of *your* servants whatefer, an' you an' me has nothing to say to each other."

"What! what! what! Ann on her high horse?" cried a laughing voice beside us, and Philip Ashburnam strode forward, all aglow from the buffetings of the blast, and from the delight of his heart at getting home.

What a scream Elfie gave! How she flew into his arms. How she cried, and laughed and burrowed her little face into his breast, while his broad hand stroked her lustrous yellow hair, and he bit his lip to hide its quivering. And, oh, fie! how "Faithful Ann" writhed and squirmed under the pangs of jealousy, while she watched them with eyes eloquent of blood and murder.

In pity for her, knowing how merciless a man can be when he discovers that his confidence has been abused, and the beloved of his heart rendered wretched in his absence, I touched the rapt wretch on the arm, and recalled her to herself.

"If you are wise you will go," muttered I, significantly.

Without a word or look she turned and vanished round the oak, and we saw her no more.

"Faithful Ann" was "played out." Her fidelity was "a fraud." It could not stand a young mistress.

It takes half an angel grafted on to the modern bachelor's housekeeper to keep her faithful after the bachelor becomes a Benedict.

Explanations brought the following facts to light:

The very day after Mr. Ashburnam's departure, being blustery, though not unpleasant, Mrs. Ashburnam went for her customary walk, and climbed to her favorite aerie on the hill. To her wonder and terror she heard the mysterious voice shrieking like a dying woman, and ran back to the house to ask Ann the meaning of it.

As that middle-aged personage had not been in the habit of indulging in such active exercise, she had not been up to the oak-tree and knew nothing about voices and such like "warlocks"—or so she affirmed; but she agreed to accompany her mistress thither and give her the benefit of her senses.

Having arrived at the top of the hill, they had to wait a long time before any sound came, for the wind was dying down, and during this period of expectation, Ann's jealous mind was busy.

When at last the strange sound rose clear and thrilling upon a sudden gust, and her young mistress turned her startled eyes upon her, she looked utterly unconscious. When questioned: No, indeed, she had heard nothing. Was Mrs. Ashburnam in earnest? Had there been any sound? In short, the treacherous reptile had solemnly asserted that she heard no cry, consequently Mrs. Ashburnam must be either dreaming, or under a startling illusion.

The innocent girl believed "Faithful Ann"—she could not conceive of such wickedness as falsehood under the circumstances.

She began to doubt the evidence of her own senses, and to suspect herself of hallucination.

The fatal point was that Elfleda's own mother had once been insane, though only a temporary aberration after long and violent sickness; and poor Elfleda was ready to believe herself stricken on very insufficient grounds.

Ann warned her to keep the matter to herself, "lest folks might think her crazed," and from that hour began to treat her with an ostentatious pity and forbearance that would soon have worked its purpose, combined with her own constant nervous excitement and dread of herself.

Inspired by the despairing hope that my society might restore her to her usual health, and also by the unconfessed suspicion that Ann might not have chosen to hear the voice, and that I would, Elfleda sent for me; and Ann's dismay was patent when I unexpectedly arrived, confirming Elfleda's doubts of her.

Every day she led me to the fated spot, in the hope of hearing the voice while I was with her; but she never heard it again until to-day, and, of course, imagined that she never could have heard it at all.

When Elfie had poured out her whole trouble to her husband, he listening with an occasional quiet smile lighting up the deep displeasure with which he learned of his vaunted housekeeper's treachery, he said:

"And now, what do you imagine caused that ghostlike voice?"

Elfie shook her head with a shiver. There was no fun in the subject for her; she had suffered too much.

But she suggested an entombed heir, or the family banshee, and a variety of such traditional mysteries.

He sprang up the ladder which Elfie had shown me the first day, and, having reached his reading-chair among the branches, ran his hand into a hollow stump of a branch close by the trunk, and then gave a shout of triumph.

"I thought I could play the ghost," laughed he, scrambling down to us with something in his hand.

He showed us the discolored and moss-grown section of a flute.

"When I was a boy," said he, enjoying our amazement, "I carried every favorite accomplishment up to my aerie there, among them my flute. I used to practice up there by the hour, safe from critical ears; and when my flute broke up, I tried my hand at getting up a banshee's wail with this link of the instrument, which I drove through the decayed bark of that hollow branch. When the wind blew in a certain direction, it produced the unearthly cry you heard. But it was not once in a month that it gratified me, and I soon forgot my banshee, and left it there when I went to college.

"The flute was soon choked up with moss, and how it suddenly resumed its wailing I can't say, nor how Ann found the solution of your mysterious death-wail, my little wife, for I'm very sure I never regaled her with reminiscences of my boyhood.

"Yet, stay! It was the day after I left home that you heard it first, was it not, Elf? And Ann had her urchin nephew here for a week about the time. Then I consider the problem solved. That small boy spent his holidays in climbing every tree upon my land, and the oak assuredly did not escape his investigations. Also, I used to hear him prattling by the hour to his aunt, quite undaunted by her grim taciturnity; so I believe he told her of his interesting find in the oak-tree, and how he had cleared it out so that it could wail as beautifully as any banshee. Probably she heard with but half an ear, and

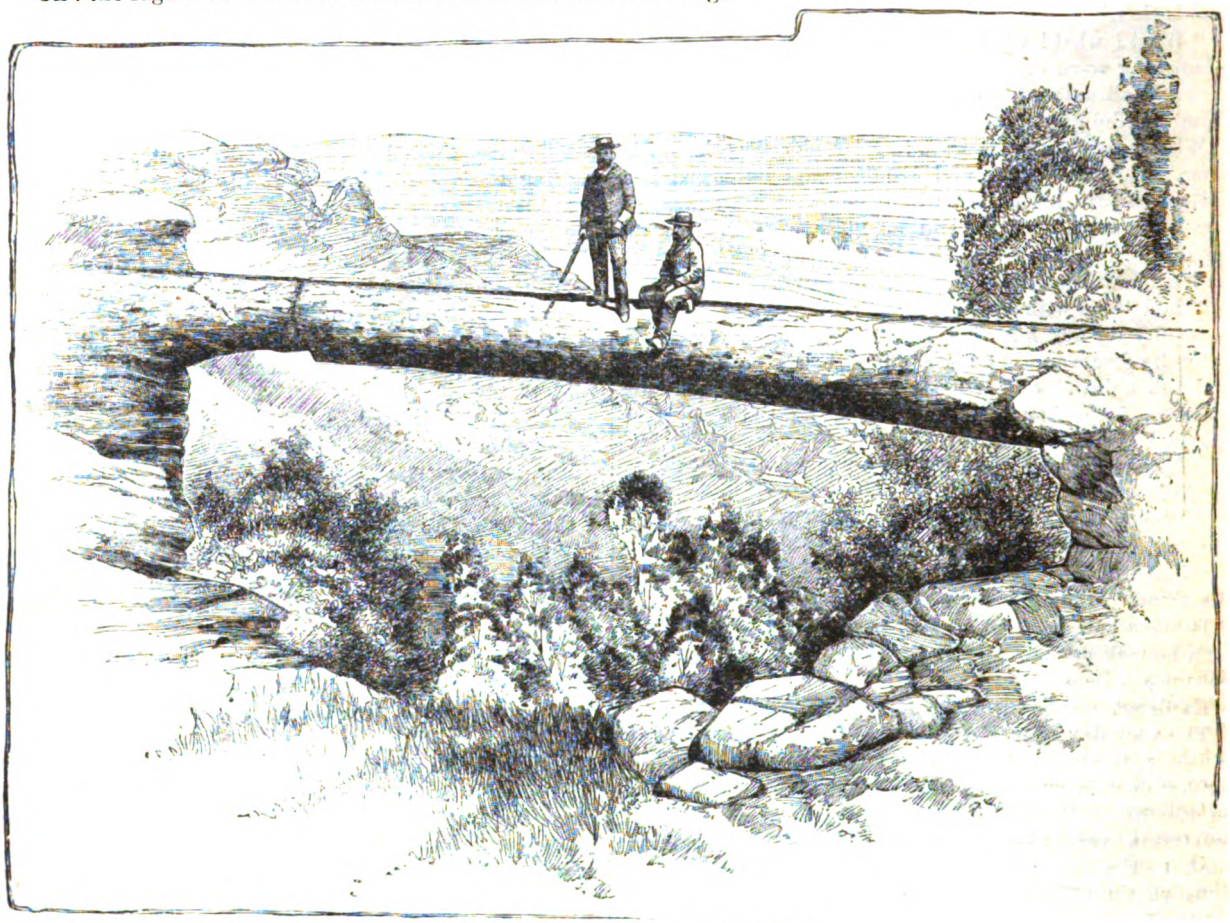
thought no more of the boy's chatter until you came to her with the story of your fright, and then the malicious idea occurred to her to horrify you by declaring that she heard no sound.

"She knew that only on windy days could you hear the cry, and felt safe as long as she imagined you would not dare to confide your illusion to Miss Summerson. But when she saw the storm to-day, her fears awoke, and she could not be at ease until she had stolen up here to destroy the evidence of her falsehood. And oh! what a disappointment to come upon you both, listening together to the sound which she had solemnly affirmed she could not hear!

"Oh! the rage with which she must have seen that her cruel power over you was gone, that she had betrayed her own guilt, and that she was 'played out' in this community! And what would I not have given to catch the old witch in the act of climbing up my ladder at the risk of her bones! Ha, ha, ha!"

And the rogue laughed till he cried, while the woods rang again, and the wind roared its hoarse "Ha, ha, ha!" in sympathy.

Catching sight of the glitter of tears in his sweet wife's eyes—though she was laughing, too, to please him—he snatched her to his honest heart, and gave her a true lover's kiss; then off they whirled round and round the old king oak in a merry, mad waltz, while I looked on admiring.

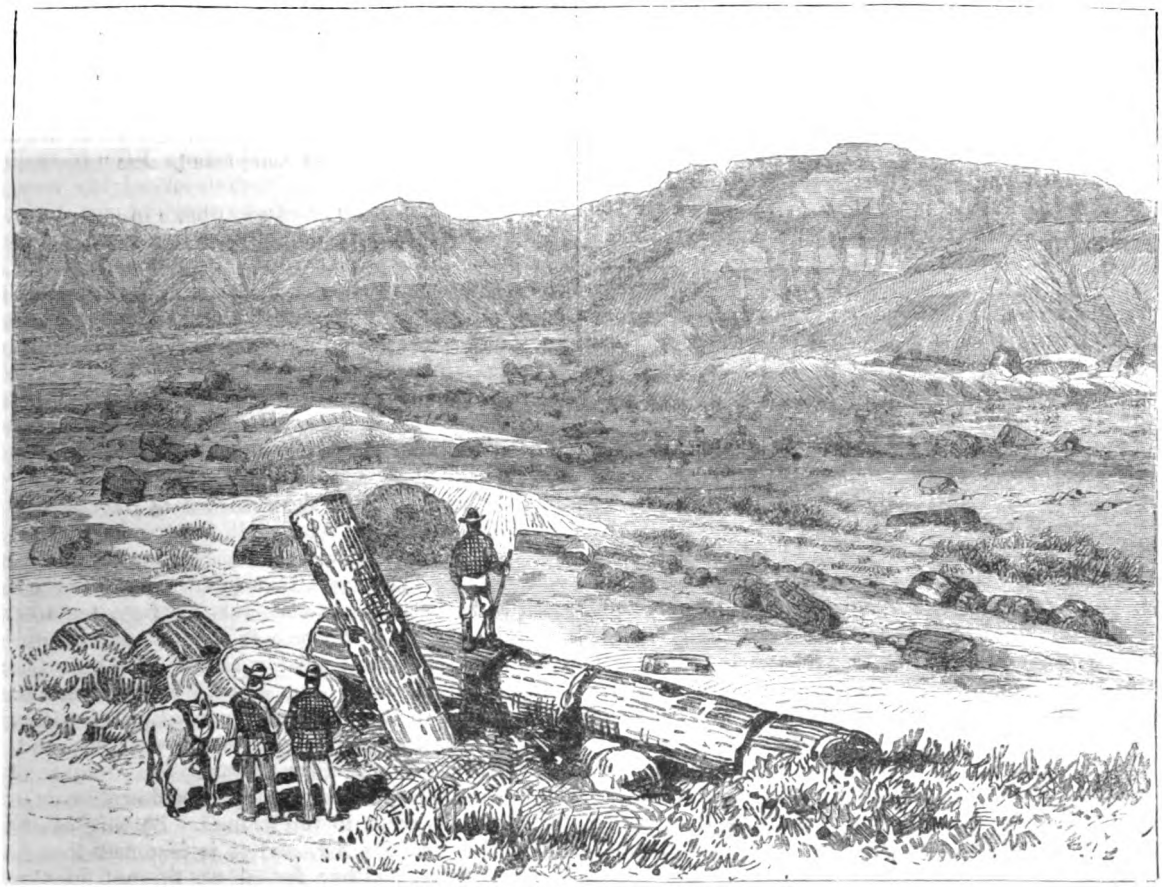


THE NATURAL BRIDGE IN CHALCEDONY PARK.

STONE FORESTS.

By C. F. Holder.

Some years ago, a party of survey and prospectors came to camp one night in a small, but picturesque, cañon. Lofty mountains reared their peaks on all sides; a fine stream ran down the incline, and, altogether, the locality was one of the most attractive to be imagined. The genius of the kitchen was an old colored man from Virginia, who had never been west of his own State, and to whom the Wild West was a country of mysteries. As soon as the tents were pitched, the old man took his ax and started on a tour for wood. He did not have far to go, as the sides of the little cañon were covered with logs and parts of trunks, limbs and branches, as if some whirlwind or cyclone had distributed them everywhere. The old darky selected one of the former, and struck it a powerful blow. The ax glanced, the blow being followed by a stream of sparks. "Some one's dun driv' a nail in dat ther' log," quoth the old Virginian; and, selecting another side, he again struck the log. This time the ax glanced, and flew from his hand in a blaze of fire. The old man was now startled. He put his hand on the trunk; it was as cold as iron. He struck another; it was as hard as stone. He essayed to lift a small trunk; it would have required an ox to move it; and, finally, thoroughly terrified, he dropped the ax and started for camp, declaring to the party that the place was voudooed or bewitched, and nothing would shake his belief. To see trees and limbs lying around as natural as life, but turned into stone, was too much for his credulity. The old darky had discovered one of the many—or several—stone forests that form one of the greatest wonders of



VIEW IN CHALCEDONY PARK, ARIZONA.

the Western country, and that are found, differing in character, in many parts of the world.

Fossil trees, so-called, are to be found in almost any locality. They have been unearthed in Brooklyn in laying sewers, and nearly every town or city has its collection of silicified wood found in the neighborhood. But while these are common, entire forests are comparatively rare, and impress one with the feeling that some mighty cataclysm must have occurred to have produced such universal ruin in so restricted an area.

One of the most remarkable of these stone forests is the one known as Chalcedony Park, in Apache County, Arizona. The term *park* gives an erroneous impression, as it is merely a large area covered with the agatized and jasperized trunks of trees, presenting from a distance a particularly barren appearance. The Park is now in the line of travel, and being one of the curiosities of the Western country, is more or less visited. It lies on the line of the Atlantic and Pacific Road, through Arizona, and can be approached from Holbrook, while the nearest station is Billings, a section-house only; but it will not be long before Chalcedony Park will have a hotel, if the stony trunks are not all carried off in the meantime. Some enterprising Yankee will, perhaps, build a hotel of the trunks themselves, and make his fortune. Leaving the section-house, which is in charge of the Brothers Downey and a cheery woman—the wife of one—the trail is taken direct for the forest, leading about south from the track, through three miles of sage-brush and the land of the omnipresent rabbit, over a series of sand-hills, perhaps seventy feet in height, and we are in the stone forest. Distance does not lend enchantment in this case, as a hundred yards away the ground appears to be covered with dark trunks of trees, broken into various lengths and presenting nothing remarkable in their appearance except their presence in such great numbers. To the north rise the peculiar sand-hills, washed into the curious shapes that are the characteristic of the country, while below them are strewn about the parts and disconnected sections of a million trees, occupying, perhaps, an area of a thousand acres. If the stony remains are not attractive at a distance, one is well repaid by a close examination; as, standing near them, the chips and sections blaze with an indescribable brilliancy, and as the sun strikes them, one might well imagine that here was, indeed, the wondrous valley of diamonds that Sindbad the Sailor found. In the blaze of colors and scintillations, we seem to be looking into some gigantic kaleidoscope; every color of the rainbow appears to be represented—yellows, greens, purples; now, a rich amethyst; again, a dazzling yellow; making a combination wonderful in the extreme. The trunks vary in length, from chips to solid trees of stone 150 feet long and 10 feet in diameter; and so perfectly are they preserved, that it is impossible to believe that they are formed of stone unless they are lifted, or an attempt is made to remove them. The trees are found in the most remarkable positions; not as they once stood, but projecting from the soil in every possible angle; some lie upon the ground, appearing at a little distance as if perfectly solid for 100 feet, but a close examination will show them to be separated into innumerable sections, many very regular, the result of the alternate action of heat and cold, drought and moisture. Here a log projects from the ground for 20 feet, at an angle of 45°; near by, a pile of sections might be taken for a lot of old and condemned cartwheels, of

the kind now used by the Indians, and which are to be seen occasionally at Santa Fé.

In the Park there is an eminence of about 200 feet, from which outlook a good view can be obtained of almost the entire area. From this vantage-ground the size of some of the giants can best be realized. There is one lying at full length, and eight feet through, a small section of which would weigh several tons; and it is estimated that the fallen monarch was originally over 200 feet high. It has also been estimated that the combined weight of all the trunks in the Park would equal a million and a half tons.

Those interested in the locality have named the various points of interest; as, Amethyst Point—where the exhibitions of this mineral are especially fine — Agate Gulch, Fort Jasper, Stone Log Point, the Cartwheel, and the Natural Bridge. The latter is well worth traveling a long distance to see, and is the greatest curiosity in the place—a natural phenomenon well worthy the name —and sufficiently remarkable for the Government to take measures for its preservation.

In the Park there is a small cañon about 45 feet deep and 55 feet wide. Over this a tree, fully 120 feet, fell in the long ago, and now, agatized and hard as stone, forms the most unique and remarkable bridge on record. Fully fifty feet clear of space are visible; fifty feet more of the fallen monster are seen on one side, while both ends are imbedded in the sandstone. The bridge is both useful and ornamental, as visitors cross upon it, and where the bark has been worn away the rich hues of jasper and agate are seen, glistening and gleaming in the sunlight. This tree is about four feet through at the largest portion, and averages about three and a half feet.

The resources of this wonderful place for the lover of nature are practically inexhaustible. Some new treasure or beautiful object is found at every turn or step, and probably nowhere in the world can such a wonderful display of color be found. While the outside of trunks is beautiful, the inner portions present an array of wonders, even more remarkable and of an entirely different nature; the broken sections are in one case lined with rare amethysts, while others bristle with crystals of calcite, resembling masses of teeth in a bewildering variety of tints and hues.

Wonderful as they are to the naked eye, the microscope reveals still greater beauties in infinite variety; and more remarkable yet, the most delicate cell-structure of the wood is to be seen, so that the botanist can pursue his studies with ease and certainty. Dr. P. H. Dudley, of New York, has examined some sections from the Park, and states that the trees in part belong to the genus *Araucaria*, and consequently are allied to the beautiful Norfolk Island pine, that is now, I believe, found nowhere but in this small island in the Pacific, though it has been introduced into various parts of Southern California, and numerous specimens are visible from my window, in Pasadena, as I write. It is one of the most symmetrical of the family, and extremely ornamental, and is greatly prized in Los Angeles County.

Other logs in the Park resemble, according to the same authority, the common red cedar (*Juniperus Virginianus*), and from the cell-structure Dr. Dudley was able to decide that the climate at the time the trees were alive must in this section have been mild and uniform. So perfect are the annual rings in these fallen monarchs that no one can doubt their origin. They are as perfectly preserved as if the tree had fallen only yesterday. In the last-mentioned species Dr. Dudley found, according to Professor George Kuntz, that the annual rings were marked by one, two, three or more slightly smaller hexagonal or rounded cells only, the latter not being tubular, as is usually the case. He also noticed that the cell-walls were of a nearly uniform thickness.

Perhaps the most interesting problem that is suggested to the visitor at Chalcedony Park is as to the cause of this general destruction of mighty trees, evidently in their prime, and why they did not decay and disappear after the fashion of trees in general. A careful survey of the ground will tend to explain this. Any one who has traveled over the Arizona country must have been struck with the fact that at one time active volcanoes played an important part in the daily phenomena. I have seen masses of lava, molded into the most grotesque shapes, preserving the same position that it took when flowing from the not-far distant crater, and this can be traced for miles, showing the extent of the damage done.

In Chalcedony Park the evidence of volcanic action is especially apparent; nearly all the trunks that are not flat upon the ground are seen projecting from a mass of volcanic ash and *scoria*, that in turn has been covered with a deposit of sandstone varying from ten to thirty feet, and plainly to be seen in the cañons and gulches.

The tragedy was probably accomplished as follows: Some or one of the volcanoes in the vicinity became suddenly active, and vast masses, consisting of millions of tons of ashes, lava and tufa, were hurled into and over what was then a mighty forest. The weight of the shower may have broken many trees down, or an earthquake felled them to the ground. Be this as it may, the forest was covered, and it is assumed that heated silicified waters, either forced up through crevices by volcanic action, or from springs, percolated through the deposit, cooling on reaching the tree level, and there producing the conditions so favorable for the silicification and preservation of the trees. In referring to this, Professor Kuntz says: "The moisture in the tufa may have effected a partial alteration, as also any waters that may have filtrated, through rains or springs, either hot or cold. Under these circumstances decomposition would be assisted, and much silica be set free. The waters would become charged with this, the silica being held partly in solution similar to that in liquid glass, the silicate of soda of commerce. The silicious water then slowly penetrating the wood buried in the tufa was gradually deposited in the cells of the wood. In this manner the fibres of the wood were replaced by the silica. The process was evidently a slow one, and the trees, from all appearances, were partly decayed and waterlogged when silicification took place. The jasper and agate generally replaced the cell-walls and fibres, and the transparent quartz filled the cells and interstices, especially where the structure was broken down by decay. These cell-centres and cavities produced the conditions favorable not only for the deposition of the silica as quartz, but also for the formation of the crystalline cavities of quartz and amethyst, that enhance the beauty of the material so much. It is evident, from the rich variety of colors, that the waters held oxides of iron, and perhaps manganese, as well as silica; the red color being caused by hematite, the yellows and browns by limonite, and the black by oxides of manganese.

The beautiful character of this ancient forest long ago attracted the attention of business men, and several companies have been formed to utilize the stone in various art work. But the great expense of taking such heavy objects to the East has hitherto prevented any great

success, much to the satisfaction of many who prefer to have the Park left in its present shape.

The slabs of agatized wood form most beautiful ornaments when polished, and some of the finest houses in America contain specimens of the stone, and in the future much more will probably be used in interior house-decoration. From the large trees table-tops are made, of incomparable beauty, while the smaller pieces are cut up into slabs and tiles, and a great variety of objects. For over 300 years agate-cutting has been a prominent industry in Oberstein, Germany; but agates of the size found here have never been handled, and would probably be a revelation to some of the foreign workers. Much of the mineral finds its way to San Francisco, where it is polished, the various colors blending in a most beautiful manner, and the stone taking a polish that is scarcely equaled in any ornamental stone known.

All the agatized wood here is not valuable. Of that lying exposed—and in all probability there is a much larger deposit yet beneath the surface — probably not over a thousand tons is available for use in the arts; while for mosaics and extremely delicate work only a small portion could be used. Some of the mineral wood has been sent to Europe, and the most exorbitant prices paid. A single Russian dealer paid $500 for a piece 28 inches in diameter and 30 inches in length. He cut it into a number of table-tops and realized a large sum.

The beautiful vase made by the Messrs. Tiffany & Co., to be presented to the sculptor Bartholdi as a slight recognition of his great work, rests on a base formed of a single section of one of these ancient trees. The stand is a low truncated pyramid 11 inches square at the base, 9 inches at the top, and 7½ inches high.

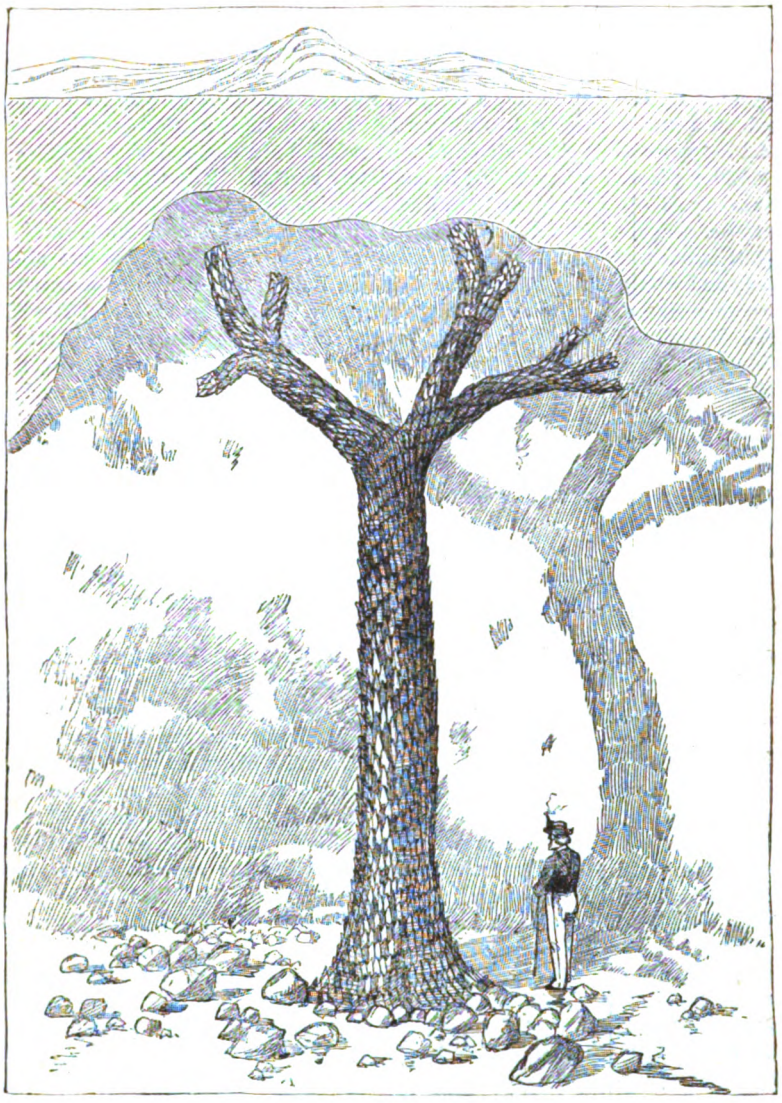
In many parts of Nevada, tracts have been discovered that have similar attractions. As early as 1860, five large *fossil* logs, as they are popularly called, were found at American Flat, while others were observed at Spring Valley, where the prospectors in hard luck were in the habit of breaking them up to get the good specimens to sell to collectors. In 1861, there was a terrible freshet in Spring Valley, near the old Daney Mine, that finally found its way into the Carson River. After the water had gone through the ravine, a great number of stony logs and stumps were seen, many of remarkable beauty. The finest display is on the side of a deep cañon northeast of what is known as the lower sink of the Carson. Here the wood seems to form a perfectly defined stratum, about five feet thick, and exposed for a distance of over one hundred yards. So natural is this, that from a short distance one can almost imagine that cordwood has been stacked by some woodsman. It is presumed that this layer must have drifted here when the locality was covered with water. The stratum is now covered by a layer of stone and gravel (drift) about five feet deep.

While these broken and crushed forests, with their strange displays of color, are curious and fascinating, they are not as impressive as they would be—if standing and had turned into stone, as it were—in their natural positions in Mother Earth. Such an exhibition can be seen in the valley of the east fork of the Yellowstone. And not only a single forest, but layer after layer, piled one upon another, to a height of nearly a mile, the entire mass being formed of old forests now turned to stone, and presenting one of the grandest sights to be seen in the Western country; a telling evidence of the great period of time that has elapsed since the first seed of the first layer fell to the ground.

In the location referred to, in a section known geologically as the "Volcanic Tertiary," the rocks have accumulated until they are about five thousand feet in thickness, and are made up of breccias, conglomerates, sandstones, and various volcanic rocks and fragments. In nearly every locality where these rocks are worn away and show a section, the remains of fossil trees are found rising layer upon layer, as though at the completion of the life of one forest it had been covered with earth and a new forest immediately started. The wood here is silicified, and the finest specimens of trunks *in situ* have been found in the valley of the main Yellowstone (according to Professor Holmes) at an elevation of 5,000 feet above the sea, in the Gallatin Range, and near the sources of Cañon and Boulder Creeks. Near the divide at Boulder Creek the trunks are found of gigantic proportions, standing exactly as they grew millions of years ago, now exposed on the steep slopes of the mountains, caused by a crumbling and washing away of the conglomerates. Still another fine locality is three miles above the mouth of Gardner's River, at an elevation of over a mile above the sea; and, again, on the south side of the third cañon, nearly opposite the mouth of Hell Roaring Creek. Here a fine bluff of grand proportions rises abruptly, showing on its face the forms of many giants of the forest, still standing, defying time. This promontory is made up of conglomerates with beds of sandstones and shales. Leaves taken from this spot have been examined by Dr. Paul, the botanist, who finds, with Professor Lesquereux, that they belong to the Eocene time of geology. One of the grandest spectacles is shown in the section of Amethyst Mountain, given on page 373. Here nearly half a mile of vertical strata is seen at once. The location is opposite the valley of Soda Butte Creek. At the foot of the mountains flows a creek or river that is 6,700 feet above the sea, while the summit of Amethyst Mountain attains an altitude of 9,400 feet. The forest layers are as distinctly marked as if they had been laid by artificial hands.

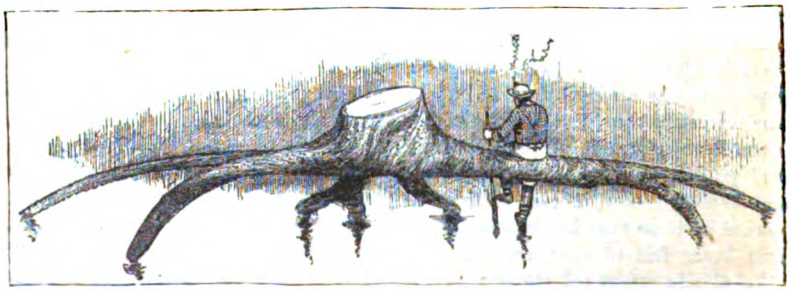
Professor Holmes says: "As we ride up the trail that meanders the smooth river-bottom, we have but to turn our attention to the cliffs on the right hand to discover a multitude of bleached trunks of the ancient forests. In the steeper middle portion of the mountains, rows of upright trunks stand out on the ledges like columns of a ruined temple. On the more gentle slopes, further down, but where it is too steep to support vegetation, save a few pines, the petrified trunks fairly cover the surface, and were at first supposed by us to be the shattered remains of a recent forest. In ascending one of the steep spurs that project from the main wall, the strata were found to consist, toward the base, of shales and fine-grained sandstones. Higher up, conglomerates and breccias prevail. Interbedded with the massive, irregular beds of the latter rocks, are always thin layers of sandstones and shales. The sandstones are finely grained, thinly bedded, and contain more or less tufacious material. Their prevailing color is greenish and greenish-gray. They are apparently composed chiefly of materials derived directly or indirectly from volcanic sources. In no case was quartz or other granite constituents found in either the sandstones or conglomerates. Viewing this stupendous piece of Nature's work from below, the strata for the first few hundred feet seem to contain few perfect trees, although from thirty to forty distinct forests can be counted, piled one upon another. At an elevation of 500 feet from the bottom, they begin to be distinct, and from here up show plainly and with great distinctness."

Imagine Central Park, New York, suddenly filled, or covered over, with earthy deposits to a height of twenty



A FOSSIL TREE IN A COAL MINE.

feet. Now allow a large forest of slow-growing trees to attain its full development. Imagine this now filled up, and another forest to start on top, and this to continue until the levels and forests had climbed upward to nearly half a mile, and some idea may be gained of the wonderful nature of this work. Some of the trunks in Amethyst Mountain are from fifty to sixty feet in length or height, and many are from five to six feet in diameter, showing that the forests were of great age ; an interesting calculation would be to estimate the age of the trees in each layer, and so form some conception of the time that has ensued since the first forest layer was established. As a rule, the trunks remaining *in situ*, or as they grew, are short, not being more than twelve feet in height, being broken off by the inclosing strata, and it is extremely remarkable that any should have remained intact. In many, the stony roots can be traced down into the now solid rock, presenting a strange appearance. One of the largest trees examined here by Professor Holmes, who made an examination of the locality for the Government, and whose report is of great interest, was twelve feet high and *ten* feet in diameter. This tree is hollow and broken down on one side, but the bark is preserved in a marvelous manner, so that the grain, fibre and circles of growth are very distinct. The bark remaining is four inches in thickness. That this monarch was covered while standing in the water is very evident, as the stratum about it is a finely grained sandstone, with clay and conglomerate. In the sandstone about this and other trees, vast numbers of leaves are found perfectly preserved as they fell from the trees in the olden time. Many were submitted by Professor Holmes to Professor Leo Lesquereux for identification, and found by him to date from the Lower Pliocene or Upper Miocene, and to correspond, in a measure, to species taken by Professor Whitney from the chalk cliffs. Among them, Professor Lesquereux found: *Arabia Whitneyi*, *Magnolia lanceolata*, *Laurus Canariensis*, *Tilia* (new species), *Fraxinus* (new species), *Diospyros* (new species), *Cornus* (new species), *Pterus* (new species), *Alnus* (new species); also a new fern. Professor Holmes found the silicified trunks as far up as he could climb on the face of the cliff—a perilous undertaking, as one could well imagine from a view of the cut—and from his highest point, with a field-glass, he could still see other layers far above. Referring to another portion of this mountain, he says : "I climbed the rugged walls of the mountain for the purpose of examining a portion of a number of large trees that were visible from below. Trunks and fragments of trunks were found in great numbers, and in all conceivable positions. In most cases the woody structure is well-preserved. The trunks have a tendency to break in sections, and, on the exposed ends, the lines of growth can be counted from centre to circumference with the greatest ease. In many cases the wood is quite completely opalized or agatized, and such cavities as have existed in the decayed trunks are filled with beautiful crystals of quartz and calcite. Our party," continues Professor Holmes, "was so fortunate as to secure some very handsome specimens of amethyst and ferruginous quartz. It is a matter worthy of observation that nearly all the beautiful crystals that occur so plentifully in this region have been found in



ROOT OF A FOSSIL TREE.

A NEGRO TRYING TO CUT UP A FOSSIL TREE.—SEE PAGE 376.

the hollows of silicified trees. The same fact has been noticed in regard to similar crystals in many parts of the West, and notably in the case of the smoky quartz of the Pike's Peak region, in Colorado."

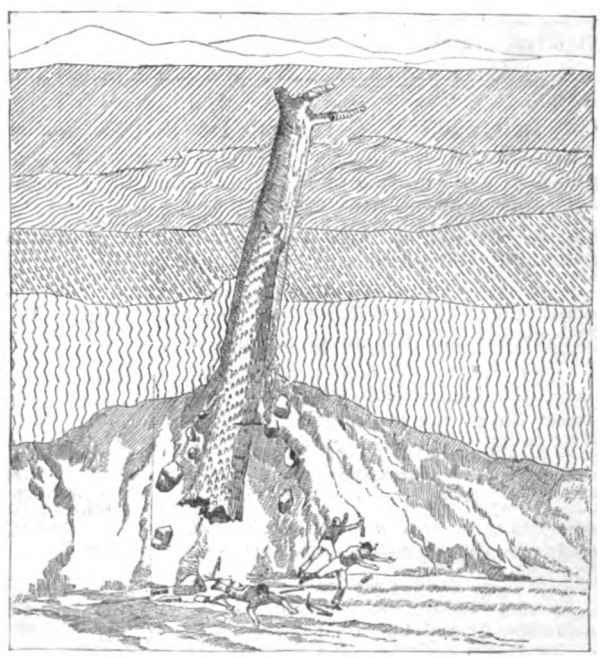
In the Spring of 1886 the writer witnessed a remarkable washout at Colorado Springs, and several days later, after the water had gone down, many fine specimens of fossil trees were found washed out by the torrent.

In the upper third of Amethyst Mountain the layers were mainly composed of heavily bedded conglomerates, and in it were fine specimens, from twenty to thirty feet in height, their roots often penetrating a finely grained and different layer below. It was evident that many of the trees were broken down by vast showers of rocks that were rained down upon them by volcanic agency, and probably a repetition of this, in a great measure, caused the building up of the entire mountain. On the opposite side of this valley a similar order of things exists, only the layers attain there an altitude of 3,000 feet, while in other sections the height is 11,000 feet, probably containing forests to the very top, or for nearly two miles. It is difficult to realize the grandeur and magnitude of this work.

If man existed at this time, and there is no good reason for doubting that he did, he must have witnessed some strange phenomena. Many of the volcanic Tertiary beds were deposited in lakes or great bodies of water, undoubtedly fresh, though their extent cannot be determined, except by remembering that the formations deposited cover an area of 10,000 square miles.

The stone forests—as we may popularly term them—alluded to are of comparatively recent origin compared to many others that are to be found in various parts of the world. The Carboniferous Age, during which most of our coal was deposited, is famous for its remains of this kind, and almost every coal mine has these treasures. In 1844 Mr. Binny, an English botanist, discovered, at St. Helen's, near Liverpool, a mine tree known to science as a *Sigillaria*, nine feet in height. The roots, which were worked out or traced, were ten in number. The same gentleman discovered another tree in the Victoria Mine at Dunkenfold, near Manchester, at a distance of 100 feet from the surface. It was a *Sigillaria* of magnificent proportions, the roots extending away for 20 feet about it. In the mines of this country some extremely interesting finds have been made, especially in the Pictou coal-fields of Cape Breton, in Nova Scotia; and here especially successive layers of forests have been found, telling of the great age of the earth. The most beautiful and remarkable of these trees of the Coal Age was the *Lepidodendron*, one of the commonest forms found in the coal shale beds. Many specimens have been found entire, the perfect tree standing upright buried beneath the earth. A fine specimen was discovered at Newcastle in the famous Jarrou Mine. When laid bare it measured 40 feet in height, and was 13 feet in diameter at the base, and divided at the summit into about twenty nearly perfect branches. The foliage of this tree consisted, according to Dr. Buckland, of simple linear leaves, spirally arranged around the stem, and these appear to have been shed from the base of the trunk by age. These and other trees, when found in mines, often cause fatal accidents. They rest in molds, as it were, and when the bottom portion is cut away unwittingly, by the miner, the stone tree, like an enormous pillar, shoots down on the miners, carrying destruction with its fall.

In the Isle of Portland, quarrymen have opened up some interesting remains of ancient forests. Dr. Buckland, in referring to it, says: "Immediately upon the uppermost bed of limestone, which is a coarse rock full of cavities and imprints left by the decay of the usual species of marine univalve and bivalve shells of the Oolite, are layers of calcareous shale a few feet in thickness, in which no vestiges of marine fossils have been observed, and whose laminated structure and the presence of horizontal seams of carbonaceous earthy matter, with interspersions of vegetable remains, indicate a fluviated or fresh-water origin. Upon these deposits is a layer from one to two feet in thickness, of a dark, friable loam abounding in lignite, and so similar in appearance



A FOSSIL TREE RUSHING DOWN ON MINERS.

to common vegetable earth or mold as to have acquired the name of *dirt-bed* from the quarrymen. In and upon this bed are numerous petrified stems and branches of coniferous trees, and plants standing erect, as if petrified while growing on the spot; the trunks of the trees extending upward into the limestone above, and the vestiges of the roots being traceable into the dirt-bed. The upright stems are in general a few feet apart, and but three or four feet high, and are broken and splintered at the top as if they had been wrenched off a few feet from the ground. They are from a few inches to three or four feet in diameter. Portions of prostrate trunks have been collected indicating a height of 40 feet. In many instances fragments of stems and branches remain attached to the stem. The cycadeous plants occur in the intervals between the upright trees, and the dirt-bed is so little consolidated that specimens, evidently standing in the position in which they grew, may be dug up with a spade. The stratum above the dirt-bed consists of finely laminated, cream-colored, shaly limestone, in which casts of fresh-water crustaceans (*Cyprides*), so abundant in the Wealden, are the only organic remains hitherto noticed. These deposits are covered by the modern vegetable soil, which but little exceeds in depth the ancient one above described, and instead of supporting Cycadeæ and pine forests, barely maintains a scanty vegetation. Here, then, we have the remains of a petrified forest of the ancient world, the trees and plants, like the inhabitants of the city in the Arabian fable, being changed into stone, yet still retaining the places they occupied when alive.

A deposit very similar to this has been found in Australia, especially on the base of a mountain range near Lake Macquarie. Here, on a flat, the trunks of trees are seen extending up through the ground, everywhere resembling the remains of a modern forest devastated by a cyclone. An examination of the lake has shown that a reef a few feet from shore is made up of vertical rows of fossil stems, many of which extend above the surface. The trees on shore are all of large size, many being six feet and over in diameter, and so perfectly preserved that from 60 to 120 annual circles of growth have been counted. Probably every country has its hidden forests, that are only waiting the hand of the discoverer to uncover and display their wonders.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

To determine whether an article is of solid silver, *Art and Decoration* gives this test: "Place in a stoppered glass bottle nitric acid, 6 ounces; powdered bichromate of potash, 1 ounce; water, 2 ounces, and apply to the ware to be tested, with the dropper of the stopper, previously rubbing a file over some obscure part of the surface. If the article is pure silver, a clean blood-red mark will be left, less deep and lively the lower the quality. On platinum the test will have no action; on German silver, a fine brown mark appears, removable with a sponge and cold water; on Britannia metal a black mark appears; on other metal a wholly different result takes place to that on silver."

Among the curious things now made of paper is a water pipe. The process is as follows: Strips of paper, the width of which corresponds with the length of one pipe section, are drawn through melted asphalt, and wound upon a mandrel. When the pipe thus made has cooled, the mandrel is withdrawn, and the inside is covered with a kind of enamel, the nature of which comprises the main secret of the invention, and is therefore not made known. The outside is painted with asphalt varnish, and dusted over with sand. It is stated that such a pipe will resist some 2,000 pounds internal pressure, though the thickness of the stuff is only about one-half inch.

The rapid decrease of lobsters on the Atlantic coast has long been viewed with apprehension, but hitherto the efforts of naturalists toward the artificial propagation of this food crustacean have not been rewarded by success. The United States Fish Commission has at last solved the problem, however, and their hatching in great numbers may be expected. The female lobsters carry their fertilized eggs in heavy masses attached to their swimming organs. These eggs may be removed without injury to the mother, and successfully hatched in the same apparatus used for hatching the eggs of the codfish. As they approach hatching the eggs change to dull yellow from the dark greenish brown which was their original color, increase somewhat in size, and change from a globular to oval shape. As we are unable, as yet, to artificially fertilize these eggs, the period of incubation remains unknown. "Immediately after hatching," to quote Prof. T. Ryder's account, "the young abandon the mother and swim about in the sea-water, and will at once begin to feed, even killing and eating each other if food is not soon offered them. Minced crab or lobster meat is greatly relished. The recently hatched lobsters are also attracted by the light, and will always collect at the side of the aquarium or tank nearest the source of light. At night, or if the light is shut off, the young lobsters go to the bottom of the tanks; and it seems that they may then be most actively engaged in feeding if food is placed within their reach." When first hatched the young lobsters are about one-third of an inch long. When from four to six days old they molt for the first time, suddenly increasing in length and bulk in the process. A second molting occurs some eight days later, and a third perhaps ten days afterward, by which time they are four-eighths of an inch long, and have acquired all the limbs and appendages belonging to the adult; yet it undergoes two more molts before it is sixty days old. At that age it is an inch or more in length, and spends its time at the bottom, for the most part, in ambush for its prey. "At present the propagation of the lobster is of the greatest practical importance, and the possibility of feeding and caring for the young in large quantities . . . till they are able to take care of themselves seems to be assured."

The excessive use of tobacco, it appears, may lead to blindness. Such a case is recorded in a St. Louis medical journal as having occurred lately in that city. A blacksmith, thirty-five years of age, complained of failure of eyesight so serious that he could no longer see to drive the nails in shoeing, and an examination disclosed that his power of vision was only one-sixth of what it should be, and everything appeared to him clouded in a dense mist. His general health was good. For many years this man had been an excessive smoker of the strongest tobacco; and his physician, knowing that nicotian amaurosis was not uncommon in men of greater age, concluded that tobacco was the cause of his difficulty. A few days' abstinence caused a decided improvement, and having given up the habit the man is now fairly on the way to recovery. It is said that smoking is more likely than the chewing of tobacco to produce the injury of the eyes alluded to.

One of the most important sources of information in regard to deep-sea animals open to the United States Fish Commission, is the intelligent interest taken in the matter by the Gloucester fishermen. A large number of heretofore undescribed forms of marine life have been saved for the naturalist of the Commission by these men; and their observing accounts have added greatly to our knowledge. The latest contribution is a fine specimen of the large, broad-finned squid (*Stenoteuthis megalops*) only one other complete specimen of which has been caught, and that in Europe. This was 52 inches in length, and was taken off the southern part of Le Have bank, in north latitude 42° 45', and near longitude 64°, on a common squid jig, by one of the crew of the *Mabel Leighton*. It was at once given to Captain J. W. Collins, of the United States Fish Commission cruising schooner *Grampus*, who preserved it in a proper manner for deposit in the National Museum.

A Curious Optical Illusion.—M. de Parvolle has called the attention of the French Academy of Sciences to a curious illusion of the vision which may account for the apparent oscillation or swinging of stars sometimes observed, and called by the Germans *Sternschwanken*. When the eye looks for some time at a small, feebly lighted body, itself being in complete darkness, the body appears to oscillate or describe certain curves. It is a phenomenon of the subjective order; and appears to be of the same nature as the movement of a star observed when a person leans the head against a wall, and fixes his eye upon the star. The star appears to be agitated in its place and to oscillate rapidly. In order that the motion may be noticed there should be no moon, and the sky should be clear. A lunette takes away the apparent motion.

An experiment with a new hydro-carbon fuel-burner for locomotion was recently tried on one of the elevated railroads in New York. This burner is about 6 inches in length by 5 in diameter. A spray of petroleum and steam was forced through perforations in the burner, producing a large volume of flame; but through inability to control the draught of the furnace, combustion was imperfect and the experiment a failure. "This," remarks *Science*, "was only one of a long series of experiments with similar devices, none of which has succeeded. As the consumption of coal on the elevated railroads averages only two and six-tenths pounds per horse-power developed, there would seem to be no field for the economic substitution of petroleum at present prices."

The various scientific societies in Australia and New Zealand propose to hold a combined meeting, probably at Melbourne, in 1888, the centennial year of the founding of those colonies, and to form an Australian Association for the Advancement of Science similar to those in Europe and the United States. This would begin with a membership of 2,000 or 3,000, including specialists in all sections of scientific learning. The meeting would be the occasion, also, of scientific explorations in various directions to objects of natural curiosity and interest.

In a recent article upon the singing voice, Dr. Morell Mackenzie, an English specialist, gives an explanation of "timbre," which is very satisfactory. He says: The timbre is the special quality by which each voice can be distinguished from all others; in a word, its physiognomy. It depends not on the vocal cords themselves, but on the configuration and structural peculiarities of the parts above the larynx proper. It has been shown by Helmholtz that no note is simply one sound, but is in reality made up of several others of higher pitch. These occur at definite intervals from the primary tone, and are called its harmonics. Now, the laryngeal ventricles, the pharynx, the mouth and the nasal passages, with the various cavities in the bones of the face which communicate therewith, are all resonators, and each resonator has a natural pitch of its own which makes it vibrate sympathetically when a tone of tha pitch is sounded. The difference of timbre, therefore, depends on the number of harmonics belonging to each laryngeal note, and on the extent to which they are strengthened by reinforcement from the resonance chambers. Timbre is thus a natural endowment which cannot be acquired, or even cultivated to any great extent. The singer is supposed to start provided with a good instrument, just as the violinist has his Straduarius or Guarnerius, perfect in construction, and with all its parts ripened by time into harmonious sweetness of tone.

Explosive Ice.—The explosive quartz of Branchville, Conn., which owes this peculiar property to minute crevices in its mass being filled with partly liquefied carbon-dioxide, has been matched by a specimen of ice formed during very cold weather last January in the laboratory of the University of Virginia. Mr. Mallet, of that institution, describes how the phenomenon took place. The ice was formed in the vessel of a "gasogene," or apparatus for charging distilled water with carbonic acid gas, and it burst the vessel, which was made of thick glass. The ice itself exploded repeatedly and threw off fragments with a crackling sound. Mr. Mallet attributes the effect to the force of the gas contained under pressure in crevices of the ice.

Among the celebrations intended in Great Britain next year to mark the jubilee year (or fiftieth) of Victoria's reign, will be an international mining, engineering and industrial exhibition at Newcastle-on-Tyne, to show the enormous progress in the applied sciences during the last half-century. When it is recalled that this embraces nearly the whole history of steam locomotion, telegraphy and electric illumination, breech-loading ordnance, steel making, weaving machinery, power printing and surgical reform, together with almost numberless improvements spoken of generally as "modern conveniences," the magnitude and impressiveness of this exhibition will be understood.

A Test of Death.—At a recent meeting of the Société Medicale d'Amiens, M. Lessenne mentioned the following as a simple and trustworthy sign of death: After pricking the skin with a needle the puncture remains open, just as when a piece of leather is pricked. On the living body, on the contrary, even if the blood does not come to the surface, as would happen if the person were hysterical, the pin-prick closes at once, and does not leave the slightest trace.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

"Yes," said Mrs. Seldombit, "I keep off the evil spirits now by wearing an omelet around my neck."

There are people who laugh to show their fine teeth; and there are those who cry to show their good hearts.

Creditor: "Can you let me have my little bill?" *Debtor:* "Certainly, but don't destroy it. I may want to pay sometning on it some time in the future."

The children were playing at horse railroad. Tommy suddenly exclaimed: "Look here! we've forgotten something. We can't go on unless we buy up an alderman."

A little girl ate her dinner with so good an appetite that by the time the dessert was placed on the table she could eat no more. She sat silent and sorrowful, and looked mournfully at the dainties piled on her plate. "Why don't you eat, my darling?" asked her fond, anxious mother. "Oh, mamma," cried the disconsolate child, "because only my eyes are hungry!"

THE BARBER'S RESOLVE.

I'll shave this year in silence,
In silence I'll shampoo;
Without a word I'll cut men's hair,
And trim their whiskers, too.

I'll force no tonic on him
Who my skilled razor tries;
A model shaver I shall be—
Hurrah for the next that dyes!

"Look out!" exclaimed a man, over whose face a barber was moving his razor; "you are cutting off my mustache." "You didn't tell me not to cut it," the barber replied. "With me a man must always specify." "All right," said the customer. When the barber had finished, the man arose from the chair, approached the artist, and gave him a violent kick. "Look out! you are kicking me!" howled the barber. "You didn't tell me not to kick you. With me a man must always specify," said the customer.

"Ma, do you know what *café au lait* is?" *Mrs. Mushroom:* "No, I don't exactly, darling; but I suppose that caffey au lay is coffee with an egg in it."

A New York physician says: "It is dangerous to go into the water after a hearty m-al." And we presume if he did go in after one, he wouldn't find it.

"Yes, I will put some finishing touches to it," our editor murmured, as he concluded the reading of a poem on Winter, and jammed it into the waste-basket.

A vendor of a universal medicine declares that if his prescription be followed literally a cure is certain: "This medicine is to be taken internally, externally and eternally."

"Father, when a man wants to bribe an alderman, does he go to him and offer him a certain sum?" "That depends, William." "On what?" "On whether the alderman hasn't first come to him and fixed his own price."

"See here, landlord," said an angry tenant, after he had signed the contract for a year, "this house is full of sewer gas." "Yes; that's what I told you." "Told me?" "Yes. You asked me if there was gas in every room, and I said there was."

The Prudent Maiden.—*He:* "At last, my dear Amelia, the happy moment has arrived when I can tell you how I love you!" *She:* "For goodness sake, Mr. Tompkins, don't tell it here!" *He:* "Why? There are no witnesses." *She:* "That's just it."

**There was once a giddy young beau,
Who thought he a mustache could grow,
He then asked a belle
If she thought it was well,
And she promptly answered him, "Neau."**

"Sound," said the schoolmaster, "is what you hear. For instance, you cannot feel a sound." "Oh, yes, you can," said a smart boy. "John Wilson,' retorted the pedagogue, "how do you make that out? What sound can you feel?" "A sound thrashing," quickly replied the boy.

"I'm afraid that son of mine will bring my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave, if I live so long," said a lady to some sympathetic friends. "Do not be afraid, ma," said her young hopeful, poking his head in at the door. "Sooner than have that happen, I'll take your hair out of the drawer some night and burn it up."

**Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
I know exactly what you are;
A glowing ball of burning gas
Revolving round your central mass.**

**Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
I know exactly what you are;
For to my spectroscopic ken
I see you're only hydrogen.**

Piscatorial.—*Miss V.:* "You seem to be best man at all the weddings, Mr. B. When are you going to take a leading part yourself?" *Mr. B.:* "Oh, there are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it." *Miss V.:* "Yes, but don't you think the bait is getting a little stale?"

What He Said.—A romantic young lady obtained the desire of her heart—she met a great poet at dinner, and the sympathetic hostess even arranged that she should be placed next to him. One remark, and one alone, did the poet address to the gushing maiden at his side; and it was this: "I like my mutton in wedges."

"I think," said Mr. Bronson Alcott, once in conversation, "that when a man lives on beef he becomes something like an ox; if he eats mutton, he begins to look sheepish, and if he eats pork, may he not grow swinish?" "That may be," said Dr. Walker, of Cambridge; "but when a man lives on nothing but vegetables, I think he is apt to be pretty small potatoes."

WEDDING-RING POSIES.

The following old posies are copied from wedding-rings of the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries:

Let lyking laste.
As God decreed so we agreed.
Knit in one by Christ alone.
In Christ and thee my comfort be.
First love Christ that died for thee,
Next to Him love none but me.
Let us share in joy and care.
United hearts death only parts.
A faithful wife preserveth life.
This and the giver are thine for ever.
This hath alloy; my love is pure.
The diamond is within.
I'll win and wear you.
I like my choice.
Love and live happily.

William IV. seemed in a momentary dilemma one day, when at table with several officers; he ordered one of the waiters to "take away that marine there!" pointing to an empty bottle. "Your Majesty," inquired a colonel of marines, "do you compare an empty bottle to a member of our branch of the service?" "Yes," replied the monarch, as if a sudden thought had struck him; "I mean to say it has done its duty once, and is ready to do it again!"

A STUDY. — BY HANS HRON OF VIENNA.

FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

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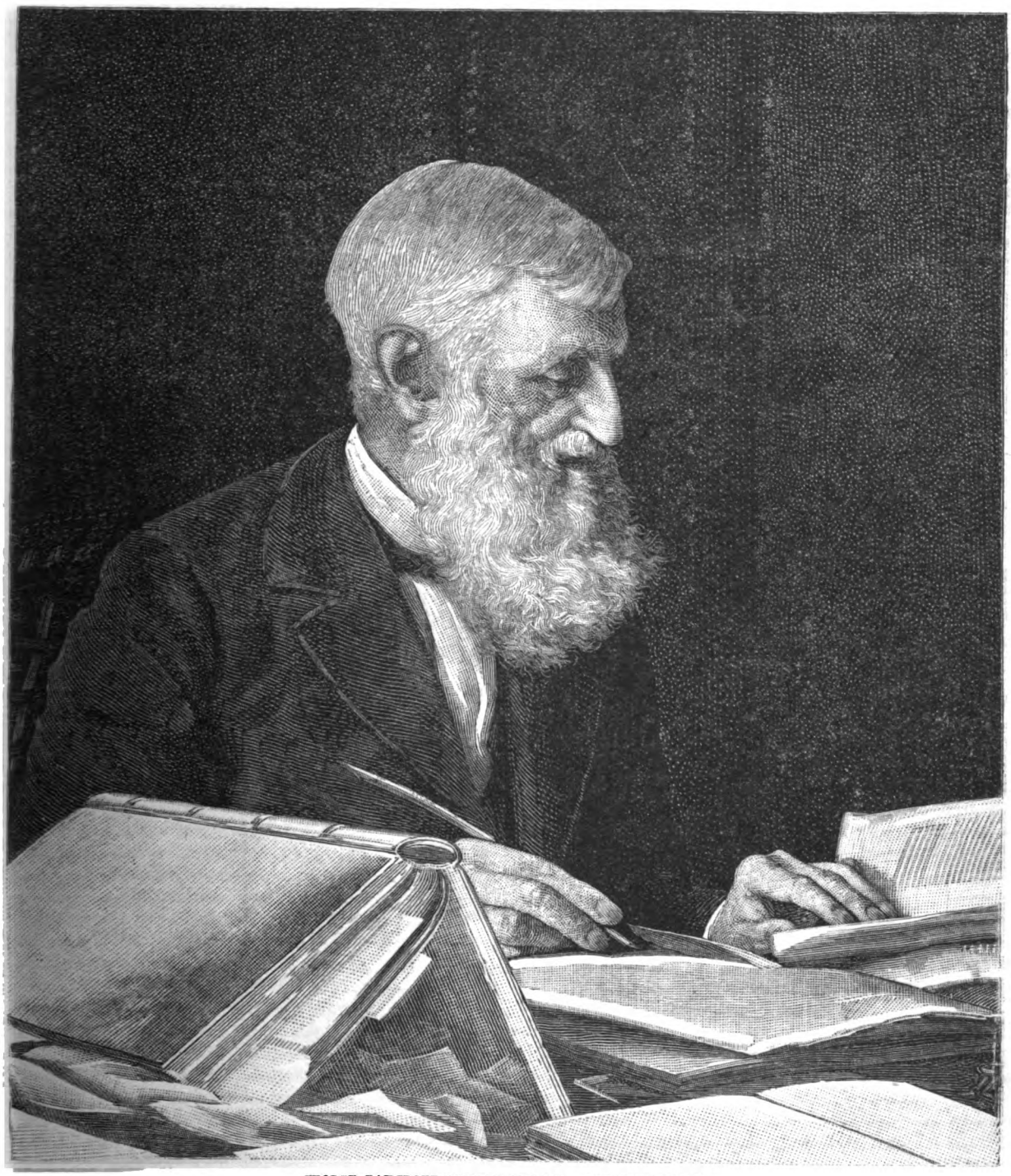


GEORGE BANCROFT, THE HISTORIAN.—SEE NEXT PAGE.

GEORGE BANCROFT,

AUTHOR, HISTORIAN, PHILOSOPHER, SCHOLAR, STATESMAN, DIPLOMAT.

By Ausburn Towner.

In front of the White House, in Washington, D.C., and across the avenue, is Lafayette Square, one of the many "green and shady spots" of that city. In the centre stands the bronze equestrian statue of General Jackson, the horse being balanced on his hind feet, giving him such an appearance that some one, seeing the likeness, has called it, perhaps not inaptly, "The rocking-horse statue" of the hero of New Orleans.

Going diagonally across this square and emerging from the northwest corner entrance, you come upon "H" Street. Midway in the next block above, and on the opposite side of the street, stands a large, unpretentious square house, whose exterior seems all the plainer and more severe from having as its neighbors on either hand, and opposite, and up and down the street, houses full of the modern notions of architecture, projecting windows, steep and many gables, depressed porticoes, circular approaches and porches, stained glass windows, brass railings, brass-tipped iron pickets, and the whole done up in the reddest of red brick and the blackest of pencilings.

You are attracted toward this large, square, plain house, if you are at all sentimental, because it seems to say, "I came here a long time ago, and I came to stay." It has such a permanent, solid look. The great walnut outer doors in the centre of the front open into a small vestibule, and the inner doors into a broad hall, that runs through the entire centre of the building. Within, as without, the same idea of permanence and solidity is apparent and striking. The furniture is massive and solid, some of it being very old—several of the pieces, notably a number of chairs, counting the years since they were made, away back to the time of the English poet Edmund Waller. The whole aspect of the rooms reminds one rather of the old Roman interiors so much affected now in paintings and engravings, than of any Queen Anne resurrections that are so full of little niches, surprising corners, *portières* and miniature stained panes of glass.

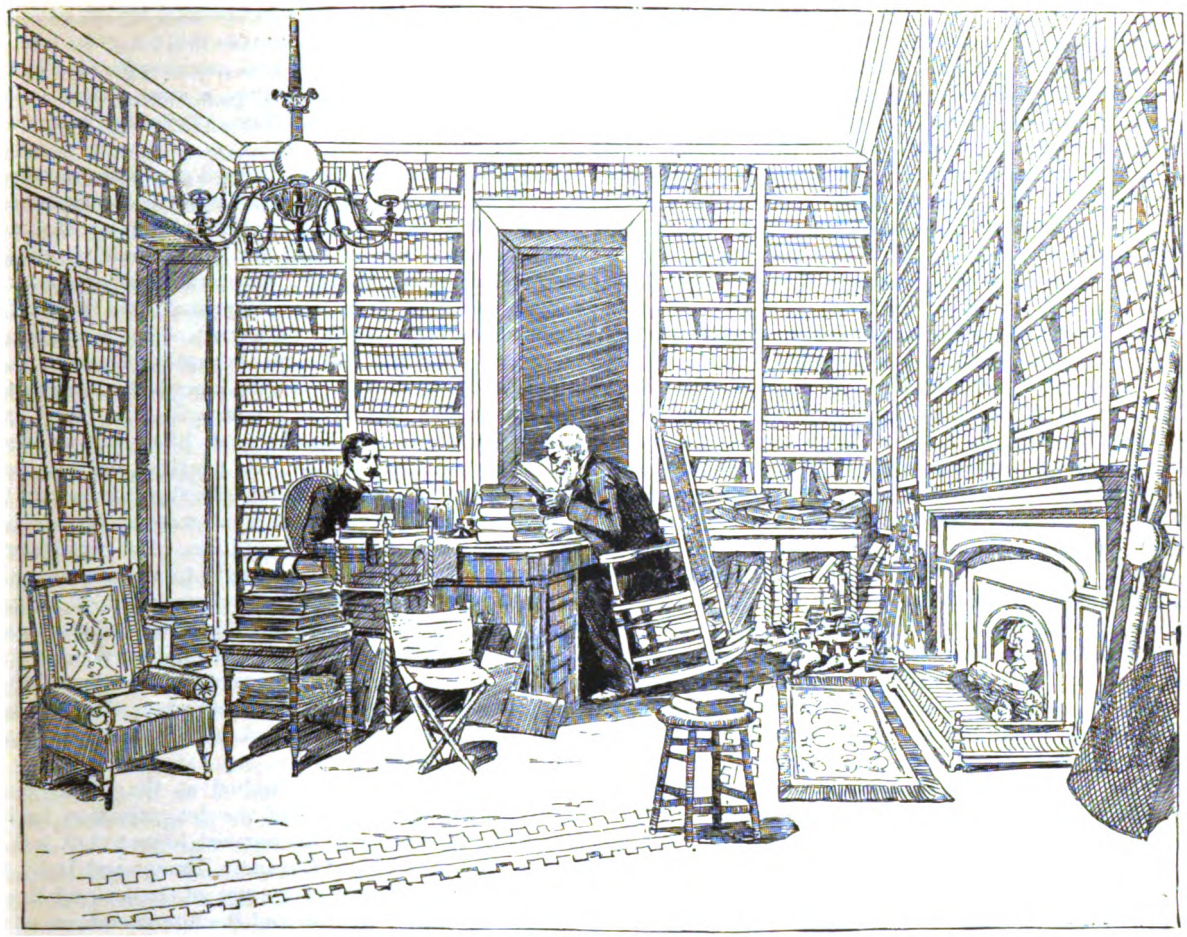
The character of a man's home gets its impress from the character of the man, all the stronger if that character is strong, impressive or peculiar. No one entering this large, square, old-fashioned house, ignorant of who its master was, could resist inquiring, "Who lives here?" and he would not be surprised or disappointed when told that it was the home of George Bancroft, the historian, scholar, orator, statesman, diplomat and philosopher, whose life this present century almost exactly measures, that being only three months longer than this, and measures it not alone in time, but in extraordinary activity, brilliancy and usefulness.

Up the broad stairway into the second story of the house you would be still further impressed with the character of the master's home. In this second story there seems to be an inundation of books, the library itself is overcrowded, and the surplus overflows into the hall, into the large room across the hall, covering window-benches, tables and chairs, and making islands, as it were, on the floor. These not at all in promiscuous heaps and disorder, but in what might be termed orderly disorder; for if one particular publication, pamphlet or book is needed, its location is known.

BANCROFT'S HOME IN WASHINGTON.

In this library, lighted by four great windows, two of them with a southern exposure, the master and his secretaries work; a pleasant, sightly, sunny place, quiet and retired, suggestive of study, meditation and practical results.

The value of this library could not readily be computed, especially in the line of those subjects the study of which has been Mr. Bancroft's life-work—historical composition—and that covers, indeed, a very wide field. There are, among other things, some precious



THE HISTORIAN AT WORK IN HIS LIBRARY.

manuscripts obtained from the original sources, and so absolutely accurate.

All these are treasures accumulated by a constant endeavor directed toward one end, and continuing for half a century. No man had better opportunities for gathering together such a vast amount of material, as we shall see, than Mr. Bancroft enjoyed; no one could have taken advantage of such opportunities more eagerly, no one could have used them more wisely.

Knowing all these things, and the further fact that Mr. Bancroft, should he live, will on the 3d day of October next be eighty-seven years of age, it is, nevertheless, not too much to say that a stranger, on seeing him, would be more impressed with what he *is* than with what he has done, even if he didn't forget the latter altogether.

Mr. Bancroft is only of medium size in height, that size which seems to be the choice of those thoughtful ones who are seeking persons having the greatest amount of physical endurance and vitality. But unless you took particular pains to notice this, or it was drawn to your attention especially, you would be ready to assert that he was a large man. Possibly you would be led to so imagine, because all of his portraits give that idea; because his work in life has been "large," and he has filled a large space in the public eye for many years. As, however, was said of Mrs. Siddons, who was a diminutive woman, "Her manners are large," so it could be said, and truthfully, of Mr. Bancroft, "His manners are large." His slender form is erect, and there is a courtliness and stateliness in his address, without any forbidding coldness or *hauteur*, that comes largely from nature, but which has, doubtless, been polished and perfected by a long life of association with all that is pure, noble and true.

His hair is plentiful and of a beautiful soft white, that invites one's touch, and would certainly respond to it gratefully, and the full white beard and mustache have no patriarchal look about them. His face is rosy, with a surprising absence of an accumulation of old age's wrinkles, and his eyes are bright, and on occasion can sparkle with pleasure or snap with impatience. He has one of the most beautiful and shapely hands ever fashioned by the Maker. It is small, white and delicate.

Old Time, as a man advances in years, seems to catch tighter and tighter hold of his hands, as though fearing he might escape him, and delights in gathering the veins on the back up into knots or swelling them out like cords upon the skin, making it rugged and furrowed. He has dealt gently and far otherwise with Mr. Bancroft in this, as he has in many other ways.

The later portraits and engraved likenesses of the historian do not give a correct idea of the man; the slight mustache makes a downward line at the corners of the mouth, giving him an expression of sombreness, or sadness, or sternness—a sort of a prim prism, prune preciseness that is not true nor lifelike.

Personal intercourse with such a man has an intensified interest, apart from what he has done, in the mere fact of his long life.

It is not an improbable supposition that, a century after the death of Our Saviour, there might have been living a person who had known the poor woman who had touched the hem of His garment and been healed. That

person would almost have had the reverence of his contemporaries simply because of such knowledge. There is an interest instantly in a child now living, who sat upon the knees of his great-grandsire, who had played the organ at some of John Wesley's services, and who in turn himself had sat on *his* great-grandfather's knee, who had been a Parliamentary soldier, and stood in the ranks when Charles I. of England was beheaded. Such incidents seem to bring ages and generations closer together, and lead us to think that time is not such a tremendous factor in the history of the world as it is supposed to be.

So it brings us face to face with the same notion, when we are privileged to hear the same voice that has talked with Byron and Goethe, Palmerston and Niebuhr, Scott and Lamartine, Bunsen and Humboldt, and to touch the hand that has touched theirs. They seem so far away from us and yet are brought so near. We can well understand how, in the old times of our ancestors, some venerable chief controlled his people because he had been the companion of heroes in the past who had immortalized themselves. "He has talked with the gods!" they said among themselves.

Although in the pleasurable contemplation of these things we may forget what Mr. Bancroft himself has done, yet what he has done takes rank with the work of any who have preceded him, and makes his intimate companionship with the eminent ones of the past as much an honor to them as to him. It is from no reflection from them that his distinction and prominence arise. His light shines from himself alone.

What a strange popular delusion is that which makes it a common saying that, "Nothing good can come from a minister's son!" In the atmosphere in which they are reared, apart entirely from the religious influences, everything that is good might reasonably be expected from clergymen's sons, and in the majority of instances it will be found that such expectations are realized. As evolutionists would say, the environment from infancy of Mr. Bancroft was that of a clergyman's family, his father, the Rev. Aaron Bancroft, being a settled pastor in Worcester, Mass., where he remained for fifty years and more, and who, although a divinity student at the time, had been a volunteer soldier at Lexington and Bunker Hill. Further, as showing that he was one of the leading men of his generation and in advance of it, also, it may be said that, although he had been educated as a Calvinist, his protest against that faith, containing a strong leaning toward Unitarianism, was uttered long before the rise of that organization holding to the latter system or belief. The firmness of his mind is exhibited in the further fact that, although subsequently himself a Unitarian, he would never yield up his claim to being considered a Congregationist. He, also, was an author, having written a eulogy and life of Washington, both of which were largely circulated. When he died he left it as his wish that the interests of his "history books" should be carefully looked after, but they have long since been forgotten.

Mr. George Bancroft, therefore, came of the best stock, and the original bent of his mind had plenty of surrounding incentives to develop it toward what became his life-work. Among his earlier teachers was the father of the historian Hildreth, and he was prepared for college at the Phillips Academy in Exeter, N. H., under the famous Dr. Abbott, one who is known as one of the great schoolmasters of this country.

Young Bancroft entered Harvard in 1813, and was graduated with high honors at the early age of seventeen, four years thereafter. He was intended by his father for the ministry, and his studies up to this time had been directed toward metaphysics and morals with that end in view. He acquired at this time a strong taste for the writings and philosophy of Plato, a taste that he carrried through life.

His father being an early Harvard graduate, and keeping up his interest and connection with it, attracted at first an interest and attention toward the son that were deepened and strengthened by his undoubted scholarship and thoughtful habits. Harvard has always been an Alma Mater that, borrowing somewhat after the English Universities, looks out for the careers of her most promising sons. Bancroft, like many another Harvard man, was sent to Germany to prepare himself for such vacant position in the Faculty as might arise, the Greek Professorship seeming to be the most likely one to offer.

The matured intellect of the youth of only eighteen years of age was manifested while thus abroad in the conception and planning of what was to be his life-work, that of historical composition. Not until seventeen years thereafter did he begin to realize upon this conception and issue his first volume; but it shows a keenness of perception and a maturity of judgment and intellect in youth, and a steadfastness of purpose in manhood, that are given to but few men to possess; and there are few instances recorded in history where the ambitious designs or dreams of boyhood have been so fully and completely realized.

For two years Bancroft studied at the University of Göttingen, having, in view of the determination he had made, chosen history as his especial branch, but including also the literature of Germany, France and Italy, the Oriental languages, the antiquities of Greece and Rome, Greek philosophy, Hebrew and the interpretations of the Scriptures, and ecclesiastical and ancient history. In fine, his choice of studies included the whole range of ancient and modern literature, both sacred and profane. These were not merely for the two years of his stay at Göttingen, but for his whole life, as he has continued his intimacy with the languages named ever since.

In those early days, he formed many acquaintances and friendships that were to stand him in good stead in the years to come. When afterward, after nearly half a century had passed, he stood at the capital of Germany, the Minister of his country to that Court, it seemed almost like going home after a long absence. Those who, youths with himself, had studied at the University, had also, with himself, risen to deserved prominence, and were controlling the affairs of their country. If there are romances in life, they are made up of such incidents as these.

The two following years of young Bancroft's stay abroad were devoted to continued study, to travel and observation. The youthful scholar who had acquired his title of Doctor of Philosophy from his University, in the usual manner, by maintaining a Thesis, before he had attained his majority, was received with welcome wherever he went. Of course he was provided with letters; but his nationality was alone an introduction, as he was among the first of Americans who drank deep from the German fountains of thought and learning. In Berlin, where he continued his studies somewhat, and, as well, made a careful and comprehensive examination of the manner in which the several departments of the Prussian Government were conducted, he enjoyed the intimate companionship of such brilliant men as Schleirmacher, Wolf, Hegel, Wilhelm von Humboldt, Savigny, Von Ense, and others, who have shed so much honor and

glory upon German letters. At that time, in this country, if known at all, they stood only for so many names, and that they are now so well known here is largely due to the young friend they then made.

Bancroft met Goethe at Jena under circumstances of the most favorable character, and the two interviews they had form a story of themselves that no one can tell as well as the visitor. The historian Schlosser he had the good fortune to meet at Heidelberg, and with him spent a period in study. He formed the acquaintance of the philosopher Cousin, the naturalist Alexander von Humboldt, and Benjamin Constant in Paris, and there, also, he frequently met Guizot and Lamartine. He made the conventional foot-journey in Switzerland, and in Italy was the companion of Manzoni in Milan, and Niebuhr and Bunsen in Rome. He was tempted by the strange influence of the Mediterranean, and, rowing far out into the sea, leaped from his boat and swam ashore; an incident in the lives of many other men of a similar nature to himself.

That most of these eminent men and many others not named did not forget their youthful associate, it may be observed that when, in 1870, Mr. Bancroft celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his obtaining his University degree of Doctor of Philosophy, most of those then living sent to him letters of sincere congratulation and compliment. Among these cherished reminders, full of the warmest expressions, are communications from Bismarck and Von Moltke, like himself veterans, but in different fields.

Besides these, as if the gods were giving him all of the good things at once, he had several times interviews with Byron, and received from him, which he still retains, a copy of the first edition of "Don Juan," published in London in 1822, the flyleaf bearing the author's autograph and the date, May 22. In one of these interviews, he met the lady whom Byron made famous—as did Petrarch, Laura, and Swift, Stella — the Countess Guiccioli, and whom he describes as not of a very high order of beauty, but possessing a manner of uncommon gentleness and amiability.

In 1822, Mr. Bancroft, having had a four years' experience abroad that fell to the lot of few Americans in that early day, returned to his own country. A Greek tutorship awaited him at Harvard, a position that he occupied, however, for only a year, in which period, also, he preached several times from the pulpit of his father and in the neighborhood; but he abandoned his idea of entering the ministry, if he had ever seriously entertained it.

The next year, 1823, with Dr. Joseph G. Cogswell, who subsequently had charge of the Astor Library in this city, he established what became, and still is, the famous Round Hill School at Northampton. Up to this time he had depended largely for assistance upon a generous uncle and brother.

The school was modeled somewhat on German institutions of a similar nature, and a number of German teachers of a high order of merit were employed, giving it a great reputation from the start. There was some friction, but not ill-feeling, between the two founders of the school in relation to its business, and at the end of ten years, the period originally set for the continuation of the connection, Mr. Bancroft retired.

During the same period he had married, his wife being a member of the well-known Massachusetts family of Dwight. Three children were born to them, one daughter and two sons. The daughter died in infancy, and the sons are still living, John in Boston and George in France. They neither of them inherit from their father any literary inclinations, although John at one time was strongly attracted toward art. Soon after Mr. Bancroft retired from the Round Hill School, Mrs. Bancroft died.

During this period, also, his school duties did not entirely occupy the attention of Mr. Bancroft, and it may be said that at that time his literary activity began. In 1823 he published a small volume of poems, a copy of which it is not an easy matter now to obtain. The verses were evidently inspired by the scenery of Switzerland and the ruins and ancient art of Rome and Italy. The same year he published a translation from the German of Heeren on "The Politics of Ancient Greece." In this year, also, he began seriously his work on his "History of the United States," gathering material and preparing the plan.

Democrats in Massachusetts, at any time, have never been very plentiful, their scarcity making them rather conspicuous persons. Viewed from different points of view, they were either specks on a pure surface or oases in a desert. Mr. Bancroft was a Democrat after the type of Thomas Jefferson himself, and as such he soon became known and recognized in the community where he had taken up his residence. He was not what we in these days understand as a leader in his party, but he was known as one who held pronounced views on the politics of the time, and hesitated not to make them known. It happened then that, in 1826, at a gathering in his town, he delivered an address, in which he took strong ground for universal suffrage and uncompromising Democracy. Four years later he was chosen, without his permission, and almost without his knowledge, to the Massachusetts Legislature, but refused to take his seat; and the next year, although sure of an election to the Senate of his State, declined to be a candidate.

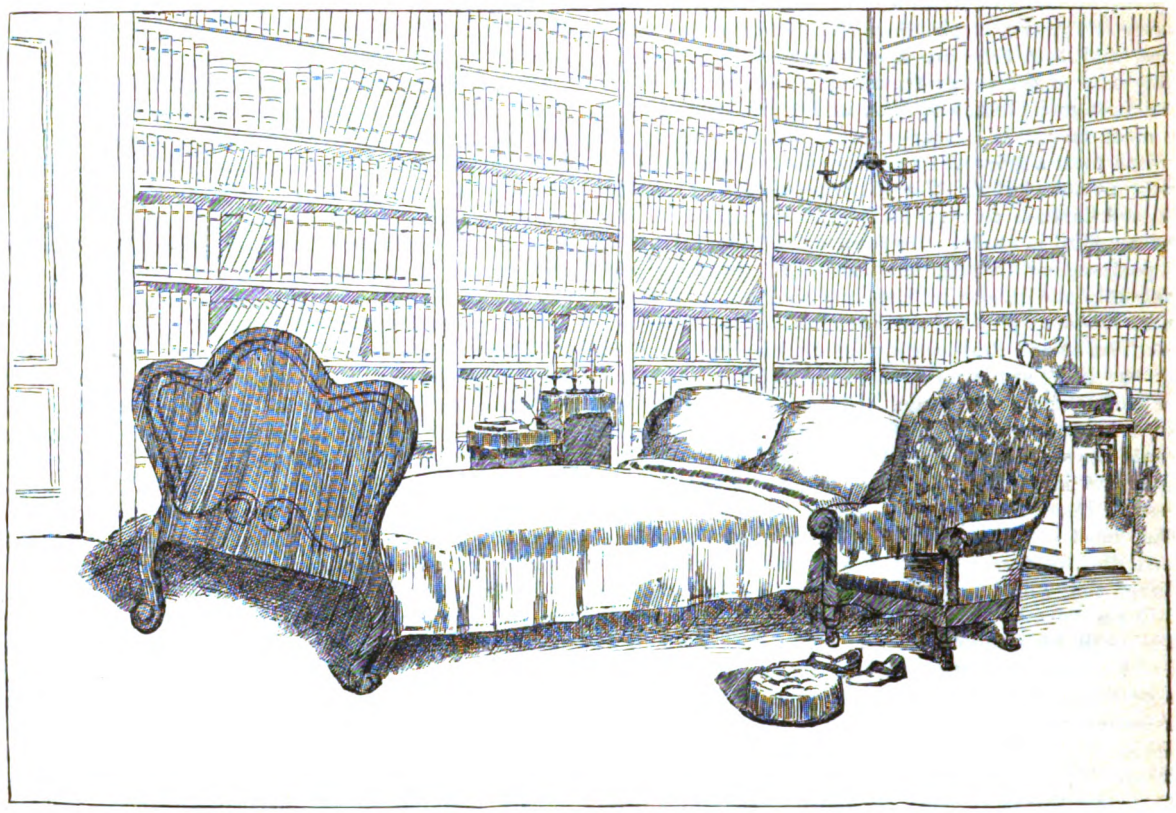
Deeply interested in politics, and an active, though not conspicuous, worker, out of the tenderest regard for his wife, who was a member of a prominent Whig family, and to whom he had given his promise that he would not accept office, he persistently declined repeated offers to do so, and kept that promise for many years after she died.

The next year after giving up his school at Round Hill, he published the first volume of his long contemplated work, "The History of the United States." It was issued under the title of "The History of the Colonization of the United States," and its preface was dated June 16th, 1834.

That seems a long time ago in the literary history of our country. Bret Harte, Frank Stockton, Aldrich, Stedman and Mark Twain were not even born. Hawthorne, Emerson, Curtis, Poe, Holmes, Longfellow, Motley and Prescott were names unknown. Bryant and Irving were at their zenith, and Willis was just coming forward. We can somewhat transport ourselves back to those days, with gratification, by reading some of the notices that the various reviews and magazines gave the new book. "Saul was among the prophets" from the first.

I know of no more entertaining reading than the critical reviews on its first appearance of a work that subsequently establishes itself in the literature of the world. The shrewd guesses, the fulsome praise or the bitter condemnation, are amusing in the light of after events.

There is this one thing about this History that we of the present generation cannot fully appreciate. It was the last of that kind of publication, of such magnitude that only a volume at a time could be issued, and that at unknown and irregular intervals. It is a question whether or not, in these days, a work would attract attention or achieve any permanent place in our literature, whose



MR. BANCROFT'S ROOM.

publication was a volume at a time, and intermittently for a long series of years. We can readily imagine, for example, with what impatience the next volume of Gibbon's "Rome" was awaited, when that great work was first published; but with how much more intolerant impatience would this generation have awaited upon its continuance, accustomed as it is to complete newspapers that are books, and magazines that in a brief time become in themselves libraries.

We now know what Mr. Bancroft is. He has proved himself to us, and more than justified the statements made at the time his first volume was published. At that time he was unknown, and it was, indeed, something to have one like Edward Everett say of the History that "it compares advantageously with the standard British historians;" that "as far as it goes, it does such justice to its noble subject as to supersede the necessity of any future work of the kind, and, if completed as commenced, will unquestionably be regarded both as an American and English classic." This is but an echo of the expressions, both in this country and in England, when the first volume was new. The predictions were verified.

Four years after, in 1838, the second volume appeared, and in two years more, 1840, the third. Then came a very long interval.

In 1835 Mr. Bancroft removed to Springfield, Mass., that he might have access to more books, and in the two Winters following he was in Boston, attracted thither by the libraries of the State, the Athenæum and at Cambridge. In 1837 he married for the second time, a lady originally of Plymouth, Mass., of wealth and culture, fitted to stand by the side of one just entering upon a career of usefulness and brilliancy. She was the niece of Judge Davis, who, for many years, was the Chief-justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. Only one child resulted from this marriage, and it died young. For nearly forty years this perfectly matched connection lasted, Mrs. Bancroft having died only last year, sincerely mourned and sorely missed by the companion whom she left behind her.

Notwithstanding Mr. Bancroft's constant and devoted labors on his History, he found time to be exceedingly useful to his party. In 1835, at the instance of the Young Men's Democratic Convention of his State, he drew up an address to the people of Massachusetts. It was a strong paper, and, whether or not it had influence where influence was required, it certainly drew to its author the attention of the conspicuous men of the party, and he was remembered for it.

His felicity and facility in the use of the pen made him always a valuable man in drawing up resolutions and in preparing addresses and platforms, and during these years he was frequently called upon for such purposes. He was, also, for a time, actively engaged in political speaking.

When Van Buren was elected President, the services of Mr. Bancroft were remembered, and he was made Collector of the Port of Boston. He filled the office in a manner that reflected credit on the Administration that had chosen him for the place. A fact that attracted considerable attention to him throughout the country arose out of the custom of paying duties by means of bond. Before his accession to office, there was a large number of these bonds unpaid, which had accumulated under former Administrations, thus representing simply debts due the Government. Not a single bond taken during Mr. Bancroft's term remained unpaid at the time of his resignation of the office, and his collections of those outstanding mounted up into the millions.

During his Collectorship, too, he was able to extend a helping hand to a brother in the field of authorship, one

of America's choicest spirits, Nathaniel Hawthorne. Almost the first act that he performed after he became Collector was to ask the author of the "Scarlet Letter" to accept a position in the Custom House. Hawthorne had not applied for a place, but he immediately accepted the office, and subsequently received one worth about $5,000 a year.

So conspicuous had Mr. Bancroft become in his party, that, in the canvass of 1844, he was nominated for the Governorship of his State, and, although defeated, polled the largest vote ever given a candidate on a purely Democratic ticket. His loss there was a gain for the whole country, for Mr. Polk, who was elected that same year President of the United States, invited him to a seat in his Cabinet as Secretary of the Navy. He was the unanimous choice of the New England Democracy, and on all the prevailing questions of the hour—the Annexation of Texas, the Boundary question with England, the Tariff, the Treasury reform, and others—by his speeches and writings he had shown that he stood squarely and honestly with the Government. There seemed likely, at first, to be a hitch in regard to his confirmation by the Senate in consequence of certain utterances of his about slavery, but the inquiry resulted in nothing to his disadvantage, and for this office, as well as for every other to which he was subsequently nominated, he was unanimously confirmed.

PORTRAIT OF EMPEROR WILHELM, PRESENTED TO MR. BANCROFT.

Contemporaneous comment is sometimes valuable, and always interesting. One prominent periodical of the day observed: "Mr. Bancroft's brilliant, although brief, career at the head of the Navy Department (it lasted only eighteen months), has been watched with no slight degree of attention; at first, curious to see how such novel duties of administration would be performed by one whose previous reputation had been only that of a scholar, a student and an author." The "Scholar Secretary" he was termed, with a compliment mistakenly intended to disparage.

It was speedily found that, besides the qualities supposed to reside in persons of the character named, Mr. Bancroft possessed a goodly share of hard-headed New England common sense, and that the same kind of brains that could conceive clear and beautiful English could grapple successfully with the most practical problems.

Reform was as much of a political watchword then as now, and Mr. Bancroft applied it to his department, meeting, of course, with the usual clamor from the inefficient, the jealous and the ignorant. A reduction in the numerical force of the officers held a prominent place in his plans; this reduction contemplating, however, an increase of efficiency and in the number of vessels and guns to be kept afloat. In one of his communications to Congress, as an illustration of useful retrenchment in his department, he says: "A series of reforms have been begun, which, if vigorously maintained by necessary acts of legislation, will have effected a saving of nearly a million of dollars without diminishing the number of officers, or of men, or of ships, or of guns, employed at sea."

Whatever a million of dollars may represent now in the affairs of the Navy, they stood for a large sum in those days.

Other noticeable incidents marked Mr. Bancroft's connection with Polk's Administration. He established the Academy at Annapolis, the chief source from which is now recruited the officers for the Navy, doing this so shrewdly that no additional expense fell directly upon his department. The money required was obtained from savings in other directions; the Secretary of War, Mr. Marcy, turning over to him, at his solicitation, the military fort and grounds at Annapolis, and the instructors and professors being ordered there, instead of, as had been the custom, having their schools at sea. When Congress was eventually asked for authority to establish the Academy, there was one already at hand, and they had only to take it, which they did.

It was by Mr. Bancroft's order, as Secretary of the Navy, that the United States took possession of California, and he, acting for Mr. Marcy, as Secretary of War, for a month, issued the order that sent General Taylor into Texas, the first occupation of that State by our Government. He is probably, too, the only Secretary of his day whose estimates were allowed to pass without cavil by the Committee of Ways and Means of the House of Representatives.

He did not forget his scholarship in these times either, for, mainly by his influence, additional appropriations were obtained for the Washington Observatory; new professors of eminence were employed and the best and most approved appliances were procured for the work of that valuable institution.

It was the frequent remark of that time among the best officers of the service, as well as members of Congress and others thoroughly acquainted with the subject—and I again quote contemporary comment—that,

"Mr. Bancroft was probably the very best Secretary that had ever been in the department; that his reforms were, in general, of the most valuable character, and that the adoption of them was indispensable to the continued healthy efficiency, if not of the very existence, of the navy, in any sense worthy of the name."

That was the record and reputation made, and still held, by Mr. Bancroft in one of the highest official positions in the country.

An opportunity now arose for him to supply himself with materials for the continuation of his History. He was offered the position of Minister to Great Britain by Mr. Polk, and, resigning his Secretaryship, went to England in 1846. This was the first appointment to a first-class mission of one who was especially a literary man; an example that has frequently been followed since with much credit and satisfaction to the country.

Mr. Bancroft spent three years abroad, and as our representative was an able and successful Minister. His commercial knowledge, gained while Collector of the Port of Boston, enabled him to aid materially those interests in both countries. He negotiated a postal treaty, which placed that important service on the most liberal footing for both nations, and made it extremely popular with all the people. It was ratified by both Governments. He succeeded in persuading the British Ministry to adopt more liberal laws of navigation. He vigorously urged the rights of naturalized American citizens, and on his demand some Irish-Americans who had been arrested were released.

But beyond the earnest and zealous performance of his duties as Minister, which he never neglected, he extended his acquaintance with the scholars and literary men of England, among whom he was recognized as an equal. With Peel and Palmerston, Gladstone and Disraeli, he was on terms of intimacy, and with Macaulay, Milman, Hallam and Lord Mahon he enjoyed a closer friendship. All libraries, public and private, were thrown open to him, and some of the choicest manuscript collections, and he eagerly seized the opportunity to perfect the data for his American History. The English Ministry gave him access to the records of the State Paper Office containing all the military and civil correspondence of the Government, and to the records of the Treasury. He spent days after days and weeks after weeks in taking copies and making memoranda of all he needed, examining, selecting, comparing and preserving whatever proved valuable. Lord Lansdowne, whose ancestors made the treaty of peace between Great Britain and America, himself brought to Mr. Bancroft's house in London folio after folio, because he would trust no one else, out of which the historian copied everything of any importance pertaining to the War of Independence. The private collections of many others, whose ancestors occupied distinguished positions in America, were also thrown open for his examination, and from these he made numerous extracts.

During this time Mr. Bancroft spent two months of every Winter in Paris, and there, too, the most valuable records were submitted to him for research. Guizot was the first to assist him in this respect, and his successors continued the order. The closeness of his examination may be attested by the remark of the custodian of the archives, who said, as Mr. Bancroft was going away for the last time: "You have everything. You have not left a single mite." De Tocqueville also gave him assistance, and he was nowhere refused anything that he asked, whether it was for or against France. Thiers helped him, one day opening for him a suite of closets filled with papers he had collected for his own "History of the Consulate and Empire."

Some idea may be gained of the immense amount of labor in this sifting, separating, examining and comparing, which might be called simply opening the door to get ready to begin work, by the statement that these papers so gathered make a library in themselves of more than two hundred folio and quarto volumes! It is, without doubt, the most extensive, expensive and valuable collection of American *memorabilia* in the world.

During this period Mr. Bancroft was honored by being chosen Correspondent of the Royal Academy of Berlin and also of the French Institute, and just before his return to America, in 1849, the University of Oxford made him a Doctor of the Civil Law.

The social career of Mr. Bancroft in England while he was Minister was brilliant in the extreme, culminating, on the eve of his departure, in a farewell breakfast given to Mrs. Bancroft by Lord Macaulay, at which were present the noblest and best of all England.

Nine years had now passed since the publication of the third volume of the History, and it had been brought down only to the close of the Colonial period. Mr. Bancroft, on his return, took up his residence in New York city, and began the preparation of the fourth and fifth volumes. He came home having earned the position of one of the most distinguished citizens of the Republic, and any public honor that he had chosen to seek would have been given him. But he sought none, and although he had pressed upon him a number of public offices, he declined them all, and devoted himself entirely to his literary labors; occasionally, however, delivering addresses before historical and other societies.

Mr. Bancroft's perception and good taste were never more clearly shown than during the year after his return, when he began to build his cottage at Newport, which he has occupied every Summer since with the exception of the years when he was in Germany. It was a retired and quiet place on the "Point" then, but Mr. Bancroft's judgment has been so entirely acquiesced in by all that is cultured and refined in the society of this country, that now the rural retirement of the scene has been changed into one where the numerous "cottages" narrowly escape being palaces, and where, in the season, life is as busy and bustling as it is in our most active cities.

The fourth and fifth volumes of the History appeared in 1852, and the sixth in 1854. In 1855 were printed a collection of the miscellaneous writings of Mr. Bancroft, under the title of "Literary and Philosophical Miscellanies"; his History having achieved such a popularity that there seemed to be a demand for a reproduction of his other works. This book contains studies in German literature in which the sketches or portraitures of Herder, Richter, Schiller and Goethe are masterpieces of delineations of that character. Mr. Bancroft was a pioneer in the mine of German literature, as far as this country is concerned, and, it may be, was at least among the first to direct the attention of literary people to its manifold excellencies.

The book also contained a number of addresses delivered on stated occasions by Mr. Bancroft. One of them, delivered the same year of the publication of the book, on the "Progress of Mankind," and before the New York Historical Society in Niblo's Theatre, contains an exposition of the doctrine of the Trinity that will scarcely find an equal in the most eminent of theological writings. A distinguished Presbyterian clergyman of New York city, who arose at the conclusion of

the address to propose a vote of thanks to the orator, was so overwhelmed with the strength, eloquence and beauty of the exposition, that he had to be reminded of his original purpose, he was so intent upon complimenting Mr. Bancroft.

The seventh volume of the History was published in 1858, the eighth in 1863, and the ninth in 1866. Then succeeded another long period.

During this period, and, in fact, until he again went abroad, he continued to make New York his principal residence, regarding that city as a pleasanter place for a home than any other with which he was, at that time, acquainted, and forming friendships and intimacies that were congenial and delightful. He was elected President of the Century Club, succeeding its first presiding officer, Gulian C. Verplanck, and held the position until he was made Minister to Prussia. He was elected an honorary member of that club, and is the only person that has ever been accorded that distinguished position.

His life at this time was an ideal one for a student and scholar, and calls to mind the calm and peaceful existence of the ancient philosophers. Far removed from the complaints and perplexities of money-getting, or bread-winning; in the prime of his physical and mental manhood; the centre of a circle of devoted and admiring friends; possessing a lovely, helpful and sympathizing wife; distinguished for what he had already accomplished, and promising yet higher flights in the same field; a welcome visitor in the society of the most eminent or the most distinguished, it was a life like the flowing of a calm and deep river whose surface is unruffled by a ripple.

His mornings he gave wholly and unreservedly to his literary work, rarely receiving a visitor; later in the day, if the weather was favorable, came the ride on horseback, returning for dinner, and the evening devoted to society, either in receiving his friends at his own home, or in accepting invitations to theirs. There are many who can recall with the most delightful associations his "Sunday Evenings" at his home on Twenty-first Street, just out of Fifth Avenue; a custom which he borrowed from his old friend Schleiermacher, and from which he seldom departed. At those times, in the simplest and most unostentatious manner, he welcomed those who, either because of personal friendship or attracted by his reputation as a writer, came to pay their respects to him.

The ninth volume of the History attracted more of what might be called the popular attention than any that had preceded it, being more talked about in the newspapers and in other than purely literary circles.

There is a streak in human nature that is easily touched, whether from reasons of curiosity, displeasure or eager acquiescence. This is in regard to long-established customs, beliefs or notions. Let any one take an old proverb that has been a text, maxim and axiom for generations, like "Early to bed and early to rise," etc., and show the utter absurdity and foolishness of it, as has been done, and you disturb the thinking world down to its lowest strata. Let some one arise and prove that no such man as Tell ever lived or could have lived, but that he was a myth referable away back to our Aryan ancestors, and you set communities by the ears. When the seeker after truth blew away the mist and halo that had settled about Pocahontas, and set forth that she was only a frivolous Indian girl turning somersaults and cart-wheels for the amusement of the not over-moral settlers in Jamestown, and when Froude somewhat upset the fetich that the English had made and named Queen Elizabeth, and built her up anew from incontrovertible documents, two nations and two worlds arose and fairly howled. Didn't they burn some one once for saying that the world was not flat, but round?

Something of the same kind of a storm was aroused by Mr. Bancroft's ninth volume, the History having reached the period that is regarded as the heroic age of our country—the Revolution. A good many of the worthies who figure in the popular imagination and tradition as just narrowly escaping being demigods, under his researches assumed quite another character. Israel Putnam, "Old Put," the hero of the boyish schoolbooks, stories and legends, turns up in the pages of the ninth volume as scarcely equal to Hannibal or Prince Eugene; Joseph Reed, whom the "English King didn't have gold enough to buy," appears as a very weak or a treacherous man; Wayne, Sullivan and Schuyler, the most favored and best of our idols, are described as unskillful, sometimes as incompetent, and General Nathaniel Greene, who had long been accorded the place the very next to Washington in commanding abilities, suffered terribly under the critical examination of the historian.

These and other iconoclastic portions of the ninth volume caused much attention to be bestowed upon it. It was attacked in many quarters. The historian was represented "as squaring off against all comers, and cracking a crown wherever he saw one," his object being, it was declared, to elevate the character of Washington at the expense of those surrounding him. A descendant of General Greene took up the gauntlet in behalf of his ancestor and published a pamphlet in reply, and the friends of Reed appeared in a similar way in his defense. There were a good many bitter things said, but the effect of these publications was mainly to attract public attention more widely to the history; and the general conclusion arrived at, which twenty years has not materially altered, was, that the historian had been conscientious in his work and had had nothing but the truth in view.

It is rather peculiar, as going a good ways to show the unprejudiced and unbiased character of the work, that there have been so few adverse criticisms upon it. A careful research among the reviews in the long period of its publication, covering from the issue of the first volume to the last, just forty years, shows so little written against it that it could almost be compressed into a column. There is, however, one remarkable instance of disapprobation which merits notice and recalling, from the fact that it stands so alone that it is conspicuous, and because it is so bitter that it is amusing, and must have brought a smile even to the lips of Mr. Bancroft himself if he chanced to see it. It, of course, had, and could have, no effect upon the public and popular opinion concerning the work.

This was a centennial article by Edwin P. Whipple, which had for a general title, "American Literature in the First Century of the Republic." He begins by saying that "It would be tedious to enumerate other works, which are valuable contributions to our annals; but, in 1834, George Bancroft appeared as *the* historian of the United States, or, rather, the historian of the process by which the States became united. He professed to have seized upon the underlying Idea which shaped the destinies of the country. In later volumes he indicated his initiation in the councils of Providence." In this strain he proceeds, contends that the chief characteristics of the historian are his dogmatism and theorizing; intimates that he makes his research, which he concedes to have been indefatigable, support rather than create his theories, and concludes that "there are chapters in each of his volumes which, considered apart, might lead one

MR. BANCROFT'S HOUSE AT NEWPORT.

to suppose that the work was misnamed, and that it should be entitled, 'The Psychological Autobiography of George Bancroft, as Illustrated by Incidents and Characters in the Annals of the United States'!"

The same year of the publication of his ninth volume, Mr. Bancroft was chosen as the fittest man in the country to deliver, before Congress and the Diplomatic Corps, an oration in honor of Abraham Lincoln. His habits of thought and previous preparation in similar fields of labor peculiarly marked him for this duty and pleasure. Twenty years before, he had been called upon to perform, for Andrew Jackson, a similar duty. In both cases he acquitted himself to the eminent satisfaction of the country, and in the latter instance presented an effort that attracted wide attention and the most thoughtful consideration.

During the same year he was made, by President Johnson, our Minister to Prussia, a duty he undertook with the utmost gratification. An accomplished German scholar, he was welcomed warmly by the Government to which he was accredited, and was able to care fully and completely for the interests of his countrymen where they required care. Among other things that he accomplished, was a treaty with the North German Confederation by which naturalized German Americans were entirely released from allegiance to the Government of their native country.

Mr. Bancroft's whole tarry of five or six years as Minister to Prussia, and afterward to the Imperial Government at Berlin, crowned a brilliant career with the greatest *éclat*. He was the friend and intimate of the Emperor, Empress, Bismarck and the Court, all striving to do him honor. He was elected a member of many of the learned societies of Europe, and received numerous degrees from the German universities. In 1870 he celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of obtaining his degree from Göttingen. On the eve of his return home, in 1872, the Royal Academy of Berlin gave him a farewell dinner, when last words of affection and remembrance were uttered by that chief exponent of German letters such as are seldom spoken.

On his return to America, in 1874, Mr. Bancroft removed to Washington, D. C., where he has taken up his permanent residence. In that same year, also, he published the tenth and last volume of his History, bringing the record down to the close of the Revolutionary War.

More than thirty years ago, in reply to a friend, who asked to what period he should bring the History, he said: "Down to the formation of the Constitution, for all subsequent to that is experiment." Whether or not there will ever be another volume added to the History, unless his "History of the Formation of the Constitution," published in 1882, be considered a continuation of the general plan, is extremely doubtful, although it is quite certain that what he called an experiment, and which is assuredly a successful experiment, cannot be followed by him through many periods.

There have been numberless editions of the History printed, and its sale has now run far into the thousands. It has been translated into the German, French, Danish and Italian languages, and there is a fine Scotch and English edition of it. In 1876 Mr. Bancroft published a centenary edition of his History in six volumes duodecimo, that he subjected to the most rigid revision, the main object, he states in the preface, "being the attainment of perfect accuracy, so that, if possible, not even a partial error may escape correction." In 1882 he began the last revision of his entire work, and is still engaged upon it, the sixth and seventh volumes having been issued a little more than a year ago.

Employed in this task he spends his green old age, his habits of work having become so fixed that he could not, with safety, even if he would, change them. His daily life in Washington is much the same as it was twenty and more years ago in New York: The early rising and light breakfast and the hours from nine until two spent in his library. A slight lunch and a visit to his conservatory, where his especial joy and pride are his roses, some specimens and varieties of which are unequaled in the country. If the weather is at all favorable, a long horseback ride in the afternoon, lasting often as many as four hours. He sits his horse as firm and erect as a dragoon, although sometimes on his return he droops a little in the saddle. A few months ago he gave up this exercise, but he has latterly resumed it. He is a great advocate for the open air, contending that it will give health and robustness to the body and vigor to the mind. He has a late dinner, and especially enjoys a hot and fragrant cup of tea in his drawing-room afterward. He never goes out in the evening, but gives a hearty welcome to those who come to him as friends of his own or friends of his friends. Frequently during the season he gives small but very choice and delightful dinner parties, which his vitality and constant flow of spirits make incidents of great enjoyment to those so honored as to have a place at the board.

It is a quiet and subdued household now, with the shadow of the passing away of the gentle mistress of it still hanging about it; the active, if aged, master; his two grandchildren; and the faithful Hermann, who has been the family mainstay for twelve years, and who will remain to the last.

About the middle or latter part of June, gathering his literary Lares and Penates, with his secretaries accompanying him, Mr. Bancroft takes flight to his Newport home, remaining there until the latter part of October. He keeps up his labors there, but does not suffer himself to be held so closely by them ; receiving oftener and at all hours the visits of those desiring to see him.

He has outlived his contemporaries and has formed few intimate associates in the newer generations, but during the season in Washington he is sure to see whoever comes to the capital of the country that is in any way distinguished or conspicuous. He is a great friend of Judge Edmunds, the Senator from Vermont, and is frequently accompanied in his rides by Spofford, the Librarian of Congress. His views on religious subjects, as may be judged from the address already alluded to, are pronounced and decided, but he has no regular Church connection. He, however, twice each year, at Christmas and Easter, attends services, going out to St. John's Episcopal Church, less than two blocks from his residence.

Of late, his friends have been trying to prevail upon him to publish his own personal memoirs, but he continues to decline, saying that he never kept a diary, and so what he would write would simply be reminiscences and might not be entirely accurate. What a volume such a work might be made, coming from such a source ! It could be accomplished by no one else who has ever lived, covering a period that would include personal recollections of such men as Percival, Bryant and Irving down to Aldrich and Stedman, and at the same time from men like Van Buren, Marcy and Polk, down to Bayard, Logan and Sherman.

The vigor of the historian seems to indicate many years yet of activity and usefulness, and it may be that he will win the gratitude of this generation and of the generations yet to come by producing such a work.

THE ROMANCE OF HADDON HALL.

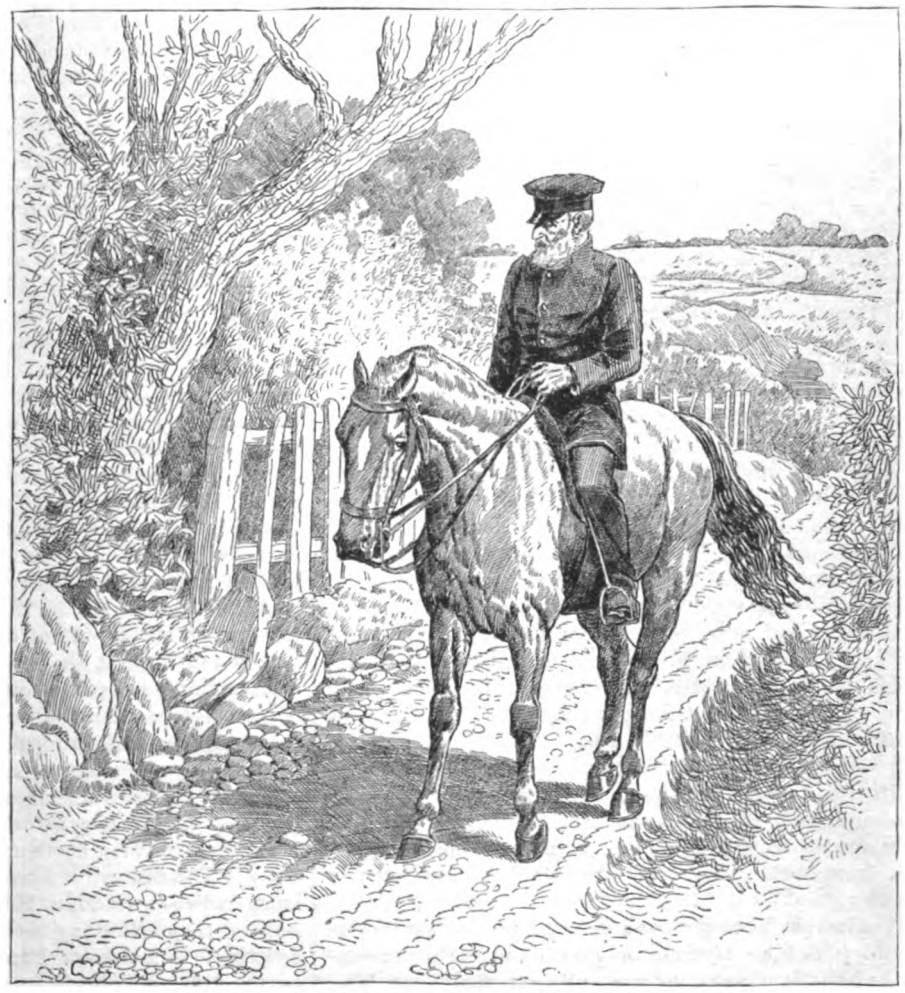
By Mary Titcomb.

"Be sure and go to Haddon Hall," was the parting injunction of a friend, as we were about leaving London for a trip among the Derbyshire Hills. Of course. Did we not want to visit all the noted places near our line of travel ? Nevertheless, amid the multitude of halls, towers and castles that had been tucked into our brain of late, we confess that we had very little notion, at the moment, why or wherefore Haddon Hall was celebrated, and must be visited. But without any attempt to vivify the floating memory of some romantic tale, we just then only packed away in our mind the name Haddon Hall—for future reference.

A week afterward we were lingering at Matlock-Bath, in the lovely valley of the "silvery Derwent," where the craggy front of the High Tor and the pine-covered Heights of Abraham contrast so beautifully with the soft, tangled luxuriance that carpets the river-banks. The whole country was so wonderfully picturesque, that it was easy to understand why the "Peak District" is a popular resort.

It was from Matlock that we started, one fine morning, on our excursion to Haddon Hall. When we reached Rowsley, five miles distant, whither we went by cars, we found that the "regulation" thing to do was to go first to Chatsworth, the seat of the Duke of Devonshire. So, having made a selection from the carriages that were drawn up in front of the station, we were soon entering the great Park—eleven miles in circumference—which incloses the duke's magnificent mansion.

It proved not a specially favorable time for visiting Chatsworth, for it chanced to be a holiday with the working classes, and a party, evidently exhilarated by too liberal potations of beer, had come to see the building—like ourselves, and a few other American travelers—and all were admitted together. It was noticeable, however, as the dignified housekeeper led the way through the elegant apartments, that she checked with marked asperity the noisy forwardness of her own country-people, while she most courteously responded to the



MR. BANCROFT TAKING HIS DAILY EXERCISE ON HORSEBACK.

questions, and all the indications of interest, on the part of the travelers.

Perhaps none of the costly evidences of taste and luxury at Chatsworth impressed us so much as the remembered fact that Mary Queen of Scots was a prisoner in the old Chatsworth Hall for thirteen years. There still remains, in a sheltered position, a small, square building, called Queen Mary's Tower, where it is said she passed much of her time.

Having fortified ourselves with a good luncheon at the neat little village of Edensor, just outside of Chatsworth Park, a drive of four miles brought us to Haddon Hall, a fine old baronial residence, standing on a bold elevation, overlooking the River Wye. A couple of little rosy-cheeked boys made a pretense of holding open the gate leading to the grounds—although this service was quite unnecessary—and were quickly engaged in a hand-to-hand tussle for the expected pennies which were tossed to them. At the entrance half a dozen grown-up lads sprang to open the carriage-door—the successful one looking, of course, for his penny.

The big door of the old Hall was securely shut, and we had ample time to inspect the front of the exterior, and to walk along the grassy terrace on the side, before we heard the turning of a key, and the door opened. The delay was only that the party admitted might be larger, and other visitors had just arrived.

Passing across the courtyard, we were conducted through the various apartments by a young woman who gave certain explanations in set phraseology, indicating that she had learned a lesson with little appreciation of its meaning: *This* was the chapel, the south aisle of which dates back to the eleventh century, and an eastern window bears the date 1427; *this*, the banqueting-hall, with music gallery and old fireplace, and the arms of the Vernons over the doorway; *this*, the dining-room, remarkable for its oak paneling and decorated ceiling; *this*, the drawing-room, hung with old tapestry. Then, the grand ball-room, 110 feet long, with walls of oak, elaborately carved; the great kitchen; the bake-house; the beer-cellar; the state bedrooms and other chambers; and especially the Eagle Tower and "the Dorothy Vernon Steps." And, having communicated these facts, which enabled us somewhat to comprehend the peculiar features of this remarkable edifice, the young woman opened the door which led into the terraced gardens, and silently waited—for her *fee!*

We lingered more at our ease in the gardens, recalling to mind the story of Dorothie Vernon, which invests Haddon Hall with such romantic interest.

More than three hundred years ago Haddon Hall was the residence of Sir George Vernon, a proud, ambitious noble, but so famed for his lordly hospitality, and for the magnificent style in which he lived, that he was known, far and near, as the "King of the Peak." He had but two children, Margaret and Dorothie—heiresses of his enormous wealth. Of course, there were many suitors for the hands of these fair maidens; for fair they were, particularly Dorothie, the younger, who was not only very beautiful, but possessed great sweetness of disposition and engaging manners. Margaret did not bear the reputation of having an amiable temper, but that little circumstance did not prevent many a noble gentleman from seeking the favor of the elder daughter of a wealthy knight.

Sir George, however, was determined his daughters should join their fortunes only with the highest noblemen of the land; and he was quite satisfied when Margaret became the affianced bride of Sir Thomas Stanley, son of the Earl of Derby. Pretty Dorothie, unknown to her father, had already lost her heart. John Manners, second son of the Earl of Rutland, had met her by chance, and fallen in love with her at first sight, and resolved to win her for his wife. He was both bold and handsome, and in the few interviews he obtained with the young girl awakened a warm feeling in her own heart. Manners frankly went to Sir George Vernon and asked permission to visit Haddon Hall as Dorothie's suitor. But unfortunately he was a *second* son, and his prospects were not sufficiently good to satisfy the haughty Lady Maude, stepmother of Dorothie, with whom Sir George took counsel before returning an answer to this proposal. So a decided refusal was sent to John Manners, and poor Dorothie sternly forbidden to have anything to do with him.

But the young man determined not to obey this arbitrary command. He contrived, in the disguise of a woodman, to get employment on the estate of Sir George, and taking into his confidence the faithful old nurse of Dorothie, managed to carry on some communication with her, and to get an occasional stolen interview, some of which took place in the Rookery, or Upper Terrace, now known as "Dorothie Vernon's Walk." The Lady Maude, always harsh and unkind to Dorothie, suspected something, although she could discover no disobedience; but she restricted the young girl's liberty, and made her life unhappy. Nevertheless, when young Manners boldly proposed to Dorothie to fly with him and become his wife, she shrank from such a rash step; and it was only after the most urgent persuasions and convincing proofs that it was impossible to overcome her stepmother's objections, that she consented to his plan, believing that afterward her father, at least, would forgive them.

It was decided that Dorothie should secretly leave her father's house on the night of her sister Margaret's wedding, when, amid the marriage feasting and revelry, she might more easily make her escape unobserved. Meanwhile John Manners made every preparation to take away his destined bride safely and swiftly, when once she gave herself to his care.

Only a few times did the lovers meet before the eventful night arrived. Margaret's wedding was to be celebrated with great magnificence, and many noble guests had come to Haddon Hall to participate in the festivities, which were to continue several days. When the marriage ceremony had been performed in the little chapel, the feasting and merriment began, and lasted for hours. Doubtless poor Dorothie longed for release from the banqueting-hall, but, of course, she must be present on such an occasion. Later came the grand ball; and we can imagine the restless excitement with which the beautiful girl joined in the gayeties of the ball-room, from which she dared not absent herself. But when the revelry ran highest she stole away unperceived.

Everything was ready. Her devoted nurse covered her light ball-dress with a warm wrap. There was a sad and hasty parting, and Dorothie Vernon ran down the now famous steps, flew across the dark pathway and up the stairs that led to the terrace. It was but a moment, and she was safe in her lover's arms; but it had been a moment of intense excitement. There was no time for delay. The fleetest of horses was soon widening the distance between Haddon Hall and the runaway couple. Nor did they make any needless stops until they reached Aylstone, in Leicester Forest, where, all arrangements having been previously made, faithful John and loving Dorothie were quietly married.

Great was the consternation at Haddon Hall when the flight of the younger daughter was discovered. The marriage festivities came to an abrupt termination, and the most vigorous search was made for the fugitives—all in vain. But Sir George had dearly loved his little Dorothie, and mourned her loss. So when, very soon, letters came to him from her and her husband asking forgiveness for marrying without his consent, he could not withhold his pardon and blessing, and in a short time Dorothie returned to the Hall with her chosen life companion.

The early death of Margaret left Dorothie her father's sole heiress, and thus Haddon Hall, and all the estates of Sir George Vernon, passed into the possession of the Manners family, and from them descended to the Duke of Rutland, the present owner.

In the church at Bakewell, not far from Haddon Hall, stands a handsome monument, erected over the tomb of Dorothie Vernon, her husband, Sir John Manners (for he was afterward knighted), and their four children. The following inscription is carved on the pedestal:

"Here lyeth Sir John Manners, of Haddon Hall, second sonne of Thoas, Erle of Rutland, who dyed the 4 of June, 1611; and Dorothie his wife, one of the daughters and heires to Sir George Vernon, of Haddon, Knight, who deceased the 24 day of June, in the 26 year of the raigne of Queen Elizabeth, 1584."

AN AMERICAN PEER.

Some years ago (says an English gentleman), I was enjoying a walking tour on the Welsh border. At an hotel at Ross I met a very pleasant American gentleman, who seemed to take unusual interest in the antiquities of that charming neighborhood. We talked and walked together a good deal; but, although I discovered that he came from Virginia, and was evidently a man of wealth and importance in that State, I did not learn his name until we parted. Even then I only learned it by accident. He was leaving for London. At the station I saw his portmanteau being handed into the carriage in which he was sitting. On it, in large letters, appeared the words "Lord Cameron." In some parts of the United States "Lord" is not an uncommon name; but I soon found out that in this case, although my acquaintance was a veritable American citizen, "Lord" was not a name, but a title. My traveling companion was, in fact, Lord Fairfax of Cameron, in the Peerage of Scotland, a descendant of the celebrated General Fairfax of our Parliamentary wars. Ever since the close of the seventeenth century this noble family has been permanently settled in Virginia; and, although the head of the house retains his title, he is, in this country, where I have since had the pleasure of meeting him, considered as merely the representative of one of the oldest and best of the many old and good Southern families.

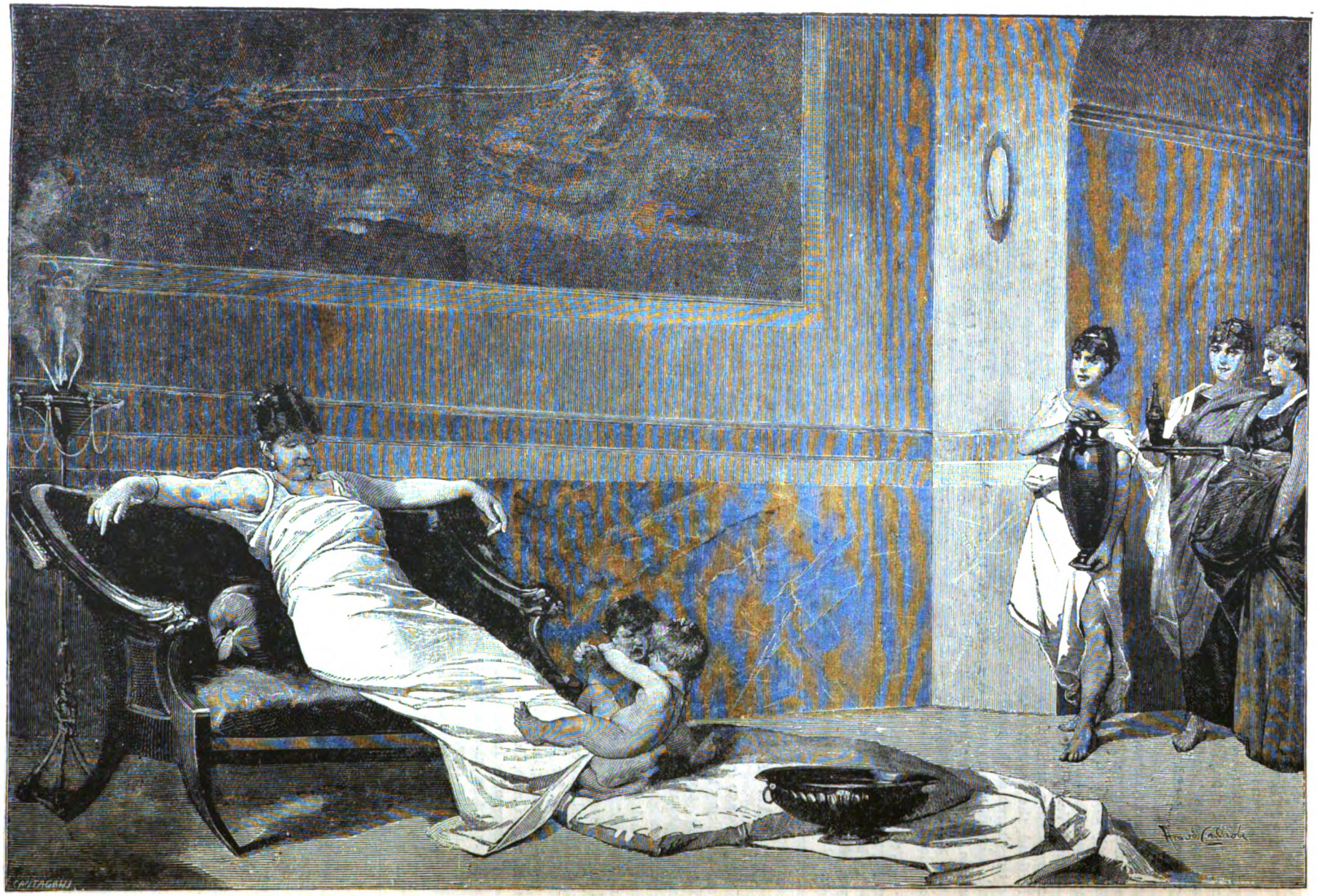
THE FIRST RUSSIAN HISTORIAN.

Two hundred years ago, in Russia, there was born Vasily Tatistcheff, who became the first historian of that country. When eighteen years old Tatistcheff was sent abroad with other young and able Russians by Peter the Great, to learn different sciences and arts. At home Tatistcheff occupied different posts, beginning with that of mining engineer, and rising to be Governor of Astrakhan; but he never abandoned his favorite study, that of Russian history. In 1739 he published the first two volumes of his "Russian History from the Most Remote Times, Composed during the last Thirty Years." The Russian Academy of Sciences at St. Petersburg honored the "Father of Russian History" by a general meeting, at which were present most of the learned men of the Russian capital.

THE SOUL-STIRRING DRUM.

The drum, it is said, is to be re-established in the Italian Army. Over four years ago General Farre, then in the plenitude of his power, decreed its abolishment in the Armies of the French Republic, and shortly after both Belgium and Italy followed suit, and the roll of the "sheepskin fiddlers" was no longer heard in their ranks. The French, keenly imitative of all German models, no doubt observed that the Prussians, long before the idea of German unity had become a reality, cut down the big drum from the dimensions it had assumed under Frederick to the shape and proportions of an ordinary tambourine. So the edict went forth, and "not a drum was heard" in French regiments for some four years, to the inexpressible grief of the *bonnes* and *gamins*, who were wont to worship the big bearded and much-belaced man, the tambour-major, as he flourished his awe-imposing stick, surmounted with a huge gold knob, at the head of his noble squad of drummers. The history of the drum, if written, might be not only entertaining, but instructive. The instrument is supposed to be of Oriental invention, and is said to have been introduced into Western Europe by either the Moors or the Arabians. Of drums there were three kinds: the bass or Turkish drum, the largest, consisting of a hollow cylinder of oak, covered at each end with vellum fastened to the rim, so that it might be tightened or slackened by small cords or braces acted upon by leather runners; the double or kettle drum was nearly hemispherical, covered with a strong head of calfskin, and standing upon three iron legs; they are always in pairs, and are tuned by screws, one to the keynote of the piece accompanied, the other to a fourth below; the third is the side drum, constructed, like the first, with a brass cylinder, but much smaller. Students of Shakespeare will recall the constant reference he makes to drums. Possibly General Farre may have been reading the "Divine William" when he decreed the disestablishment of that blatant instrument, and said with Parolles, "I'll no more drumming: a plague on all drums." The drum, however, is renowned in modern French history. The deep roll of the tambours drowned the voice of ill-starred Louis XVI. when he attempted to address the crowd beneath the guillotine, and the drums which beat at Marengo, Jena, Eylau, and Austerlitz proclaimed the victories of the French forces. It is not difficult to see why the French welcomed back the *grosse caisse*, but incomprehensible to understand why they banished it for four years from their regiments. Nor is it a matter for surprise that Belgium and Italy have again followed French fashion, and that to all three, in Benedict's words, "There is no music to them but the drum and fife."

Sometimes one is led to believe that indifference is an attribute greater than virtue, and that it should be so recognized, cultivated and developed. If, however, one is possessed of a conscience—that rare factor which so seldom enters into the problem of life—indifference is impossible.



A ROMAN MATRON.—PAINTED BY AMOS CASSIOLI; ENGRAVED BY CANTAGALLI.

A PROVENCE ROSE.—"VANCE WAITED NO LONGER. WITH A SMOTHERED OATH HE FACED THE TWO, WHO STARED IN ASTONISHMENT. THE GIRL'S FACE GREW GRAY IN ITS PALLOR."

A PROVENCE ROSE.

By Helen W. Pierson.

"Where have I seen her before?" thought Vance Erskine, as he pressed forward in the crowd. There was "standing room only."

He had wandered into the music-hall, after a long, dull day in the bank, spent in puzzling his brain over accounts. He felt a sudden longing for a new experience—a passionate impulse to break through restraint—that had more than once led him into thorny ways and perilous paths, from which he had been glad to come back to a safe conventionality once more.

There was a young girl singing an Italian song. She was clad in a simple white gown, and there was a white rose in her dusky hair. Her soft, dark eyes were full of unconscious yearning. She did not see the audience, apparently, but looked away to some haunting scene. The tender grace of a day that was dead enfolded her. Erskine seemed to follow that gaze. His imagination kindled again. This is what he saw: A rose-garden in fair Provence, that land of song and story. A white mist was curling upward from it under the sunshine; like a curtain it was lifted, and the fairest scene Erskine had ever looked upon was stretched out before his eager eyes.

A wilderness of roses—that was all! Impossible to describe the riot of color, the wealth of incense. There was a gray castle in the distance; but Erskine did not look at that. Neither did his glance dwell long on the flowers, for there was a young girl there gathering them, and his eyes met those other eyes, soft and dark, tender as a southern night, and rested there.

There was a tender reserve, almost sadness, in the face, and the flush on the cheeks was not deeper than that of

the blush rose she held in her hand. Erskine was not an artist, he was only a bank clerk on a holiday; but that picture was photographed on his soul.

She stood by a mossgrown fountain, where a wingless dragon spouted up a silvery stream amid dripping wreaths of maidenhair. Huge cypress-trees stood in the background; but in the illuminated space among the flowers was this gracious figure in a dull-blue gown, that defined the soft curves and rounded outlines.

What irony of fate had transplanted her from the wilderness of roses to a London music-hall? He felt at once an imperative need of knowing the story.

The voice soared up like a lark to meet the sunbeam. A storm of applause followed, and the young girl seemed suddenly recalled to the present. She glanced about timidly and bowed slightly. There were no smirks or bold glances. She glided away quietly, and the encore did not bring her back.

Vance cast one glance at the glittering blonde who followed, and then he rushed out of the hall. He astonished the nearest florist by emptying his purse—not too well filled—for roses. Dark, velvety Jacqueminots and cream-white blossoms, mingled with others pink as a girl's blush, in his hurried grasp.

"Ah, hallo!" said a voice near him, as he paused at the stage entrance, wondering vaguely as to what should be his next step. "Why, Vance, my boy, are you a captive in *her* train, too?"

"Oh, get out!" answered Vance, impatiently, looking around at a pompous-looking individual with a heavy, rubicund visage and scant hair. He was a man of forty-five, and an authority on 'Change, but he had by no means laid aside the follies of youth.

"Bah—flowers," said Mr. Zachary Sheldon, looking at the roses; "they like diamonds better."

"Come," said Vance, fiercely, astonished at the sudden fire in his heart, "no sneers. I'm not in the mood for them."

"Well, we won't quarrel," said Sheldon, with a mirthless laugh. "Of course it's the blonde Lilian."

An unconscious feeling of relief came into Vance's heart.

"The other one is a poem—Rosalia, beautiful Rosalia. She's a flower, a sunbeam—no, too pale for a sunbeam—a silvery moonbeam. She says——"

At these words Vance regretted his bad humor. This man could help him. He knew the Italian nightingale.

"I say, Sheldon, excuse my gruffness; somebody stepped on my corns just now. What does she say?" he asked, eagerly.

"That she cannot sing her songs in a strange land; that she has left her soul among the roses. Ah, you rascal, I see. Roses! But *not* for the blonde Lilian."

"No; introduce me!" eagerly cried Vance. And that was the way it began.

It was only Zachary Sheldon's confidence in the supreme power of money that made him under-estimate the charm of youth, and eager hopes and young romance. He found out his mistake when, smitten beyond his power to withstand it, he offered himself and his moneybags to the pale Italian girl. It was rather comical to see the emotion in his fat face, the gleam in his small, pale eyes.

Rosalia did not smile. She was troubled; but the luminous pallor of her lovely face was not flushed with the palest rose-tint as she declined the favor.

"I can restore you to Italy," he said. "What can Vance Erskine do for you?"

"He can bring Italy here," answered Rosalia, as she thought of the past three months, when she had walked over enchanted ground in that light which never shone on sea or land.

"A young man cannot love you as I do," he said, with a gasp, for the blow was hard. "He loves himself best, you will see. He is an ill-regulated fellow. You can't count on him. He's not reliable."

"I love his imperfections," said Rosalia, a light coming into her eyes and transforming her face into perfect beauty.

Sheldon was turning away with a curse, but his heart was sore. He could not give up all hope.

"I want to be your friend," he said, with an effort. "If I can ever help you, come to me."

Rosalia looked relieved. She was too tender-hearted to wish to hurt any living thing. She reached out her delicate white hand.

"How thin your hand is," he said, looking at the fragile thing that lay like a rose-leaf in his stubby palm. "This life is killing you. Let me at least help you to give it up."

"Oh, how could that be done?" said Rosalia, with a nervous laugh. "Vance will soon be promoted, and then——"

Sheldon went out gnashing his teeth.

"Curse the fellow!" he said. "I wish I could grind him to powder. I don't give her up yet. I will hinder that promotion if I can."

At that very moment the fortunate lover was cursing his luck, and pacing the street in a reckless way—seeing nothing, hearing nothing, of his surroundings. The world had grown indifferent to him, for he was standing face to face with death—death or disgrace. He had been forced by his own reckless folly into a corner where he must choose between the two. And life was sweet to him because of his love, and disgrace was all the more unbearable because of her.

He had no excuse for his folly. He had borrowed a sum from the bank, relying on an expected payment from a friend. The friend suddenly died insolvent. Vance had squandered the bank's money, partly at the gaming-table. It must be replaced, or——

He turned suddenly. He would tell Rose all. How unworthy, how ignoble he was! At his best he had never deserved her, and now—— Her love should have lifted him out of his follies—should have sufficed for him. He seemed to see all the sweet possibilities of his life rising before him. He caught his breath with a gasp—it was too late, too late!

A drear London mist was rising. He was rather glad to have the people blotted out, and the houses. He longed to be alone somewhere—anywhere—yet he shuddered at the awful loneliness of death.

"But it would be easier to leave a world wrapt up in fog," he said, "than a land of sunshine and flowers. If there's anything that can make a man feel like suicide, it's a London fog."

Rosalia was waiting for him. She was not to sing this evening, and she paced the room impatiently, with some feeling of unrest she could not explain. Her cheeks were scarlet, her eyes shone like stars. Of late she had lost her pallor in the evening. Roses bloomed on the delicate cheeks—such roses as would have made her mother's heart ache if she had lived to see them. "Such brightness dying seems diffuse."

Vance was not wise enough to understand. He only saw that she was growing more beautiful. When he looked into her eyes he tried to mask his own misery, but she read some terrible secret in his face.

"Tell me," she faltered. "I can bear anything if you will only be frank. Is it that you have ceased to love me? I have been much afraid of that. Nothing else can hurt me."

"No, no! God knows I never loved you better!" cried Vance, bitterly.

"There! I am answered," cried Rose, in ecstasy. "No matter about the rest."

Vance caught the slight form in his arms, and crushed her to his breast.

"My darling," he cried, "I have been mad! I see it now. Why did we ever meet?"

"Because we were meant for one another," whispered Rose, faintly smiling.

"Let me tell you. I must," said the young man, in sudden anguish. "I will tell you all the truth."

He poured out his story with feverish haste.

"There!" he gasped, as he finished. "What is left for me?"

"*I* am left, Vance," she said, nestling up to him.

"You see, I can't say, 'All is lost save honor!'" cried Vance. "Honor is lost first of all."

"How much time is there before——" She faltered, paling visibly.

"Before discovery and the trial and the prison? Bah! do you think I would face that?"

"Oh! what do you mean?" she cried, clinging to him in terror. "But I know—I know! Oh, promise me, Vance, you will not. You will wait—wait two days. I might think—of a way."

"Child, what could you do? Have you hoarded up five thousand dollars?" cried Vance, mockingly.

"No; do not jest, but promise me."

He saw her face so ghastly in its terror, that he did his best to dispel the phantom he had raised.

She only half believed him. When he left her she could not rest. It was ten o'clock, and the night was a dreary one. The fog had turned to a dreary drizzle, and the pavements looked slimy and forbidding in the pale glimmer of the street-lamps.

Rose shuddered as she looked out. A child of the sun, she shrank from cold and fog and storm, but she faced it, nevertheless, wrapping herself in a waterproof and covering her black felt hat with a vail.

"I have no time to lose," she said, and the scarlet spot flew back to her cheeks, though her teeth were chattering. "He will be busy to-morrow. I must see him to-night."

Once out in the street, she was sensible of a cold misery that penetrated her being. She was too absorbed in her mission to analyze it, or to notice that her kid slippers were soaked and sodden.

"It is a chance," she said to herself, "and I must not let it go."

She had calculated well. Zachary Sheldon had expected to hear her sing that night, and was even now emerging in a very bad humor from the hall.

The blonde Lilian was smiling on him in vain. He excused himself, and plunged into the fog, a big, unwieldy figure, who looked capable of making his way through the mist that seemed solid enough to lean against. He stopped with a jerk as a little trembling hand was laid on his arm.

"You said—you said," faltered Rose, almost in tears, "that if I ever wanted a friend—and, oh! I want one now."

"Why, bless my soul, my dear little girl," said Zachary, "to be sure. Come right in here—it's all right—and tell me all about it."

Rose did not pause. She scarcely glanced at the place, which was, in reality, an apparently respectable ice-cream saloon. There was a little room at the back entirely deserted. The night was too dreary for the chilly dainty.

They sat down at a table, and Zachary called for something. Rose did not notice. She could not swallow, and the cake and wine remained untouched.

The blonde Lilian, who had been snubbed, stood for a moment in silent wrath. She had designs on the broker, and saw plainly that Rose was in her way. She recognized the lovely face in the light of a street-lamp.

"The brazen thing!" she muttered; "to lie in wait for him in that way, when she pretended to give him the cold shoulder before folks!"

A dark form that seemed blindly stumbling along in the fog passed by, and she called out:

"Just a moment sooner, Mr. Erskine, and you would have found her."

"Her?—who?" muttered Vance, in a startled tone.

"Ah, what! the one woman in the universe, to be sure—the Provence Rose! She's a primrose generally, but to-night! Ah, I always suspect the prim ones. Now I am frankly gay. It's all open and above-board. But who would suspect that little puss of scheming for the favor of the rich broker! There they go, turning into Minaud's, I declare! Well, I've had some pretty little rackets at Minaud's."

Vance had grown white to the lips. He stopped not for a word, but sprang after the retreating couple. He saw them enter the restaurant, and then he stopped to catch his breath. He was panting like a runner. He had reached his goal and knew not what to do next. A mad, unreasoning jealousy had gained possession of him. The rain increased, and he stood out in it, miserably wondering what he should do.

Rose sat at the table, the wineglass in her hand. Her eyes fell under the ardent gaze of the man near her, who had been listening to her passionate pleading for another. His heart had grown as heavy as lead.

"And if I do this thing; if I lend my money to release a man I hate, what am I to have? what will be my reward?"

Rose looked into the man's eyes, and her face blanched.

"I—we will work and pay you back," she said. "And oh, it must be grand to be able to help a human being who is driven to the wall—to save a soul alive!"

Zachary was abashed before the pure innocence of the girl. The divine spark that had nearly gone out in the choke-damps of sin flamed up for a moment. He thought of a little sister who had died when he was a boy. He drew out his check-book and filled out a check.

"I will not ask much," he said, with an uneasy laugh. "You are asking me to help a rival."

Rose flushed and drew back as he handed the check to her.

"The conditions?" she faltered.

There was a proud dignity in her face.

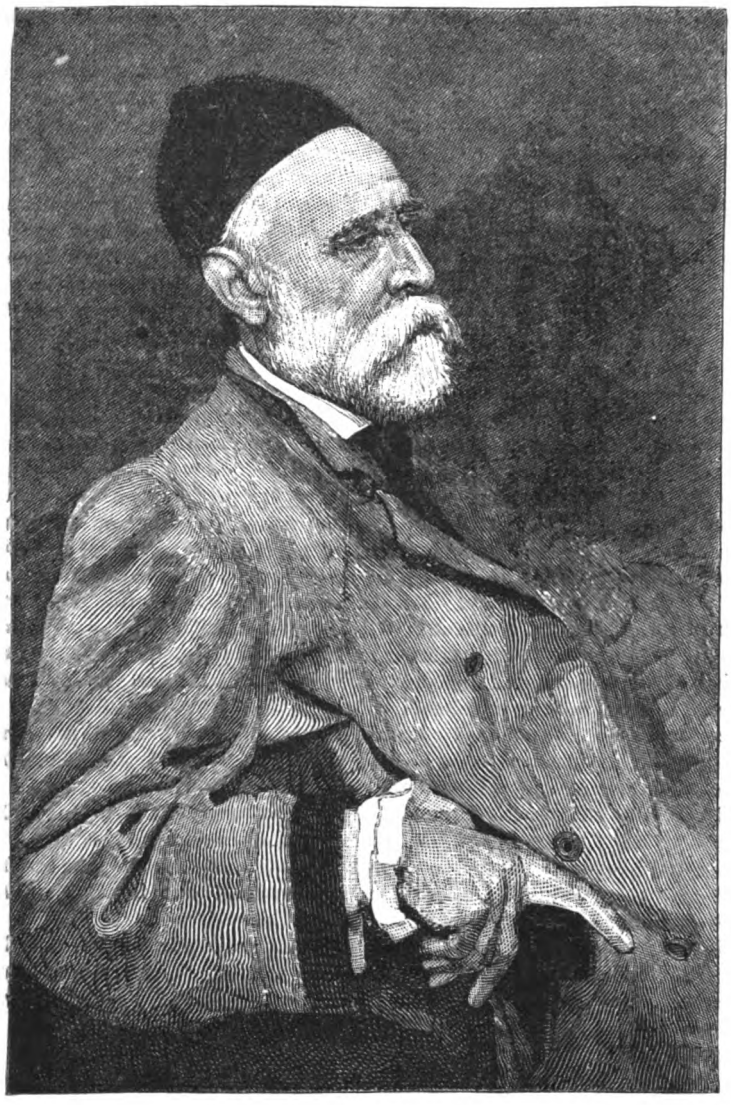
"Remember me in your prayers," said Zachary, laughing.

At this moment Vance had made his way to the door. His face grew white and hard and scornful as he looked.

"What is he giving her?" he thought, the flame kindling in his eyes. "By Jupiter! she is false! This meeting, with such a man!"

What was she saying?

"*He* must not know!"



"Of course not!" said Zachary, holding the little hand a moment longer than was necessary, and looking into the lovely eyes.

Vance waited no longer. With a smothered oath, he faced the two, who stared in astonishment and fell apart. The girl's face grew gray in its pallor.

But there seemed to be flames before Vance's eyes, and his heart gave a great throb of pain. Rose started, and laid her hand on his arm, in terror at the expression of his face.

"Come away! I can explain!" she said. She saw his face as in a mist. Everything swam before her.

He shook her hand off angrily. His eyes grew burning hot. The blood surged through his brain.

"Go!" he said. "I must settle with this man. I have nothing to say to you!"

Zachary's face was a study. Perhaps his time was coming—who knew? Yet he was manly enough to speak.

"This lady's explanation will do her honor. If you will not hear her, I must make you hear *me!*"

"Oh, we all know what men of honor say at such times!" sneered Vance.

The very air swooned about the girl, but through the mist she seemed to see a gleam! It rose, it leaped like a flame! In whose hand was the cruel knife?

She seemed to reel between them. A stinging pain struck her, and there was a sudden shriek that rang out like the crack of doom.

Those who rushed in saw a dark mass of drapery on the floor; a man kneeling beside it, pressing a girl's head against his breast. He was sobbing without restraint. Zachary stood afar off, as one paralyzed. The girl's white face was convulsed with pain, and there was a horrible wound in her side, but she was groping feebly about, clutching at her breast.

"I—have it somewhere," she moaned. "It is safe, Vance! You can live now! The money is all right."

Like an electric flash, Vance comprehended all.

"Oh, my love, my love!" he sobbed, "was it for me? Fool! beast that I am! Oh, Rose, stay! I cannot live without you! Oh, forgive!—forgive me!"

There was only a fluttering sigh in answer, but in that sigh the soul of the fading Rose escaped from its prison.

Vance Erskine wanders over the world like a lost spirit, but he never fails to keep the roses bright and blooming about the slender shaft of Italian marble that marks his darling's grave. The inscription reads:

"Rose—she lived as roses live,
But a morn."

MODERN ENGLISH ARTISTS.

By Lily Higgin.

The whole conditions of what is somewhat absurdly called "High Art" in England are vastly changed since the days when Sir Joshua Reynolds bought pictures by the old masters, and scraped them to ascertain, if possible, their mode of working. Some, at least, of our modern artists appear to think that they have nothing to learn from Raphael, and, following the lead of Ruskin, in one of his varying moods, do not hesitate to speak contemptuously of Michael Angelo. There is nothing new in this, of course. Since the days when Æsop wrote his fables, ignorance and conceit have gone hand-in-hand, and these sprightly gentlemen dig the grave of any little reputation they may envy in a manner which is quite satisfactory to the general public, which has no desire to remember them.

Not so very long ago was the golden age of modern painters—prices far beyond their intrinsic value were paid for pictures by *nouveaux riches*, who were anxious at once to furnish their gorgeous houses and establish a satisfactory reputation for good taste. "I want a picture that has fine figures in it—I do not care about anything else," said one of these, in giving a commission to a Royal Academician some few years ago. He bought his

pictures as he bought his furniture-coverings—they were wall-hangings first, evidences of wealth second; since every one knew the prices he paid, and the name of a successful artist was all that he cared for in the purchase, beyond so many feet of canvas and gilt frame. Money was plentiful, and painting became a lucrative trade; hundreds of young men rushed into it, in a great measure because it was a tempting, not to say, to their minds, an easy, career. It was pleasant to lounge away the Summer, palette-in-hand, "getting backgrounds;" and then look at the prices pictures were fetching! The life, altogether, was easy, tempting, full of leisure.

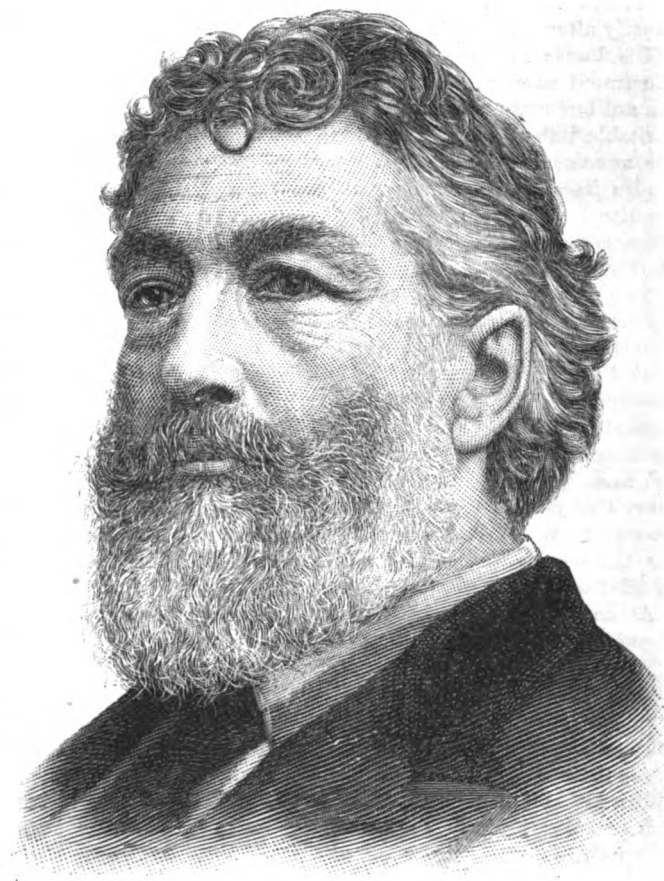
Many of these would-be artists were taken up by some rich brewer or cotton lord, who liked to feel that he was encouraging art; he bought the artist's pictures, which were supposed to "give promise," and launched him fairly into the stream of those who were inundating the Academy with immature work. A few years have changed all that. Times are bad; painting is no more lucrative; the Royal Academicians find their pictures have an ugly habit of returning to roost in their own studios, and they have taken to portrait-painting, and even to pastel sketches, by way of keeping the pot boiling, while lesser lights have been fain to sell their pictures for anything they could get to repay their outlay in models and materials. Those artists who wisely invested their money while the harvests were coming in plentifully can afford to wait for better times; but prudence and worldly wisdom do not, as a rule, go hand-in-hand with the artistic temperament, and some, at least, who were wont to get prices that were quite beyond any possible value of their pictures, are now reduced to absolute straits. Pictures that millionaires, with more money than wit, paid £10,000 for, sell for a few hundreds at Christie's now, and in lesser degrees the deterioration in value runs throughout the productions of modern artists. Yet a few men appear to keep on the upper side of Fortune's wheel, and if one is to judge by the dwellings of modern English artists, their incomes must be almost princelike.

English artists are divided into sets and classes (rather than schools), by some invisible boundaries which no one quite understands, though the demarkations are well known. There is the Kensington or Holland Park set; the St. John's Wood clique, who were somewhat absurdly said to have bound themselves together in a league, which had for its object the introduction of every one of their community into the Academy; the Scotch set, whose pictures are distinctive enough of themselves to mark them off from the colder coloring of their English rivals; and, as distinctive figures, stand out the conscientious plodders: Holman Hunt, who alone has kept faithfully to the letter of the Pre-Raphaelite creed, through good repute and through evil repute; the strange poetical painting of Burne Jones, also an acknowledged Pre-Raphaelite, who seems ever to be trying to express something more than he can convey by his brush, and suggesting more than his admirers are able to explain; and, lastly, the genius of G. F. Watts, the painter who has linked thought to his brush, and whose work will perhaps alone take rank among the princes of art in the time to come.

The best-known, and by far the most picturesque, figure amongst English artists, is the President of the Royal Academy, Sir Frederick Leighton. Strikingly handsome as a young man, his is one of those faces which only grow more beautiful as age advances. His whitening locks seem rather to enhance the nobility of his personal appearance; and at the gorgeous spectacle of the opening of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition by the Queen, and the vast concourse of brilliant uniforms and of striking costumes of one kind and another, as the procession filed into the Albert Hall before the royal party, there was no one who, for striking personal beauty, could compare with the President of the Royal Academy in his simple court dress of black velvet, as he passed down the steps to take his place.

It is the fashion to say that Sir Frederick Leighton owes his position rather to his social qualities than to his rank as a painter; and it is a fact that the choice of a President of the Royal Academy is generally guided a good deal by the possession of the qualities which make a successful speaker and the urbanity of manner which makes way with all sorts and conditions of men. These, the present P.R.A. has in the highest degree; but, perhaps, since the first president, there has never been one who united with eminent social qualities so complete a scholarly knowledge of his profession and who stands so high as a painter.

Sir Frederick Leighton has never been a struggling artist, in the sense of having to earn his own living by the brush; and much should be forgiven to those less fortunate men who must make their daily bread, even while studying art, and are forced into doing work that



SIR FREDERICK LEIGHTON.

will sell rather than that which slowly but surely makes them into artists in the true sense of the word. He was born at Scarborough, in 1830, so that he is now in his fifty-seventh year. He had shown such marked talent as a child, that, while still a boy, his father determined to show his work to the American sculpter, Hiram Powers, and abide by the report of that master as to yielding to the boy's desire to devote himself wholly to art.

The sculptor's opinion was favorable, and young Leighton, there and then, entered on the serious study of the profession in which he has gained so much honor. His first studies were in Rome, but in 1845 he was at Florence. Later he went to Frankfort-on-the-Main, to Brussels, Paris, and at last back again to Rome, when his studies were so far advanced that his master considered he was capable of assimilating only what was good from the Italian masters. Here he painted the picture which—the first he exhibited in England—drew universal attention to the young painter. It was the procession bearing Cimabue's picture of the Virgin to the Church of Sta. Maria Novella. It was purchased by the Queen, by whom it was lent to the Manchester Art Treasures, and to the International Exhibitions.

Up to this period young Leighton's time had been spent in the most severe and painstaking study. Nothing was overlooked or slighted that could conduce to a thorough mastery of art, and it is characteristic of the man that he is never content with anything less than the best from himself; he would not scruple to destroy his work if he felt it was inferior to his greatest present possibility.

From the exhibition of the Cimabue Procession, with occasional interludes, Leighton continued to exhibit at the Royal Academy. In 1864 he was chosen an Associate; in 1869, a Royal Academician; in 1878, President; and shortly after, knighted.

His house in Holland Park has been described and illustrated so often, that it is familiar even to those who are not fortunate enough to have the *entrée* to it. It is a veritable palace of art: the Arab Hall—the designs for the mosaics of which are W. Crane's—the staircase, the studio itself, in which are gathered together all that is beautiful, but from which Japanese art is somewhat strangely excluded, since it fails to satisfy the love of beauty in form which is the President's idiosyncrasy.

Sir Frederick Leighton is a perfect linguist, speaking Italian altogether like a native, with a power over the beauties of that language which even Italians envy, besides French and German; he is ever ready to help and encourage young and struggling artists who are really in earnest, and have not "gone in for art" as a means of livelihood only. Few men in general London society are more popular, and certainly no one could better deserve that popularity. He is a great personal friend of George F. Watts, which is of itself sufficient to answer for the perfect earnestness and thoroughgoing honesty of all that he does.

As an example of social success and of popularity as a painter, Mr. John Everett Millais—recently made a baronet—perhaps stands highest. He is but one year older than the P.R.A., having been born in Southampton in 1829, of Jersey parentage. He, too, showed promise of genius while still a mere child, and was, with some little demur on the part of his parents, allowed to follow art as his career. He studied, however, in English schools; beginning at Sars's Academy, amid a ruck of young painters, many of whom have risen also to fame, though, perhaps, none have had the luck to become so "fashionable" as he. "Johnnie always loved money," these men say, "and always meant to make it, by one means or another." He was one of the original P. R. B., or Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, of whom the others were Holman Hunt, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, James Collinson, George Stephens, Thomas Woolneer, sculptor, and W. M. Rossetti, writer. Of all these, Holman Hunt and E. Burne Jones (who later joined the little community) alone remain faithful exponents of the doctrines which were to revolutionize art, and of which the short-lived *Germ* was the literary mouthpiece (1849).

The astonishment and outcry which some of Millais's earlier pictures (painted under the Pre-Raphaelite fad) excited will not be forgotten, and they were forcibly called to mind by the exhibition of his pictures in the Winter Exhibition of the Grosvenor last year. There was, however, an amount of promise in the extravagances of the daring young painter which attracted many, while his pictures were bought eagerly by those people who think they show superiority over the Philistine by discovering occult beauty—or, at least, pretending to do so—where it cannot be said to exist. These are the people who will give an enormous sum for a picture by Whistler, while they, as well as the artist, are unable to tell when it is hung upside down—*vide* the celebrated picture belonging to Mr. Percy Wyndham, which was brought into court in this position, and the mistake not even discovered by the artist.

Between virulent abuse from some critics, equally extravagant praise from Ruskin, and the consequent rush of the would-be artistic to follow his lead, Millais gained what he wanted—notoriety, and he sold his pictures. Nor has he ever looked back, although his undoubtedly great talents are fairly to be credited with his later successes. He has always been a fashionable painter, and the extraordinary circumstances of his marriage with Ruskin's quondam wife, and the continuance of the friendship between the two men after that event, did not seem to affect his social position after the nine days' wonder had talked itself out. If for a time it did so, all was quickly forgotten in the popular artist and portrait-painter.

His house, designed by himself, is also one of the show palaces of art, much described and minutely illustrated; albeit it has rather the character of the substantial home of a country gentleman in London than that of an artist. It is a little significant that, in the designs of the house, only the portion intended to show is decorated; there is none of that beauty of completeness in unseen portions which the old art-worker loved and practiced, and as the house has not chanced to be covered by more recent buildings, this is the more apparent. "Will it pay?" is an important question to many people, though it should not be so to artists.

To the ordinary visitor to the Millais Exhibition of last year, one of the most striking features in it was the bad taste shown in the costumes of his portraits. He seems to have exercised none of the artistic choice or control over the dress of his sitters, and he painted them in any outrageous costume which happened to be the French dressmaker's ideal of beauty at the time. Millais is credited with having said that all costumes become beautiful if they are only old enough, but this is to ignore or deny that there is such a thing as abstract beauty of line or of color, and it is one thing to paint the costume of the period in an artistic manner—as, for instance, Hogarth and Gainsborough did—and quite another to present those inharmonious combinations of crude color and lines of drapery in which all the laws of beauty are violated. It is surely the place of an artist to

idealize his subjects, but long after the Pre-Raphaelite stage was passed this strange insensibility to beauty is to be noticed.

The picture which undoubtedly made Millais's fame with the people was his "Huguenot." There is certainly no modern picture which may be found enshrined in so many English homes, either as engraving or photograph. The story was one which all could understand:

> "I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honor more."

And it was told in a manner that went to all hearts.

The subject of the "Black Brunswicker" was a trading on the same theme; but, though in some respects a better picture, it never struck the public fancy as the other did, and the public does not care for repetitions of the same story. Millais is said by some to have been the first to paint women lovable, but this may be classed among the exaggerated eulogiums of his frantic admirers. Reynolds, Gainsborough and Romney have surely painted lovable women long before Millais was thought of, and of the old masters the "Sta. Barbara" of Palma Vecchio, and the Virgins of Murillo, come to mind as something much more lovable than the three beflounced young ladies in "Hearts are Trumps."

We have placed the two best-known painters first, but in point of seniority, and certainly of genius, stands George F. Watts, some ten years older than Leighton and Millais. As a young man, he first exhibited at the Royal Academy, in 1837, when only seventeen years of age. In 1843 he obtained one of the £300 prizes in the competition for cartoons at Westminster Hall for his "Caractacus Led in Triumph Through the Streets of Rome," now in the House of Commons. After that he spent three years in close study in Italy, and in 1847 again obtained a prize in the Westminster Hall competition for his "St. George," also in the new Houses of Parliament. He was chosen an Associate of the Royal Academy in 1867, and a Royal Academician in 1868. He also obtained the first medal at the Paris Exhibition, as well as one at Vienna. He was offered a baronetcy at the same time as Mr. J. E. Millais, but characteristically refused it.

His life has always been one of retirement. He gives no quarter to interviewers. Nor does he supply, or allow pictures of all the rooms in his house to be supplied, to the illustrated journals, or furnish notes for an autobiography. His house, well known to his intimate friends for its beauties, contains a picture-gallery and one for sculpture, which are open on Saturday afternoons and Sundays to any who present their visiting-cards or write their names and addresses in his visitors' book. At the present time he has announced that he will sell no more pictures. Whatever he does in the future is to be a gift to the nation. Already some of his best-known pictures are in the South Kensington Museum—"Painted and given by G. F. Watts, R.A.," as the labels tell us: "Love and Life," "Love and Death," "The Centaur," "The Spirit of Religion," dedicated to all the Churches, and one of his portraits of Tennyson.

To appreciate Watts's pictures to their full extent, one needs the kindly presence of the artist himself, telling of the thoughts he tried to illustrate.

His life has been one of kindness to others, and of conscientious work. Retiring and modest, he is as patient now with the struggling young artist who comes to him for advice, or to show his picture, as if he were himself but a tyro. His portraits seem to present to us thinking men and women—not mere models. Two of his finest—that of Cardinal Manning, and that of Tennyson, already mentioned—are now placed in the South Kensington Museum, though not in the places which will be their final homes.

Since the unhappy termination to his marriage with Ellen Terry, which was the outcome of mistaken chivalry—also a nine days' wonder, and now a wellnigh forgotten episode in the life of that actress—Watts has lived a life of retirement in one sense, although few men have closer or more devoted friends.

Some few years ago, perhaps, no artist's name was better known than that of Holman Hunt. It was supposed to show superiority of mind to appreciate his pictures, consequently everybody appreciated them. Hundreds rushed to the exhibition of the "Shadow of the Cross," and of all the high prices that have ever been paid for single pictures, none have reached the sums which this painter received. He has not changed. He still spends years in the study of one picture; still paints and repaints, and works with a plodding conscientiousness which thinks no time or labor too great so that he obtains what he considers perfection. But alas! fashion has changed. There are still those who honestly appreciate his painting, and look upon him as the master of the age; but the general public care no more for him. The exhibition of the "Flight into Egypt" was a failure. The profane carried away an impression of the broad back of Joseph occupying almost the centre of the picture; found fault with the Virgin for looking old and worn out, and with the floating babies for being as muscular as dwarfed Hercules. They dared to say what they thought. That was all the difference.

Of the St. John's Wood clique, as they dubbed themselves, Calderon, of Spanish parentage on the father's side, is perhaps the best known. Swarthy, like his nation, and with all their suave courtesy, his studio is always a pleasant one to visit, not only on account of his pictures or for the charm of the studio itself, but because its owner is as ready to talk about his art and enter into his motives for choosing certain subjects or modes of working, to the ordinary lover of pictures, as to his brethren of the brush.

Hodgson, who for many years after a journey to Morocco and the East has painted little else but Eastern pictures, or, rather, those in which the East and West were brought into sharp contrast; Leslie, who affected an air of *niaiserie*, which he perhaps thought brought him down to the level of ordinary mortals—the painter, *par excellence*, of smooth greenswards, over which the latest patent lawn-mower has evidently just passed, and of pretty, pink-faced girls; Yeames, the painstaking, learned painter, who somehow always manages to get as many straight lines as possible into his pictures—long flights of steps most accurately drawn, interiors of modern suburban churches, with prosaic lines of pews or such like; Marks, the painter of the revels of monks of comic birds, and generally more or less humorous subjects, with his fixed eyeglass and his eminently unartistic exterior; Story, known by many charming pictures, but uncertain in his work—all these and some others belonged to a kind of private club called "The Gridiron," because each in turn was supposed to submit to be placed on the gridiron of the criticism of all the others. They passed their time, when not painting, in meeting at each other's houses for croquet in old times, and lawn-tennis more recently; in doing what children call "dressing up" and having themselves photographed by one of the clique in character; by excursions together up the Thames when the Academy spurt was

over. Altogether an easy, pleasant life when times were good and pictures sold easily, though scarcely, perhaps, so halcyon now.

The Scotch artists are a hardier crew. They also have fine studios in London, and spend at least a part of the year there; but when the season is over they depart to the Highlands, not as Sir J. E. Millais does, to do the shooting in truly lordly style, but to disappear from civilized society for a time and live *au naturel*. They perch their little wooden shanties, which serve them for studios, on some mountain or some rocky glen, and paint their next year's picture thus out in the open; living for the most part in Highland cottages or little wayside inns, far from the madding crowd, while their children run barefooted through the towns or along the sands. Nay, even the artist himself may sometimes be seen with his easel placed below high-water mark, up to his ankles in water, working away with double haste to get in some fine effect before the incoming tide drives him finally off for the day. In the evenings they meet and pour libations, to their gods, of native whisky, which may or may not have made the acquaintance of the exciseman.

SIR J. E. MILLAIS.

Spring finds them back again in London, working up for the Academy, and the last Sunday in March, or "Picture Sunday," as it is now universally called, finds all the studios swept and garnished, and the pictures on view to the artist's personal acquaintances, and such others as can obtain an introduction.

Some of the artists, Burne Jones, for instance, open their studios every Sunday afternoon, and do not affect Picture Sunday especially.

Burne Jones's house, an old-fashioned one in a row in North End, Fulham, with a hanging iron bell outside the gateway, is furnished throughout in that sad-toned gray-green and green-blue which is William Morris's trade-mark. Nowhere is the monotony broken, and perhaps this somewhat depressing surrounding is a good thing to get one into the proper vein to appreciate the sadness, and yet, withal, the poetic beauty of this painter's work. As a designer for stained glass windows and other purely decorative work, he has, perhaps, no equal. In these, his dreamy melancholy never seems out of place. The appearance of the artist corresponds entirely with the style of his art. He looks as much a poet as a painter, and seems ever to be walking in a kind of dream, as do the subjects of his pictures.

Walter Crane is another artist who must be classed alone, as he does not fairly fit in with any school or clique. His decorative work is also the best-known and the most satisfactory. Nor when he paints an easel picture does he ever seem to get out of the decorative vein. He lives, in a quiet, little, old-fashioned house in the outskirts, the simplest of unpretending lives, always looking a little sad, a little over-burdened with the small worries of life.

Of the foreign artists domiciled in London we do not speak, though they are some of the best-known figures in London society.

Alma Tadema, the painter of old Roman life, is best known to the general public for his reproduction of rare marbles and fabrics. Town's End House, once one of the show palaces of art, is dismantled, while a new and grander palace is being built and decorated. His wife, also an artist, is English—one of the Epps, of "grateful, comforting" celebrity.

Herkomer, Carl Haag, and Whistler, who, with his coat of little capes, his white locks and his eyeglass, is such a familiar figure in all fashionable artistic assemblies, and who spoils the Egyptians in a manner that must be delightful to his own sense of humor—these cannot fairly be classed as English painters.

The artistic society in London is a large one, and it would be impossible to mention one-third of even the well-known painters, without going to the rank and file

who are still in that borderland which makes the hanging of their pictures on the walls of the Academy a dreadful uncertainty. One can but take the typical figures out of the crowd; but in the background stand a veritable army of young artists, still hoping to come to the front when times are better, build themselves palaces filled with treasures, and generally disport themselves in the sunbeams of success and popularity.

GREAT MEMORIES.

Lord Macaulay's memory is one of the most famous, and many interesting instances of it are related by Mr. Trevelyan. Thus we are told how he could recite not only "Paradise Lost," but Richardson's prize romance, "Sir Charles Grandison," a work of prodigious size.

As it has been truly said, "His mind, like a dredging-net at the bottom of the sea, took up all that it encountered, both bad and good, nor ever seemed to feel the burden."

In short, so nicely was his memory stored, that in the list of kings or popes, or senior wranglers or prime ministers, or battles or palaces, or as to the houses in Pall Mall or about Leicester Square, he might be followed with implicit confidence.

Lord Nelson, like George III., it may be remembered, never forgot a face that he had once seen. During a visit to Salisbury, in 1800, he recognized one sailor among the crowd who had served under him at the Nile, and another who had assisted at the amputation of his arm, after the unsuccessful attack on Santa Cruz. Sir Walter Scott had a wonderfully retentive memory, two striking illustrations of which are recorded—one of his having repeated the whole of Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," after only twice perusing it; and the other, of his going through the whole of a ballad three years after he had first heard it. Byron, also, had a very fine memory, and often astonished his friends by the versatility of his knowledge. Andrew Fuller, after hearing 500 lines twice, could repeat them without a mistake. It is said that he could repeat, *verbatim*, a sermon or speech, and could tell, either backward or forward, every shop-sign from the Temple to the extreme end of Cheapside, and the articles displayed in each of them.

Porson's memory was so retentive that he once remarked that it was a source of misery to him, as he could never forget anything, although he wished not to remember it. Some idea of his memory may be gathered from the fact that he could repeat several of Shakespeare's plays; and he was extensively acquainted with the Greek and Roman classics. In short, so marvelous was his memory that there were few subjects concerning which he was not able to illustrate his knowledge by quotations from the writings of his own and other countries.

MODERN ENGLISH ARTISTS.—J. E. HODGSON, A. R. A.— SEE PAGE 404.

The late Professor Cunningham could recite the works of Virgil and Horace from beginning to end. Thomson, like Fuller, could tell the names, trades, and particulars of every shop from Ludgate Hill to Piccadilly. Woodgate was noted for his powers of memory, and one feat he was famous for was carrying in his head a debate, and repeating it a fortnight afterward.

Another remarkable man was Antonio Magliabechi, Librarian to Cosmo III., Grand Duke of Florence. He possessed such a marvelous memory that his head was once styled "a universal index both of titles and matter." On one occasion the Grand Duke sent for him to ask whether he could get a certain book that was very scarce. "No, sir," answered Magliabechi, without a moment's hesitation; "it is impossible. Your highness's treasury would not buy it for you, for there is but one in the world. That is in the Grand Signor's library at Constantinople, and is the seventh book on the right-hand side as you go in."

Once more, it has been remarked how occasionally some trifling occurrence will carry the memory back and recall incidents of bygone years. There is a story told of a man who, on entering one day a strange house, suddenly remembered some fact connected with his childhood which had taken place forty years before.

TO MY MOTHER.

(TRANSLATED FROM HEINE.)

By John Dennis.

I left thee once in mad desire to find
The Love for which my spirit yearned with pain,
At many a door I knocked, and knocked in vain,
Craving Love's alms which none to grant inclined,
But laughing, treated me with cold disdain;
Yet still I wandered, eager in the quest,
For ever seeking, and for aye unblest,
Since no one gave the boon for which I pined.
Then, Mother! turning to my home I went
With weary steps and sorrow-numbing care,
And lo! my pain was lost in sweet content,
For what I sought came to me unaware;
In the dear eyes that on thy son were bent
All had I asked I found, for Love was there.

AN ANECDOTE OF EDMUND KEAN.

"Some years ago, on a visit to Stratford-on-Avon," says William Howitt, "I picked a boy named William Shakespeare Smith out of about seventy boys at the national school there, entirely by his striking likeness to the bust of Shakespeare in that parish church. I found, on inquiry, that he was one of a family living in the place, descended from Shakespeare's sister, Joan, another branch of which of the name of Hart were living at Tewkesbury."

About fifty years ago there was an aged man of the name of William Smith, who kept a public-house in a court in the Northgate Street, Gloucester, which was called the "Shakespeare." The sign was large, and was hung over the entrance of the court, which faced the street. It represented that the landlord, "William Smith, was a descendant from and the next of kin to that immortal bard Shakespeare."

When the celebrated Edmund Kean was a member of Watson's company of comedians, he lodged at a little cottage in this court and spent a portion of his time in the kitchen of the Shakespeare. There was a poker in this Shakespeare kitchen which was called Edmund Kean's poker. In that kitchen Edmund has rehearsed "Richard III.," and in his frenzy of "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse," he has wielded that instrument as a sword with terrible vigor of voice and attitude. Old Watson was the proprietor of the Gloucester, Cheltenham, Tewkesbury and Hereford theatres. It is said that he made a fortune by his venture. Kean left Watson's company, and went to Drury Lane, when he became the star of the first magnitude. In the zenith of his fame he was invited to play at Cheltenham. The audience, impatient for the curtain to rise, shouted stentoriously, "Kean, Kean, Kean!" Poor Kean remembered the old days of his privation and his poverty, and, taking an unobserved view of his tremendous audience, shook his fist at the vast and miscellaneous assemblage of promiscuous classes of society, and audibly exclaimed, "You rascals, once you tried to starve me to death, now you would make a god of me. Go to the deuce."

There is a very aged pauper living in the neighborhood who remembers Kean. He said: "When I was a young fellow, and Edmund was an old man, I was in the orchestra at the Cheltenham Theatre. Edmund was playing 'Richard III.' to a crowded house. At a certain part of the tragedy I was instructed to blow a loud blast on a horn or a trumpet. We had all been indulging in hot grog behind the scenes, and I was too drunk to blow or sound the bugle or horn. As soon as the scene dropped, Edmund, who was also drunk, came with a drawn sword, and, in a terrible rage, cried, 'Oh! you stupid rascal, why did you not blow the horn?' Drunk as I was, I fled for my life, and Edmund, sword-in-hand, flew after me, swearing he would kill me. I luckily escaped, or the old furious *Richard III.* would have drawn my blood, or, perhaps, have killed me."

ENGLISH BISHOPRICS.

The English and Welsh bishoprics were instituted according to the following order of time, viz.:

London, as the Archbishopric and Metropolis of England, founded by Lucius, first Christian King of Britain, A.D. 185; Llandaff, 185; Bangor, 516; St. David's, 519 (Archbishopric of Wales from 550 till 1100, when the Bishop submitted to the Archbishop of Canterbury as his Metropolitan; St. Asaph's, 547. St. Augustine (or Austin) made Canterbury the Metropolitan Archbishopric, by order of Pope Gregory, 596; Wells, 604; Rochester, 604; Winchester, 650; Lichfield and Coventry, 656; Worcester, 679; Hereford, 680; Durham, 690; Sodor and Man, 898; Exeter, 1050; Sherborne (changed to Salisbury), 1056; York (Archbishopric), 1067; Dorchester (changed to Lincoln), 1070; Chichester, 1071; Thetford (changed to Norwich), 1088; Bath and Wells, 1088; Ely, 1109; Carlisle, 1133. The following six were founded upon the suppression of monasteries by Henry VIII.: Chester, Peterborough, Gloucester, Oxford, Bristol and Westminster, 1538. Westminster was united to London in 1550. All the others are of quite recent foundation.

BIG BELLS.

The following list of the age, locality, and weight of the principal bells in Europe may be interesting: Moscow, 1736 (broken 1737), 198 tons; another, 1817, 110 tons; three others, 16 to 31 tons; Novgorod, 31 tons; Olmütz, 17 tons 18 cwt.; Vienna, 1711, 17 tons 14 cwt.; Westminster, 1856, 15 tons 18½ cwt.; Erfurt, 1497, 13 tons 15 cwt.; Paris, 1680, 12 tons 16 cwt.; Sens, 13 tons; Montreal, 1847, 12 tons 15 cwt.; Cologne, 1848, 11 tons 3 cwt.; Breslau, 1507, 11 tons; Görlitz, 10 tons 17 cwt.; York, 1845, 10 tons 15 cwt.; Bruges, 1680, 10 tons 5 cwt.; St. Peter's, Rome, 8 tons; Oxford, 1680, 7 tons 12 cwt.; Lucerne, 1636, 7 tons 11 cwt.; Halberstadt, 1457, 7 tons 10 cwt.; Antwerp, 7 tons 3 cwt.; Brussels, 7 tons 1½ cwt.; Dantzic, 1453, 6 tons 1 cwt.; Lincoln, 1834, 5 tons 8 cwt.; St. Paul's, 1716, 5 tons 4 cwt.; Ghent, 4 tons 18 cwt.; Boulogne, new, 4 tons 18 cwt.; Exeter, 1675, 4 tons 10 cwt.; Old Lincoln, 1610, 4 tons 8 cwt.; fourth quarter-bell, Westminster, 1857, 4 tons.

Etiquette of Princes.—The custom which princes have of wearing the military uniform of the country to whose sovereign they pay a visit dates only back to the time of Frederick the Great. It was he who in 1770, seven years after the close of the Seven Year's War, visited the Emperor Joseph of Austria at Castle Neustadt in Moravia. Fearing lest the sight of the blue uniforms of the victorious Prussians might not find favor in the eyes of the vanquished, he ordered for himself and the officers of his suite white fancy uniforms, richly embroidered with silver, which resembled the uniforms of several of the Austrian regiments. What was then a delicate attention has now become a standing custom.

A VISIT TO PORTO ALEGRE, BRAZIL.

We had been doing Southern Brazil, a country little known to the generality of the outside world, and, sooth to say, very indifferent to that outside world. After a term of rest, which we had valiantly earned, at Rio Grande do Sul, we resolved to visit Porto Alegre. We sailed up the lake one morning early, on the steamer *Stapuan*, Clyde-built, fast and safe, reaching Pelotas, our only stopping-place, in about three hours. Here we had barely time to drive round a little, see some friends, and notice that the town was well built, clean-looking, with streets bustling, inhabitants active, and several rather pretentious-looking public buildings here and there; but, wherever we drove, an indefinable but searching disagreeable odor pervaded every thing and place, which, we discovered, proceeded from the *xarqueado* or jerked beef yards, and which the natives actually claim to be very wholesome.

Off again through the Arroyo de Pelotas, into and up the lake all day long. Dinner on board was rather a scramble, but very good of its kind.

My wife was allotted the seat of honor at the *commandante's* right hand, who carved the turbot-like garopa, shrimp-adorned, and the roast sucking-pig, without which latter no banquet in Brazil is complete. Of course there was a *feijoada*, the national dish, composed of *feijoes*, black beans, *farinha* or meal of the mandioca root, sprinkled like sawdust over the mass, jerked beef cut up very small, very fat morsels of bacon, with plenty of fresh green and red peppers. The whole, thoroughly mixed, constitutes a wholesome, satisfying food, and is daily seen on every Brazilian table, from that of the Emperor down to his humblest subject. By the initiated it is preferred to the daintiest productions of a Soyer.

Let even Boston look to her culinary laurels; once allow the insidious and succulent *feijoada* an entry into North America, and the days of baked beans will be numbered. It is *de rigueur* to wash down the national dish with an equally national glass of *paraty*, or native rum, or *laranjinha*, a similar spirit, flavored with orange. For want of more distinguished foreign guests, our healths were proposed by our jolly *commandante*, who, in grandiloquent fashion, rough old sea-wolf though he was, managed to say some very witty and pleasant things, and we responded to the best of our ability.

By six o'clock it became dark, and too cold to stay long on deck, so we retired early, hoping for a tranquil night's rest, to prepare us for what might be in store for us on shore next day.

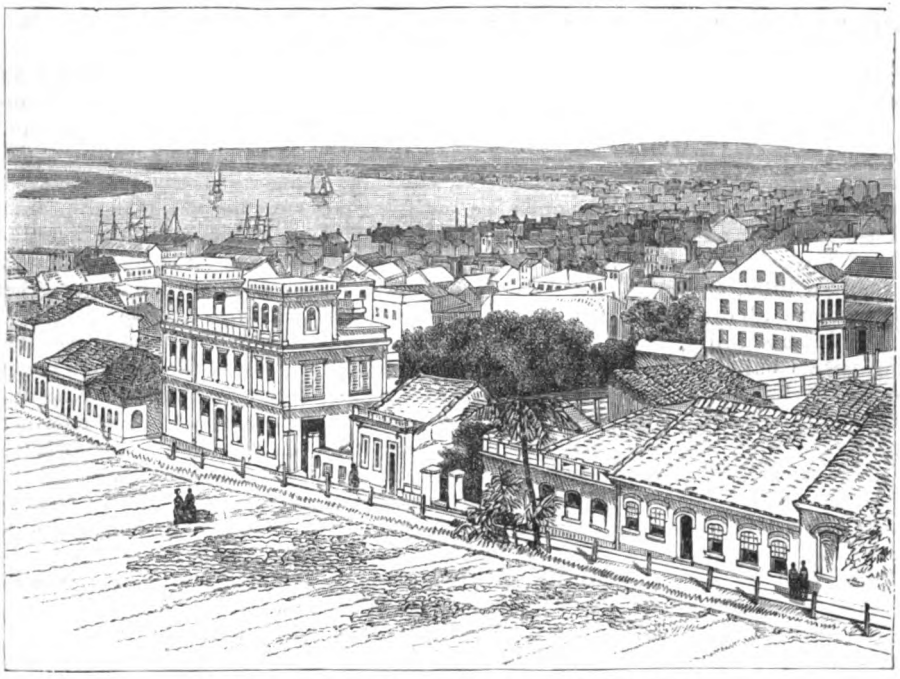
Everything conduced to sleep—the entire day spent in the open air, the monotonous churning of the propeller, and the coziness of our quarters; but "the best-laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley."

Our next-door neighbors proved to be a large Brazilian family, mother, several grown-up daughters and young children, tapering down to infants in arms, the last in charge of colored nurses, of different shades of duskiness, but all equally slatternly and noisy. The children began to cry; the nurses affected to soothe, but really scolded them; the mother and grown-up daughters scolded both nurses and children indiscriminately; there was racing and chasing to and fro, banging of doors, ringing of bells, and this constant din of shrill voices mingled intermittently with the cries of the children, now increasing to yells and screams, and ending in piteous wails. Finally the children cried themselves to sleep, and the whole ship's company settled down to rest, but not for long; as an unearthly sound of yelling, screaming, ordering and swearing, accompanied by the rushing of many feet, this time on deck, roused us all from a deep sleep. Our first fear was that the steamer had stranded, was sinking or on fire, but no signs of any such calamities appeared, and, as the clamor grew more distinct, we learned that there had been some trouble among the German immigrants forward, but that it was nothing serious, and that we need not disturb ourselves.

This second interruption to our slumbers proved too much for us, however, and the rest of the night we tossed about uncomfortably until daylight, when we rose and went on deck forward, to enjoy the cool of the morning, and get some particulars of the night's disturbance. There we found the rioter of the night before, an old, respectable-looking German, in appearance like a country pedagogue, lashed securely to the mast from head to foot, his hands swollen from the cold and frayed by the ropes. He had, it seemed, been celebrating his approach to his adopted country by taking more rum than was good for him, and—disregarding the rights of his fellow-passengers, who were huddled up in their blankets on deck, mummy-like—had tried to prance, Juggernaut-fashion, over their prostrate bodies, to which they, unlike the pious Hindoos, strenuously objected, more particularly the husbands of the poor women thus trampled upon. A free fight ensued, in which our respectable-looking but intoxicated friend opened fire on his assailants with his revolver, fortunately more of a toy than a lethal weapon. He managed to wound one of his enemies slightly, hence the diabolical noise of the night before, and his ignominious position this morning. He will be delivered over to the police on shore, and remain in prison, awaiting trial, for perhaps a year or more, and probably be severely sentenced in the long run. Rather a sad beginning to his new life at his journey's end.

The lake, near its head, narrows rapidly, and its shores are dotted here and there with bright-looking villages, until we come within sight of the smiling town of Porto Alegre. But first we have to pass the Pedras Brancas, formidable white rocks in mid-channel, which requires some skillful steering, and soon we are nearing the town, most pleasantly situated on a series of low hills, stretching away indefinitely in the background. Some English friends met us at the wharf, and soon we were comfortably installed at the Hôtel do Brazil. We found everywhere signs of German enterprise, the principal merchants, and even the local traders, appearing to be of that nationality.

Stores and offices are generally on the ground-floor, long, lofty, capacious, and full of the most miscellaneous kinds of merchandise from all parts of the world; prints and shirtings from Manchester, hardware from Birmingham, furniture from Vienna, matches from Denmark, flour from Baltimore, lager-beer from Bavaria, palm-oil from the West Coast of Africa, kerosene and sewing-machines from New York—all could be seen elbowing each other in the same stores. Local business is still a barter trade to some extent here, the German colonists from S. Leopoldo and neighborhood, and the *estancieros*, sending down their corn, beans, mandioca, pork, hides, tallow, etc., to the town merchants, and receiving in exchange imported necessaries. Population is about 40,000, of which half are German, or of German origin. The town is well built, fronting the lake, with several



PORTO ALEGRE.—VISTA DO ARRAIAL DO MENINO DEOS.

handsome churches, good hotels, an imposing town-hall and presidential palace, an excellent club belonging to the city merchants, and its miniature watering-place, reached by mule-cars, rejoicing in the euphonious name of "Menino Deos" or the Infant God. The most thriving colony of the province, S. Leopoldo, is altogether German, numbers about 20,000 souls, and is about fifty miles up country from Porto Alegre, with which it is connected by an English narrow-gauge railway.

The country is alternately hilly and prairie-like, well wooded, with unlimited good pasturage, and well watered by the Rios Cahy, Cacequy, Taquary, Pardo, and their tributaries, some of which are traversed for considerable distances by small, light-draught steamers.

Small game, such as wildduck, pheasant, snipe and woodcock, abound almost to within the city boundaries, whilst pacas, cotias and oncas, or Brazilian jaguars, are sufficiently plentiful to satisfy the more ambitious sportsmen. All northern cereals would grow in this favored region, but, strange to say, no wheat is produced; all flour coming from the neighboring States of Uruguay and the Argentine Republic, with some from the United States, but necessarily at great expense in freight. Horses are so cheap, that strangers, when hiring to ride long distances, are required to deposit the value of saddle and bridle only. An excellent animal can be bought for about $15. In the streets of Porto Alegre we saw an actual "beggar on horseback," plying his vocation, and he was not looked upon as a phenomenon. Beef and mutton are so cheap that they are sold at retail by the great piece, and never weighed; the buyer indicating what cut he wants, and receiving a huge chunk for a very trifling cost. Reduced to northern precision of weight, beef is worth about three cents per pound, and one can easily buy an entire leg of mutton for eighteen cents all told!

Want of time prevented our accepting the invitation of a Brazilian friend to visit his *estancia*, some fifty miles up one of the rivers, where he raises stock to an astonishing extent, owning about 25,000 head of cattle, and as many sheep, and droves of horses, half, and sometimes wholly, wild, to be counted by the thousands. Most of the cattle raised in the province find their way to the stockyards of Pelotas, where they are killed in very primitive fashion; the hides, horns, hair, bones, tongues, etc., exported to Europe and the United States, and the carcasses are torn into long sheets of varying thickness, from an inch to three inches, salted and sun-dried on framework in the *xarqueadores* yards, and afterward shipped, without any packing, on board small schooners, to all of the Northern Brazilian ports, from whence it is packed into bundles, small enough to go into mule-packs, and so distributed all over the interior, often hundreds of leagues, into regions far from both rivers and railways. The tallow and grease extracts find ready markets at Rio for cheap candles, lubricators and soap-making.

The River Plate *xarqueadores*, possessing a similar country, excel the *Rio Grandeuses* in enterprise, by raising more stock, by killing and preparing in a more scientific and economical manner; and, as a natural sequence, compete with the Brazilians in their own markets, in spite of protective tariffs; besides which, they ship largely to some West Indian markets, and have lately started shipping the fresh meat to Europe, in steamers specially constructed to keep their cargoes frozen hard by means of cold-air chambers, in which latter traffic they compete successfully with both the United States and New Zealand.

The *Rio Grandeuses* of the interior, like the *Gauchos* of the River Plate, are all perfect horsemen and expert lasso and bola throwers. Of superb physique, inured to hardships, and constantly in the saddle, their cavalry regiments constitute the flower of the Brazilian Army, and in the event of any serious outbreak with their Argentine neighbors, could be depended upon to give a good account of themselves.

The question of boundaries between Brazil and the Argentine Republic has never been quite settled since the division of the spoil by the allies at the close of the Paraguayan War in 1870, and periodical disturbances on the disputed territory of Missiones keep both countries on the alert, and necessitate the maintenance of their armies and navies on a war footing. Brazil is rapidly completing her strategic railway from Rio Grande to Alegrete, thence to the Argentine and Uruguayan frontier at Uruguayana, with which she will be able to mass troops at the shortest notice, and retain excellent bases of supplies all the way down to the City of Rio Grande.

We spent a most pleasant week at Porto Alegre, thanks to the kindness of our English friends, who were determined that we should carry away only delightful remembrances of their adopted home.

Coming away on the steamer, an amusing instance of the small value put upon punctuality in this part of the world was afforded us by the steamer's detention for

fully an hour after all mails, passengers and cargo were on board, and several hours after her schedule hour for sailing; the sole reason for which was that his excellency's (some high local official) mail had not arrived, and the steamer could neither sail away without this valuable correspondence, nor could the captain, under penalty, perhaps, of losing his position, expostulate, however mildly, or send messengers to expedite matters.

The steam-whistle kept tooting, lugubriously and pleadingly at intervals, but this was the only indication of impatience on the steamer's part. Finally, a mounted orderly arrived, quite leisurely, with one letter! At which a mild derisive cheer arose from the passengers.

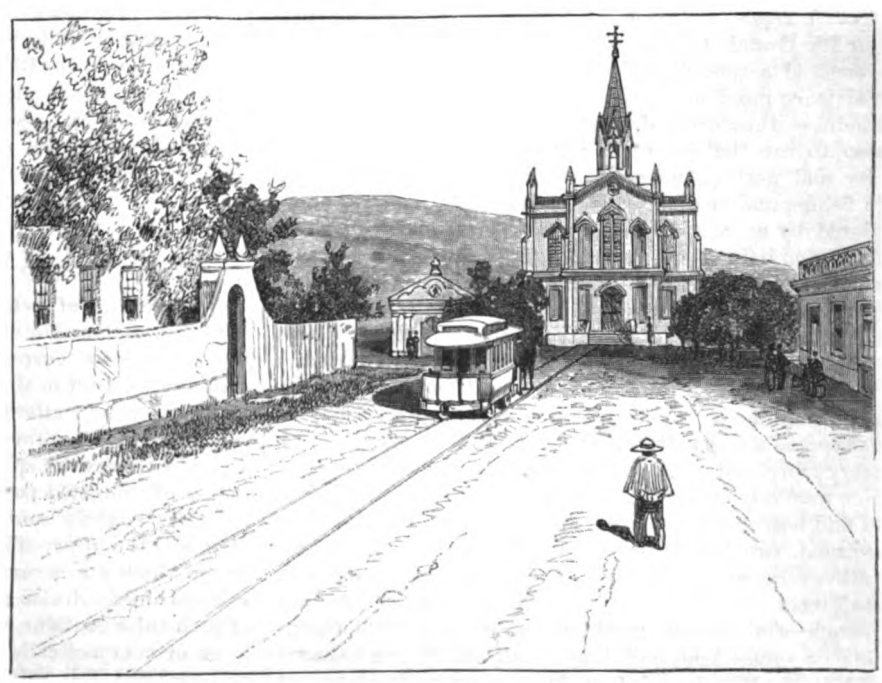
We had but little time left to spare at Rio Grande, as our old friend Captain James, of the *Calderon*, had returned from Montevideo in our absence; so, bidding cordial Good-by to our many friends there, we hurried on board at midnight, that nothing might prevent the steamer's getting over the bar by daylight. Morning came, and we expected to find ourselves out at sea, but instead, the bar had again been behaving badly, and we were caught inside, this time, some ten miles from our friends at Rio Grande, anchored, with the signal-station and lighthouse on our left, and a straggling cluster of fishermens' huts on our right. There was apparently but little hope of release that day, and yet there was just enough to deter us from venturing back to town, where we could have spent the time so much more pleasantly with our friends for another twenty-four hours. The novelty of the situation reconciled us to our fate for the first day, but when, the second day, there appeared less chance of release than ever, we began to grow impatient, and make inquiries as to the longest detention on record. We learnt that some steamers had been caught inside for ten or twelve days, perhaps more; that it altogether depended on the direction of the wind; that, if the present wind lasted, we might attain immortal renown by exceeding the record; that sailing-vessels were frequently detained for months; that one had actually been six months on either side the bar; that we had reason to be thankful for not being on a sailing-vessel, and much more Job's comforting of a similar nature. Among the passengers was a much-traveled Englishman, a civil engineer, who was on his way to Rio to point out to the Minister of Public Works his plan for removing this same bar for ever by an ingenious system of dikes, whereby the bar was to dredge itself, and to request an appropriation therefor. As, however, Sir John Hawkshaw has already decisively proved to the Government that it would cost several millions sterling to construct breakwaters of sufficient strength to remedy the trouble in anything like permanent fashion, and that, even then, unforeseen combinations of weather and circumstances might arise to destroy his calculations and their costly breakwaters, our friend's mission did not strike us as particularly hopeful.

By the third day, and no more water on the bar, we wanted somebody's blood; so, to appease us, the captain took us ashore to interview the commander of the bar (strange misnomer) and the oldest pilots of the coast. Only evasive answers from these dignitaries could we elicit. "Bar was undoubtedly very bad, but it had been worse. Have patience! Perhaps to-morrow we will have better luck!" The only blood we got was that of an unhappy bullock, chased, lassoed and slaughtered by a band of rollicking sailors detailed for the duty. This supplementing of the ship's stores looked like taking up our residence on the bar, and did not tend to pacify us. The situation, from being ridiculous, was becoming serious. We had important business awaiting us at Rio, which we could have attended to by cable, from even Rio Grande, but we dared not leave the steamer, as, in the meantime, the water might rise and the steamer be off without us. Here we were, without any other means of conveyance, caught in a trap; no getting out or turning back.

Fourth Day.—Same disappointment, but aggravated by the sight of a neighboring steamer of smaller draught sailing out for Montevideo.

Were we to be detained here, shut in by these sand walls for ever? We had no ambition to become either ancient mariners, or raving lunatics, or both.

We seriously considered whether it would not have been better, after all, to have braved all the dangers and uncertainties of the Jaguaras diligence and Uruguayan railway to Montevideo than to be detained here for apparent ages. At least we would have been making progress of some sort, even although greatly in the wrong direction. Anything seemed better than to be chained where we were, indefinitely. Ah! there was the rub! Each morning we rose, no more chance of getting out than the preceding day; another day lost, and same prospect for the morrow. To-day we visited the lighthouse, climbing to the top, some 100 feet, and looking over the fragile railing, wondered how such a flimsy-looking brick structure could resist the full force of the ocean gales. Without anything greater than a moderate breeze blowing we felt the building perceptibly



PORTO ALEGRE.—PRAZA DOM PEDRO.

vibrate. The keeper told us that during storms the lighthouse positively rocked and trembled as though in an earthquake, and that he supposed it was only a question of time ere some sou'wester, greater than usual, would demolish both the lighthouse and himself. Still he seemed happy. "What can I want more? The work is easy, the pay is good. If I am fated to die in this way, patience; Nossa Senhora will take care of me!" The lights are simple oil-lamps with deflectors, with heavy weights attached to keep them revolving all night long; the keeper's work being to watch every lamp carefully, to trim and oil constantly, and prevent any from going out. Doleful enough occupation; but our fatalistic friend did not seem to be particularly depressed. His wife and family lived at the foot of the lighthouse, and all their material wants were supplied by the neighboring *venda*. And had they not the benefit of the society of the burly pilots and their families? What more could any one desire?

Fifth Day.—The bar continued just as unfriendly as ever, and we got up an impromptu picnic on the ocean sand, and collected basketfuls of conch and other shells. Then we had the spectacle of almost a shipwreck occurring on the bar a few hundred yards from where we stood. The actor in this ocean drama was the steamer *Cavour*, of the same line as our steamer. Altogether a cargo-boat, of lighter draught than ourselves, she had been encouraged to attempt crossing inward, from the tower-signals indicating the depth of water necessary. No sooner, however, did she get on the bar and appear to be in trouble, than down went the illusory signals that had brought her into the peril. For upward of an hour she was bumping, tumbling and sticking on the bar, and it must have been a most anxious time to the captain and crew, as it looked at one time as though she must founder. With characteristic British pluck and good seamanship she stuck to her task, and at last got clear off, and sailed triumphantly in, but little the worse for her tussle. The bar tugs went out to her assistance only after the worst was over; reminding one of the tactics of policemen who, during street brawls, are so frequently invisible, and so gratuitously officious when the row is over.

Sixth Day.—We received letters of condolence from our Rio Grande friends, who, pitying our fate, had kindly chartered a special sailboat from town to offer us any assistance possible; but, however grateful we felt for the kindness thus evinced, we were now less inclined than ever to run the risk of taking a flying trip back to the city and perhaps miss our steamer. To-day we spent in fishing and visiting the opposite bank, hitherto unexplored by us, and in making the acquaintance of a few fishermen living there, but they could throw less light on our situation than even the pilots had done. This afternoon a dense fog sprang up, and it was with some difficulty that we made our way back to the ship. What a small world we were in! No news, no change in our daily companions nor in our diurnal grumbling, but one all-absorbing theme of conversation and objurgation—the unappeasable, the diabolical bar! How eager we were every morning to read the first signals on the tower, and how perfectly exasperating it was, morning by morning, to find how much we required to be free! How we then stormed, raved and generally behaved foolishly, until, quite overcome with our absolute helplessness, we would each retire, muttering, to our respective dens, until our ever-cheerful captain would propose some little excursion or amusement, and drag us all out of our lethargy and momentary despair! This evening we went to bed more desponding than ever; the fog prevailing, the wind, if any, was diametrically opposite to where it should be to do us any good: everything indicated a still prolonged stay.

Seventh Day.—At daybreak the fog began to lift and the wind to veer round to the right direction for us. First, 9 feet on the bar was signaled, greatest depth yet witnessed by us; then, later on 9½; then—oh, joy! could we believe our eyes?—10 feet! just what we required with which to regain our liberty. Yes, we were not mistaken. All is suddenly bustle and preparation on board. A good head of steam is up, anchor weighed, captain on the bridge, everything shipshape, and hope again warmed every heart. Off we started toward the bar. Oh! what a delightful prospect! Was there ever such a magnificent scene as that now before us, at ordinary times principally made up of sandbanks and vessels in distress? But now we appeared to be entering the gates of Paradise, and everything was glorified in our eyes, when suddenly, bump! grind! rasp! We were disillusionized. It was not the celestial gates we were entering, but the black, sullen Styx we were crossing, and our implacable enemy, "the bar," had triumphed, and was bearing us down to destruction, jeering and mocking at us with her hoarse, booming breakers! But it was only for a moment. The *Calderon* reeled as if stunned, recovered herself, and in shorter time than it takes to relate it we had positively got into smooth water. The bar was defeated; we were released, and mutual congratulations were showered on all sides by all and every one to anybody or nobody, such was the excitement, and nothing but smiling faces were seen on that ship all day long, and "Weren't we all glad?"

To properly celebrate our escape, by the captain's permission, and in pursuance of time-honored Brazilian custom, we let off immense signal-rockets, and floated ignited tar-barrels at night, a veritable *feu de joie*.

The return trip was delightful—no pamperos or adventures in little sail-boats. We stopped at the same ports, met our good friends again, related our "bar" experiences, and felt somewhat like little heroes in the narration. We passed between the mainland and San Sebastiao, between Santo and Rio, one beautiful, bright afternoon, and this dream of beauty alone well repaid us for our late troubles.

Finally we got to Rio, within a month from the date of starting out, much pleased with our trip and the many kindnesses we had received wherever we had been, and we quickly forgave even our arch-enemy—the Rio Grande "bar."

COLORING MATTERS IN FLOWERS.

"THE colors of petals and other colored parts of the flower," observes Dr. Goodall, "are dependent either on the presence of corpuscles (the colored plastids) or of matters dissolved in the cell-sap. The following account of the coloring matters in the very common *Viola tricolor* is condensed from Strasburger: A vertical section through a petal exhibits the epidermis of the upper side as consisting of elongated papillæ, while that of the lower side has only slightly rounded ones. Just below the epidermis of the upper side there is a layer of compact cells, under which are several rows of smaller cells with conspicuous intercellular spaces. The cells of the epidermis of both sides contains violet sap and yellow granules; the layer of compact cells under the epidermis of the upper side contains only yellow granules. The striking diversities in color presented by different parts of a given

petal depend wholly upon combinations of those two elements of color—namely, violet sap and yellow granules. In some places, which are devoid of either of these elements, there are white spots; at these places the light is refracted and reflected by the intercellular spaces which contain air. If the air is removed by pressure, the spots will become transparent. The cell-saps in the parts of the flower may have almost any color, especially shades of red and blue; from this sap the coloring matter sometimes crystallizes in the form of short and slender needles, for instance, in the *Delphinium consolida*.

A MINER'S VICISSITUDES.

Humboldt relates of a Frenchman, Joseph Laborde, that he went to Mexico very poor in 1743, and acquired a large fortune by the mine of La Canada. After building a church at Tasco, which cost him $450,000, he was reduced to the greatest poverty by the rapid decline of those very mines from which he had annually drawn from 130,000 to 190,000 pounds' weight of silver. With a sum of $100,000—raised by selling a sun of solid gold, which in his prosperity he had presented to the Church, and which he was allowed by the archbishop to withdraw—he undertook to clear out an old mine, in doing which he lost the greatest part of the produce of his golden sun, and then abandoned the work. With the small sum remaining he once more ventured on another undertaking, which was for a short time highly productive, and he left behind him at his death a fortune of more than half a million.

BIRDS' NESTS AND EGGS.

The philosophy of birds' nests and eggs involves questions far too profound to be settled in an hour's lecture. The extreme partisans of one school regard birds as *organic automata*. They take a Calvinistic view of bird-life: they assume that the hedge-sparrow lays a blue egg because under the stern law of protective selection, every hedge-sparrow's egg that was not blue was tried in the high court of Evolution, under the clause relative to the survival of the fittest, and condemned, a hungry magpie or crow being the executioner. The extreme partisans of the other school take an entirely opposite view. They regard the little hedge-sparrow, not only as a free agent, but as a highly intelligent one, who lays blue eggs because the inherited experience of many generations has convinced her that, everything considered, blue is the most suitable color for eggs.

Perhaps the first generalization that the egg-collector is likely to make is the fact that birds that breed in holes lay white eggs. The sand-martin and the kingfisher, which lay their eggs at the end of a long burrow in a bank, as well as the owl and the woodpecker, which breed in holes of trees, all lay white eggs. The fact of the eggs being white, and consequently very conspicuous, may have been the cause, the effect being that only those kingfishers which breed in holes survived in the struggle for existence against the marauding magpie. But the converse argument is equally intelligible. The fact that kingfishers breed in holes may have been the cause, and the whiteness of the eggs the effect; for why should Nature, who is generally so economical, waste her coloring-matter on an egg which, being incubated in the dark, can never be seen? The fact that many petrels and most puffins, which breed in holes, have traces of spots on their eggs, whilst their relations, the auks and the gulls, who lay their eggs in open nests, nearly all lay highly colored eggs, suggests the theory that the former birds have comparatively recently adopted the habit of breeding in holes, and that, consequently, the color being no longer of use, is gradually fading away. Hence, we assume that the color of the egg is probably the effect of the nature of the locality in which it is laid.

The second generalization which the egg-collector is likely to make is the fact that so many of these birds which breed in holes are gorgeously colored, such as kingfishers, parrots, bee-eaters, etc. The question naturally arises, Why is it so? The advocates of protective selection reply: Because their gay plumage made them so conspicuous as they sat upon their nests, that those that did not breed in holes became the victims of the devouring hawk, exactly as the conspicuous white eggs were eaten by the marauding magpie. But the advocates of sexual selection say that all birds are equally vain, and wear as fine clothes as Nature will let them, and that the kingfisher is able to dress as gorgeously as he does because he is prudent enough to breed in a hole, safe from the prying eyes of the devouring hawk. The fact that many birds, such as the sand-martin and the dipper, which breed in holes, are not gorgeously colored, while others, such as the pheasants and the humming-birds, are gorgeously colored, but do not breed in holes, is evidence, as far as it goes, that the gorgeous color of the bird is not the effect of its breeding in a hole, though the white color of the egg probably is. It must be admitted, however, that the latter cases are not parallel. Whilst the hen kingfishers and bee-eaters are as gorgeous as their mates, the hen pheasants and the hen humming-birds are plainly, not to say shabbily, dressed. If birds be as vain as the advocates of sexual selection deem them, it must be a source of deep mortification to a hen humming-bird to have to pass through life as a foil to her rainbow-hued mate. Whilst the kingfisher relies for the safety of its eggs upon the concealed situation of its nest, the humming-bird depends upon the unobtrusiveness of the plumage of the sitting hen.

A very large number of birds, such as the grouse, the merlin, most gulls and terns, and all sandpipers and plovers, rely for the safety of their eggs upon the similarity of their color to the ground on which they are placed. It may be an open question whether these birds select a site for their breeding-ground to match the color of the eggs, or whether they have gradually changed the color of their eggs to match the ground on which they breed; but, in the absence of any evidence to the contrary, it is perhaps fair to assume, as in the previously mentioned cases, that the position of the nest is the cause, and the color of the egg the effect.

Many birds make their nests in lofty trees, or on the ledges of precipitous cliffs. Of these, the eagles, vultures, and crows are conspicuous examples. They are, for the most part, too powerful to be afraid of the marauding magpie, and only fear the attack of beasts of prey, amongst which they doubtless classify the human race. They rely for the safety of their eggs on the inaccessible position of the nest. Many of them, also, belong to a still larger group of birds who rely for the safety of their eggs upon their own ability, either singly, in pairs or in colonies, to defend them against all aggressors. Few colonies of birds are more interesting than those of herons, cormorants and their respective allies. These birds lay white or nearly white eggs. Nature, with her customary thrift, has lavished no color upon them, because, apparently, it would have been wasted effort to

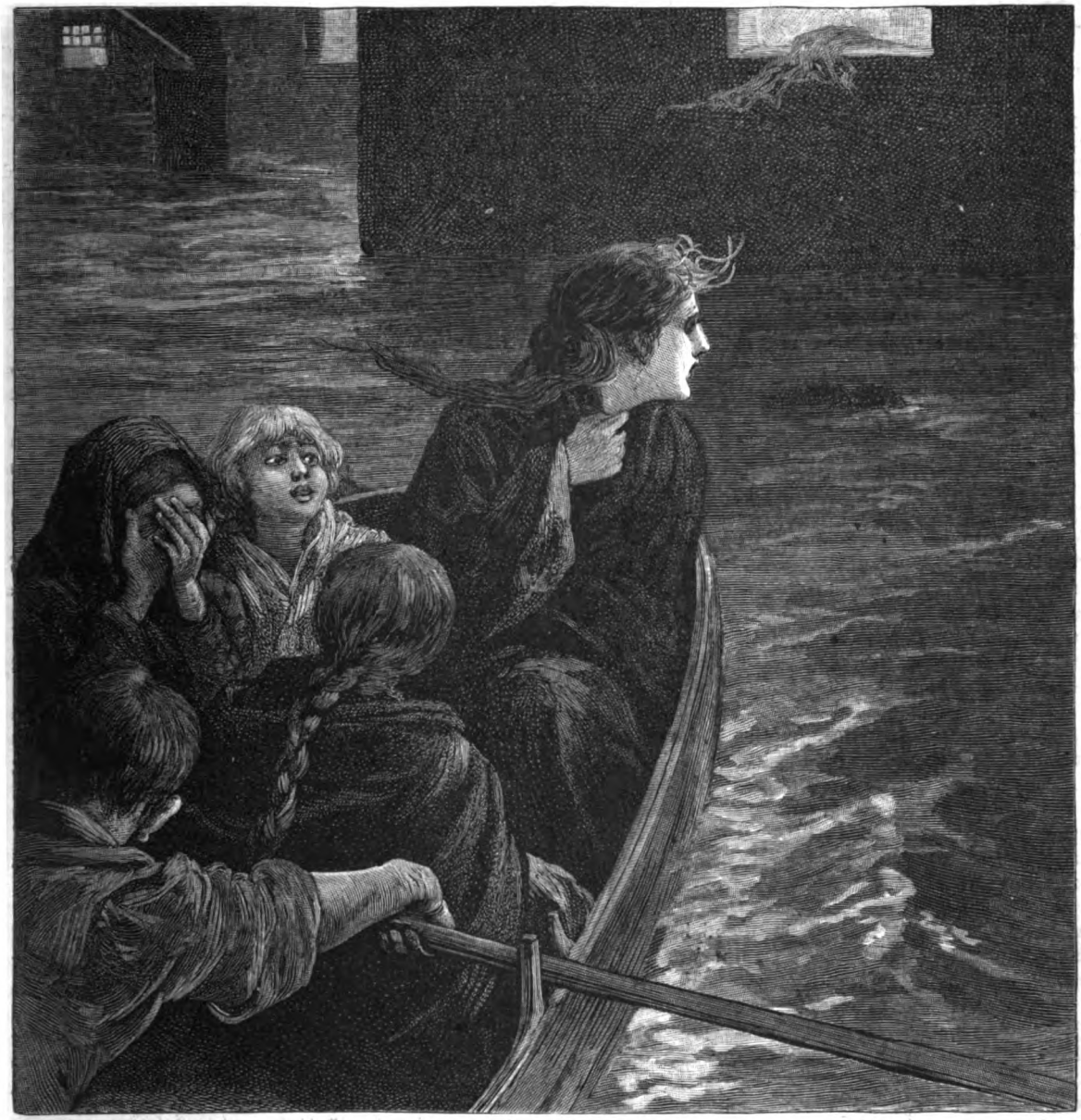
AN ALARM IN THE WOODLAND.

do so; but the eggs of the guillemot are a remarkable exception to this rule. Few eggs are more gorgeously colored, and no eggs exhibit such a variety of color. It is impossible to suppose that protective selection can have produced colors so conspicuous on the white ledges of the chalk cliffs; and sexual selection must have been equally powerless. It would be too ludicrous a suggestion to suppose that a cock guillemot fell in love with a plain-colored hen because he remembered that last season she laid a gay-colored egg. It cannot be accident that causes the guillemot's eggs to be so handsome and so varied. In the case of birds breeding in holes secure from the prying eyes of the marauding magpie, no color is wasted where it is not wanted.

The more deeply Nature is studied, the more certain seems to be the conclusion that all her endless variety is the result of evolution. It seems, also, to be more and more certain that natural selection is not the cause of evolution, but only its guide. Variation is the cause of evolution, but the cause of variation is *unknown*. It seems to be a mistake to call variation spontaneous, fortuitous or accidental, than which expressions no adjectives less accurate or more misleading could be found. The Athenian philosophers displayed a less unscientific attitude of mind toward the unknown when they built an altar in its honor.

THE INVENTOR OF POSTAGE-STAMPS.—The invention of postage-stamps is generally ascribed to the English. They were first brought into use in England in 1839; but a Stockholm paper, the *Fryskitten*, says that, so far back as 1823, a Swedish officer—Lieut. Trekenber—petitioned the Chamber of Nobles to propose to the Government to issue stamped sheets of paper, especially designed to serve as envelopes for prepaid letters. "The fact," it adds, "is duly recorded in the minutes of the Chamber, under date of the 23d of March, 1823. The proposition was warmly supported by Count de Schwerin, on the ground that the invention, if thus used, would be convenient to the public and the post-office; but it was rejected by a large majority."

THE ENGLISH ALPHABET contains 26 letters; the French, 25; Hebrew, Chaldee, and Syriac, 22; Greek, 24; Latin, 25; Spanish, 27; Italian, 20; Arabic, 28; Persian, 31; Turkish, 36; Coptic, 32; Russian, 43; Sclavonic, 27; Dutch, 26; Bengalee, 21; Brahman, 19; Sanscrit, 28.



PUSSY WILLOW.—"ESTHER LOOKED BACK. SHE FANCIED SHE HEARD DALE'S VOICE SENDING A LAST CHEERING WORD TO HER. OH, WHY HAD HE NOT COME WITH HER?"

PUSSY WILLOW.

By Millie W. Carpenter.

I.

"Music—awake her! Strike!" All the stage accessories are here. Pull back the curtain! Enter two!

Yesterday I was listening to Sterndale Bennett's "Dawn, Gentle Flower!" It is the flower of Truth here now coming into this dim apartment—a lad and a young girl together. They are radiant but subdued—subdued by just the faint likeness of a shadow cast on their brightness, for Death has but just now left the threshold.

"What a funny, little, dark old room!" cries the girl.

The boy turns round and faces her with contradicting eyes in a flame.

"It is not funny, it is not little, and it is not always dark as it has been to-day. It is a dear old room, Esther."

The girl puts her hands into her apron-pockets and wheels about, taking in her surroundings with examining eyes.

"Ah, yes! You like it, and that makes a difference; but I think it is a dismal room, Dale! Why don't you have curtains up at the windows?"

"Curtains!" echoes Dale, with all a boy's defiant scorn roused to defend his own. "That is just like a woman. You would shut out all the splendid view yonder"—he made a gesture full of eloquence—"just for the sake of curtains."

"Oh, well! of course, if you like the view." Esther dropped the subject. She went up to a small picture, a smoky India print, hanging on the wall, its black frame relieved against the red paper. "What a queer old

picture; but the girl is pretty, what I can make out of her. Who is it? I suppose it has a history." She ran her finger over the text, trying to decipher it. "Das—Wanderjahre"—she spelled the letters out—"von——Oh, it's something nasty and unknown," she cried out, in a disgusted tone. "I can't read it."

"It means the Wandering of Psyche," the boy came to Esther's aid. "There is a book on the table telling about it."

"Oh, is there? Which one is it?" Esther ran to the table and opened the first book she chanced to touch. She bent her fair young forehead over the yellow, ancient page a moment, and then the same vexed expression that had been in her eyes when she turned from the picture on the wall came back, intensified. "I can't read it. It is—it is——"

"It is German," said the lad, finally. "It is a book of mythology."

"Oh, indeed!" said Esther, frigidly; "and why do you not have books one can read?" Her voice changed—the expression of her face changed. "Oh, I hate to be so ignorant. I wish—oh, I wish I knew things!"

Tears rose to her clear and large brown eyes.

"Those were my uncle David's books," said the boy, with a slight lowering of the voice as he named the dead man, who had just been carried out of his home, to the place on the hillside where he had elected to finish the journey lying beyond the life he had left here.

"Poor man! He had to leave them," she whispered.

"He was very fond of his books," said Dale, coming to the girl's side. "Sometimes, you know, he acted as if he was afraid of them."

"Afraid; but why?" asked the girl. "Afraid!"

"Oh, it was a sort of superstition," answered Dale. "You know how one of our ancestors, old Captain Joshua Cumberbourne, brought them from Paris. It was in the days of the Revolution, and everything was tumbled into the streets. An old priest, or scholar, was guarding a great heap of these on the sidewalk, and he raved and called down curses on Captain Cumberbourne's head when his treasures were torn away from him."

"Oh, poor man! But why did they take them?"

"Because—oh, because it was the rule, I fancy," was Dale Cumberbourne's careless answer. "But the curse fell. There has never been a scholar in the Cumberbourne family since then. We *detest* books!"

The boy spoke with determined emphasis, and the words left his lips heavy with unregretting meaning.

"It makes my uncle David's will the more strange," Dale turned back to say; "that we should go to school—you and I, Esther—for the next six years."

"To school!" Esther opened wide clear eyes of astonished joy. "To school, Dale, you and I! Oh, I am so glad!"

"Are you?" was Dale's gloomy response; "but I am not. I detest the thought of it. I want to stay home, here at Pussy Willow."

"Master Cumberbourne! Oh, you are here!" The door had opened quietly, and old Mehitable, the housekeeper, stood before them. "Mr. Morris desires to see you—and you, too, Miss Endicott, before he goes. He is waiting in the parlor."

II.

"And so we are to go to school," cried Esther. "We are to go to school! Oh, I am so glad!" They were back in the red room again, and standing by the table. She touched the German text-book with caressing fingers. All the scholar's hunger, unappeased, was in her look and in her voice. "I shall know you!" she said to the book.

"To school!" There was no responsive feeling in Dale's quiet voice. "I don't want to go. I want to stay here at Pussy Willow. I like home best."

"But you can't stay here always!" cried Esther. "You will want to go out in the world to see life."

"I can see enough of life here," said the boy, sturdily. "Oh, Etty, I love the woods and streams, the birds and the blossoms here—I love them! They are *me!* Why must I leave them? Why did my uncle David will it? Why could he not leave me here in peace? And you should stay with me always, Esther!—you and I, here together at Pussy Willow! We should be so happy, dear!"

"Yes, Dale, but——" The girl paused and drew back. She could not say to the disappointed boy what she more than guessed at, that there was a penalty for failure, and if the lad missed what the dead man bade him strive for, then Pussy Willow and its meadows, woods and streams were lost to him for ever.

"Yes, Dale," she ventured gently to say; "but you know we must study. It was your uncle's wish. Mr. Morris read it to us. He wanted *you* to succeed—to show the world a Cumberbourne scholar once more, and so—when the real will is read——"

"Well," said Dale, dreamily, "what then?"

"You—you—— He said—you must show that you have earned the prize," stammered the girl.

"The prize! Pussy Willow is mine in any case," said the dreamy boy, in his sweetest song-like tone. "Come"—he touched his violin—"let us go and sing our last song to the brooks."

"Oh, not now. Your uncle——"

Esther shrank back.

"My uncle! He is only sleeping! My violin shall soothe him. He loved music. Come!"

III.

Youth runs an agile race. The nerves beat steadily, the blood runs strong and sweet; hope and anticipation are stars that rise for ever in the horizon when the sun goes down. Dale Cumberbourne bore his banishment from Pussy Willow well, for a time. The novelty of school allured him; and then there were Esther's letters:

"Oh, I do love this life!" she wrote, rapturously. "How can I ever thank Mr. Morris, or your uncle, enough for giving me entrance to this Temple of Knowledge! (classic phrase). Deep in German lore am I. Do you remember 'The Wanderings of Psyche'?—the book we looked at in the library at Pussy Willow? I can trace her, in a dim way, through the German gutturals. And oh, how I twist myself around these awful Dutch combinations, coming over their rough solidity successfully with my soft English tongue. And, then, my painting——"

But Dale put the letter down here. Pussy Willow! He could hear again the rustle of the vine about the balcony, of Summer nights. His face took the quick and keen-pointed expression of some wild-wood creature listening for an answer to its call.

He put the letter aside and applied himself to his studies; but labor palled. He heard, above the voices of his tutor and his mates, the old, sweet call of birds in the paths of Pussy Willow fields. He heard, above the declamation of his class, the trickle of the rain from beech and birch boughs. The partridge whirred and made his ear dull to the morning and the evening bell, calling to lessons. The chestnuts that the squirrel dropped as it leaped to higher vantage-ground lay brown with October frosts across Dale's path of duty.

He could bear it no longer—this lying awake of nights, hearing the vines crackle in the wind about the home-porch so far away. He would go home. And then he read Esther's last letter:

"I am sure I grow an inch every time I open my German books, and I am sure my head grows thicker every day with all the lining of learning I put into it. . . . I can *think the wall* with the best of the philosophers. And oh, gracious——"

(Here Dale glanced down with some expression at the Hebrew lexicon lying on his table; it was lying shut under a volume, open, of Chaucer's "Legende of Goode Women.")

"Oh, what do you think? I am reading 'Hermann and Dorothea'; tramp, tramp, tramp, the gutturals go marching. And oh, at such times, for the song of your vanished violin! for the touch of your vanished hand, dear Dale! Time's up, yet wait—

'Mit den Lippen, mit den Händen,
Will ich Grüsse zu dir senden,'

for I dream of you and Pussy Willow." . . .

Dale Cumberbourne went straight to his professor.

"I want to go back to Pussy Willow, sir," he began, very quietly; a shut-in vehemence was vibrating in his voice—his eyes shone feverishly—there was an unusual color in his cheek.

Professor Kubick looked a little put out.

"You are not ill? You have had no message—no bad news?"

"No, sir; nothing of that sort; but I wish to be allowed to go back for a while."

"I don't see the fitness of your going just at this time. You are asking a very unusual thing. Your guardian, Mr. Morris, expects you to keep on with your studies. He is very anxious. He would not approve your leaving now," said Professor Kubick, in a dissatisfied way. Nevertheless, he was not satisfied with Dale's looks. He was pale, thin.

"I am aware that my request is ill-timed," said Dale, in a sombre way. "I put it as a favor, sir, and I beg you will not let Mr. Morris know. It would only vex him, and—I must go. It's no use staying on here, feeling as I do now!"

"Well, well, since you must," said the professor, a little testily. He was put out, but the lad was a Cumberbourne of the east coast, and he could afford to lower his crest to one of that illustrious family.

So Dale went, and that was the beginning of the end. What were books? what Greek or Hebrew lore, now that the birds sung in the misty morning hollows, and the sound of the sea came from beyond, there, where the Atlantic lay behind the hills and wood?

IV.

"'When morning comes with saffron dressed.' I like that." Dale took up his violin. "Saffron is a good word—an Oriental word. I wonder it's not oftener in English literature."

"Oh, Dale, you think so much of these things!" cried Esther, grown now into a tall, beautiful slip of a girl student, aged not quite eighteen. "If you had cared for your studies as much!"

"Well, I didn't; I couldn't," answered Dale, with some protest. "You know I always said I should fail. I did not expect to succeed. I did not care for it."

"Don't say that; you surely cared a little."

"Well, perhaps—a little—not much; and that was because my uncle David cared for it so much. If I tried at all, it was when I thought of him. But it was not in me."

He laughed, putting the hair back from his face. He had grown into a tall and handsome youth, with bonny blue eyes that always had a tender softness in them like a woman's. A yellow mustache curved above the mouth, that always smiled and sang and had a pleasant greeting for those about him. A comely youth, gentle, home-loving, yielding, with little of a man's brusque ways.

"No hero—he will never do a heroic deed," thought Esther, with undeserved scorn. "Why has he not more strength? He is like a woman."

"Any way, it doesn't matter," he began, taking up the subject once more with a fretful distaste. "Only I am glad it's over. Morris will be furious. It's a nice thing for me that he's over in London, laid up with the gout."

"Oh, Dale, don't be heartless!"

"I am not heartless. I have got only too much heart. Witness my congratulations to you. Why, you succeeded, you gathered all the laurels; not a little leaf for me—yet I'm not a bit jealous."

He smiled at her loyally. His fair face was softly flushed, like a woman's face when she blushes; his blue eyes shone.

"Yes, I succeeded," said Esther, standing before this lover, breathing love in every tone and gesture; herself looking cool and clear and unstirred as any pearl over which a hot sunshine slips. "I succeeded, and I am proud." Her beautiful, large-lidded eyes opened as if receiving light. "Only I should be happier if you had succeeded, too, Dale. You ought to have done so."

"Don't!" cried Dale, in an impatient way. "I am satisfied. I am master of Pussy Willow. What more do I want? Pussy Willow is mine, and you are here; it is enough."

"But if you should be disappointed," urged the girl. "You know it was said at the time that your uncle made conditions."

"What conditions?" Dale turned on his companion with some heat. "There were no conditions to be made. The old home is mine; he could not take it from me. And how should you know about it?"

He looked at her suspiciously.

"I don't know. I know nothing; only it was a sort of talk—a mist in the air—a voice——"

"I should think so. And now we are here, you and I always—only you and I. It is what I have always dreamed of—you and I and home. Home here at Pussy Willow."

"I hope you will be very happy, dear," she said, with gentle coldness. "I shall think of it when I am gone."

"Gone!"

"You know I am going back to Hadley." Esther caught the white flame illuminating his face. "But I shall come back to visit you. You will keep a place for me here," with a little pale smile as she shrunk before his look.

"Keep a place for you!" he cried, with hot fervor. "Your place is here, always here, with me. Where else should it be?"

"You must know I am going back to my work," said the girl, steadily. "I have accepted responsibilities, and must not break my word."

"Your work!" Dale laughed scornfully. "A woman's work is to make a home; to—to make some one happy." His voice fell a little before Esther's steady silence. He felt her strength in the very air he breathed. "Of what use was your study?" he broke out again in angry scorn. "There are men enough, old graybeards and dreamers, to fill those places. It's not a woman's place."

"Dale, don't harden me against you. Till now I have cared for you—a little," said Esther, very gently.

Instantly the boy flung himself down before her. He put tender arms about her. The flame in his eyes dried the tears that would have flowed, while his voice broke in words of passionate caressing.

"Oh, my love! Oh, my little love! did I hurt you? But it was because you broke into my beautiful dream with your hard reasoning. It was such a beautiful dream, Etty, and I have gone on making it more beautiful all these years."

He shook his fair hair back from his forehead and looked up into Esther's face with grave and tender pride.

"It was like a piece of music, finished and ready for the player; it was like a song made ready to be sung; it was because I loved you so, Esther, that I dreamed it."

Esther put her hand softly on the fair waves of his hair. He was kneeling by her, and his head was leaning against her arm.

"Poor boy!" she said, softly; "poor boy!"

Dale looked up with a glad rejoicing in his eyes.

"You will stay!" he cried, triumphing in his fancied victory. "You will stay! Only think, dear"—he checked the negation of her glance by his strong joy—"only think of the happiness we can have! You shall be mistress of all here! I give you my life! my very heart and soul! my fortune! You shall have all things when you are my wife!" said this Adam to his Eve. "Pussy Willow shall be our fair paradise! our world!"

A GERMAN LADY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

Her heart hardened against him with every word he spoke. She rose and pushed him away from her.

"You give too much!" she cried out, sharply. "Do you think a true woman wants all that? Why not be a man, and work? What use is there here for me at Pussy Willow—another idle dreamer?"

L'INCROYABLE.

She would not melt, even when his widened eyes seemed to shudder away from hers in agony.

"As for me, I shall go back to my work to-morrow."

She moved away from him, but paused, her hand upon the door, and, hesitating, looked back.

"Good-by!" she said, with the shadow of a faint regretting in her voice. Her lips moved with the burden of a wish that was in her heart. "I hope you will be happy. Some day, come and tell me of some other happiness you have found."

She left him there, and went to her own room. With her brow pressed against the window-pane, she stood musing, looking out upon the fair landscape. For it was fair—it was an inheritance worth prizing, this Pussy Willow! But another picture, large and lofty, filled her vision! Another face was mirrored in the clear crystal of her maiden thought. Eyes, deep and grave, and filled with a scholar's joy, gave answering love to hers! Another hand, whose very lightest touch thrilled every nerve in her body, was stretched out to take hers and help her on her way! And oh, joy!—oh, perfect, peerless happiness!—how every nerve and fibre in her young body sprang forth rejoicing to meet him!

"He loves me, and I am his!" that would be the perfect flower of Thought, when that thought of love should flower; for, as yet, no word had been spoken.

Suddenly, though she had heard no step in the room, Esther felt a hand laid on her arm. She turned, in some alarm. The room was dim with the darkness of coming night, and at the first glance she scarcely recognized the tall and bent figure of the white-haired old woman standing beside her in the shadow.

"Mehitable," the girl cried, in some trepidation, "has anything happened? what is the matter?"

Something in the old woman's look and attitude awed her. The large, commanding figure towered over her. A white shawl was pinned across her breast; her deep eyes were bright with fires sunken, but not gone out.

"Mehitable," what is the matter?" the girl cried again. "Is anybody sick? are you in trouble?"

"So this was why you came," the old woman began, her eyes fixed on Esther's pale, frightened face; "to take my boy's inheritance! For gain, gain, gain!"

"I don't know what you mean!" faltered Esther, shrinking back against the wall.

"My boy's inheritance first, and now his heart—his happiness!" The old woman lifted a long, gaunt hand, pointing upward. "To steal it all, to take it all! Have I not found it written: 'Behold, this have I found, saith the preacher, counting one by one, to find out the account: one man among a thousand have I found; but a woman among all those have I not found.' Not one! And you! why did you come here?" she demanded, in a terrible tone, pressing closer on the terrified girl.

"I did not come for anything," cried Esther, in a pale terror. "I do not want anything! I do not understand you!"

"He was a masterful man," began Mehitable, in another, deeper tone, her deep-set eyes flaming revengefully with quick-kindled fire from memory's ashes. "A dark and resolute, revengeful, set old man! He lived and died the same. I knew him all his sombre life. Did he think his will alone, unaided of God, could bring back to the men of Cumberbourne, against that dead priest's curse, the scholar's flaming fire of learning that had long gone out? Never, never, never!"

Esther shuddered and drew back, crouching against the wall.

"David Cumberbourne, in his grave, would rob my boy, who failed in the race with you! He would have taken Pussy Willow from Dale to give to you, who strove for a prize my boy laughed at. But there was one who watched!" Her eyes flamed over Esther's bowed face. "But I—I was faithful. I saved Pussy Willow to my boy. It is his—not yours, not yours, not yours!"

Her voice seemed to rush in terrific volley from her withered throat, as she cried out, loudly:

"They shall never take it from him to give to you! You toiled for that! You would take it, and take his happiness, too. Yea! well was it written: 'And I find more bitter than death the woman whose heart is snares and nets, and whose hands as bands.' Oh, woe, woe, woe! You come to take my boy's home! You come to take his life!"

She tossed her arms above her head; her white hair fell down upon her shoulders, wrapping her face as in a shroud.

"Oh, stop!" cried Esther, covering her face as she fell on her knees; "stop, for pity's sake. Why do you say such things? How can you think such things?"

But even as she said it her heart sank down in dismay. Was it not what she herself had always dimly guessed at? Had she not hinted it to Dale. And now—now she was here, it would seem, to claim her prize—the double prize she had won. In her strong young flight in proud ambition upward, she had snatched at the laurel crown of study—she had won it—and won also Pussy Willow away from Dale, who would not strive.

"Oh, I never thought," she moaned, "I never once thought. And Dale——"

She shrunk away from the biting, blistering thought—Dale, whose inheritance she had taken from him—he knew nothing of all this, and he had offered her everything. He would have given her his home, which was hers now, she thought, and she had turned from him, taking everything that was his. She had turned away from him, leaving him behind her—standing empty-handed behind her—she having all.

And he loved Pussy Willow so. What would he think of her? Oh, she must find him. Before he knew of these things she must find him—she must. What must she do?

"Oh, dreams, dreams, dreams," she moaned; "must I give you up? I was so proud to work; I wanted to do so much."

Then she saw Dale, his home in his heart, going forth homeless through her. She knew him so well in his pride, turning his back on Pussy Willow, that she had won from him, going out into the world—a wanderer.

Oh, she must find him! She staggered to her feet, finding herself alone—Mehitable gone. She felt dizzy and sick.

In the dimness of the unlighted room she found her way to the sofa, and dropping on it, face downward, strove to choke back the sobs that filled her breast. It was cruel—cruel.

* * * * * *

She must have dozed; she seemed to dream; she was listening to music. Was that her schoolmate playing again, as in school's happy days, the merry melody of "Ole Virginny"? The rattling notes flew onward—they seemed to come nearer—"Ole Virginny—Ole Virginny—Ole Virginny shore."

Esther woke, shivering. Had she brought the music with her out of Dreamland? for it was all about her—in her ears—in the darkness that filled the room. Presently she sat up. She began to realize where she was. She was in her own room, and the music came from the

hall where Dale was sitting, keeping watch across the threshold of her door.

Poor Dale! Could she now afford to do less than he had done?—offer all to him. She had said he was "no hero." And she——

Again she slept, and always the music whirled about her in her dreams. It followed her through all the hours of night, dancing its witch measure till morning came, and she awoke, feeling chill and strange and sad.

* * * * * *

She stepped out in the hall and found Dale lying on the floor, his violin by his side. His face was pale and heavy, as if he had mourned. Esther gave one look about her, then she knelt by the boy's side.

"Dale!" she cried, softly touching him. "Dale, wake up. Morning is come."

He started up at her call.

"Wake up!" she said, smiling softly. "Morning is come."

He looked incredulously in her face. Then he read a story there. He laid his face against her heart, as a child might have done, to hide his tears of joy.

So that was the end of it! Marriage! Ring, wedding-bells!

The brief time they were engaged was one long, sweet day of love-making for Dale.

"You would never let me so much as whisper the word love to you," he said, happily; "I must say it all now."

If Esther answered slowly, or not at all, perhaps it was just as well. Like many another lover, Dale was happy if his mistress listened and smiled.

Mr. Morris saw them just a moment. It was after they were married. He came hurrying up to where the young couple sat on the deck of the steamer, for Europe was of course on the cards—London and Switzerland, the Alps and Italy.

"I might have saved myself all this trouble coming to look after you," growled old Morris. "You are doing very well. And so you thought it well to take both prizes."

He turned suddenly to Esther.

The young wife lifted startled eyes. A painful color flew into her face.

"Both prizes!" she stammered, and stopped.

"You distanced Dale in the race for knowledge, and then you took him. Was it out of pity for the boy, or could not you leave Pussy Willow behind?"

Something in the young wife's pallid expression checked the garrulous flow of words.

"I thought—I thought—" she faltered—"I did not know," she said, bravely. She was looking straight before her. "I have made a mistake. I did not think I was taking Pussy Willow with Dale."

The old lawyer was watching her face keenly. If he suspected the truth, he did not say so; but his shrewd face was drawn with puckered lines.

"Perhaps it's best as it is, my dear. I hope you will be happy. I, too, was deceived. And David Cumberbourne may have changed his mind at the last. Take care of Dale, he is none too strong; but you'll be home at Pussy Willow within the year."

The bell was ringing. People were hurrying ashore.

"Time's up!" shouted Dale, from the heaps of rugs on which he was lying.

"What was Morris saying to you?" Dale asked, when his wife joined him. "Was he talking about that missing, mythical will? It's a fad of his. He can't get it out of his head."

He laughed, tossing an orange up in his hand and catching it as it fell.

"As if Pussy Willow could have been taken away from me! But I shall give it to you, my wife. It is our Garden of Eden!" said the young Adam to his Eve.

How radiant he was! As if they were the first! They glided away seaward, and they left paradise behind them for the world that lay without its gates. Esther stood apart, looking vaguely about her. She had thought to make a great sacrifice, and it had ended in this bathos. Was it always so? Was renunciation a cup that soured for ever at the lips? She had meant nobly. She had given the supreme gift—her lifeblood! And now friends were making rattling mockery of it all in her ears:

"Did you take Dale for sake of Pussy Willow?" Before her marriage vows were spoken, she had torn out of its case one pictured face. She had banished from memory the sound of one beloved voice. She had washed from her hand the touch of beloved kisses. The turf was yet green above that grave.

Was it too late? She started forward.

"Esther!" she heard Dale's voice calling. Then she remembered. She went and sat down by her young husband's side.

"I thought you were going to jump over into the sea just now," said the boy husband to the girl wife. "Isn't this delightful! How happy we are going to be!" He leaned his head against her knee. "To go away and see everything; and then, after all is over, to come back to Pussy Willow!"

The young couple loitered through Europe, plucking such flowers of travel as suited their fancy best. People who met them spoke of them afterward with admiration of their youth, their simple manners, their devotion to each other. At the very last, they chanced on a little hamlet in Switzerland, among the mountains. It was so quiet, so quaint, so filled with the breath and color of the past, that they lingered on and on. It was a season of bright sunshine, of melting snow, of Alpine flowers bursting below the glaciers. Some timid people, afraid of floods, began to talk of going away.

One night the young couple were wakened by a sudden, awful shock. It was midnight. They could hear the tramp of feet, voices, cries—the roar of plunging, rolling water.

"I'll go and see what is the matter," said Dale.

Esther sat up in bed, trying, sleepily, to put the dreams out of her eyes. The sounds grew louder, nearer, more terrifying. She got up and began to dress.

Presently Dale came in, not showing any haste. He was pale. There was a smile on his lips.

"I'm afraid you'll have to take a boat-ride in the dark," he said, coming up to her. "The flood is rising." He spoke as if she must know all about it. "Get something on you! *Make haste!*"

His words were all concentrated tone. Esther obeyed him quietly, asking a question or two.

"Have you got anything on your feet?"

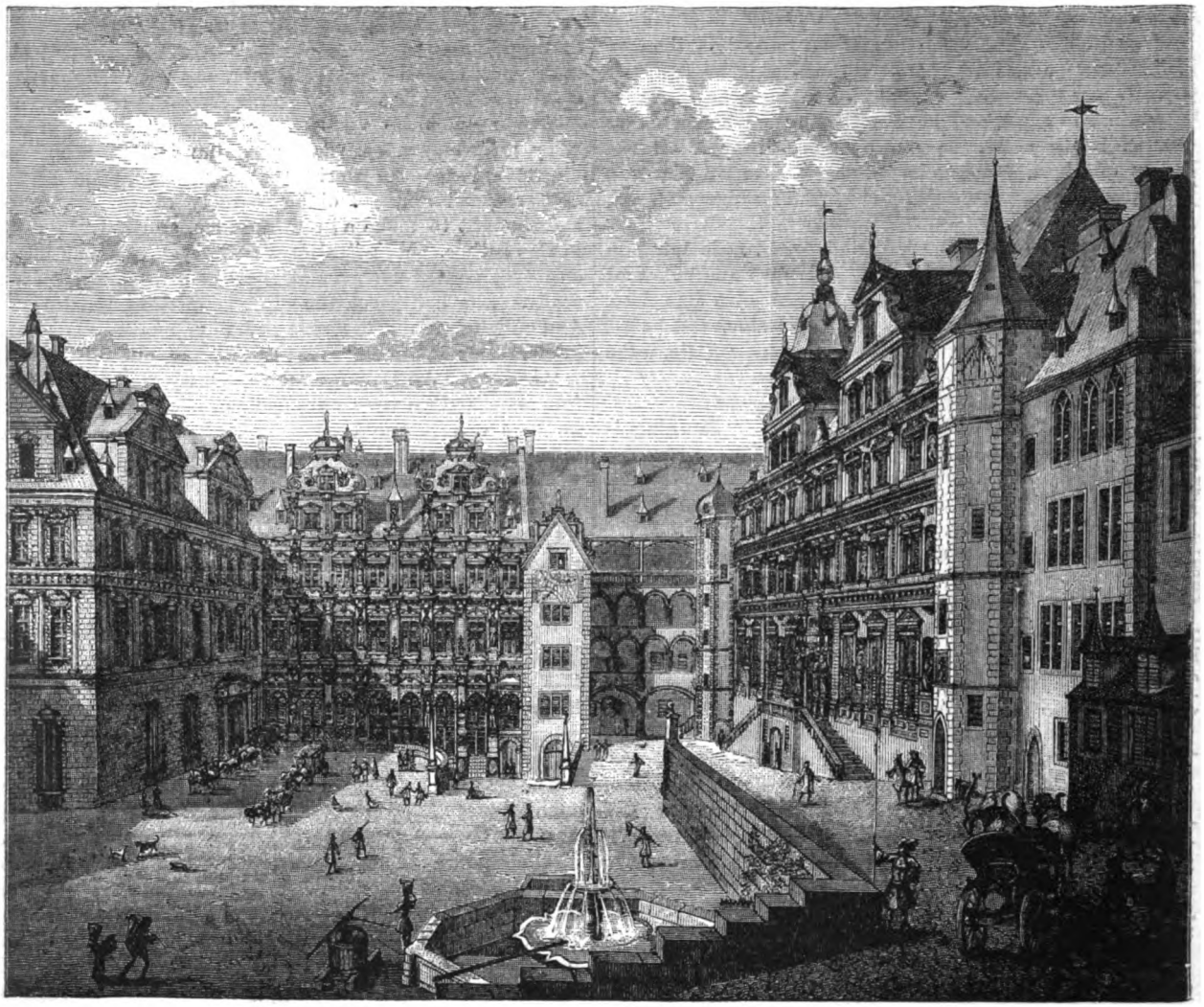
She showed the boots she had slipped on without stockings.

"No, don't stop for that. Put this on!"

He was fastening a great fur cloak about her.

"You see, I've bribed an old fellow with a boat down there." Esther never knew what gold Dale had poured out to purchase that one chance in the boat. "He'll keep it for me if he can, but—those poor creatures, the women and children, are half insane with fright."

He held her in his arms a moment.



THE COURTYARD OF THE CASTLE OF HEIDELBERG, 1683.— SEE PAGE 427.

"There!" he laughed, releasing her. "Come now! The first chance I got for you was taken. The poor creatures just rushed in and swamped it. It's awful!"

And all this time the cries, the sobs, the wild plunge and shock of rising, drifting water, the shrieks of women and children!

Esther had a dim sense of being hurried through it all. She knew she was lifted through the great stone window, down, out! She felt the rocking of the boat; she shivered in the draft of icy air; she caught the rushing swirl of the drifting current beneath her. The red glare of moving lights flared over her, and out over the water, showing the wild, scared faces, the gleaming eyes.

"Dale!" she shrieked. "Dale!"

Just then a woman with a little child in her arms threw herself forward, with a loud, maniacal scream.

"Dale!" cried Esther, in a shrill terror.

She saw her husband bending forward. The light showed the smile on his lips, his fair, golden hair tossed in the wind, in the red light that flamed over him.

"Yes; I am here." She never forgot the smile on his lips as he looked down on her, bending forward from the great open window. "Keep a brave heart!" he called.

"Come! Oh, Dale! you must come with me!" the young wife called back to him.

They were lowering the woman with the child in her arms to a place by her side in the boat.

"Don't be afraid—I shall be near you! Don't fear but I shall be near you, dear!"

The boat was moving away, carefully and still more carefully. What is this always drifting, drifting past in the black, icy water? The woman covered her eyes, moaning. The child cried, shrilly.

Caution there, lest the boat goes over! Caution!

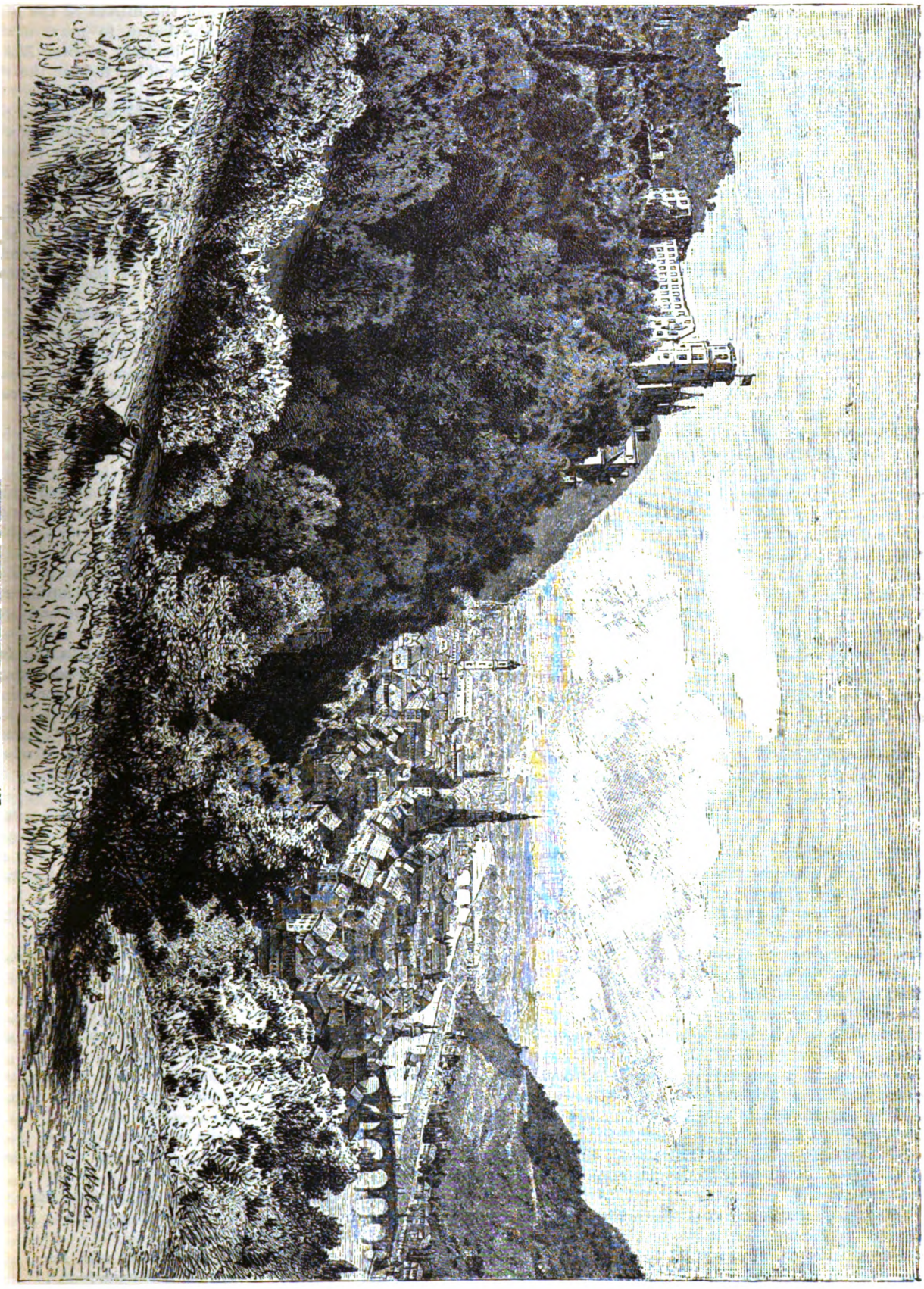
Esther looked back. She fancied she heard Dale's voice sending a last cheering word to her. Oh, why had he not come with her? Carefully the frail skiff was guided across, on that adventuresome voyage, clear of the huge masses of uptorn rock and root and timber. If in the dense and tossing whirl of ruin a human life was tangled and borne down, shuddering its death-shriek in the darkness, who could pause to mourn? If in the plunging, rocking roar of out-swept waters a cry for help was raised, who should pause to answer?

God! Him and Him only, then, in that wild war of the elements, where "the burden of the desert of the sea" was *Death!*

V.

"WEEP ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him, but weep ye sore for him that goeth away, for he shall return no more, nor see his native country."

All Esther's questioning, all her anxieties and wild self-accusations, were answered, laid still and hushed to



GENERAL VIEW OF HEIDELBERG.— SEE PAGE 427.

miserable rest two days afterward, when she stood by her husband lying shrouded in his coffin. He had died simply, nobly, not thinking it any heroism, for duty's sake. The dreadful flood had caught him and swallowed him as it had caught and swallowed many another life in that unexpected hour.

All was silent—at peace now. The sun was shining, the air was warm and sweet with piny odors, and Dale was dead. Esther had complained that her young husband was womanish; he was "no hero"; he had no high ambitions. She had looked down on him when she passed him in the race for knowledge, yet here he had shown a simple faith in duty; he had met death with a smiling courage never taught by all the wisdom of the schools.

She looked with vacant eyes at the white-haired old priest kneeling in prayer at the door. He spoke in his native tongue of *der Glaube*—did that mean faith, belief? And of *die Seele*—did that mean the soul? Did the word *Himmel* mean Heaven—the dear heaven she had known and loved centuries and centuries ago, hearing it spoken of in the soft English tongue.

A woman carrying a child in her arms crept softly in. She brought a little knot of purple Alpine flowers. She laid them on the coffin, weeping.

"He gave me his place in the boat," sobbed the woman, in her native German speech. "He gave his own life for me and my child—he was drowned."

She lifted a fold of the black drapery, kissing it. "What did she mean?" Esther looked with her dull, tear-swollen eyes on those about her. They explained to her the meaning of the woman's words. Dale had resigned his seat in the boat with Esther to the mother and her child.

Esther listened—she could not quite comprehend at first. She was remembering a time and a feeling of her own, when she had made what she termed a sacrifice—a sacrifice of self.

"Oh!" she moaned; "my head feels heavy."

She reached for a distant chair; she thought it was close beside her. Then she wavered and fell down crouching against the wall.

VI.

Home and Pussy Willow. And now—whither? What dream-fruit now was left for Esther Cumberbourne to gather? A year had been taken out of her life. She had been lured from her path by strange enchantments, and now the witch music to which she had been wending had ceased, and she had come back to her own again.

Her own! What was left to her now? Often in the first, dull, dark nights after her return to Pussy Willow she woke out of nerveless sleep into the unbroken midnight stillness with that one thought rapping at her brain—Whither now? What is left now for me? Then came the rush of unnerving, benumbing memories. A grave back there in a foreign land; home and widowhood; and in the months to come, shivering, she would turn her face into the pillow, and with sobs and tears and wild bemoanings, pray: "Oh! why did I not die, too? O crucified Lord! must I, too, bear the cross—alone and friendless?"

That, too, passed, and was followed by meek, womanly prayer for strength—strength and resignation to bear what was to come. For a child was to be born to Dale, now that he was dead—an heir to Pussy Willow.

* * * * * *

That, too, passed—the meekness and the prayer. She must wait; but her moods were many and exhausting. Her studies were there. She opened them, and turned away in sick weariness. Effortless were her strivings. Were the high things to which the fingers of the gods had pointed dead, then? She began to pray, if she must bear the cross, let a son be born to bear Dale's name. Let no daughter be born of her to bear the old woe of the world over again.

If a son were born to her she would take up the old ambitions, and water their roots and tend their growth for him. She should see all her old greed for success flower and take fruit for him. Her old dreams. *Old!*—and she was not yet twenty.

"Of course my wife studied. She was an awfully fine scholar; better than I, in fact," Dale was wont to say. "But all that's wasted, I fancy, for women! Of course my wife has no need for anything of that sort now. Women must marry."

But a son—a son to Cumberbourne—a scholar!

A year went by—another year. The son and heir to Pussy Willow, bearing his dead father's name, grew and throve apace. For a son was born to him who was dead, yet no voice came from that grave far off—no voice from anywhere.

"Stars silent rest o'er us,
Graves under us silent,"

was Esther's sad musing, as she paced up and down under the full-boughed trees; sombre yet, and musing, though the boy within there lay large and fair and noble, "headed like a star."

Twice in these years a letter had come to her, asking: "May I come to you now?" Just those half-dozen words, unsigned; and her only answer to these had been silence.

But to-day, while she was walking there in the full sunshine of Spring, she heard the gate swing and a man's step coming up the walk. She stood quite still, waiting. Most likely it was Morris—good, old, kind Morris! But whom she saw was a younger man; a tall, strong figure, broad-shouldered, with eager, dark eyes in a face where the serious energy was tempered and toned finely by the spirit of noble dreams.

The visitor came up directly to where Esther was standing. She was waiting quietly now. They clasped hands quietly, but the first quick, long glance they exchanged was a measuring flame that covered all the time they had been divided from each other.

"You did not tell me I might come," said Stephen Royley, slowly, "but I ventured."

"Yes," she murmured, in answer. Then, scarcely knowing what she said: "I am glad! I am glad!"

Stephen Royley's face grew stern.

"Am I to believe that? I have waited a long time. I have been patient, and now I am here only because I would come. I have something to say."

Esther clasped her hands together, lifting them a little toward him, as if she were pleading for him to be merciful.

"Wait a little longer!" she whispered, at last.

"No!" he answered, sternly. "I have waited long enough—it is time to speak!"

But then, with these cold words on his lips, his clear eyes scanning her face, his burdening thought leaped forth: "You are changed!"

Changed! She pressed back the tears with her heart. She would not move her heavy-lidded eyes from his face. She stood with her clasped hands dropped on her black draperies in front of her.

"Yes," she answered, quietly; "I am changed!"

His face at this recovered the look of chill it had for the moment lost.

"Why did you not give me an answer? You might, at least, have sent one word, Esther!"

Hark! What was that? From the house, a little sound, a faint murmur—a sound nearest to the lost voices of heaven left behind us of anything we hear on earth—smote Stephen Royley's ears. He trembled over all his strong frame, a quiver of quick comprehension passed, shaking him in every nerve. He turned to Esther, meeting her pale smile.

"Oh, my sister!"

With a sudden movement he prostrated his face on her hands, covering them with tears.

"Oh, my sister! if you had let me serve you!" he said, humbly, remembering his harsh judgment of her.

"It is over now," she said, simply.

Then she told him of all her miserable past errors, of her proud self-worshiping, of her false judgment of Dale.

"You see, I had no right to be happy. It was right that I should be made miserable. I must be punished. I must accept my punishment!"

"Punishment! Does that mean that you must make me, too, miserable?" Stephen asked her. "Does it mean that you must darken all my future life, too, in order to atone for a child's fancied wrong?"

"I don't know!—oh, I don't know!" cried out Esther, at last, in wild beseeching. "Help me—tell me! I am so miserable!"

Stephen took her in his arms then.

"My darling! we will walk side by side, upward and together always. You will help me, and the child—Dale's boy—shall be ours together, God helping, us!"

HEIDELBERG.

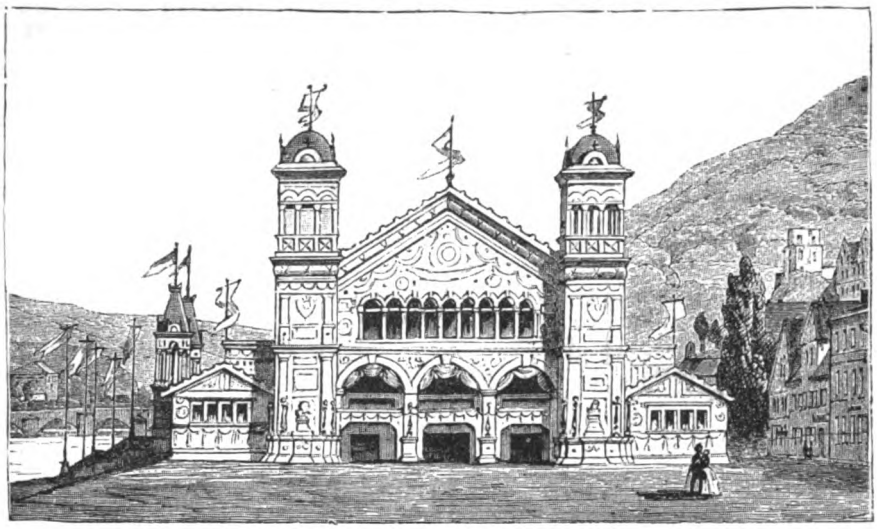
By M. Wilcox.

So fortunate in its situation, so interesting as the scene of important historical events, so estimable as the residence of great scholars and the common meeting-ground of choice spirits of all nations, Heidelberg never fails to win the hearts of those who visit it. But, in order that this love for the old town may be love at first sight, it is essential that one should approach it from the right quarter. If you come by rail from Mannheim, at the confluence of the Rhine and the Neckar, you may admire the wall of hills, rising abruptly from the Rhine plain, and the narrow valley through which the Neckar makes its way; but on this side the town has grown quite rapidly of late years, and presents, therefore, a crude and unfinished appearance. New Heidelberg is unquestionably an edifying spectacle to resident manufacturers and shopkeepers; but old Heidelberg is the Heidelberg of song and story, which tourists come from the uttermost parts of the earth to see, and old Heidelberg is on the Heilbronn side. Undoubtedly it is more convenient, when one is following the ordinary course of travel, to approach it from Mannheim, but this is no less true: if you have never come down the Neckar from Heilbronn, you have never properly seen Heidelberg at all.

The Neckar is one of those interesting streams, full of sudden changes, like an impulsive person. Here it is quiet and deep, reflecting the red-roofed dwellings of a little village, comfortably placed in a fertile meadow; yonder it springs suddenly forward, rushing between steep and rugged mountains, which are crowned with the ruins of ancient castles. If you have time to stop at any one of the villages, you may there learn of stirring events in the tenth century, when this valley was a battle-ground for Wends and Teutons, or of stirring adventures in the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, when these numerous castles were the strongholds of lawless barons; but if you ask, What has happened since? you will receive the answer, Nothing has happened. The Neckar Valley, between Heilbronn and Heidelberg, has no modern history. Here is the Castle of Hornberg, where Götz of the Iron Hand died in 1562. What has happened here since that time? Nothing. His armor still hangs upon the wall, and Goethe has written about him, that is all you learn. Here are the four castles of the robber knights at Neckarsteinach. What has happened here since the chain which stretched across the river has been removed and traffic has been free? There have been picnic parties in the ruins, that is all.

But Neckarsteinach is only five miles above Heidelberg, and presently, at a bend in the river, we catch sight of a noble mountain-side, thickly wooded, and half way up its slope the ruddy-brown masses of the most picturesque ruin in Europe. Below is the town, which at this extremity is very narrow, being crowded in between river and mountain. There is the bridge, of fine red sandstone, with its nine arches and its statues—one of Karl Theodor, with river gods and goddesses at his feet, and one of Minerva, similarly attended by the four Faculties of the University. At the western end of the bridge are villas, and rising above these, the vineyards and wooded heights of Heiligenberg, with its "Philosopher's Way." Whatever the eye rests upon either stimulates curiosity, or allures by its beauty, or suggests enjoyment.

But although Heidelberg is called old, one must not expect to find, in the building of the town, that general evidence of venerable antiquity which is to be found at Hildesheim and Nürnberg. "Five times bombarded, twice laid in ashes, thrice taken by assault and delivered over to pillage," it is no longer a Gothic city. Here and there is a building which has escaped destruction, to show what architecture meant before the seventeenth century; but most of the edifices are comparatively modern. The Elector Palatine of the Rhine had his residence here, and Heidelberg was, therefore, unfortunately prominent during the Thirty Years' War, and afterward when the troops of Turenne, of Melac and of Chamilly ravaged the Palatinate in pursuance of the policy of Louis XIV. In 1622 it was taken by Tilly after a siege of one month. It had been bombarded, and Tilly allowed his soldiers to plunder as they pleased after its capture. At this time the books and manuscripts of the library—the famous *Bibliotheca Palatina*, one of the most valuable collections in Europe—were used, it is said, for littering the horses of the conquerors. The larger part of this library, however, found its way into the Vatican. The town was taken and burned by Melac in 1688. Again, in 1693, it suffered terribly at the hands of Chamilly. Its citizens were treated with excessive cruelty. The castle was ruined, but before 1720 it had been restored, and since that time man has been its friend and only the elements have been its enemies. The



FESTIVAL HALL IN HEIDELBERG.

octagon tower was struck by lightning in 1764; the flames could not be suppressed, and the castle was reduced to its present ruinous condition. But so much of the structure has remained standing that it requires little fancy to reconstruct the whole; and while vines and mosses and shrubs have fastened themselves upon the walls, as though insisting that they should again become a portion of the mountain side, man's art is constantly busied in the effort to uphold and maintain all that is left. The structure was the growth of centuries, and is too vast for the requirements of a modern princely household. There is, therefore, no probability that it will ever be rebuilt, as the Wartburg in Thüringen, and Rheinstein on the Rhine, and other smaller castles, have been. As a ruin it is perfect. Gardens, shady walks and trim shrubbery surrounding it add that touch of art which enhances the charm of the picturesque.

But this has been said by way of anticipation. We have not yet reached the castle, inasmuch as we are approaching the town by the river, and while our boat is borne swiftly along by the rapid stream have glanced at the magnificent features of the scene.

Now we glide beneath one of the central arches of the stone bridge, and a moment later are landed. Passing through a narrow side street, we come into the principal thoroughfare, leading from the upper to the lower, or new, end of the town. Here are the shops, the banks, the *cafés;* here are commonly parties of students, wearing caps of bright colors, and marching along in a lordly fashion; here are townspeople going about their business; here are visitors in carriages. The Hauptstrasse presents a spectacle of life and gayety.

We turn to the left, and soon reach the market-place, an open square, where stands the Church of the Holy Ghost. This was built upon the site formerly occupied by a chapel bearing the same name, which is mentioned in a document of the year 1239. By Ruprecht III. it was endowed as a cathedral. The library—or, rather, one of several libraries which were maintained separately at that time—was kept in the choir, beneath which the Palsgraves and Electors were generally entombed. In the sack of 1693 the coffins were broken open and robbed of their ornaments, the beautiful monuments demolished, the bones scattered about, and when the unfortunate inhabitants of the town took refuge in this church the roof was set on fire. Not many years afterward a dispute arose between the Catholics and the Calvinists, both claiming exclusive possession of the building. The dispute was terminated by a decision assigning the nave to the Calvinists, and putting the Roman Catholics in possession of the rest of the church, and a partition wall was built to separate the contending sects. But in 1719 Karl Philipp claimed the whole church for the Roman Catholics, and caused the wall which separated the nave from the choir to be removed. The Protestants appealed to the Imperial Chamber and to the Protestant princes. The Elector was obliged to yield, and leaving Heidelberg in anger, made Mannheim his residence, and the capital of the Electoral Palatinate. The partition wall was restored. The choir remained the parish church of the Roman Catholics until 1810, when the late church of the Jesuits was substituted for it. Within the last year the entire church has been restored, so far as possible, to its original condition.

Facing the Church of the Holy Ghost stands the Ritter Hotel, one of the few buildings which remain as they were before 1622. Here it is said the famous Götz, whose castle we passed on the Neckar, used to live when in Heidelberg.

Passing on now to the Prinz Karl Hotel, we engage rooms, enter in the register not only our name and residence, but also our profession and destination. Then a carriage is called, and we are driven away to see the castle.

As we pass the stand of a fellow whose business it is to let donkeys to persons wishing to avail themselves of that means of locomotion, we notice his sign prominently displayed. It reads as follows: "Herren können hier Esel bekommen." And below, for the benefit of English-speaking tourists, "Gentlemen may become asses here." This is not meant for a joke, the proprietor being a serious-minded German; and if we were to point out to him his mistranslation, he would shrug his shoulders incredulously and give us one pitying glance.

Before entering the castle we turn aside to enjoy the prospect from the Elizabeth Garden and the great rampart erected by Ludwig V. upon four or five tiers of vaults. Friedrich V. transformed this into a beautiful garden for his consort Elizabeth, daughter of King James I. of England. The orange-trees, the grottoes lined with precious stones, the fountains and artificial lakes, with which the luxurious prince adorned it, have vanished, but it is still a pretty spot. Here is a bench, and the inscription: "Goethe often rested at this point, reflecting and composing poetry." No wonder! The view ranges over the housetops of the city below to the wide and fertile plain of the Rhine, here spread out generously, and suggestive of the thrift, the comfort and the monotony of modern life. At least, there can be no doubt that this thought occurred to Goethe, for he has given expression to it in a poem, written at Heidelberg, in which the following figure occurs: "Past and present here. Between us and the past there yawns no chasm! See! the royal, crowned mountain sinks into the valley's bosom."

Returning now to the road, we enter a gateway which was probably built by the Elector Friedrich II., in 1555. This is almost uninjured. But we must pass through a second gate, the Latin or Square Tower, as it is called, before entering the Inner Court.

Upon our left, as we enter, are the oldest portions of the edifice—Rudolph's Palace, founded and enlarged between the years 1300 and 1350, and Ruprecht's Palace, built about 1400. Upon our right is a portico, the pillars of which were dug from the ruins of the Palace of Charlemagne at Lower Ingelheim. These pillars are the remains of one hundred similar ones which Charlemagne had received from Rome and Ravenna for the construction of his palace. Behind this portico are buildings, erected by Ludwig V. between the years 1520 and 1525, which were formerly used as dwellings for soldiers, gardeners and others of that class. These are in excellent preservation and are still inhabited; in part by employés who have charge of the castle and grounds, while apartments have occasionally been let to tourists in search of novel surroundings.

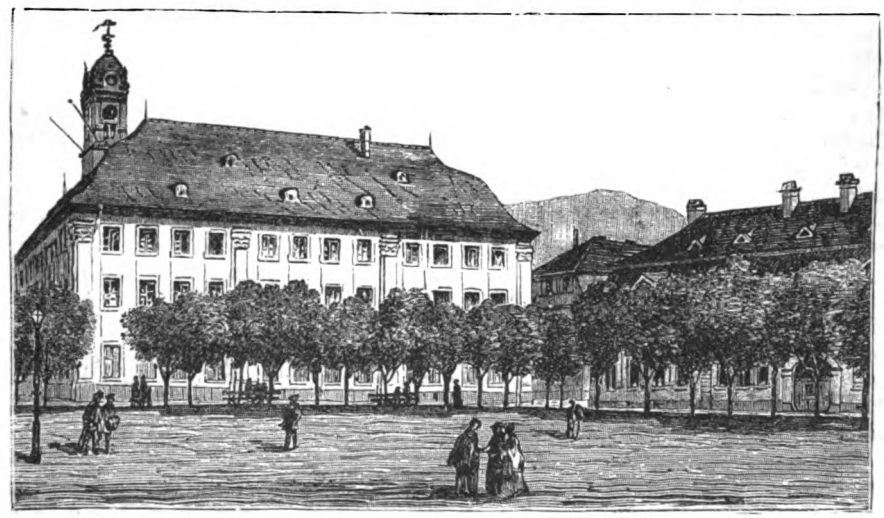
But our attention cannot be long held by this portion of the court. The northern and eastern sides of the irregular quadrangle excite our admiration and deserve more than passing remark. In the northeast corner is the Palace of Friedrich II.—the "New Court," erected in 1549—which shows the influence of the Renaissance, but preserves some features of the Gothic, architecture. Adjoining this, on the eastern side, is the superb façade of Otto Heinrich's Palace (1556—1559). This is truly a beautiful specimen of Renaissance architecture, for it combines distinctness of plan with richness of decoration. The warm tint of the stone, thus elaborately carved; the many statues in niches; the variety, yet, in the main, harmony, of decorative forms employed; the simplicity and strength of the main horizontal lines, combine in the most agreeable effect. The inner walls have fallen away and sunlight pours through the upper windows. This is a distinct gain in beauty; and no doubt the absence of the gables once crowning this front is also a gain in beauty, for such gables have no place in this order of architecture. We would not have Otto Heinrich's Palace rebuilt, but we would have it stand for ever as it is—always beautiful, and sometimes, as when the moonlight silvers it, exquisitely beautiful.

Adjoining the "New Court" of Friedrich II. and completing the northern side of the quadrangle, is the Palace of Friedrich IV., Prince Elector, ruling from 1592 to 1610. The façade of this building shows Renaissance architecture in its decadence. Owing to the profusion of portrait statues and other excessive rococo decoration, the eye is fairly fatigued, and the general effect is much inferior to that of Otto Heinrich's Palace. Nevertheless, this fault is an error on the side of strength and a too exuberant fancy, and such faults always possess a certain charm.

As we have seen, the principal structures of the Castle offer specimens more or less perfect of Roman, Gothic and Renaissance architecture; the last-named, little more than fifty years after its adoption, losing its chaste beauty and taking on that extravagant ornamentation which has been denominated Rococo, and which the French Court subsequently held up to the world for admiration and imitation. To the student, they are so many pages from four great chapters of the world's history: the supremacy of Rome; the formation of Germanic states upon the ruins of the Empire; the new birth of classic taste after the capture of Constantinople by the Turks; the splendor and the folly of the French Court under Louis XIV. and Louis XV.

Passing now through a door near the northwestern angle, we enter a spacious room, which is frequently used as a banqueting-hall on the occasion of great student meetings—in their own language, *Kommers*. At such times, the scene is one which contrasts strangely with the sombre surroundings. The various societies (Vereins, Corps, Burschenschaften) are assembled in full force. No fear that any will be missing when it is a question of harangues and beer. Their officers, dressed in showy uniform, preside, and succeed in maintaining a certain degree of order; for Germans delight in discipline, and have done their best to raise beer-drinking to the rank of a fine art. Each society occupies a separate table, but not as a mark of hostility. For the time, the traditional rivalry of the various organizations assumes a milder form, and the duel with swords is parodied in the "beer duel." Men who have dealt each other blows with the "pauking" sword, now challenge each other to contests for which the inoffensive beer-mug is the weapon chosen. All details are arranged with mock gravity; an arbiter is chosen; the command "Ein, zwei, drei, los!" is given; the contestants raise their foaming quart mugs to their lips and drain them with inconceivable rapidity; the arbiter inspects the mugs to see that no heel-taps have been left, and declares that victory is perched upon the helm of the principal with the largest throat, who was first to finish. Sometimes the contest is in respect to capacity; and in such duels the quantity of beer consumed in a given time surpasses belief.

There is nothing new under the sun. The Edda tells us that when the God Thor was on his travels he met a churl, and engaged with him in a contest similar to that which has just been described. Thor was worshiped by our own ancestors, as well as by the ancestors of those German students reveling in Heidelberg Castle; none the less does the "beer duel" strike us as an unheard-of,



HEIDELBERG UNIVERSITY.

amazingly stupid and, in spite of Thor's highly aristocratic connections and old family, a decidedly low-toned custom.

From time to time an orator, representing one of the societies present, ascends the rostrum and harangues an audience which is not very attentive, but which applauds generously at the beginning and the conclusion of each address.

We pass from the banquet-hall and descend to the cellar, in which the great tun is to be seen. The original great tun held about 159,000 quarts. This was injured in the Thirty Years' War, and was falling to pieces when, in 1664, a new one was made, larger and handsomer than the old, containing about 245,000 quarts. This cask also becoming unfit for use, the present one was built in 1751. It is 30 feet and 5 inches long, and 23 feet high, and holds about 283,000 quarts. The staves are 9 inches thick. Since the conflagration in 1764 it has been left empty, and was supposed to have become unfit for use; but it was repaired and again filled with wine in honor of the guests of the University who, last August, assembled to celebrate the five hundredth anniversary of the illustrious "Hochschule." Near the tun is placed a wooden image of the dwarf Perkeo, who made merry and drank his fifteen bottles daily in Karl Philipp's time.

Retracing our steps to the outside air, we again cross the court toward the northeastern corner, and, passing between "New Court" and the Palace of Friedrich IV., come out upon the great balcony, or esplanade, which commands a view up the Neckar Valley. This esplanade is on the same magnificent scale with everything else here. Consciously or unconsciously, the successive masters and architects of this princely home strove to this end: that not even the mountain side rising above, or the wide prospect of river and valley below, should dwarf the work of their hands. Faint sounds rise from the river and town at our feet, to tell of the active life there; and, see! there is the Neckar freight-boat, which, pulling itself along by means of a chain which lies in the channel, passing this from bow to stern with much puffing and great expenditure of fuel, goes hand-over-hand, as it were, against the rapid current.

Returning now diagonally across the court and through the central gate, we turn toward the gardens on the eastern side of the castle, passing on our way the shattered gunpowder-tower, the walls of which are from sixteen to twenty feet in thickness. At this point extensive terraces begin. The steep mountain-side was converted by the luxurious Friedrich V. into a garden, which extended for an eighth of a mile toward the northeast. At present this garden is laid out in the English style; and an item not to be overlooked is the cheerful little restaurant, where visitors may enjoy moderately good refreshments at tables placed under the trees, and listen to music the while. As for this music, when the local band discourses, it might be better; and, as often as the military band from Mannheim is called in, it *is* better.

From this point there is a choice of delightful walks. One may go eastward along the mountain-side to a pretty spot called Wolfsbrunnen. There is a restaurant, famed for trout. You may feed the trout with crumbs as they flash in the pond, or you may eat them in crumbs as they are offered you, crisp and brown, upon the plate. Perhaps you may prefer to do both. Or, if you take the opposite direction, you will find equally shady walks leading westward—leading to a restaurant famed for strawberries and, a few years ago, at least, famed also for its smiling young hostess. Even if you make your way upward through thick groves to the tower on the top of the mountain, in order to look from the highest point far away into the valleys of the Odenwald, there you will find a restaurant. Walking is very easy when the paths are shaded and when one is breathing mountain air and coming upon a restaurant every mile or so. Parties of students pass us. They are singing "Alt Heidelberg," and the tones of that stirring chorus are caught up and repeated by the echoes.

Suppose we adopt the suggestion contained in that students' song, and turn our attention to the University.

The University buildings are scattered throughout the town, and are neither conspicuous nor in any way impressive. The idea of providing fine buildings for university purposes seems never to have occurred to the founders or subsequent guardians. Room is required for lectures, library, collections and so on; but there is no dormitory system, and it has, therefore, been a matter of indifference whether the buildings were contiguous or not. However, the main centre of university life is also the centre of the older part of the town, where are to be found the lecture-rooms of the leading professors.

Inasmuch as we have seen the Heidelberg students carousing, it is but fair to glance at them in the lecture-room. Choose for this purpose the auditorium of a lecturer upon the history of philosophy. It is announced that the lecture will begin at three o'clock. That means fifteen minutes after three; for the lecturer limits himself to three-quarters of an hour, and, accordingly, the "academical quarter-hour" is always understood. Before quarter past three, then, the auditorium is filled by students, who are seated on benches, which are provided with tablets for taking notes. At precisely three o'clock and fifteen minutes the professor enters. He walks rapidly toward his desk, and, even before reaching this, begins to speak, while his auditors pay the strictest attention in order to miss no important point. The lecturer speaks with rapidity, but with great force and distinctness, using no notes, but relying upon his memory for a mass of facts, including long lists of dates, names and titles of books. When asked how he succeeded in cultivating his memory to this degree, Fischer (for we are listening to the famous Kuno Fischer) invariably replies: "I have *learned* the subjects about which I speak. Once learn a thing, in the true sense of the word, and you can never forget it." His face is striking, but not for its beauty. In shape and expression it is like that of a bulldog of the finest breed. He does not wait to warm up to his theme, but from the first instant displays a great store of vitality and an absolute confidence in his own judgment, which, taken together, render him an unequaled instructor and an orator of power. Every statement which he makes is beautifully distinct, his analysis is exhaustive, without ever becoming tedious, while his savage manner and forcible gesticulation serve to impress each point as it is made indelibly upon the memory of the listener. Three-quarters of an hour pass before we find even an instant for reflection. The speaker has not paused, nor has his rapid argument deviated from the straight line. Then he ceases abruptly as he began. With the concluding word he quits his desk and walks rapidly out of the room, while his auditors applaud, gather up their note-books, and go outside to loaf for another "academical quarter-hour."

For 500 years Heidelberg has been one of the centres of culture, not only for Germany, but for the world. The history of its University is an essential portion of

universal history. Furthermore, the liberal and humane spirit which to-day distinguishes it, and lifts it above the level of the rank and file of German universities, it owes to those forces which have made its history, and which can be understood only through an examination of its development. Among those universities usually spoken of as "German," the two oldest are that at Prag, founded in 1348, and that at Vienna, founded in 1365. After these comes Heidelberg, in 1386.* It is, therefore, the oldest within the limits of the present German Empire. For all three the impulse came from Paris, and the University of Paris served as a model for all three. Elector Palatine Ruprecht I. called Marsilius von Inghen from Paris to be the first rector. By his advice four Faculties were established, namely, that of Theology, that of Medicine, that of Law and that of the "Free Arts." Privileges which were of great importance in those days were accorded to students. For example, they were exempted from tolls and taxes during their residence in Heidelberg, and while journeying to and fro.

The inaugural ceremony was held in the chapel of the Holy Ghost on the 18th of October, 1386, and lectures began on the following day with a staff of seven professors. In the first year about five hundred students were in attendance, and before the close of the century this number had been increased to more than one thousand. Ruprecht II. added to the revenues of the University, appropriating to its uses the possessions of the Jews, whom he expelled from the town in 1391. Ruprecht III. gave new value and dignity to the professorships by increasing salaries and raising the incumbents to important posts in Church and State.

Until 1421 there were several libraries: one for the Faculty of Arts, one for the three remaining Faculties, and one which was kept in the Stiftskirche; but when Ludwig III. bequeathed his own books to the University, he imposed the condition that they should be kept in the castle. Philipp founded a library in 1482, and subsequently united it with that of the University. The growing importance of these collections led Friedrich to build (about 1550) the library tower on the eastern side of the castle for the reception of books. To Otto Heinrich was due a large and extremely valuable collection of Greek and Oriental manuscripts. At the time of the Thirty Years' War the *Bibliotheca Palatina* had thus become, perhaps, the most valuable collection in the world, when it was sent by the Duke of Bavaria as a present to the Pope of Rome. About nine hundred of the manuscripts thus lost have been returned in the present century; the balance — more than two thousand five hundred, and five thousand printed books—are still in the Vatican. Leo XIII. has had a catalogue of these prepared, which is in itself a gift of no small value to the despoiled University, inasmuch as these treasures of literature are accessible to few. But in spite of this irreparable loss Heidelberg now possesses one of the most important collections of books, manuscripts and charters in Germany.

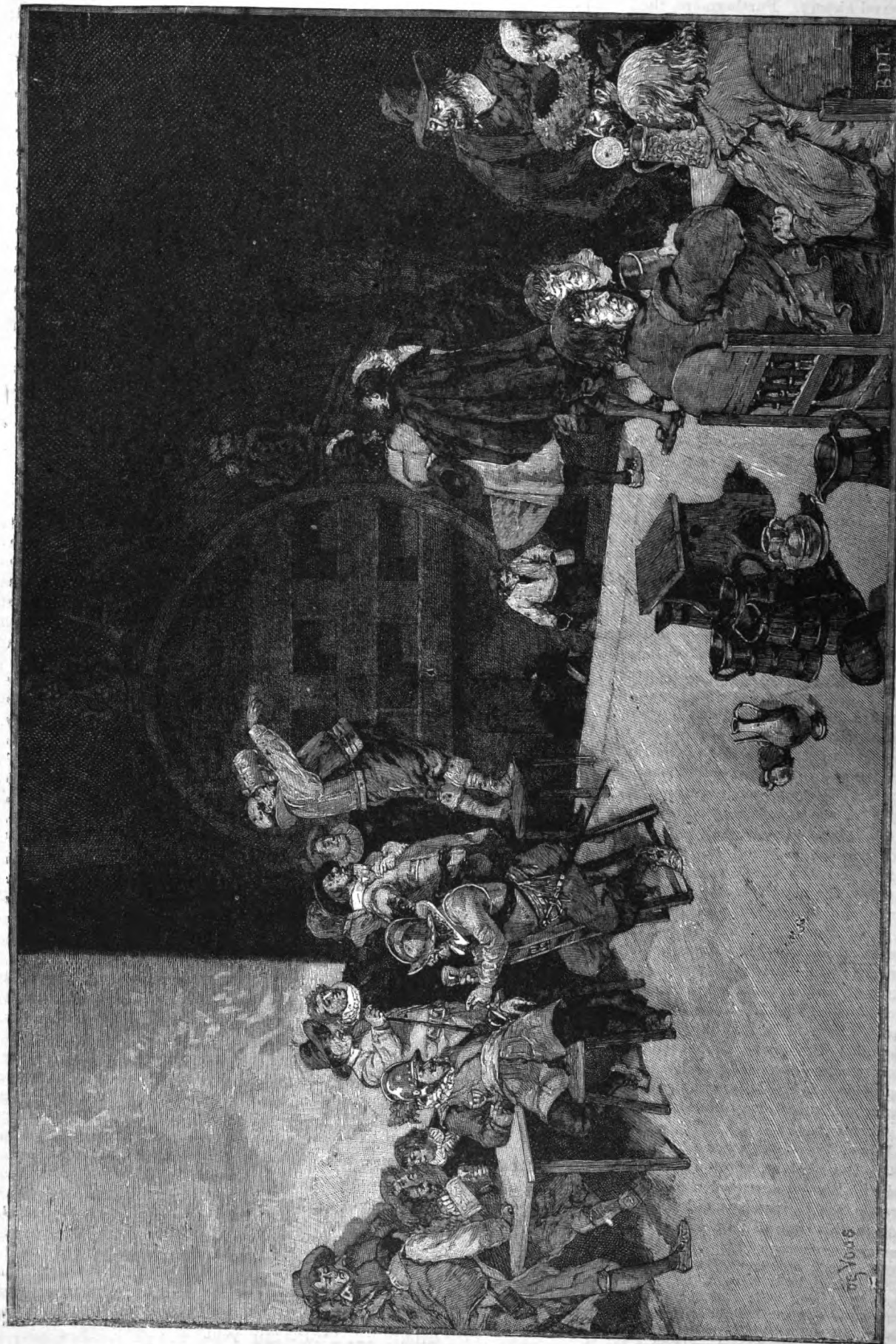
When, in consequence of the peace of Luneville, in 1801—the western shore of the Rhine, where lay the principal possessions of the University—was ceded to France, the University was left almost without resources. But in this time of its need, Karl Friedrich of Baden, to whom the greater part of the dismembered Palatinate east of the Rhine had been given, came forward in behalf of his new possession. He not only endowed the stricken institution, but personally interested himself in reshaping its statutes, enlarging its scope and attracting to its chairs the most celebrated instructors. In effect, he refounded it.

It appears, even from a brief sketch like the foregoing, that the name "Universitas Ruperto-Carolina" suggests an important fact. The University was founded by the Elector Palatine Ruprecht I., and it was restored by Karl Friedrich, the Grand Duke of Baden. That is to say, it has owed its existence and its prosperity to princes. Without their intelligent prevision, there would never have been a university at Heidelberg; while without their generous patronage, continued through centuries as a tradition in the ruling family, the light which has shone so brilliantly upon a land devastated by war would have gone out. Its name suggests, and scrutiny of the records confirms, this view. At no period in its long existence, with the possible exception of the last two or three decades, could the University have appealed with success to the people for adequate support. Just as truly as those gardens at the castle have been supported by the masonry of the terraces, the University has been maintained by the ruling family. For this reason it has not been obliged to consult popular prejudices in order to win the approval of the people: a circumstance which had a twofold result, and which has produced those tendencies visible to-day. In the first place, it has been free to *lead;* and fearless thought upon grave questions has become its characteristic distinction. In the second place, such independence has brought about a freedom of life and manners which is now a no less deeply rooted tradition.

Any attempt to give a catalogue of the names of celebrated men who have been more or less closely connected with Heidelberg must prove unsatisfactory. Everybody has been there. For so long a time it has continued to attract to itself whatever was best in original thought and scholarship, that such a list would be wellnigh endless. But this fact, at least, must not be overlooked: it has not been a resort of mere critics, who learn and teach the thoughts which others have originated. Heidelberg has originated. In literature, in science, in religion, and in politics, it has been a source of great movements. It has stimulated genius, promoted research, given shape to creeds, and led the way in founding states — even the reconstructed German Empire.

As we of to-day, with our clearer vision as to the rights of individuals, review the events in which this University has played a conspicuous part, we of course find evil as well as good. In the age of intolerance and persecution for heresy, Heidelberg was often intolerant. As a consequence of its geographical position, it was of necessity a battle-ground of creeds. Its fair record is stained by the blood of Von Drandorf, Fuger, Silvan—if not of Huss himself; but, in spite of such blots upon it, what institution which existed in those days of terrible earnestness can show a fairer record? What other ancient university, without breaking away from its traditions, could have shared and led in the movement toward absolute intellectual freedom which has marked the present century. When, last August, 500 years after the foundation of the University, the wisdom of all the world was assembled at the incomparable Neckar city, in recognition of the debt which civilization owes to it, a just tribute was becomingly paid.

* University at Cologne, founded 1388; Erfurt, 1392; Würzburg, 1402; Leipsic, 1409; Rostock, 1419; Greifswald, 1456; Freiburg, 1457; Tübingen, 1477; Marburg, 1527; Königsberg, 1544; Jena, 1558; Giessen, 1607; Kiel, 1665; Halle, 1697; Göttingen, 1737; Erlangen, 1743; Münster, 1780; Berlin, 1810; Breslau, 1811; Bonn, 1818; Munich, 1826; Strassburg, 1872.



THE GREAT TUN AT HEIDELBERG IN MEDIEVAL DAYS.

THE CRIMSON CASKET.—"STARTING UP FROM SLUMBER, MISS ROSALIA SAW DEBORAH BESIDE HER, HER FACE SWOLLEN WITH CRYING. BEHIND THE GIRL STOOD TWO MASKED MEN, EACH HOLDING A PISTOL IN HIS HAND."

THE CRIMSON CASKET.

By J. F. Alston.

One bright, frosty evening in January, two maiden ladies sat at work in the comfortable parlor of Ashwarley Grange, not far from Clifton Downs.

The Misses Ashwarley had been belles, beauties and heiresses in their day.

All that was over. The fortune was lost, the lovers had fled, the near and dear friends and relatives were in their graves, and the former co-heiresses had only an annuity of fifty pounds and the old Grange between them, and the terror of destitution.

Experience had taught them thrift and economy. Their large garden was a great help, and by advertising in the country paper they succeeded in letting half of their large house to a wealthy widow lady "without encumbrances," who paid them liberally for the trouble she gave.

This lady had left them early in December to make a round of visits among her own and her late husband's friends. They were now expecting her return.

And as they sat beside the fire on this clear, cold evening, they were talking of the servant whom they also expected, and whom they were about to hire, during the temporary illness of their own housekeeper, expressly to attend upon Mrs. Herne.

"Poor old Truefitt! I wish we could have persuaded her to stay here and get well," said Miss Rosalia, who, being the senior by a few moments, considered herself, on grand occasions, to be "Miss Ashwarley," and in ordinary affairs tacitly took the lead. "If Mrs. Herne is not back before the 30th, and if this maid Deborah comes to-morrow, don't you see, Phœbe, there would be ample time for you and me to nurse Truefitt back into health?"

"But, Rosalia, she said it was the time of weakness

after recovery that she dreaded," replied Miss Phœbe. "You know nothing could ever persuade Truefitt that any one else could wait on us *properly*, and so she would be trying to do things herself before she was able, and perhaps throw herself back for months. I think it was wise in her to go away to her daughter. The sea-air and the rest will soon set her up again. But the house seems terribly lonesome without her."

"It does, indeed! It is the first time she has left us since we were babies."

They both looked up with a start.

The Grange was very old and very lonely, standing in its own extensive grounds at the bottom of a lane nearly a mile long.

The lane diverged from the Ashwarley turnpike road, and after passing the Grange faded away into a narrow footpath, with stiles that crossed many a distant field.

The market town of Ashwarley and the small city of Greensmorton could both be seen from the upper windows of the old house. But the nearest neighbor was the vicar, at the head of Ashwarley Lane.

This had mattered little in the old days, when the farm lands were cultivated by the owner, and the kitchen was full of men and maid servants. It *did* become a thing to be regretted when the two ladies were left quite by themselves—as now.

There are always odd sounds about old houses, especially at night, when the whole world is still. Old furniture is famous for giving out all manner of unearthly creaks and croaks if there is any one at hand to be half scared out of their wits thereby. And in almost any country lane, of a dark evening, one can conjure up startling sounds or visions, if alone and at all nervous. The Misses Ashwarley had done this often and often during the two days and nights that had elapsed since the housekeeper had been driven away in her daughter's taxed cart. But now they nearly leaped from their chairs as they looked at each other.

For they both heard, distinctly, footsteps pacing up and down the short stone terrace that ran below the windows of the western wing.

And when that sound was heard at Ashwarley all in the house believed that a funeral would pass before those western doors; that a hearse would go down the lime-tree avenue before another month should end!

The two poor ladies sat listening, with clasped hands, till the footsteps ceased.

"Oh, Rosalia. If it is for *us*, I hope God will let us go *together*," said Miss Phœbe, all in a tremble.

"Our family legend says it is for those who sleep in the western wing," debated Miss Rosalia.

"And Mrs. Herne's rooms are there. Can it be for her, Rosalia?"

"I always supposed one of our family was meant. Mrs. Herne is not even a relative," said Miss Rosalia, knitting her brow. "But her rooms do open on that terrace. I wish"—she stopped a moment—"*I wish I had looked out!*"

"*Sister!*"

Miss Phœbe was horrified. An irreverent ancestor of theirs had once sworn (in his cups) that he would see who or what walked on that terrace, and, rushing to the great western window (which now lighted Mrs. Herne's drawing-room), he had reeled back, covering his eyes with his hands, and had died ten days later, still raving of "the dreadful sight that had killed him."

While they were still dwelling on this point, the every-day sounds of rolling wheels and clattering hoofs came briskly down the lane, and halted at the side gate.

"There's the new servant, I do believe," said Miss Rosalie, gladly. "It is the Ashwarley carrier."

She went to unlock and unbar the door.

Miss Phœbe broke up the great block of coal on top of the fire, and gave the mass a rousing stir.

Two candles burned on the table. The carrier's cart rattled back through the frosty moonlight to Ashwarley, and the new servant, setting her box down in the hall, followed Miss Rosalia into the full glow of fire and candles to make her courtesy to her mistresses.

Deborah Gray was a tall young woman of twenty, finely formed, with a dark complexion, jet-black hair, a low forehead, and a pair of rather bold black eyes. There was something remarkably resolute about her face and her manner, and the lowering look of her heavy black eyebrows told tales of "a temper"; but she looked respectable and was strong and active, and the ladies did their best to get over the feeling of dislike that rose in both their minds at first sight of her rather truculent countenance.

"Girls, nowadays, think themselves quite as good as their mistresses, if not better," said Miss Rosalia, with a sigh. "If we get one who can wait nicely on Mrs. Herne, and who is tolerably civil, we must be content."

"And honest," added Miss Phœbe.

Miss Rosalia started.

"Honest? Of course, my dear. I should feel a little surprised at Truefitt's having recommended Deborah if I didn't know what servants have come to nowadays. But a dishonest one she would *not* send. Bless us all! what *should* we do if we had a thief here?"

"Oh, of course! Truefitt would be quite satisfied on *that* point," assented Miss Phœbe. And then, just by way of making conversation, she added: "But there's one comfort, sister. Even if a thief should come, there's nothing to steal. Burglars never take heavy tables and chairs. And we have nothing else to lose."

"Nothing else, indeed! That is all you know about it!" exclaimed Miss Rosalia.

And then she stopped short, quite frightened.

"I'm sure we both have handsome silk dresses!" she continued, lamely.

Miss Phœbe was human enough to toss her head and keep silence. That was not what her sister had begun to say. She knew it very well. Miss Rosalia knew it, too.

The next morning a letter came from Mrs. Herne to say that she proposed to return to the Grange ten days after date.

"What a blessing that Deborah is here!" both the ladies thought. And as soon as breakfast was well over, Miss Rosalia called the maid up to Mrs. Herne's rooms, and told her that they must be cleaned and set in perfect order that week.

"In ten days!" repeated Deborah, when she had heard the date of Mrs. Herne's arrival.

Miss Rosalia thought she looked put out. Perhaps she had expected a longer term of quiet service before the lodger came.

After tea, Deborah asked leave to run down to the village to post a letter. It was a bright moonlight night, and Miss Rosalia, after some little demur, consented.

"But hereafter, Deborah, your letters must be ready for the morning postman," she said. "I don't hold with young girls running about after dusk. You'll have your afternoon out now and then, and you'll go to church. And with that you'll please to content yourself."

Deborah answered, demurely, that she would, and set off on her walk.

If Miss Rosalia could but have seen her turn and shake

her clinched fist at the house when well under the shelter of the avenue trees!

Deborah never went near village or post-office that evening. Instead of turning up the lane toward Ashwarley, she sprang over the stile below the Grange and ran swiftly along the field-paths, keeping well in the shadow of the hedges all the while, lest any troublesome old shepherd should be pottering about after the flocks and see her.

Five fields she crossed in that rapid run, in twice as many moments.

The fifth stile led into a narrow lane overhung with lowering hawthorn-hedges, and shaded here and there by small clumps of trees.

Far down this lane, under a group of tall young elms, a dull-red light was shining.

Deborah hurried toward it. Her heart beat fast, her black eyes shone, the crimson on her cheeks glowed more and more vividly, the nearer she drew to that light.

It came from a fire built upon the ground, and sheltered from wind and draught by the high hedges and the low walls of a dirty canvas tent, in shape much like the cover of an emigrant's cart.

The tent was very small. The fire burned before it. Within it, at ease on a couch of straw, a gypsyish kind of man was lying stretched, smoking a short, black, clay pipe.

Gypsyish-looking, I say, for Frederick French was no gypsy by birth, but the son of a small London tradesman, who had pinched himself for years to educate his only child—with this result.

Frederick French wore his father down to the grave by his vicious conduct, and at his death pounced eagerly on his small property and savings. It took but a short time to squander all that the honest toil of his father had won. And then the young man faced the world penniless, and eager for money—ripe and ready for any crime that would put that money securely in his purse.

Poor Deborah was one of his many victims, and she loved him with all the fervor of a wild, strong nature that might have been trained to better aims. It was a bore to him at times to be so fondly worshiped, and he meant to sever the tie ere long. But just now she was most useful to him. And so, when she rushed in upon his tobacco reverie with a shriek of joy, he smiled on her, and greeted her, as if he really loved her, with a kiss.

They talked long and earnestly, bending toward each other over the dying fire.

"Only ten days instead of the month we counted on," said French, as they parted at the stile. "Well, you must be all the keener, Deborah. Search when the old maids are asleep. If they wake and catch you in the act, you can be a ghost, and scare them out of their wits, or to death, it don't much matter which!"

Deborah laughed.

"I'll manage them. The casket must be in the house somewhere, of course. But, Fred, if you'll be advised by me you'll come next Friday night, and you'll have *the hearse*. That will prevent all search. But of a Saturday or Sunday night too many people will be about."

"All right, my lass. We'll say next Friday night at half-past eleven. I can hire the hearse easily enough, and Jones and I can drive it across these fields if we fail to get Belling over from France in time. But suppose you fail to find the casket between this and Friday, my girl?"

"I won't fail!" said Deborah.

She kissed him again and ran briskly home.

By four o'clock on the next Thursday afternoon Mrs. Herne's rooms in the western wing were fresh and clean as hands could make them, and the whole house wore a gala air in honor of her coming.

Deborah proved herself an excellent servant. But she had one failing, a serious one, at the Grange.

She was timid in spite of her resolute aspect, and she seemed to grow more timid day by day.

"I can't make it out," said Miss Rosalia, over the tea-table on the Thursday evening. "If she had been gadding about the village, or even if the Vicarage servants were at home, I should fancy some one had been telling her stories about the house. But as you know, Phœbe, the Vicarage won't be opened till the family return, next month, and she don't go into the village at all."

"The baker," suggested Miss Phœbe.

But even as she spoke Deborah flew into the room without knocking, all pale with fear.

"I beg your pardon, ladies," she gasped; "but when I went to close Mrs. Herne's window just now, I heard some one walking on the terrace below."

"Ah!" shrieked Miss Phœbe.

"And I looked out."

"*Never!*" exclaimed Miss Rosalia.

"And there was a man a-walking past, all still and secret, and he looked up at the window like as if he was a burglar; and I was that scared I ran away!"

"And left the window open!" shouted Miss Rosalia. "*Idiot!*"

She rushed to the room. Deborah followed, her apron to her eyes. Through its folds she watched keenly. But Miss Rosalia, finding the window closed and fastened, hastened back to her sister without once attempting to look out.

"Don't frighten Miss Phœbe so again for nothing," she said, sternly, to the girl.

"I won't, mum," courtesied Deborah, removing the tray with sobs and sniffs.

In the kitchen she gave vent to her rage.

"It shall be *for something* next time, I promise you! Where *is* the casket? In that room, I know—but where!"

Late that night Deborah poked and pried once more, but still in vain.

"Take what you deserve, then!" she cried, with a furious glance at the door of the ladies' room. "If Fred sets you on the fire till you tell, I'll not be the one to bid him stop!"

* * * * * *

The Friday night saw a strange proceeding in the grounds of the Vicarage at the head of the Grange lane.

A hearse, drawn by a single horse, stood at the back garden-door, and two masked men came and went for some time, transferring light but valuable articles from the closed house to the dismal vehicle with a trained rapidity that spoke of frequent practice.

Then from the garden-gate, up through the lonely lane, went hearse and attendants, and halted under the great window of the western wing of Ashwarley Grange.

The window opened. Deborah Gray, dressed for traveling, lifted her box up to the men, and, as they turned back from stowing it away in the hearse, caught her lover by the arm.

"Fred, I've tried and tried, and haven't found it. It's here, somewhere, but you'll have to frighten her into telling. She has been too much for me."

Frederick French uttered an awful oath and pushed the girl away. She clung about him, crying and abjectly

kissing his hand, till he drove her from him with a heavy blow.

A blaze of light filled Miss Rosalia's room a little later.

Starting up from slumber, she saw Deborah beside her, her face swollen with crying. Behind the girl stood two masked men, each holding a pistol in his hand.

Deborah seized her before she could scream out.

"If you make a noise they'll kill you the next moment!" she said. "They want the crimson casket with the diamonds! Where is it? Answer! The casket that Mrs. Herne left with you when she went away."

"You shall never have it while I live!" said Miss Rosalia, faithful to her trust in the midst of her alarm.

"Don't be a fool!" said Deborah, keeping the men back a moment. "I tell you it is a planned thing. I managed to see your old housekeeper at Greensmorton. I persuaded her to get me this place, and it was all done, mind you, for the diamonds! We heard of them three weeks ago, but we waited for another of our band till Mrs. Herne changed her time for coming home. We have worked and planned and risked our necks for that casket, and we mean to have it! Don't you be an idiot and get yourself killed, for they won't stick at that if you're obstinate! Now I warn you!"

"And hand over the casket in two minutes, or I'll fire!" growled Frederick French, lifting his pistol. "There has been talk enough—too much! There's not a soul awake between this and Ashwarley, and no one will hear the shot. Now then, make up your mind, ma'am! The casket! If you don't give it up before I count five, there's no help for you! I am bound to have that casket at any cost."

"You may kill me, but I'll *never* give it up while I live!" said Miss Rosalia, faintly.

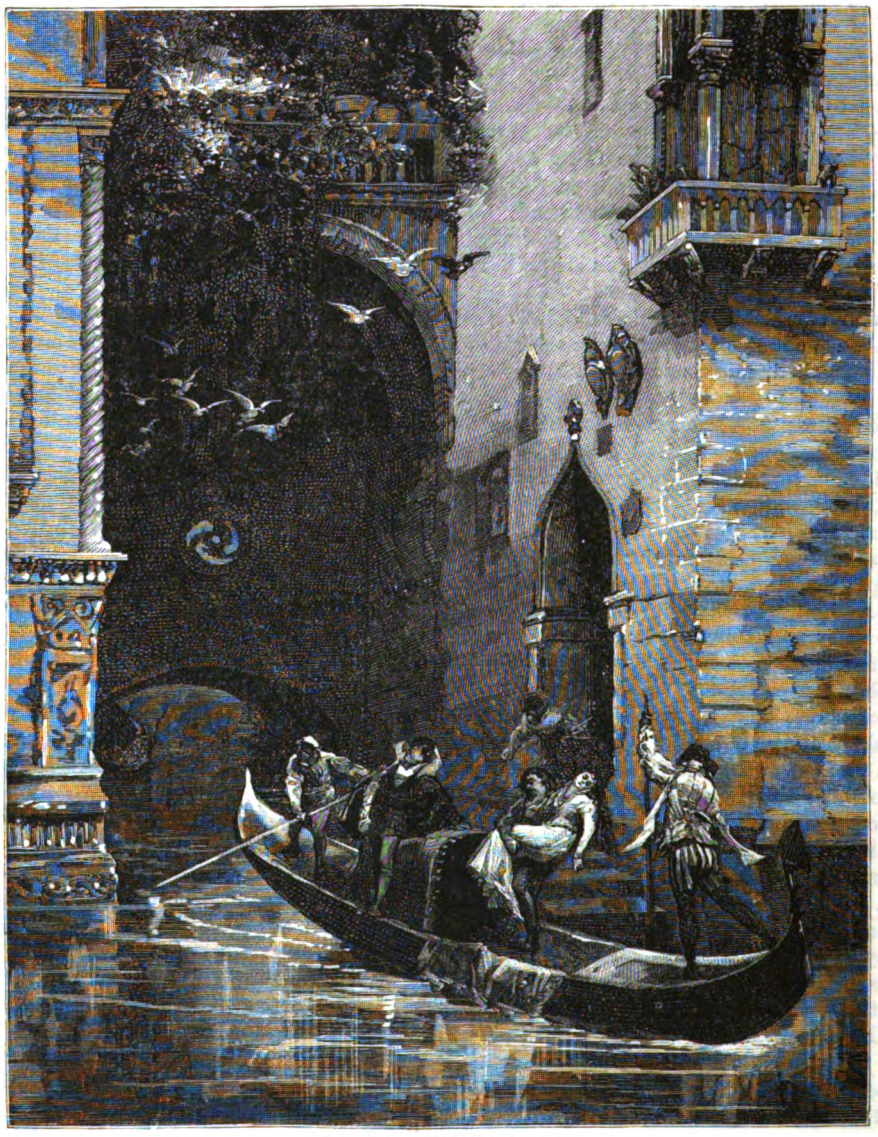
And she shut her eyes and said a prayer as well as she could in the hurry and the horror of her thoughts.

The pistol clicked.

"Exactly!" said a loud voice near the door.

There was a leap, a scuffle, two loud reports, a terrific struggle, two tremendous oaths, a woman's shriek and long wailing cry.

Miss Rosalia, finding herself alive, looked out, trembling, through the smoke, to see a small crowd of men struggling at the open door; to hear her sister screaming wildly in her own room; to see a tall lady in furs rush in and fling herself upon her knees beside the bed.

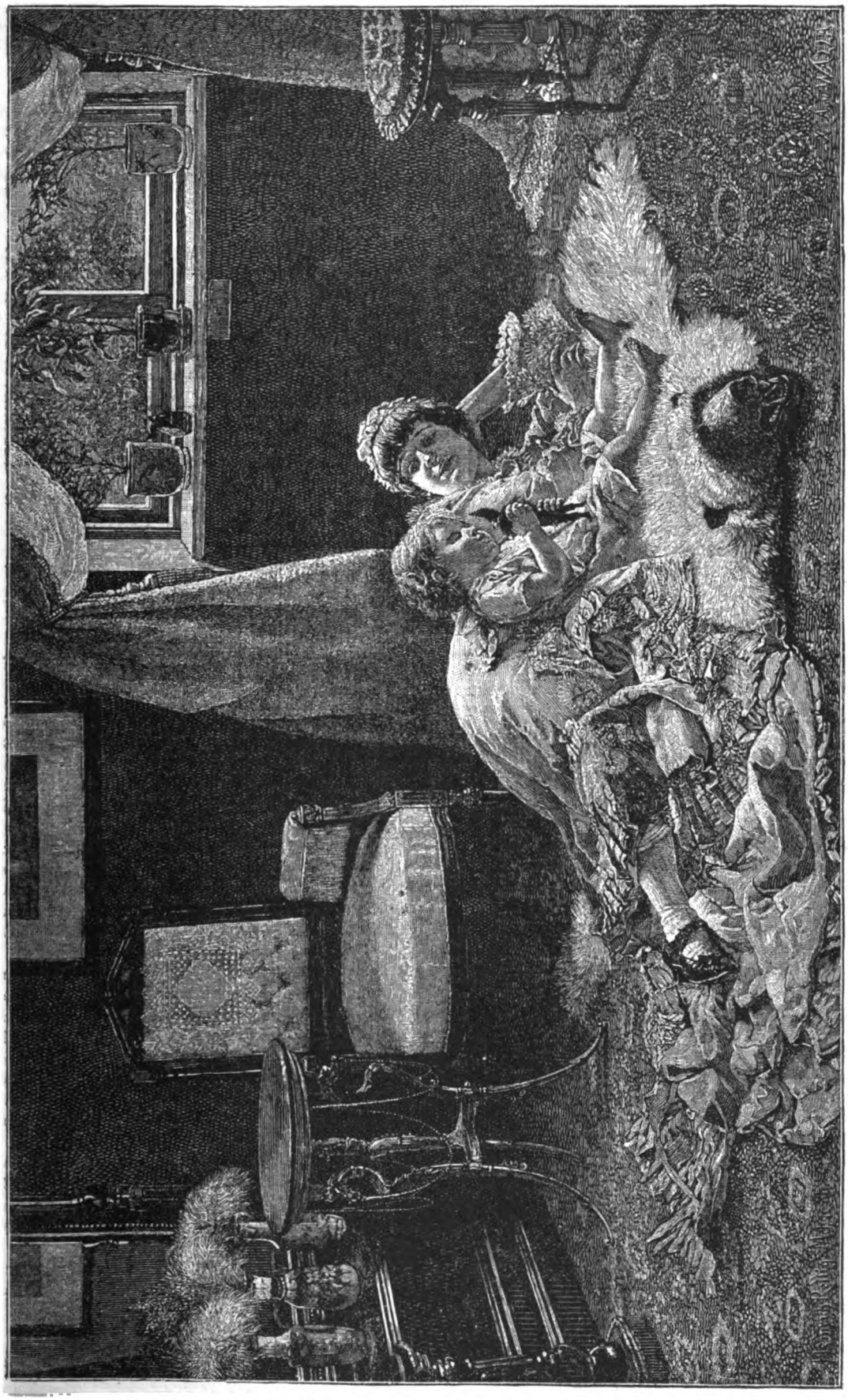


IN BLUE VENETIAN WATERS.

"Miss Rosalia! Oh, thank God! you are not hurt!" cried Mrs. Herne, almost in hysterics. "Oh, me! the *agony* I've been in ever since the police at Greensmorton got a clew to this burglary! They made me wait this evening and come with them, to catch them in the act of robbery. But oh, I did think when I heard the shots, that you were gone! Will you *ever* forgive me for putting you in such danger? But I didn't dream of it! And I'm sure my hair will be gray tomorrow morning! They've stripped the vicarage, my dear, and they have all the things outside in a hearse—only think of it! I must go to poor Miss Phœbe now and ask *her* forgiveness. Oh, me! *how* glad I am that your deaths are not on my mind for evermore!"

It was a bold burglary, skillfully planned—set at naught by an equally bold and skillful capture.

The two men were sent to penal servitude. But a hearse went down the lime-tree avenue, as the legend foretold. For Deborah's heart received the bullet aimed



ON THE BEARSKIN.—FROM THE PAINTING BY HENRY RETTIG.

at Miss Rosalia, and the erring, loving, passionate creature expiated her fault with her life.

Mrs. Herne still occupies the western wing at Ashwarley Grange.

On state occasions each of the Misses Ashwarley wears a handsome diamond brooch.

If you are bold enough to ask the history of those gems, this story of the crimson casket will be told to you.

And Mrs. Herne has learned a lesson of caution thereby, though her rich black hair did *not* turn white that terrible Saturday morning.

"THE KING OF THE BIRDS."

An Incident in the Captivity of Louis XVII.

By Florence Tylee.

Day by day on the turret-stones
The sunbeams shone or raindrops fell
Through all the days in a hundred years:
And the raindrops loved the place so well,
That they hollowed a bed in the cold gray wall,
And made for themselves a tiny lake,
Clear and cool, where the passing birds
Lingered a little their thirst to slake.

Day by day up the turret-stairs
Wearily toiled a little lad,
Guilty of bearing a royal name,
Dwelling a prisoner lone and sad.
Never a joy in life he knew,
Save for a while in the long, dull day,
To climb the stairs to the prison-wall,
And watch the sparrows so free and gay.

"My birds," he called them; and very soon
Fearless they fluttered about his feet;
And the boy would listen with wistful eyes
To their happy twitter, low but sweet.
They learnt to come at the gentle call
Of the king who had neither crown nor throne;
And the child kept court on the turret-wall,
With only the birds his sway to own.

But the small feet grew too tired to climb
The long, steep stairs to the turret gray;
The birds for their ruler looked in vain,
And their song was sad as they flew away.
The Winter came, and the birds were gone,
The snow on the prison fell thick and fast;
But Death had opened the prison-door,
"The King of the Birds" was free at last.

LIFE'S LITTLE THINGS.

NOT ALL OF THE ACTIVITY OF INVENTIVE GENIUS CONFINED TO GREAT CONCERNS.

By Ausburn Towner.

General information concerning inventions is very much like general information concerning the history of nations. We read of the doings of princes and kings, of wars and great battles; but of the people themselves, of their daily lives, of the manner in which they provided for their families, their household customs, their dress, or the thousand little details that are interesting to know—such things as in these later days make up the staple of our daily newspaper—little, if anything at all, is said.

In like manner with inventions; every one knows of what has been done in what might be called the princely walks of inventive genius, like steam, electricity, reaping and mowing machines, and appliances like the air-brake on the railroads, that occupy large spaces in the public eye and in the public estimation. But as to the multitude of little things that come closer to us as individuals, in our domestic life or in our trade, whatever it may be, what little is said must be searched for in the advertisements in newspapers, in the columns of technical journals, in the dry details of official reports, or in the Model-room of the Patent Office.

Every one is conscious, guided by the knowledge of his own surroundings, that the same activity of inventive genius that has marked the more widely known lines of life has drifted down into the smaller things, and has provided domestic concerns and the various trades with new and simple contrivances that make work easier, pleasanter and better. What these are, however, outside of one's own line of observation, are but little known, or if known, do not attract the consideration they deserve.

One illustration could be taken from a carpenter's supply. Screws of all kinds formerly had flat ends. A gimlet was necessary to make a hole for them before they could be used. Some one thought of making the ends sharp and pointed, and now a carpenter or cabinetmaker has only to tap the screw on its head to start it into the wood, and the screwdriver fixes it at once firmly in its place.

The whole "kit" or tool-chest of a carpenter, within the same period that has seen such an advance in the application of steam, has undergone a change that in degree is almost as marvelous and quite as curious as the change from the old four-horse stage-coach to the modern palace drawing-room car.

While the principle of construction and general shape and appearance of some of the tools have not at all changed, the material of which, and the manner in which, they are constructed, have been greatly modified. Take the six bench tools—the long fore-plane, the short fore-plane, the single and double jack-planes, the smoothing-plane and the block-plane—ever since there have been workers in wood, it is safe to assume that these tools were used, and much in the same shape as now. There were, doubtless, planes used in the construction of Solomon's Temple, and Isaiah speaks of the tool by name when telling how carpenters managed when they were engaged in the not very commendable work of making idols.

Iron now enters very largely into the construction of the framework of planes, making them lighter and less clumsy to handle. Yet there are carpenters, experts in their trade, too, who were bred to the use of the wooden plane, and much prefer it. They are made of apple and beech wood nowadays, and are very enduring. Many will last for a quarter of a century, wearing out scores of steel blades, and instances are not infrequent where a

plane has lasted for three generations of carpenters in a family—the grandfather, son and grandson.

The hammer is another one of the most ancient of tools. We hear of it all through history, sacred and profane, and one would scarcely think that in these latter years any thought of it could bring to it any improvement. Yet it has been done. A quiet blacksmith in the central part of New York State, only a few years ago, made a hammer for a neighbor. Whether or not it was a stroke of luck or a stroke of genius, both of which are pretty near the same thing, he tempered it so admirably that the fame of it went all through the neighborhood.

He did another thing. Instead of making its face flat, or "straight," as it is called by the craft, he made it round. The carpenter with this hammer did some most extraordinary work, driving the smallest brads into moldings or corners and never marring the wood at all. It was some time before it was ascertained that it was the hammer that did such perfect work instead of the man; but when the secret was out the quiet blacksmith had more orders for hammers than he could fill. He dropped all other lines of his trade and devoted himself to making them. He never advertised otherwise than in the excellence of his work; but now his hammers have no competitors in the trade. A carpenter possessed of one of them is fixed; without one, his chest of tools is incomplete. Ask the next carpenter you meet the name of this hammer, and he will tell you.

In a carpenter's chest of these days you never see any such tools as augers. Not that they are not used, but that the trade, like every other occupation, is greatly divided up, and the augers have gone to a distinct branch of carpentry—the framers. In somewhat the same way have mortising-chisels disappeared.

These tools, that were used to make by hand such articles as window-sashes, doors, blinds and flooring, have been superseded by mill-machinery, and, except among the oldest-fashioned of old carpenters, or in those portions of the country where mill-work is unattainable, are never employed.

It was the observation made by an expert old mechanic that he didn't believe you could get a carpenter in the Eastern States who knew how to make a window-sash!

The saw is another very ancient tool. In some of the oldest stone carvings known to the world are the figures of men engaged in what can be nothing else except sawing huge blocks of marble. Of course the proper setting of the teeth of a saw, whatever work is required of it, was found out ages and ages ago; but the saws of twenty-five years ago are by no means the saws of to-day. The shape has been improved, and the temper of the steel perfected. The "bracket" saws, with the ordinary treadle attachment, are examples to what excellence in extreme attenuation the principle of the saw has been worked down. Some have teeth so fine that they are not visible to the naked eye, and look like pieces of corrugated string or wire. Yet they do the work of a saw—work of the most delicate character. The tempering of the steel properly, an especially modern discovery, makes this possible.

It is a pleasant and a proud thing to know that a very large share of these improvements have originated in the United States, not as regards saws alone, but as well as regards all other manufactures of steel, like that other ancient tool, the trowel, one of the sign manuals of both theoretical and operative masonry.

The new generation of handcraftmen are more than likely ignorant of the fact, but any old worker with tools of steel can recall the time when his tools, to be of any permanent or assured value, must bear the mark of Sheffield, England upon them. Speer and Jackson's saws, and Wade and Butcher's cutlery of all kinds, and files, made in that city, were the very best. That is all changed now, and American cutlery leads. More of it is now sold in Europe than of that which is manufactured there.

The brace-and-bit is one of the most important tools used by a carpenter. The whole contrivance is rather a modern one, but the improvements upon it have been manifold within a few years. The bit, of whatever nature, used to be fastened into the brace by means of a small screw, worked with the thumb and finger. Now, you can set the bit in the socket, and the instant you take a turn with it at your work it is fastened in its place, working automatically. Any one who has ever had occasion to use this tool can readily understand the comfort and convenience the new arrangement lends to work.

In using the "drawing-knife" you formerly had to the gauge cutting, whether deep or shallow, with your eye and wrist. The blade, these latter days, is movable in the handles, and you can set it at any angle you choose and pull away, sure that it will go aright.

The general appearance of a carpenter's bench is but little different from what it was years ago, but one thing is noticeable. The great wooden, clumsy, three-inch screw of that useful machine, the vise, has been replaced by a slender iron screw that is handier, more durable and more easily worked.

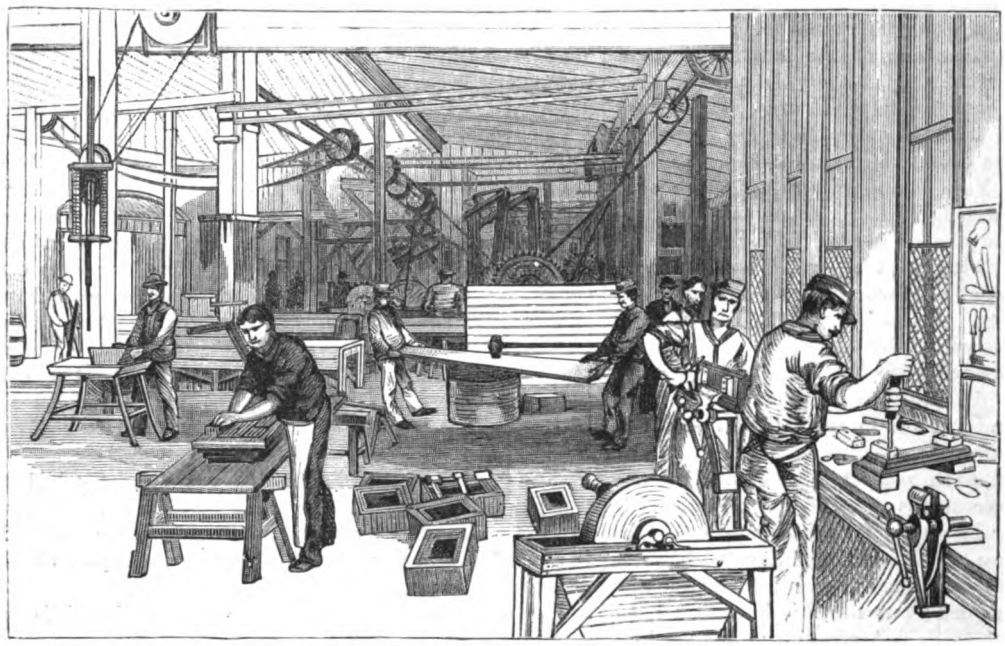
In such common things as nails and spikes, the eager effort to better them is as noticeable and as successful as in the case of the screws already alluded to.

Any one whose memory runs back for twenty years to the time of the old-fashioned nail and the not infrequent incident of pounding his fingers handling one whose head came off, or that bent itself double or sprung apart into innumerable splinters like a hemlock-stick at the first blow, can appreciate the elegant nail of the present day.

The nail of our fathers was shapeless, uncertain and unsteady, requiring the most delicate handling, and had a decided tendency to split the piece of wood into which it was forced. The nail of to-day is graceful, uniform in shape, trustworthy, and very seldom disturbs any other of the particles of the wood into which it is driven than those with which it comes in immediate contact.

An equally lively contrast with this is found in the hinges or "butts" of the present day and those of a bygone generation. With how much of a well-ascertained certainty the door or blind, gigantic or minute, as it may be, swings, nowadays, on its well-adjusted and perfectly balanced and appointed hinges! How ornamented and picturesque are they made, without losing at all their well-defined character and definiteness of purpose! A "lop-sided" gate, a sprung door that answered only to a vigorous push, were daily incidents, almost, in the lives of our fathers and grandfathers. The smaller you got them, in those days, the more they refused to work with accuracy, and the larger they were made, the more difficult it was to have them act in the manner expected of them. Had Milton lived in these days, one of the most striking passages in English poetry might have been lost. He could not have said that

> —"on a sudden open fly
> With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
> The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
> Harsh thunders, that the lowest bottom shook
> Of Erebus. She opened, but to shut
> Excelled her power"—

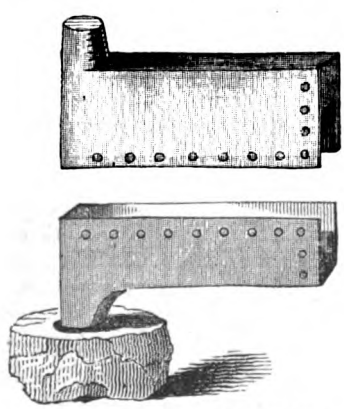


IMPROVED TOOLS OF TO-DAY.

for it would have been impossible for him to have found a pair of hinges that worked in that way, however frequent they may have been in his time and for many years afterward.

There is an old instrument or machine in every well-ordered shop and eke in the barns or carriage-houses of well-provided farmers, which, I am sure, judging by my own experience, men of middle age can remember as an instrument of torture—the grindstone. To turn it, in the bygone days, while some one bore down hard upon it with a scythe or an ax to produce the proper edge, makes one's back ache just to remember. The axle lay in iron or wooden sockets on each side, well greased, to be sure, but seeming to stick fast when the blade was laid on the circumference of the stone. How the water from the basin in which the machine hung flew up to the top and dripped off at the sides like the beads of perspiration that dropped from the brows of the one turning!

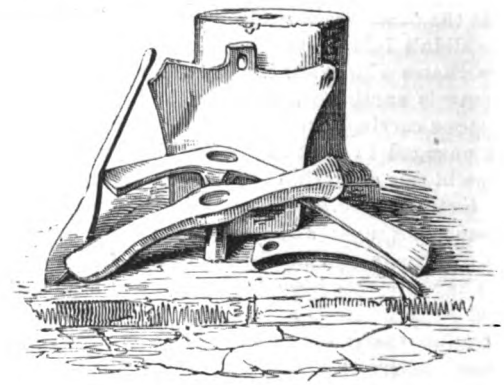
It is only amusement to turn a grindstone now. It is set on anti-friction axles, with little wheels against wheels, and the pressure of the blade upon the circumference seems only to make the great stone turn easier and faster. Invention never exerted itself to more humane purpose than in improving the axles of grindstones. Thousands of tired arms and aching backs would have united in a great cry of thankfulness if it had been done one hundred years ago rather than within the time of the last generation.



EGYPTIAN DOOR-PINS, OR HINGES.

Perhaps there is no trade or vocation that in one way has felt the improvement in tools within the past quarter of a century so little, and in another way so much, as that which owns for its patron the gentle St. Crispin. If the antiquity of anything tends to make it classical, then, as homely as may be the object, the shoemaker's bench is one that deserves to be engraven on banners, and made the sign of the wants and thoughtfulness of long years agone. The round seat of tough leather into which the person of the craftsman sits so easily and fittingly; the awls and waxed ends lying at the right hand, and readily in reach; the little square compartments where are the pegs, nails, thread and other needed appliances of the trade; the lasts and the long strap to hold the boot or shoe firmly on the knee; the queer-shaped hammer and the little drawer just underneath the seat, where, to a person unfamiliar with its use, is kept always the most heterogeneous collection of articles—all of these are of ancient use and knowledge, and are still seen, although not as frequently as formerly; being mostly now known in connection with mending and patching or cobbling.

Shoemakers now, very largely, stand at their work at a bench, which and whose tools would be as unfamiliar to the men that made the footwear of James K. Polk and Henry Clay or Daniel Webster as would be the telephone or the automatic oiler. Machines fit the shoes, and peg or sew them, faster than a man could handle the pegs, or in less time than another could wax his thread.



POMPEIAN BUILDING TOOLS.

A shoemaker of this present day, speaking generally, couldn't make a whole shoe. The trade is all split up. Some do nothing and know nothing more than to cut out the raw material; others are only "lasters"; others, "fitters"; others, "finishers" All do only one particular thing in the various operations of making a complete shoe; so that while the tools of one shoemaker have

undergone but slight, if any, changes, the improvements have passed by individual wants, and in the vocation of shoemaking, the changes and advance have been marvelous.

Much the same could be said of the cross-legged tailor, sitting on his daïs like a Turk, with his shears, his goose and his ironing or pressing board; but this would lead directly to the sewing machine, which is one of the great achievements of modern invention, not belonging at all to small things.

One of the most delicate of trades, one needing the deftest of fingers and the most careful handwork, is that of the jeweler or watchmaker. The tools of this, from those used by the Swiss experts to those of the Yankee making the famous New England clock, have always been of a peculiar and mysterious nature to those not initiated into the manner of handling them. They, too, have been greatly modified and improved with the general modification and improvement going on all over the world.

The lathe they use in drilling and cutting was formerly run with a bow, the string of which, twisted around an axle, gave it a very rapid motion, necessary in the work to be done. This was a very important tool on every jeweler's work-bench, and one which, no doubt, has excited the curiosity of more than one looker-on. It seems strange now that it could ever have been operated successfully, the axle and wheel attached to it having such an irregular and uncertain motion. It was possible to drill or cut only with the down-stroke of the bow. The up-stroke reversed the motion, of course put an end to the cutting while it was being made, and was simply wasted effort.

A Swiss lathe, introduced some years ago, was better than this; but the object to be drilled or turned was fastened on with wax, which in every instance, of course, had to be cleaned away; not a very convenient undertaking, and one that added to the expense of the work.

The American universal lathe, of finer construction still, supersedes both the others now. It is provided with adjustable "chucks," that firmly hold any object to be operated upon; they are readily set, the lathe is worked with a crank, and its motion is regular, uniform and precise.

A beautiful piece of workmanship in itself is a "rounding-up" tool, which does work automatically that it has heretofore been necessary to do largely with the eye, aided by that queer-looking glass, shaped like a napkin-ring, that the jeweler presses around one of his optics,

THE INVENTOR OF THE IMPROVED HAMMER.

not always an exact guide. This makes a wheel smaller if necessary; round, if it is out of shape, or cuts the teeth or cogs smaller, and it is graduated on a scale less than a hair's breadth.

Another curious tool, almost as new as it is peculiar, is for enlarging a wheel, peculiar as such an operation may seem to be.

In works like those of a watch, where an infinitesimal space, unobservable with the naked eye, wrong one way or the other, makes the whole thing worthless, a tool like this, that will enlarge a wheel without the eye being able to detect that it has been done, is as valuable as it is curious.

The delicate operation of setting the jewels of a watch, that used to be done by hand, and by a hand of one long and patiently trained to the work, can now be done by a tool in the hands of an apprentice almost—a tool that

takes out the burr holding the jewel and puts it back again so that it cannot be seen.

These miniature things, diminutive as they are, indeed, belong to the small things of life.

These few illustrations given, of the several trades and their tools, form only a very small proportion of what could be said accurately of all other avocations that furnish necessities or luxuries to mankind, and what could be easily ascertained by an observer curious in such matters.

It would be entertaining to examine and contrast the tools of to-day, with those of a generation or two ago, that are used by an ordinary painter and glazier. His brushes, that have had added to them qualities and shape, that give them some artistic value and increase the deftness, regularity and precision of his work; his knives, rules and cutting-instruments, that make his labor easier and more perfect. The tools, also, that are used by the saddler and harnessmaker; the modification of the "horse," that clasps the leather tightly and holds it in position while it is being sewed; the riveting-machine, that fastens the nails, brass or steel or silver, as they may be, into the harness or trunk, strengthening and ornamenting them at the same time. The tools of the stonecutter, so fine and delicate that tracery on the hard material can be cut to resemble the airiest of fabrics. The tools of the potter and brickmaker, the tinner and mason—these, and all others, would show an improvement, the study of which would be entertaining and curious.

And yet, with it all, it is claimed and complained that, in all of the useful arts, work was done in the generations that have preceded us that we attempt to copy, but that we despair of equaling; done, too, with tools that, in comparison with those that we have, were mere rude, rough and unwieldy contrivances.

It should be remembered that the old carvings in wood and stone, the manufactures of silver and earthenware, the elegant furniture and other domestic appliances that have come down to us from former generations, and rightly assume an atmosphere of artistic excellence and beauty, in many instances, and especially when connected with churches or ancient family seats, as most of them are, were the work of men, and sometimes of generations of men, who gave their lives up to it.

In softness, delicacy, finish, and often in permanency, no machine can equal handwork. The productions of the most delicately constructed loom, gathering up the threads of the finest wool or cotton, are not equal in any respect to the fabrics put together by a half-naked handworker in India, who sits on the ground and uses his feet and toes as well as his hands and fingers at his work, and I have seen linen spun and woven by my own grandmother that would be, in these days, really worth its weight in gold.

We, of this generation, are in too much of a hurry for our needs and luxuries, to wait for the slow processes of handwork. Our machines make them for us quickly; they come cheaper; they look well, and we are satisfied. No one could afford to spend his life in carving one pillar, making one piece of tapestry, or illuminating one copy of the Old Testament. It is better that many should have many of the luxuries of life than that few should have few, and it is an unwise and untruthful complaint that we cannot equal the work of former generations.

Equal it? We could surpass it! Let a Rothschild or a Vanderbilt order a duplicate of any object in the world, give time enough and pay enough for it, and it is unquestionable that he or his heirs and assigns would have it.

I once knew a worthless sort of a chap who had a peculiar facility in the use of the jackknife. He could whittle the strangest sort of contrivances out of a pine stick. He would make a chain complete in every link, with a hook at one end and three or four little balls in a cage at the other, out of a straight piece of wood three-quarters of an inch square; and once, in partial return for the services of my father in seeing him safely through a severe fit of sickness—the only return possible for him to make—he whittled, for a little sister of mine, a complete set of miniature furniture for a doll's house. There were rocking-chairs, easy-chairs, and tables with drawers and carved legs; bedsteads that would come apart and could be put together again; bureaus and sideboards as complete as real ones, and none of them more than two inches in height. They were exhibited twice at State fairs, and each time excited the utmost interest, winning great admiration and highly prized, if not very valuable, premiums.

The poor fellow once, in a drunken frenzy, committed some offense that sent him to the county jail for a year, or for one day less than a year—just enough to keep him out of the penitentiary.

In some way, he procured a pine stick three feet long and one foot square.

These eleven months and twenty-nine days were not very long for him, for, although in that time he was nearly forgotten outside, he was busy in his cell. He smoked and whittled (in former days, it would have been called carved, instead), and when he again appeared a free man, he had, carefully wrapped in an old paper, what he called a lamp.

This was when whale-oil was generally used for illuminating purposes.

He had carved his lamp out of the pine stick, in the shape of a fish. If it had been done by a monk 500 years ago, it would have been called a work of art. Certainly in all the detail of fin, scale and modeling, it was perfect. Any one can tell that the figurehead of a vessel, or the sign before a tobacconist's-shop, is wood, but this fish seemed a live one, just caught, and, if given the opportunity, ready to swim away. It was hollowed out, and had an arrangement for the wick in the centre of the back.

The whole year's work of the poor fellow brought him only a second-hand suit of clothes, a good meal and a drink at the bar from the tavern keeper across the way from the jail. For many years it hung, heavily gilded, and used as a lamp to light the large vestibule of the same tavern, grown subsequently into a "hotel." Eventually it was carried to a donation party given one of the clergymen of the village, and is now used as a vane on the spire of one of the prettiest church buildings in Western New York.

I have often mentally compared this wonderfully carved fish with the work of some of those living in the monasteries of the Middle Ages—their images of our Saviour and of the crucifix; their rosaries cut in ivory, and their illuminated missals, on which so much store is set these days.

Putting aside the subjects of their work, and the fact that they are indeed graceful and pretty, does not much of their value consist in the fact that they are single and alone, the only ones of the kind in the whole world, and that each represents the labor of many hours, days and years?

If there were but one pianoforte in the world, and the man who made it was dead, and it was the general opinion that it could not be duplicated, what a godlike instrument it would at once become!

Ascending the scale of vocations, and coming to what are called the "learned professions," those, or the one that has to do with any hand-craft, the medical—next to the clerical, the most important and valuable to man of all the professions—has, fortunately for our pains, aches and sufferings, been most generously dealt with by the inventive genius of the generation.

Although in the real, honest knowledge of the mysterious operations of the human anatomy and the workings of disease, the faculty haven't advanced much beyond the tremendous guesses of Galen and Hippocrates, yet with the mechanical structure of the body surgeons and physicians have become pretty well acquainted, and their little tools, or instruments as they are more politely called, have been greatly multiplied and improved within the past half-century.

Many, if not most, of these new contrivances have been devised by members of the faculty themselves, but until very recently the obstinate objection of doctors to do anything that has the appearance of advertising has prevented some most valuable instruments from coming very rapidly into general use. I know of one instance where a physician of frequently proved excellence and of great learning, who spoke several languages besides his own—having learned them simply that he could take journals published in foreign countries, and read in their own vernacular the doings of medical men there, and thus keep fully abreast with the best and most advanced thought in his profession—but was struggling along in such poverty as only a man of genius and impracticability can know in an unsympathetic village community, contrived a novel little instrument, somewhat in the nature of a probe, that he used with great success in his practice. He would not get it patented, thinking such action beneath the dignity of his profession, and an injustice to it also; nor could he be prevailed upon to advertise it, except by word of mouth and modest mentions and exhibitions of it at the meetings of his county society.

The instrument has since proved itself of such value that the inventor might have had in it a fortune such as he will never win by his practice.

The writer of this called attention to the new instrument in his newspaper. It was noticed in exchanges, and the knowledge of it soon spread rapidly. A Paris medical journal got one, gave an illustration and description of it with the most flattering commendation, and now it is one of the most valuable and useful instruments in a surgeon's case. The inventor physician is still struggling along in his country practice, dreamily driving about in his ancient gig, careful in the treatment of his patients and careless whether or not they pay him for his services; regretting not one whit, I believe, the loss of the fortune that the invention of the instrument could and should have given him.

Doctors within the past half-century in most communities, and in the "back districts" now, were and are "general practitioners," ready to pull a tooth, cut off a limb or give a dose of calomel, as the case may demand; but the profession, as well as mere manual avocations, is greatly cut up now, and divided into specialists.

With mere physicians, who simply give remedies or medicines, we have nothing to do, as they have no tools nor instruments to feel the activity of inventive genius; but with surgeons or oculists or dentists, unless one is privileged to look into their Russia leather or mahogany cases and compare what is there with the few and inferior instruments formerly employed, he can little appreciate the great advance that the faculty have taken advantage of, and that sufferers all over the country must fully appreciate.

Take the tiny little threadlike instrument with which an oculist, with steady nerve, operates upon an eye and removes a cataract. This great boon to the afflicted would have been impossible twenty-five years ago.

Do you not remember, and who does not, the not so very ancient manner of drawing an aching tooth? I have vivid recollections of sitting down upon the top step of a stairway leading to the doctor's office, my head held firmly between the sympathetic old man's knees; in his hands an instrument of torture called the "turnkeys," having a wooden handle that looked to me to be as big as that belonging to a spade or shovel, bound in a red handkerchief, and the cold, hard steel rattling around in my mouth until it was affixed to the troublesome tooth. Then a twist and a wrench; the earth seems giving away underneath and the sky opening above; a groan, a great wound, into which it seems as if I could thrust both my fists at once, and a weakness that is paralyzing.

It don't hurt much less now to go through a similar operation, but the preparations for it are less forbidding, and the delicate and graceful, but powerfully gripping, pincers or forceps which the operator almost hides in his cuff as he approaches, do not so unpleasantly impress one as a miniature stump-drawing machine coming at you. And the imagination has much to do with pain, and the bearing of it courageously.

Witness another curious dental instrument that is worked with a treadle. It goes pounding away at filling your teeth at the rate of at least forty strokes in a second, and you think surely its face must be no smaller than that of a sledge-hammer. On examination it is found to be simply a steel point like a bodkin, that runs in and out of a sheath with the motion of the shuttle of a sewing machine.

Then there are small mirrors of the most ultra-refined purity, and glasses of one hundred horse-power, hung on standards and adjustable to any angle, that explore, magnify and throw open to the view of the eye the innermost recesses of the mouth, the throat, and one might almost say the lungs, liver, heart and stomach.

The operator or physician don't have to go feeling around or experimenting in the neighborhood for the sore spot. His eye tells him at once where it is, and the accurate location of the trouble is oftentimes more than half the difficulty in properly looking after it.

But to no kind of work has the inventive genius of the age brought more relief and satisfaction than to that which concerns home and domestic life. It would seem that inventors had fairly swarmed in this field, and bent their best energies upon it.

They were not prompted by the spirit manifested by the man who, on hearing for the first time the ancient couplet,

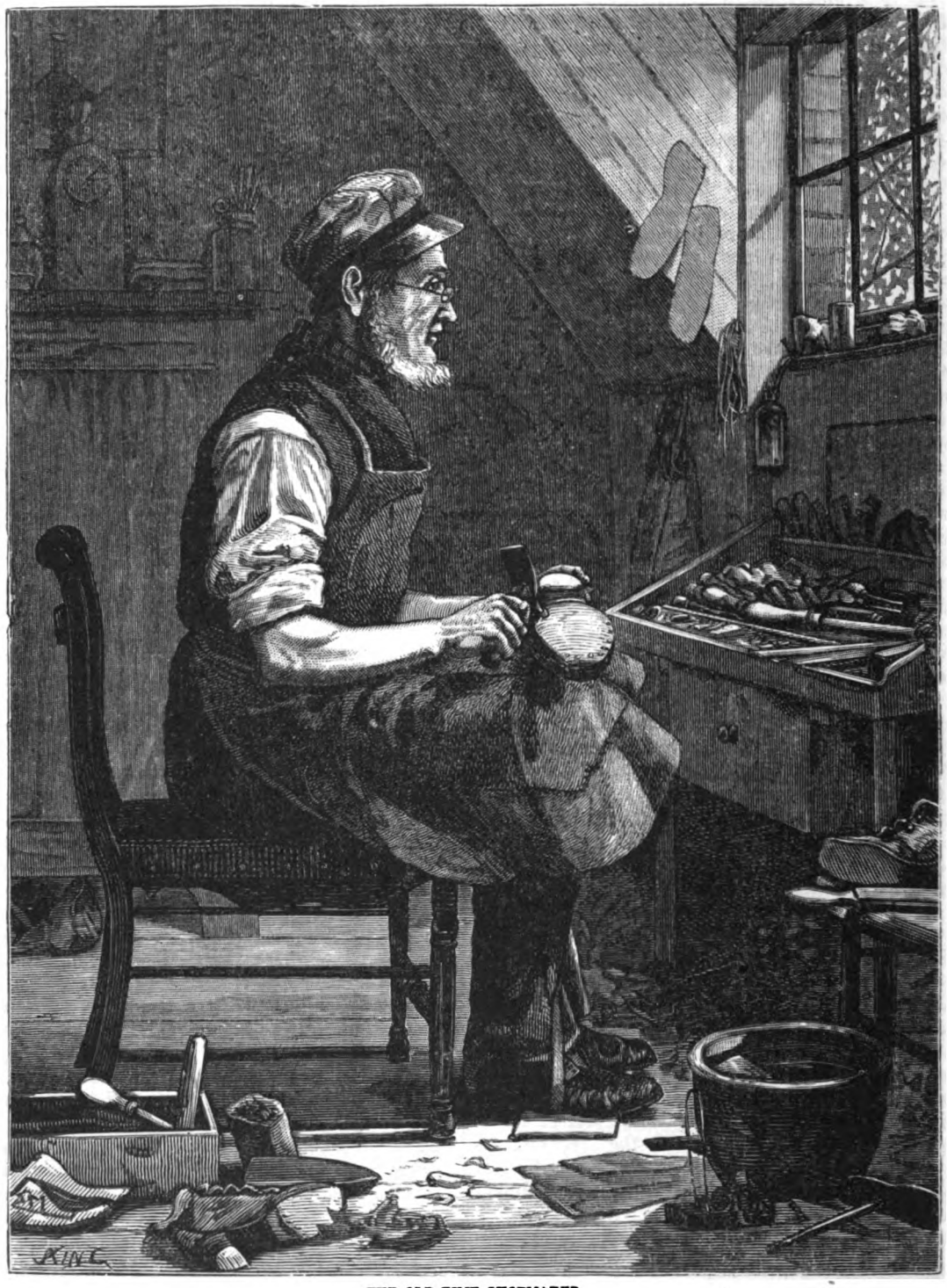
> "A man may work from sun to sun,
> But a woman's work is never done,"

exclaimed, and with the exclamation upset the meaning of the lines: "Well, I think she should be ashamed of herself for not finishing what she has to do!"

It was not this spirit, but perhaps remembering some patient mother's hard work that they had watched when young, little understanding it until age opened their eyes to its severity, they had determined that in this or that

particular, other mothers and the mothers of succeeding generations should have their loads lightened and their lives made brighter.

Look at the old way of beating up eggs for cake. It used to be a knife or a spoon, a pan or shallow dish and attached to one, and some bent wire making an irregular motion regularly, attached to the other. This screwed to the top of a table, the eggs in a dish put underneath, where the wires can get at them, the crank turned, and a child, for its amusement, will beat up, in less time than



THE OLD-TIME SHOEMAKER.

the eggs. I know I have watched my mother beating up eggs until I thought her arm would drop by its own weight. Beat, beat, beat, with regular and equal strokes, until the dish seemed filled with the lightest and most delicate foam.

Some one put two cogwheels together, with a crank I have taken to describe it, all the eggs needed for the biggest bridal-cake ever made, and in a manner that no mere handwork can equal.

There is the old-fashioned and, I hope, now entirely obsolete, chopping-bowl and its odd-shaped knife. With bowl on lap and the chopping-knife making its regular

strokes, now and then stopping to shovel whatever is being minced into the centre of the dish, for hours the patient woman would keep at work. The famous "Patience on a monument" would be impatience and irritability compared with her at work upon a task more irksome and wearying than that of the woodchopper.

Another one, quite as much of a philanthropist as an inventor, with one of the simplest contrivances, when you come to examine it, that it would be possible to make, by means of cogwheels and cranks, has made a machine that chops and minces whatever you may put into it with just such uniformity as you may desire. He has added hours to the life of a housekeeper by his genius.

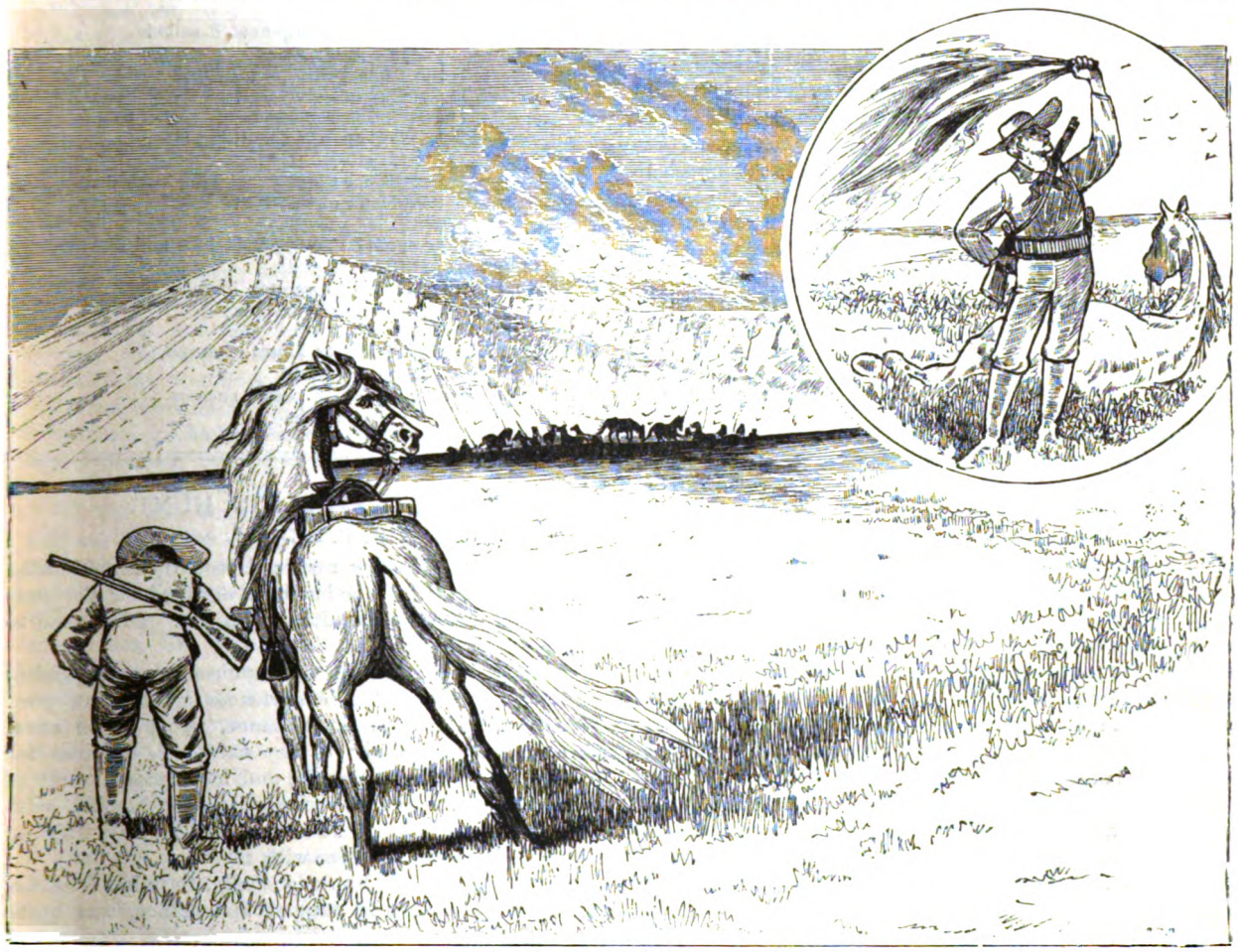
As pathetic a poem as Hood's "Song of the Shirt" could be written of the misery attendant upon a housewife's life in taking up carpets in the Spring and putting them down again after the cleaning has been done: the sore knees and knuckles, the pounded thumbs and fingers and the consequent exasperated and rasped temper. Along comes the genius again and lifts the load.

He presents an instrument with a long handle and a wire attachment that catches the heads of the tacks in the most obstinate corners, and, as a boy observed who worked one for a few minutes to his infinite delight, but soon tired of the novelty: "It yanks them out as though it was alive!" You don't have to get down on your knees to operate this tool, either. Then it has another attachment by which the carpet is caught, stretched into its proper place, and held there until the instrument drives a tack to keep the carpet in place.

That invention has sympathy with mothers rather than with fathers, is perhaps shown by the fact that no one has yet produced from the depth of his inner consciousness a machine for putting up the refractory stovepipe, a duty that belongs peculiarly to the men folk, and with which they will, doubtless, be obliged to struggle until some one finds out a way of flying in the air or invents an umbrella whose stick—I do not mean the one carrying it—does not occupy the best place under it.

In one instance, however, inventive genius has been kind to fathers in the manner of putting up bedsteads. This generation may not have any recollection of the acrobatic achievements accomplished by an agile man in properly putting in order a bedstead that had cord to sustain the mattress or bed, instead of slats or wire. It was an effort from the start, in which the best judgment and the greatest activity were necessary to get the bedstead fixed, so that it would stand firm, ready for the cord or rope. If you had successfully coaxed the end of one side into one post, it would certainly fall out while you were at work at another corner, and even if you had got round to the final corner, an unlucky move would pull the whole thing apart, and drop it, sides, foot and head, in a heap on the floor.

Even with the posts all firmly set and the sides screwed in, the end was by no means yet. Stringing the cord or rope through the holes in the sides and then crossing them from the head to the foot, the real amusement and interest began in tightening these cords. You could only do it by getting on with your feet, grasping the



A WILD STALLION HUNT.—"DISMOUNTING, I REMAINED ON THE OFF SIDE OF THE HORSE UNTIL THE SUN CAME UP, WHEN I SIGHTED THE BUNCH NOT MORE THAN AN EIGHTH OF A MILE AWAY."—SEE PAGE 446.

next row of cord with both hands, and pushing and pulling and dancing around like a martyr tossed about on a red-hot gridiron, until the tension was complete.

Blessed be the man who thought of the little catches or iron slots that drop into the holes in the posts and hold the sides there without bolt or wrench to fasten them, and blessed still more the man who thought of the elastic slat to put in place of the tough but springy bed-cord. He was as much the benefactor of his race, in degree or kind, as the one who gave us the locomotive or the cotton-gin.

There is really no limit to illustrations of this character to one with an observing turn of mind, or old enough to exercise his memory as to things that have happened within the last thirty or forty years. To either the one or the other, or to the curiously inclined, a visit to a housefurnishing establishment or a hardware store where tools of all kinds are kept, is as entertaining and interesting as a whole day's stay at some museum stored with ancient objects of art or "dug-up" remains. These have life, activity, the present, the actual, the novel, to show; those have only the dead past, the forgotten, in many cases, the useless and the castaway, to recommend them. This it is that makes the various "Fairs," as they are called, that are held annually in the counties and States of this country, in this city, and those other expositions all over the world, so attractive and profitable—the eager desire to show and see what is new, what is valuable, what is good and useful for mankind.

And remembering how life is made up and made happy by little things, little comforts and little conveniences, one cannot help but wonder how those who came before us got on or endured existence without that multitude of contrivances that have become necessities with us. How did they live, we are led to inquire, without window-glass or matches, or illuminating gas or kerosene? How could they cook such ravishing dinners, the very reports of which come down to us so fresh that the savory fragrance from them is almost perceptible to us, without the perfectly arranged stoves or ranges such as we have now? How *did* they manage window-shades without the automatic roller that holds them just where you want them every time? or without the sweeping-machine that takes away all the terrors of a broom? or without the application of electricity to the bells of a house? or without a supply of water coming into every room and answering your call, as no servant could, by the touch of the thumb and finger?

There is only one answer to the multitude of questions similar to these that throng in one's mind.

They didn't!

Our fathers and grandfathers did not live up to the full completeness of life as their children are living, and we, in turn, probably, are not living as our children and grandchildren will live.

We are living, however, in the best age that the world, so far as we know, ever saw. Whatever mooning or regretting there may be over the past is simply nonsense and folly, and, what is worse, untrue. Each generation, as it comes on the stage, takes what is given it and makes the most of it, reaching all the time toward the future and not toward the past.

The mistaken sentiment contained in the expression, "Oh, those good old times!" got a rebuke, not very effective it would seem, 3,000 years ago, and it is deserved now quite as much as then. No less a personage than Solomon uttered it when he said: "Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this."

A BROKEN SWORD.

By Austin Dobson.

The shopman shambled from the doorway out
And reached it down—
Snapped in the blade! 'Twas scarcely dear, I doubt,
At half a crown.

Useless enough! And yet may still be seen,
In letters clear,
Traced on the steel in rusty damaskeen—
"Povr Paruenyr."

Whose was it once?—Who manned it once in hope
His fate to gain?
Who was it dreamed his oyster-world should ope
To this—in vain?

Perchance with some stout Argonaut it sailed
The Western seas;
Perchance but to some paltry Nym availed
For toasting cheese!

Or, decked by Beauty on some morning lawn
With silken knot!
Perchance, ere night, for Church and King 'twas drawn—
Perchance 'twas not!

Who knows—or cares? To-day 'mid foils and gloves
Its hilt depends,
Flanked by the favors of forgotten loves—
Remembered friends;

And oft its legend lends, in hours of stress,
A word to aid;
Or like a warning comes, in puffed success—
Its broken blade.

A WILD STALLION HUNT.

By C. F. Davis.

My old friend Walker returned recently from Southwestern Kansas, where he has been engaged for the past three years in the cattle-raising business. I hastened to welcome him back.

"Yes, old boy," he said, in response to my inquiries, "I have had some wild experiences since I saw you. Have roughed it with a vengeance, you may be sure. Have scarcely been out of my saddle in daytime for three years, except for meals, and have passed most of my nights on the prairie, wrapped in my blanket, with my saddle for a pillow. It was not child's play, I assure you; but it seems to agree with me."

That it agreed with him physically, to judge from his extremely bronzed and rugged appearance, was quite evident.

"What kind of horses do you use out there?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, "we use mostly mustangs, or bronchos, that is, for 'punching cattle,' for they are far quicker in their movements than American horses, and far more hardy—they live and grow fat where an American horse would starve.

"You know, too, the prairies, in many places, are literally honeycombed with prairie-dog holes. These the bronchos, born and bred on the prairies, avoid very nimbly, whereas it is extremely dangerous to drive an American horse through a 'dog-village' faster than a walk. You can buy bronchos, too, for from twenty to twenty-five dollars apiece by the hundred, whereas large American horses bring almost as good prices as they do in the East.

"We cross a good deal with large American stallions, and the half-breeds are, many of them, very fine animals, being much larger than the bronchos, and almost as nimble and hardy.

"We are much annoyed by wild stallions, which come into our stock herds and steal away our mares, both broncho and American. The American stallions are much larger and more powerful, but not nearly so nimble, and are, consequently, unable to prevent them from doing so.

"Nearly every ranchman in my section of the country has at least one horse trained for hunting wild stallions, and he must be a good one, I tell you. Mine is a Kentucky thoroughbred.

"I wouldn't part with him for fifty yearlings (we generally figure values in cattle out there). He's a beauty, if I ever saw one. He's good for twenty miles on the dead jump without turning a hair.

"If you can have a man stationed so as to take up the chase when your horse gets winded, it's a good scheme. In that way you can sometimes manage to kill five or six in a single run; but I *have* killed as many as that alone.

"You have to use a revolver, for, going at such break-neck speed, it would be impossible to use a rifle with any accuracy.

"Every wild herd has a 'king stud'—usually a four-year-old—and it is desirable, if possible, to kill him first; for, deprived of a leader, a panic seizes the herd, it scatters somewhat, runs with less energy, and you have a much better chance to get in your work. If you do not kill him, you may not be able to get a single one—of course, you don't care to kill the mares—and if you wound him, you want to look out for him.

"That reminds me of a very exciting ride I had about a year ago. I had a herd of a hundred or more mares—a few American, but mostly broncho—and several large American stallions.

"I had just bought my thoroughbred, and was waiting anxiously for an opportunity to test his mettle. I had not long to wait. One of my cowboys came in one evening and informed me that there was a large band of wild horses quietly feeding on 'the bald perairie,' not more than five miles away, and I knew that, unless something frightened them, they would probably remain there during the night.

"I was up before sunrise the next morning, and before it was light was within a quarter of a mile of the spot where I hoped to find the herd.

"Dismounting, I remained on the off side of my horse until the sun came up, when I sighted the bunch—a mixed one, numbering about fifty—not more than an eighth of a mile away.

"I then let my horse feed slowly toward them, as he had been trained to do, still carefully keeping on his off side. When within perhaps a hundred yards of the herd, I sprang into my saddle, whipped out my revolver, and dashed down upon them.

"They were off like the wind, and, with their long manes and tails flying, presented a beautiful sight. I had no difficulty in singling out the king stud as I ran. He was a beauty—black as jet—and it was very interesting to watch his efforts to prevent the herd from scattering.

"He darted hither and thither with lightning rapidity; now urging on those that showed any disposition to lag behind, and now restraining the foremost ones.

"The pace was tremendous, I tell you, and I had ridden fully ten miles—in the meantime killing two 'spikes' (yearling studs)—before I got a shot at the king.

"It was a snap shot when I got it, you may be sure, for I had never seen anything in the line of horseflesh move with such nimbleness as that same mustang. But it was successful—at least partially so—for the bullet struck him, as I afterward learned, in the neck.

"Bounding high into the air, he turned like lightning, and, with a shrill scream, darted toward me, his ears back and mouth wide open.

"My horse was as much frightened, I guess, as I was, for the way he made tracks across the prairie was a caution. If the wild stallion moved like lightning, he certainly moved like greased lightning.

"The stallion only followed us a few hundred feet, and then rejoined the others, which had not, apparently, missed their leader, and were still running very rapidly.

"I again put spurs to my horse, and started after them, and had scarcely regained the distance I had lost, when I noticed that they were running less rapidly—evidently holding up for their king; and when I caught a glimpse of the latter, I saw that he showed unmistakable signs of distress.

"He moved much less nimbly, and was, to use a common expression, 'all of a lather.' I soon succeeded in getting another shot at him, and this time I planted a bullet just back of his fore shoulder, and, with a wild scream, he plunged heavily forward, and rolled over quite dead. His race was run, and nobly, too.

"His companions kept on, soon disappearing from view, and I concluded to follow them no further, for my horse was beginning to show signs of fatigue. I cut off the king's tail as a trophy, and have it now.

"If my horse hadn't moved like a flash—he almost unseated me—the stallion would have knocked him down sure, and I guess it would have been all up with me.

"Sorry you've got to go, old boy. I'll tell you some more of my adventures some time, if you'd like to hear 'em. Good-night."

OPEN SPACES IN LARGE CITIES.

London has more than one hundred squares, and has, besides, Kensington Gardens, of 350 acres; Buckingham Palace Gardens, of 40 acres; Hyde Park, of 400 acres; St. James's Park, of 83 acres; the Green Park, of 71 acres; Regent's Park, of 450 acres; Primrose Hill, of 50 acres; Greenwich Park, of 200 acres; Battersea Park, of 350 acres; Victoria Park, of 400 acres; Kensington Park, of 20 acres; the Horticultural Society Gardens, of 33 acres; the Botanical Gardens, at Kew, of 130 acres; besides which there are within reach, and open to the people of London, Richmond Park, of 2,300 acres; and Hampton Court, five miles round. Liverpool has two fine parks, covering 200 acres. Dublin has one of 1,700 acres. Paris has twenty-three smaller squares, besides the Woods of Boulogne and the Woods of Vincennes, each of 500 acres. Vienna has the Glacis, a very large space in the centre of the city; the Augarten, also quite large; the Prater, four miles long; and seventeen smaller places. Berlin has two or three immense parks, and fourteen smaller ones. In Warsaw about one-third of the city is pleasure-ground. Munich, with 110,000 people, has 1,200 acres of park. Rome has nine large squares and many smaller ones. Naples has thirty squares, many of them large, besides the King's Park, which touches the city; and Lisbon has twenty-six.

Lizards with a Third Eye.—At a late meeting of the Microscopical Society, Professor F. J. Bell gave an account of what he regarded as the most extraordinary biological discovery of the past twenty-five years—that of a third eye at the tops of the heads of certain lizards.

ANOTHER BATTLE WON.— PAINTED BY SERAFIN MARTINEZ DEL RINCON.

WATCHING THE YOUNG ARTIST.

THE MAN OUTSIDE.

BY

CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE WAGES OF SIN," "THE LOVE AND LOVES THAT JACK HAD," "OF TWO EVILS," "THE SHADOW FROM VARRAZ," ETC., ETC.

PART SECOND.—WHO DIDN'T KILL CONSTANCE CRAIG?

CHAPTER XI.—WHAT ALDRICH DID.

THE prosecuting attorney turned to Prier. It would not have been surprising if he had been seriously disturbed and mentally shaken, considering what had been the effect on the jury and on the spectators of Dr. Welton's evidence. I know it is a theory of law that the State seeks justice, and that the State's attorney is the consistent servant and agent of the State. The theory is excellent—very excellent; but in practice it is usually true that the lawyer is human enough to wish *success*, whether that happens to mean justice or its opposite. Added to that general truth, was the fact that the prosecuting attorney in this case knew that the evidence of a man like Welton should have been convincing.

But the lawyer appeared perfectly calm and unconcerned. Perhaps it was because he would not show annoyance or defeat; possibly he borrowed something of coolness from Prier's manner; it may be that he felt as he appeared, knowing what Prier would say.

"Your name is Prier, I believe?"

"J. B. Prier."

"Where do you reside?"

"In Boston."

"What is your business?"

"I am a detective."

"You knew Constance Craig?"

"I did. She was my half-sister."

(A sensation in the court-room, Senn falling in the estimation of the onlookers; don't ask me *why;* I am not enough of a psychologist to answer for them.)

"You remember hearing of her death?"

"I do."

"When?"

"On the Tuesday morning following the Monday named in the indictment as the probable date of the murder."

"Where."

"At the office of the detective agency by whom I am employed."

"In what way was the news sent?"

"By telegram."

"Do you remember the substance of the telegram?"

"I have the telegram itself here."

"We offer the telegram in evidence. You may read it."

"It says, 'Constance Craig has been found murdered; send good detective.' It is signed 'Oscar Welton, M.D.'"

"You answered the telegram in person."

"I did."

"How did it happen that you went, instead of some one else?"

"It was my request."

"Because of your being a relation of the murdered lady?"

"That was my reason for wishing to go."

"Was your request granted promptly and readily?"

"It was."

"You may state, if you please, the way in which your services were regarded by those with whom you were engaged."

"I was considered a good detective."

"One of their best?"

"I think so."

"Likely to have any reasonable request granted?"

"Certainly."

"And one whose opinions were entitled to weight?"

"Yes."

"When did you arrive at the residence of your deceased half-sister?"

"Early that Tuesday evening."

"Whom did you meet?"

"I met Dr. Oscar Welton, a younger gentleman who was introduced to me as a physician, Miss Matilda Webb, and several persons from families living in the vicinity."

"You heard the testimony of Miss Webb and Dr. Welton given here to-day?"

"I did."

"They are the persons you met at the residence of Constance Craig the evening after her murder?"

"They are."

"Are the stories they told to-day substantially the same as those they told you soon after your arrival."

"They are substantially the same."

"Did the doctor refer to the telegram you received and acted upon?"

"He did; I showed it to him; he admitted having sent it."

"The telegram says, 'Constance Craig has been found *murdered*.' Did he ever express any doubt to you as to the cause of her death?"

"Never."

"In look or act, if not in words?"

"In no way whatever."

"Do you believe he had, at any time, any doubt of the truth of the assertion he made in the telegram he sent you?"

"I do not."

"You knew of the opinion of the other practitioner, the one who was away attending to other duties when you arrived?"

A smile flashed across the sombre countenance of the detective, much as you have seen a sudden flash of lightning illume the front of a dark cloud for a moment in a tempestuous night.

"I heard of what he said," was the quiet answer.

"Will you please state your opinion of him?"

Aldrich was on his feet in a moment.

"We object," he cried; "we want facts, not opinions."

"I do not care to give my opinion of the doctor," said Prier, dryly.

"We will not press the question," said the prosecuting attorney; "the doctor is of little consequence. My learned friend shall have facts—all the facts he wants."

Then he turned toward Prier, again, with another question:

"You went into the room where the dead lady lay?"

"I did, at once."

"Had the room been disturbed after finding her dead?"

"She had been removed from the bed, of course, and prepared for burial. Other than that, so I was informed, and so your other witnesses will testify, the contents of the room had been left undisturbed, in order that I might carefully study whatever the murderer had left in the way of clews or traces."

"You may state what you found first."

"The first thing of importance which I found in the room where the lady had been killed was a fragment of a blood-red stone, which I recognized as a piece of the setting of an old-fashioned silver ring which she had been in the habit of wearing regularly for many years."

"Where did you find it?"

"Under a small table which stood near the bed."

"How far from the bed was the table?"

"It was quite near the bed, quite near the head of the bed; I should say it was about eighteen inches distant."

"Were you *certain* that the fragment you found was a part of Constance Craig's ring?"

"I was quite certain."

"You may say why."

"Because I was very familiar with the ring."

"And how did it happen that you were familiar with the ring?"

"I owned the ring for more than a year. I gave it to Constance Craig."

"Have you had any reason since to change your opinion?"

"No, sir."

"To confirm and strengthen it?"

"Yes, sir."

"You may state what."

"I have found Constance Craig's ring."

"Ah! About how long ago?"

"Within a month."

"With a fragment missing?"

"With a part of the setting missing, *and the fragment I found in Constance Craig's room exactly fits and completes it!*"

"Very well, very well. And is this ring one of those to which reference is made in the document which Gilbert Senn signed?"

"It is."

"One of the rings which it has been agreed between the prosecution and the defense shall be admitted to have been in Senn's possession?"

"Yes, sir."

"You are sure the ring is the same?"

"I am sure."

"Did you mention the finding of the fragment to any one at the time?"

"No, sir."

"Not to Dr. Welton, nor Miss Webb, nor any of the authorities?"

"No, sir."

"You may state why you did not."

"I concluded that the murderer might hear of the opinion advanced by the physician who went away before my arrival; indeed, I had reason to believe that *his opinion* would be made very prominent by himself and his friends; I found the authorities were inclined to side with him. I reasoned that the murderer was very likely an ignorant person, a man who would suppose that Constance Craig's death would be accepted as natural because there was no terrible wound upon her. I desired the murderer to feel secure and easy, to the end that he might be careless, and so betray himself. So I said nothing regarding what I found. And I took no pains to contradict the general impression regarding the manner in which the unfortunate lady died."

"You expected, then, that you would find the murderer in a short time?"

"I hoped to."

"You would have told what you had found if you had supposed it would help bring the murderer to justice?"

"Certainly I should."

"You may tell, if you please, what theory you formed regarding the breaking of the stone in the ring."

"Wait a moment!" cried Aldrich, rising to his feet. "We object to that. We don't want this man's theories; he should confine himself to the facts."

"I feel," said the prosecuting attorney, addressing the judge, "that the question is a fair and just one, and that I should have a right to insist upon an answer; the work of a detective can only be systematic and logical when it is based upon some sort of a theory. Between the meagre facts which he finds waiting for him at the place where secret crime has done its evil work, and the just punishment which he helps bring home to the guilty, there is always found a series of observations, examinations, comparisons, tests, etc., which demand time and hard labor on the part of the patient detective. All this work must be done with definite reasons in his mind for every step—or the results will be unsatisfactory. We wish to know not only what Mr. Prier saw and what he did, but what he thought and felt as well; we wish to know the results reached by his trained and experienced judgment in work of this sort, and we are as willing to abide the natural consequences of any mistakes he may have to confess, as we are anxious to take advantage of those particular instances in which his judgment shall be shown to have been correct. The theories of the detective are as definite as those of the chemist; each must sometimes try more than one experiment before he finds himself right; each must sometimes follow a train of thought and reasoning which later events show must be abandoned; but, in the same way that we can only appreciate fully the results of the labors of the analytical chemist when we understand what he has done at every step—and why—so we shall find the clearest understanding of the results of Mr. Prier's work possible only when we know what theories he formed, and what he did to test and prove them."

Aldrich addressed the judge.

"The work of the detective is very different from the work of the chemist," he said. "One is science—the other is not; a detective's theory is a guess—only that and nothing more—and I do not propose to have my client endangered by some man's guesswork—even though that man be as shrewd and keen as is Mr. Prier."

"I submit," said the prosecuting attorney; "not because my friend has convinced me, but because I entered upon this case with a firm determination to have the results of the trial final. Our case is so strong that we can afford to be generous. I am determined that the defense shall have no grounds upon which to base a motion for a new trial when we have convicted the accused. So, your honor, while I feel sure that you would decide in our favor, I will, if you will permit, withdraw my question. I will endeavor to confine my questions within limits which even my learned friend, the lawyer for the defense, will be unwilling to object to."

(Immense satisfaction in the court-room. I am not lawyer enough to decide whether the prosecution had been generous—or only shrewd; are you? You can guess how the spectators regarded it. The tide was going down—down—down. Gilbert Senn was once more a red-handed rascal, for whom hanging was too good.)

The examination of the witness was continued:

"You may state how long ago you gave the ring to Constance Craig?"

"About twenty-five years ago."

"That would be some fifteen years before her death?"

"Yes, sir."

"You had seen it frequently after giving it to her?"

"Yes, sir; I saw her very often, and I never saw her without the ring upon her finger."

"How old was she at the time of her death?"

"About twenty-five years of age."

"She had the ring when she was a little girl of ten, or about that age, did she?"

"She did."

"Do you remember how it fitted her when you gave it to her?"

"It was a good fit. I remember distinctly her trying it on. It was just a fit. She asked me to give it to her. I did so."

"She was a strong, active girl, was she not?"

"She was."

"Fond of play?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sometimes rough and violent in her play?"

"Yes, sir; sometimes."

"I presume the blood-red stone got some hard knocks during her girlhood?"

"Yes, indeed."

"Possibly she sometimes let it fall upon the floor?"

"I have heard her speak of such occasions."

"But it wasn't broken until the night of her death?"

"I suppose not. It was whole, to my certain knowledge, a month before. She would scarcely have allowed the broken fragment to remain under her table over a single night, even, if she had broken it by accident."

"Do you know how the ring fitted her shortly before her death?"

"I do. For months it had been so tight that she could not remove it."

"Did you examine the finger on which it had been worn?"

"After her death? Yes, I did."

"State what you found."

"The finger was torn and lacerated. It looked——"

"We object," said Aldrich; "we don't want any theories or guesses smuggled into this testimony."

"Very well," said the prosecuting attorney; "we will use every effort to keep them out. You may tell, Mr. Prier, whether a ring—some ring—had been recently removed from that finger, and by violence?"

"There had been."

"You are sure? You will swear to that?"

"I am sure. I do swear to it."

"Your honor, we offer the broken ring, the fragment which fits the broken stone, and the document signed by Senn, all in evidence. Mr. Prier, will you tell me what else you found which was of interest?"

"I found Constance Craig's sewing materials upon the table, to which I have referred."

"The table which was close to the head of the bed?"

"Yes, sir."

"What articles were upon the table?"

"A pair of scissors, two spools of thread, half a dozen pins, a cake of bees-wax, and the article at which she had been at work."

"And what article had she been at work upon?"

"An infant's dress."

(The spectators bent forward in breathless attention.)

"An infant's dress? Was Constance Craig a married woman?"

"Mrs. Craig was a widow. Her husband died by accident in the June before."

The attorney for the prosecution moved a step or two nearer to the witness. He bent forward until his face was near that of the detective. He spoke slowly, solemnly, and he tapped with the extended forefinger of his right hand on the palm of his left as each word was uttered. But he had not moved nearer Prier for the sake of speaking privately; his voice rang out, strong and clear, filling the great room with the awful question he asked:

"And so the man who killed Constance Craig took two lives instead of one, did he?"

There was a terrible pause. One might have fancied himself suddenly carried into a watchmaker's shop, for there was absolutely no sound to be heard in all the crowded room but the ticking of the time-pieces; every breath seemed to hang silent on the lips of the on-looker whose lifeblood depended upon it for purification and renewal; the very hearts of the spectators seemed to have forgotten to beat.

And then——

A cry burst forth from the lips of the witness, a cry which was half the sob of a long pent-up agony—half the snarl of some famished beast who sees before him the hated enemy of his kind whose body can give him food and life.

The tears ran down the detective's cheeks in torrents.

He could scarcely speak.

He turned directly toward Senn, forgetful, seemingly, for the time, of the presence of the lawyer who was questioning him.

"Yes," he said, in a whisper; "yes. The miserable ruffian — the pitiless fiend—killed not only Constance Craig; he killed her unborn child as well."

Who can explain how the spirit of revenge, mad and unreasoning revenge, grows? Who can tell how *the mob* springs into life? Who?

There were no shouts nor cries. If there were any oaths spoken, they were said under the breaths of those to whose lips they all too naturally came. There were no looks of doubt or hesitation. No one waited for another. Half the men there were upon their feet at once. Gilbert Senn's life hung in the balance. Men have died again and again at the hands of others less fully convinced of guilt and less infuriated than these were.

Gilbert Senn escaped.

How?

Not because of the authority of the judge being exercised in his behalf; the judge was panic-stricken and powerless.

Not because the sheriff stood between him and danger; the sheriff did not care to take the lives of such earnest men as those who faced him—men with whom he had been acquainted for many long years—in defense of one whose life he felt ought to be forfeit. They could have taken Senn out from the courtroom, and have hanged him to a leafless tree near the window, from which the judge could look to his home, to the schoolhouse and to the church, and no one among those having authority there could have prevented it. Perhaps no one of them all would have found sense and realized duty until too late to even make an attempt.

But Gilbert Senn escaped. Walter Aldrich rose to his feet. The lawyer was pale as death. He laid his arm protectingly along the shoulders of the prisoner. His gaze swept over the array of angry faces before him.

I do not suppose that Walter Aldrich was armed. I have no idea that he could have kept Senn from the hands of men who had decided to take him, had they proceeded to act upon that decision. Perhaps he would not have fought for his client. He would have found fighting of little use.

The angry men faced Senn. But they did not face Senn alone; Aldrich stood before them, too, a wall between them and the horrible realization of their desire—not a strong wall—not a wall difficult to pass—but a firm and steadfast one so far as its strength did extend—a wall that would not go down until the shock came.

The angry men faced the two men. All was silent. It was the silence of a hot afternoon before the tornado strikes; the silence of the battlefield before the charge; the silence of the forest glade before the lurking beast springs upon his timid foe; the intense silence which means danger and death always—whether the pause be man's, beast's or inanimate nature's.

These men were thinking of their homes, of their own wives, of their little children, of the nights when their loved ones had been alone at home exposed to the possibility of dangers as great and fates as tragic as had been the lot of Constance Craig. For a time every other thought had vanished from their minds save only the mad one that safety and security could only settle down upon Boomville again when Gilbert Senn was dead.

And still Aldrich faced them. Still no word was said by any one.

Then, suddenly, some man found his senses. It may be that he remembered the cruel wrong which Senn had done Aldrich, and felt ashamed to find himself less forgiving than the man who had so truly suffered at Senn's hands. It may be his thought took some other form. I do not know. I cannot say. The great God knows.

One man sank back into his seat, whatever the thought which struck him down. Then another sat down, and another, and another, and a dozen, a score——

And Senn was safe again! Walter Aldrich had saved his life once more!

It was but a little thing. But moral force is a mighty force—and a silent one.

It had not been a minute since Prier's statement had so stirred the hearts of the spectators, and now they were all in their seats again—quiet—calm—silent.

The judge and his officers said some simple things regarding order in court. It is not recorded that a mob came near taking an unconvicted man out from the very room in which he was having a trial according to the forms of law, and hanging him by the neck until he was dead. Such a statement in the records of a court of justice would look strange. Probably neither the judge, nor the sheriff, nor the sheriff's deputies, would willingly admit that such was the fact.

But it was.

Perhaps neither Prier nor the prosecuting attorney would say that their carefully planned climax of evidence came near defeating the ends of justice, and making many men murderers, in fact, in place of the one man they aimed to prove guilty.

But it did.

Undoubtedly the good citizens of Boomville—for they were the good citizens—would shrink from the recital of the unpleasant facts of the case. They would not like to confess that they forgot, for a little, how many cooling centuries of civilization lay between them and their hot-blooded ancestors, who practiced the doctrine of "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth" in all its horrible perfection and literalness.

But they did forget.

The danger was none the less, that it was in the midst of silence; it was none the less, that it was soon over. The fact that judge, and jury, and sheriff, and deputies,

A STUDY.—BY MÜLLER.

and spectators, and witnesses, and prosecuting attorney and all, practically ignored the danger which had existed —ignored it and spoke slightingly of its possibility when it was over—made it none the less. The fact that other men, in other courts, at other times, have felt as these men did while justice has gone on unnoticing and blinded—as it did here—made the danger none the less.

There was danger, real danger, desperate danger—danger for Gilbert Senn's mortal body—danger for the immortal souls of those who were ready to do so wickedly with him as they meant, for one short minute, to do.

There are two ways of telling a story—the way of fact and the way of possibility. Men forget the one way, too often, when the way of fact is in their favor. It is easy to laugh at danger—when its presence has left no scar. An earthquake piled Lisbon in ruins; what matter? Earthquakes thunder up and down in the earth, time and again, doing no damage. And so—New York and Boston will smile when a sudden shock has passed them which has rung their bells and left their steeples rocking. One whirlwind, tossing the grasses and leaves, dies out in calm; another, scarcely strong enough to crush out the tender lives of the Dakota prairie-flowers over which it whirls, grows and strengthens until nothing can stand before its might; it sweeps across Minnesota, leaving one long black trail of death and destruction, and beats itself to annihilation in the woods of Wisconsin. But this is only once or twice. And so—we joke at wind and weather, when the breeze is sweet and soft in the west and there are no clouds between us and the sunshine. Vesuvius has thundered and threatened for eighteen hundred years since Herculaneum and Pompeii walked the dark road of oblivion at her command. And so—Naples smiles, forgetting what the horror of her future may be.

Ah, well! It is human, I doubt not. Let them lie to their souls, saying it could never have happened.

It could.

Two men told the truth, to themselves and to each other.

"You—you have saved my life again," said Gilbert Senn, leaning forward and touching the lawyer.

"Yes, I have," said Aldrich, without turning his head.

"God bless you; God bless you," said Senn, in a broken voice; "I hope that—some time—you will—will know——"

But Aldrich was no longer listening to him.

The prosecuting attorney was questioning Prier again, after this interval of a minute, as though nothing had happened.

And Aldrich was following every word.

CHAPTER XII.

ONCE MORE.

"WHICH of the articles upon Constance Craig's table furnished you with hints to help you in your pursuit of the murderer?" asked the prosecuting attorney.

"Only one article; the cake of wax," replied Prier.

"The cake of wax furnished a clew? Will you state in what way?"

"I will. There was an impression upon the cake of wax, an impression made by a seal ring, an impression of an anchor and a woman's head and a letter 'S.'"

"You say the impression was made by a ring. Are you certain of that?"

"I am."

"In what way are you so sure? What leads you to be so positive?"

"The depth of the impression. The hand which wore the ring undoubtedly struck the wax a very heavy blow, or was pressed downward upon it with great force."

"Can you say whether the person who wore the ring produced the deep impression upon the wax by a blow or by leaning upon the table?"

"I am sure it was produced in one or the other of those two ways; I cannot say in which of the two."

"And how does the depth of the impression prove the article to have been a seal ring?"

"The impression not only shows the engraving upon the stone, but the bordering gold-work in which the stone is set and secured."

"Exactly; I see. And have you retained the wax?"

"I have, under lock and key, from that day to this. It is here."

"We offer the wax in evidence," said the prosecuting attorney, quietly; "have you the garment on which Constance Craig had been at work before her death?"

"Yes."

"Is this it?"

"It is."

"We offer it in evidence, too. Have you found anything which fits the impression upon the cake of wax?"

"I have."

"What is it?"

"A seal ring—a gold ring set with a white stone."

"This ring which I hold in my hand?"

"Yes, sir; the same."

"Is this the other ring mentioned in the paper signed and acknowledged by Gilbert Senn?"

"It is."

"You are sure of that?"

"Certainly."

"You remember you are testifying under oath?"

"I do. I swear to that."

"Very well. Now, when was the impression made upon the wax? Was it recent, or was it not?"

"You mean recent from the standpoint of the time of the death of Constance Craig?"

"I do. Was it made shortly before her death, or some time before?"

"It was made shortly before. It was made after she had laid aside the work upon which she had been employed?"

"How do you know?"

"Because the impression falls upon every mark which her thread had made upon the wax, and obliterates them for the space covered by the impression. The wax was a new cake; it had been used but a short time; the impression of the stone setting was made after that use."

"But how can you be certain that the thread was not drawn across the wax *after* the impression was made instead of before? The mark left by the ring is very deep, as you have already said, and would not allow the thread-marks to show at the bottom of the cavity made even had the wax been used with the thread later than the time when the impression was made. How are you sure of the impression having been made last?"

"The delicate edges of the impression made by the ring prove that. They are clear-cut and unbroken. It needs no expert to determine the fact that the impression of the ring fell upon the wax last. A cake of wax, a stout thread, and a seal ring, in the hands of the jury, will enable them to make experiments which will verify my statement most unmistakably. Every mark which the thread ever made upon the wax crosses the impression made by the ring; the edge of the ring-impression would be impaired by a single stroke of a thread—even

if held in the hand of a man earnestly anxious to disprove my assertion—I say with certainty that no woman ever drew a thread across the impression after it had been made."

"The jury will have the ring and the wax in their possession during their deliberations. You may, however, describe the way in which the stone is held in its place in this ring."

"A series of thin gold hooks, shaped like leaves, are bent over upon the border of the stone."

"Are these gold leaves thick or thin?"

"They are quite thick."

"Were they pressed deep into the wax, or only slightly?"

"The impression is deep."

"What is the effect upon the edge of the impression?"

"It leaves a series of exceedingly narrow pieces of wax, not one-sixtieth of an inch wide in some places, standing up between the places where the gold hooks or leaves have left the proofs of their presence."

"How high do these narrow pieces rise above the impressions made by the gold hooks?"

"A height equal to the thickness of the leaves of gold; about one-eighth of an inch, I think."

"Is the surface of any of these narrow bits of wax depressed below the surface of the cake of wax as a whole?"

"The surfaces of these pieces are slightly depressed. The stone was forced down enough to make its own impression in these spaces."

"How much do these surfaces lie below the general surface?"

"Only a little; the thickness of a sheet of writing paper, perhaps."

"Enough so that the thread-marks do not show?"

"Enough so that they do not show."

"How many of these bits of wax, an eighth of an inch high and a sixtieth of an inch wide, are there?"

"Over twenty."

"Are any of them broken?"

"Not one."

"The wax is in exactly the condition in which you found it the Tuesday evening after Mrs. Craig's death?"

"It is."

"You have not attempted to fit the ring to the impression in the wax?"

"No, sir; the jury can do that."

"We will consider another matter now. You do not feel at liberty to speak of the circumstances under which you found these rings?"

"I do not. I consider my compact with Mr. Senn a sacred and binding one."

"Whose wish was it that it should be made?"

"It was Mr. Senn's."

"You swear that the rings were found in his possession?"

"I swear that they were found under circumstances which justify the conclusion that they have been in his possession, and that he admitted to me the reasonableness of such a conclusion. He also promised and agreed not to deny their having been in his possession."

"Your compact with him is understood to include these conditions?"

"Certainly."

"You will state fully the circumstances attending the finding of the rings, if the defense denies having had them in possession, or renounces the statements—in any way or in any degree—which Senn has signed?"

"I will."

"You arrested Mr. Senn for this crime, I believe?"

"I did."

"Did he submit quietly?"

"He did not; he resisted desperately."

"What desperate thing did he attempt to do?"

"He saw the rings. He made an attempt to destroy them."

"To what extent did his resistance go? Do you think that your life was in danger?"

"I do."

"That is all. Mr. Aldrich, you may take the witness."

Mr. Aldrich was not at his ease, and he did not counterfeit a self-possession he did not feel.

"You positively identify the broken ring, the ring with the blood-red stone, with the one Mrs. Craig had worn for years?"

"I do."

"You are not certain that the other ring which has been shown here to-day is the one which made the impression upon the wax?"

"I am certain. I have counted the golden leaves, and I have counted the impressions they made; I have examined the impression and the ring which made it, side by side, under a powerful glass. They are alike in every line—in every detail. I am sure."

"Why not have applied the ring to the wax yourself, then?"

"Because the testimony of the wax shall be fresh and undoubted; because I will not blot out the track a thread has made, nor deepen a line left by the ring; because my hand shall not add the weight of a grain to the record the heavy hand of Murder left behind him; these are the reasons why the jury shall have the opportunity to test the ring and the wax first, before another hand has done the same."

"You prefer not to state the circumstances under which you recently found the rings?"

"I prefer not to; it is the wish of your client that I should not."

"Were you engaged in an act which was in any degree criminal when you found them? Had you been mistaken in your suspicions regarding Mr. Senn, and failed to find the rings, would your act in looking for them, or attempting to find them and secure them, have made you criminally liable?"

"Mr. Aldrich, you are asking questions which are risky to your client and your cause. I shall not refuse to answer any question you may ask me, nor shall I allow the attorney for the prosecution to interpose an effective objection to my answering any, if I can prevent his doing so. I am here to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. But there *is* a compact between Mr. Senn and myself, a compact to which you are tacitly a party, the integrity of which a train of questions like this will certainly endanger."

"Is that your answer?"

"No, sir; that is not my answer. I shall not dodge nor evade any question you may think it wise and right to ask. This is my answer: I was not engaged in an act in any degree criminal when I found the rings; I had no suspicions regarding Senn's connection with this murder until after I had found them; I was not looking for the rings, and I had no reason to expect to find them when I did; I had never seen Senn until after finding them."

Aldrich waited long before asking the next question. If he had intended asking more questions in the direction which his examination of Prier had taken, he recognized the dangerous character of the ground upon which he had ventured, and wisely withdrew.

"You said that you believed your life to be in danger when you arrested Senn, did you not?"

"I said that during the struggle which resulted from his resistance, I believed my life to be in danger."

"Will you tell us whether Senn's life was in danger, too?"

"He was resisting an officer who had authority for his arrest."

"That is not the question; was he in danger of being killed?"

"I did not mean to let him escape."

"That is all," said Aldrich.

"That is all," echoed the prosecuting attorney.

And Prier left the witness-stand.

Aldrich walked over to the side of the prosecuting attorney, and the two men talked together in whispers for several minutes.

At the close of this conversation Aldrich walked back to the place he had occupied.

The prosecuting attorney arose and addressed the court.

"I desire, your honor, to make an explanation in regard to what I am about to do. Evidence regarding a certain cake of wax and two certain rings, among other things, has been offered here to-day. We have offered some evidence, and we propose to offer more, connecting a certain ring with an impression upon a cake of wax. We propose to show a close connection between these articles and the crime of the murder of Mrs. Craig. We propose to connect the rings with Gilbert Senn by means of evidence stronger by far than any we have yet presented. We had intended, however, to allow the jury to satisfy themselves of the fact that the ring which has been shown here, and commented upon at such length, really did make the impression upon the wax as we claim. My learned friend, the lawyer for the defense, however, is exceedingly anxious to have that question fully settled, one way or the other, before the case is given to the jury. He requests me to call an expert in matters connected with jewelry; I have consented to do so; we have agreed upon Mr. Silverton. Will Mr. Silverton, who I see is present, come forward and be sworn?"

Mr. Silverton, a slow and dignified old gentleman with long gray hair, was evidently much astonished. He came forward promptly, however, and was duly sworn.

"What is your name, sir?" asked the prosecuting attorney.

"Samuel Silverton."

"Your age?"

"Sixty years."

"You are a jeweler?"

"I am."

"Residing where?"

"In Boomville."

"How long have you been a jeweler?"

"About forty years."

"Living where?"

"My home and my place of business have always been in Boomville."

"You consider yourself an authority in all which relates to jewelry?"

"I do."

"You have, perhaps, had some experience in making impressions of articles upon wax for the purpose of copying designs?"

"I have had some such experience."

"Please examine this cake of wax. When was the impression which you see thereon made upon it, before or after it was last used to wax a thread?"

"No thread has been drawn across this cake of wax since the impression was made."

"You are sure of that?"

"I am sure."

"Please take this ring. Examine it closely. Will you apply the ring to the wax, and then tell the jury whether the ring made the impression upon the wax?"

Mr. Silverton drew a pocket magnifier from his pocket. He looked long and anxiously at the ring—then at the wax—at the ring, at the wax again.

"There are certain imperfections—the imperfections of human workmanship rather than any very marked or unusual flaws, in this ring. We should find imperfections, undoubtedly, in another ring, made with care, in imitation of this. But they would not be the same ring; they would not have the same imperfections. Either ring, used upon a waxen tablet, would leave the impress of its own individuality. I never saw another ring like this one; I never saw one which the merest novice would not distinguish from this by the most casual glance. But if there were a thousand rings so like this that the unpracticed eye would see them all alike, I would still swear that this ring made this impression on this cake of wax; the minute imperfections of the ring are reproduced with marvelous accuracy upon the wax. And see," applying the ring to the wax, "the parts fit perfectly."

"That is all," said the prosecuting attorney.

"I have no questions to ask," said Aldrich.

"We will recall Dr. Welton for a moment or two," said the attorney for the prosecution.

To him, when he had taken his place, he said:

"You assisted in removing the dead body of Mrs. Craig from the bed in which it was found?"

"I did."

"Did you see the articles upon the table near her bed?"

"I distinctly remember seeing the articles, but I did not touch or examine them."

"You were in the room most of the time until the arrival of the detective?"

"I was. Miss Webb and myself agreed, before any other than myself had arrived in answer to her message sent by the driver of a passing team, that one or the other of us should remain in the room constantly. When she went out, I always remained until she returned?"

"Were the articles upon the table removed or meddled with, in your presence, before the arrival of Mr. Prier?"

"No, sir."

"Was Mrs. Craig *enceinte* at the time of her death?"

"She was."

"That is all."

Aldrich declined to cross-examine.

The prosecution recalled Matilda Webb.

"You assisted in removing Mrs. Craig from the bed in which you found her dead?"

"I did."

"Who arrived first after you gave the alarm?"

"Dr. Welton."

"Did you agree with him that one of you should remain in the room until the detective came?"

"I did."

"What were your reasons for doing so?"

"My chief reasons were these: I had been Mrs. Craig's most intimate servant; my relations with her had been almost those of friendship instead of those of a servant to a mistress; so I wanted to be near her. Then Dr. Welton had been her good friend—and mine; it was a comfort to have him near us."

"BY THE CRUEL SEA."

"Did the theory of murder—the instinct of caution—influence you?"

"I suppose so, some; though I couldn't realize that any one could be so wicked as to kill my dear, good mistress."

"You kept your agreement with the doctor?"

"Indeed I did. No matter how long he remained away, I never left the room while he was gone."

"Were articles in the room disturbed while you were present?"

"No, sir. That is, there was nothing done except to remove her body from the bed, place it upon a long table which was brought from another room, and prepare it properly for the coffin."

"You were naturally interested in seeing what articles were about the room which might serve as clews to the detective when he arrived?"

"Certainly."

"And yet you touched none of them?"

"I did not. I had a vague idea that their very positions might tell the detective something. So I did not move any of them."

"You perhaps noticed carefully what articles were to be seen?"

"I noticed some. The truth of the matter is, that I was too busy to look much—too busy with my hands, I mean."

"You had time to think?"

"I did. I had time to think until thought was almost a torture."

"Of what did you think? Of some of the articles you did see?"

"Yes, sir; a part of the time."

"Did you see the article of dress on which Mrs. Craig had been working?"

"I did."

"Do you remember now what you thought when you saw it?"

"I thought how industrious Mrs. Craig had been. You know—or a woman would, perhaps you don't—that there is a great deal of work on that garment, which she had nearly finished."

"Yes; well?"

"Well, she hadn't commenced that when I went away."

"Then you are sure she worked at her sewing while you were away?"

"I am."

"And sure that she must have used her bees-wax?"

"Yes, sir; and there is this strange thing to say: I am sure she used a cake of wax which had never been used before."

"How do you know? Please explain."

"Mrs. Craig bought two cakes of wax a few weeks before; I was with her when she bought them. One she took to use, throwing away the little fragment which remained from the one she had used before; the other she laid aside in a bureau-drawer. I frequently helped Mrs. Craig with her sewing, although she always allowed me plenty of time for doing my own sewing. I had a cake of wax of my own, and usually made use of that; sometimes, however, I used hers. On Saturday I packed up my things in a small satchel preparatory to the visit I had received permission to make. I was going where the others would have their work about in the evening to show and talk about, if nothing more; naturally enough I took my own. When I arrived there I found, to my surprise, that I had taken Mrs. Craig's cake of wax as well as my own. So I know that she must have used her new cake during my absence, and I know she had never used it before."

"Thank you, that is all."

Aldrich had no questions to ask.

"We call George Arnold," said the lawyer for the prosecution.

Senn looked up with a startled look upon his face. He turned very white, so white that one wondered how he could have been thought pale before. He let his gaze fall almost instantly. He buried his face in his hands. He sank down into his chair, a quivering burlesque on the name of Man.

The new witness, a stranger to most of the people of Boomville, was duly sworn. The examination began:

"What is your name?"

"George Arnold?"

"Your age?"

"I am forty years of age."

"Where do you reside?"

"At Blankford."

"How long have you resided there?"

"For fifteen years."

"What is your business?"

"I am the railroad station-agent."

"Were you in the same position ten years ago?"

"I was."

"Did you know Mrs. Craig?"

"I knew her well by sight, and I was also slightly acquainted with her."

"Do you remember the time of her death?"

"I do."

"Do you know Gilbert Senn?"

"I have seen him before?"

"When did you first see him?"

"On the Sunday before Mrs. Craig's death."

"How are you certain?"

"I made a memorandum of certain things connected with my meeting him. I remember the events themselves, however, without that aid. And the date has always been firmly fixed in my mind because of its connection with Mrs. Craig's death."

"You did not find it necessary to consult your memorandum, then?"

"No, sir. I did consult it, before coming here, so that I might favor the accused, if it were possible, in the testimony I knew I should be called upon to give. I found I could not speak of events as I wished I was able to; I found the record was exactly, in every respect, as I remembered the events to have happened."

"Very well. *Where* did you first see Gilbert Senn?"

"At the railroad station."

"You may describe his appearance."

Senn raised his head for a moment. He leaned forward, and touched Aldrich on the arm.

"For God's sake——" he began, but Aldrich rudely shook his hand away, without saying a word or turning toward him.

"Mr. Senn was what you would call a tramp, I suppose," said Mr. Arnold; "he was worn and sick, he said, and he looked it. His clothing was ragged. He said he had neither money nor food; he had had no food for a day."

"Well, what did he say to you?"

"He asked for work."

"Did you give him work?"

"I did not. He did not look able to do much, and, besides, I had nothing for him to do."

"What did you do?"

"I offered to buy a handsome ring he wore."

"A ring? What did you offer him?"

"I offered him ten dollars."

"It must have been valuable. Will you describe it?"

"It was a gold ring, with a white stone setting. On the stone were engraved an anchor, a woman's head, and the letter 'S.'"

"Did he accept your offer?"

"He did not. He said the ring was given him by his mother. His manner was strange. It excited my suspicions. I thought it possible he had stolen the ring. I coaxed him to allow me to take it for a little time. I had a piece of soft shoemaker's wax in the office. I took an impression of the ring, thinking it might be advertised for by some one who had lost it. And then——"

"Well; and then?"

"I was ashamed of my suspicions. The man seemed honest, after all. I offered to give him a dollar; he refused it as a gift, but accepted it as a loan. Then he left the station."

"The station at Blankford is at one side of the town, is it not?"

"It is."

"Where did the tramp go? Up the track? Down the track? Into town? Into the country? Where?"

"He went into the country."

"In the direction of Mrs. Craig's residence?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he take the road which would lead him past her residence?"

"He did."

"How far out did she live?"

"About three miles."

"Have you ever seen Gilbert Senn since?"

"Not until to-day."

"What did you first hear regarding Constance Craig's death?"

"I heard that she was murdered."

"Of what did you think then?"

"Of my interview with the tramp; I wondered whether he was guilty."

"What did you hear next?"

"That one of the doctors, all the local authorities, and most of the neighbors, believed her death to have been a natural one. It was said that the detective had little to say, but that people thought he favored the idea of the death being due to natural causes."

"That drove your suspicions from your mind?"

"Certainly."

"You have the wax-impression you made of Senn's ring?"

"I have. Strangely enough, I have always preserved it. It is here."

"We offer it in evidence. Now you may state how it happens that you are here to testify in this case."

"I found an advertisement, a few days since, in a Boston paper of recent date."

"You may read the advertisement."

"It is as follows:

"'PERSONAL.—If any one, anywhere, saw or knew of a person who, ten years ago, wore a gold ring, with a white stone setting, on which were engraved an anchor, a woman's head and a letter 'S,' that individual will serve the cause of justice, and may save an innocent life, by appearing to testify regarding the same in the case of the trial of GILBERT SENN for the murder of the unfortunate gentlewoman CONSTANCE CRAIG. Please address, with full particulars, the undersigned, at either Boomville, Maine, or Boston, Massachusetts. J. B. PRIER.'"

"You communicated with Mr. Prier?"

"I did."

"It became evident that you could supply the missing link in the chain of evidence?"

"Yes, sir, and so I am here."

"You may take the witness," said the lawyer to Aldrich.

Aldrich questioned eagerly:

"Did the tramp give you his name?"

"He did. He said that his name was Gilbert Senn. I recognize him as the same man."

"He told you the truth then?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did he ever pay you the dollar he borrowed?"

"He did."

"When?"

"About one month after he borrowed it. The pay came by mail to me."

"That is all."

Simple questions; simple answers. But after them the spectators were willing to wait—willing to let law's way be their way. So far as that had the tide of human sympathy turned in Senn's favor.

Mr. Silverton was recalled:

"Please state whether the impression upon the piece of shoemaker's wax was made by the ring you have examined to-day."

Mr. Silverton examined the ring and the new waxen record with great care and attention.

"This ring made this impression," he said.

"And that is our case," said the prosecuting attorney; "the State has no more evidence to present."

No more! No more, indeed!

As though one long, unbroken line of hapless human beings, some guilty, some innocent, has not been going down the rugged road of circumstantial evidence to the gallows—ever since man became *civilized enough* to use that civilized instrument of justice—at the door of not one in a thousand of whom so heavy a load of proof as had been found against Gilbert Senn had ever been laid.

No more! No more!

It was enough for justice—if Senn was guilty.

It was enough for madness—if he was innocent.

Once more the tide of popular opinion was turning in his favor—turning as it turns from condemnation to pity when men sign petitions for reprieves or pardons—turning as the opinions of men turn when the words which express them are whispered above graves—turning as our feelings turn when we no longer say in anger what a man Is, but repeat regretfully what he WAS!

Once more the name of Gilbert Senn was called; he must arise and testify in his own behalf.

Once more there was no hope for him, no hope whatever, except that which came because of the ability of his once friend—Walter Aldrich.

And he knew, the spectators knew, the judge and the jury knew, that Walter Aldrich, *the Lawyer*, could do nothing for him. The jury had decided the case already, on the evidence given; Senn could see that in their faces. The judge was mentally revolving the words with which he intended to introduce his sentence—trying to think how he might be severe enough in his denunciation of so cowardly and atrocious a crime—endeavoring to decide upon some little measure of comfort and consolation to offer a man who was to hang by his neck until he was dead. And Senn and all the rest—Aldrich, too, with the others—could not fail to see what was expressed in the face of the judge. *The Lawyer* had no more to do; *the Lawyer* could only make a bad matter worse.

But Senn knew, what no other person there except

Aldrich could know, that *the Man* Aldrich could save him if he would.

Would he?

Would the bravery which had kept him from the cruel engine-wheels be brave—*once more?*

Would the strong will which had crushed down the nameless horror of impending violence in the courtroom that very day be strongly resolute—*once more?*

Aldrich was on his feet. He was pale as death. He had called his witness once, called him as *a Lawyer*. He called him again:

"*Gilbert Senn.*"

"'You will find the widow ready to hear that which the wife may not listen to.' Oh, Walter! Walter!" groaned Senn, in an agonized whisper, which no one heard. And——

What was that? What were those hot words which he whispered in a voice which was lower still? Considering what he has done, remembering his marriage with the woman who had promised to be the wife of Walter Aldrich, we must be mistaken in thinking he said, "*Traitor! coward!*" must we not?

Senn staggers to his feet. He will try to face the future bravely.

Is he about to endure martyrdom—*once more?*

CHAPTER XIII.

THE LAWYER *vs.* THE MAN.

ALDRICH began to question Senn. Possibly he hoped to find something which would help clear him. It may be he did not understand how grave the case against the accused really was. His questions were asked with care; he made many long pauses after one before asking another; he wandered from one part of the testimony, of which his examination of the accused was in some sense a review, to another; he seemed like a puzzled man, who was searching for something—he knew not what, anxious to find it, yet full of dread as to what it might be.

As for Senn, he answered the questions sullenly and without looking up.

"Were you ever acquainted with Constance Craig?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever speak to her?"

"No."

"Were you ever in her house?"

"No."

(A long pause then.)

"Will you swear that the paper you signed is false?"

"No; it is true."

"Was your signature extorted by threats of violence?"

"I signed the paper of my own free will; the statements in it are true."

(Another pause, a much longer one than the other had been.)

"Did you ever know Matilda Webb?"

"No, sir."

"Did you ever meet Dr. Welton?"

"No."

"Did you ever see or hear of Mr. Prier until some time during the present month?"

"No."

"Did you ever meet George Arnold?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where?"

"At the railroad station in Blankford."

"When?"

"On the Sunday he named in his testimony."

(Another long pause. The lawyer had found something which seemed to trouble him.)

"Did you borrow a dollar of him?"

"I did."

"You paid it afterward?"

"Yes."

"You were in need of money?"

"I was."

(Another pause. This time a decided change of subject.)

"You have testified to seeing the silver ring with the blood-red stone setting. Did you ever see it before it was broken?"

"No."

"Did you ever see it on the hand of any person?"

"No."

"Think carefully; did you ever see it on the finger of any one—living or dead?"

"No."

"How many years is it since you first saw that ring at all?"

"It is less than one year."

"Would further questions be likely to interfere with the compact between Mr. Prier and yourself?"

"They might."

(A pause of almost painful length upon the lawyer's part.)

"You were in the employ of the late Donald Barron?"

"I was."

"His daughter is your wife?"

"Yes."

"You had worked very late the evening preceding your arrest?"

"I had."

"You were worried, nervous, irritable?"

"I presume so."

"Your arrest was an astonishment to you?"

"It was."

"You had been trusted and honored in your position under Mr. Barron?"

"I had."

"You resisted the attempt to arrest you, resisted as an innocent man naturally——"

"Wait!" shouted the prosecuting attorney, springing to his feet. "Your honor," he said, addressing the court, "my learned friend knows he has no right to put a question in a form like that."

"I will change it," said Aldrich, "and ask half the question. You may tell me, Mr. Senn, whether you resisted the attempt to arrest you?"

"I did," said Senn.

"That is all," said Aldrich.

The testimony of the prisoner had amounted to little thus far; he had denied much; he had admitted little. Its great weakness lay in the possibilities it offered to an adroit cross-examiner, possibilities of which the prosecuting attorney would not be slow to take a merciless advantage.

"I presume my learned friend will not object to my asking the other half of his question, which I will do in a less objectionable form than he was about to use. You may tell me, Mr. Senn, whether you think an innocent man would feel like resisting an officer?"

"I—I really don't know."

"Perhaps you don't know the feelings which a really innocent man——"

"I protest——" began Aldrich, half rising from his chair. The prosecuting attorney waved his hand deprecatingly.

"I will not press the question," he said, blandly; "I have no doubt the jury understand the matter fully."

Then he turned to Senn again.

"I shall be brief with you," he said, "and will only ask you to add some information to what you have already given. I will begin where Mr. Aldrich left off, and will retrace the ground which he has, somewhat inadequately, attempted to cover. You had been trusted and honored in your position under Mr. Barron?"

"I had."

"You had worked in the bank after his decease?"

"Yes, sir; one day."

"Who legally succeeded him as manager of the bank?"

"His daughter, I suppose."

"Your wife?"

"Yes, sir."

"Were you in her employ at the time of your arrest?"

"I—I——"

"Please answer my question: Were you in her employ at the time of your arrest?"

"No, sir."

"How had your service with her terminated? Had you resigned?"

"No."

"Were you discharged?"

"I was."

"I shall not follow this unpleasant topic further. If you have any statement to volunteer in explanation of the fact that you, a man trusted and honored by a man like Mr. Barron, and the husband of his daughter, were discharged from your position by your own wife, we will listen to you. Have you anything which you wish to say?"

"I have nothing to say."

"Very well. We will go back a little. You stated that you never saw the silver ring which has had a place in this case until after it was broken; that is, until after the red stone was broken? You so stated, did you not?"

"I did."

"Exactly. Now you need say nothing which will directly criminate yourself—please remember that all the time. But I want to ask you this question: Will you withdraw that answer, or do you still adhere to it?"

"I adhere to it."

"H'm! Well! Please take the gold ring with the white stone. Examine it carefully. Will you tell us when you first saw that?"

"I cannot tell; it was very many years ago."

"More than ten?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who owned it when you first saw it?"

"My—my—mother, sir," sobbed Senn.

"Was it ever yours?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who owned it during the month in which Mrs. Craig died?"

"I did."

"Ah? you did? Was it in your possession during that Sunday when you made the acquaintance of George Arnold?"

"It was."

"You were asked to sell it?"

"Yes."

"You declined?"

"I did."

"Do you remember what you said?"

"Not exactly. I think I said I would never dispose of it as long as I lived."

"You meant what you said?"

"Certainly; but——"

"Never mind. You borrowed money from Mr. Arnold? You borrowed from a stranger rather than sell your ring?"

"I borrowed a dollar from Mr. Arnold."

"Will you state what you spent the money for?"

"Why—for—for various things—for food and railroad fare—and——

"When you got the dollar changed, when you paid out a part of it for the first time after getting it, what did you buy?"

"I was very tired and sick and——"

"Never mind that; we are not particularly interested in the state of a tramp's health in this case. In one word, what was the first thing you paid for out of that dollar?"

"Brandy; but——"

"Wait!" Answer only my questions. What was the last thing you paid for out of that dollar?"

"Brandy; but——"

"You needn't try to explain. We want the plain facts. You were a tramp then, were you not?"

"I—I suppose you would have called me that."

"I don't doubt but I should. And now, you swore you never met Dr. Welton?"

"Yes, sir."

"And Miss Webb?" Turning to a sheriff's deputy: "I do not see Miss Webb in the courtroom; has she passed out?"

The prosecuting attorney was informed that Miss Webb had been absent from the room for some minutes.

"She complained of a headache," said a gentleman who had come with her to Boomville, and who was understood to be the person in whose family she was employed, "and told me she should go to her room at the hotel and lie down."

"Her presence is comparatively unimportant," said the prosecuting attorney. "I merely wished to ask Mr. Senn a few questions about her, and I preferred having her where he could refresh his memory by looking at her. I think, however, that I can ask the questions just as well without her. Her presence is unimportant."

Unimportant! Is anything in this world, anything which is seemingly trivial, really unimportant?

Has not history grown from little things? Have not the doors of Fate turned for the veriest trifles?

Miss Matilda Webb's headache was the turning-point for life or death—honor or shame—in the career of Gilbert Senn!

"You saw Miss Webb when she gave her testimony to-day?" asked the lawyer.

"I did."

"You noticed her particularly?"

"I observed her manner and appearance with some care."

"You testified, did you not, that you had never seen Miss Webb until to-day?"

"I testified I had never known her."

"Ah! That is a distinction. Well, I will ask you this question: Had you ever met Miss Matilda Webb until to-day?"

"No, sir."

"You positively swear, do you, that you had never seen her?"

"I had seen her?"

"Ah, you had seen her. We are getting at the merits of this case now. Will you tell us where you saw her?"

"I saw her in Blankford."

"Shortly before the time of Mrs. Craig's death?"

"Yes."

"How are you certain as to her identity?"

"I remember her face quite well; of course my surest reason is connected with her name."

"Indeed? You learned her name, then?"

"I did."

"From whom?"

"From a young man who was with her, and with whom I held some conversation."

"You learned the name of their employer?"

"No, sir. I never heard the name of Constance Craig until about the time of my arrest."

"Did you hear a description of the location and appearance of the house where Miss Webb and the young man lived?"

"I did."

"And knew they were to be absent?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, Gilbert Senn, one more question and I am done. Did you not know, hours before poor, faithful Matilda Webb found the dead body, that cruel hands had held away the breath from her struggling lungs, and that *murder*——"

Senn fell back into his chair. A shriek of the most awful despair rang through the room.

"For God's sake don't—don't—don't!" he cried, while he covered his ghastly face with his hands.

"That is all," said the prosecuting attorney, with pointed sarcasm, turning to Aldrich as he spoke. "Will the defense call its next witness?"

Aldrich stood up again. This time there was a calmness in his colorless face which had not been there before. *The Lawyer* seemed to have disappeared; the manhood of *the Man*, higher than professional art can ever reach, shone in his eyes. It had been said of him, once, that women always loved him; looking at him, his head erect and well-balanced upon his shapely neck, his shoulders broad enough to bravely bear big burdens, one foot advanced firmly, his mobile lips quivering with emotion, it is easy for me to say: I believe they did. It is easier still to ask: Is it strange?

"The defense will call its next witness," he said, in a voice so low and musical that only the older ones who heard it—only those who had lived long and suffered much—caught the faint minor chord of passion which vibrated in it. "*The defense calls Walter Aldrich. I will be sworn!*"

Then Senn looked up, happy once more, a smile shining through the tears which filled his eyes.

"Worthy! worthy! worthy!" he whispered softly to himself; "with God's help to give me strength—*I will save him yet!*"

Do you suppose his good fortune had driven him into a sudden delirium? Those were strange words to fall from the lips of a man in his position, very strange. For, when Aldrich offered himself as a witness, Senn knew that the only man on God's great earth who could possibly save him from the gallows was about to send him out from his place of bitter trial—*a free man!*

"I am about to offer evidence of the utmost importance," said Mr. Aldrich, after he had been duly sworn; "but I shall preface it by an explanation. There are many reasons why I have waited until now before saying what I have to say. The fact that I have helped and befriended Mr. Senn in the past, and that I am unwilling to boast of what I have done, is one reason; the fact that I consider that he has done me as terrible a wrong as one man can do to another, is, I fear, another reason for my reluctance in saving Gilbert Senn in the way in which I shall save him. Bear with me while I say, however, that my determination *to save him*—to save him in some honest and truthful way—has never faltered since I knew the details of the charge against him. There is one more reason which I will mention: I take a deep interest in this case; I desire to see the real criminal brought to justice; I have listened to the evidence with care, with a hope which has gradually turned to despair; I see no clew—no hint—nothing; the terrible evidence points toward Gilbert Senn; it points toward no one else; I am, unfortunately, not in his confidence, and consequently I cannot so much as attempt to explain why the evidence is so seemingly strong in its circumstantiality as it is; the one fact which I have to urge is the fact that *Gilbert Senn is innocent.* And this is my testimony: I am a lawyer; I was born in Boomville; my home has been here all my life. I had frequently gone down the railroad as far as Blankford during the Summer and Autumn before Mrs. Craig's death. I had gone as often as once a week, perhaps. The distance is fifty miles. I was well acquainted in and about Blankford. I am well acquainted there now. I remember the way in which the trains ran then; I have an old time-card which I will offer in evidence, if any one doubts the accuracy of my memory in the matter. There were two through express trains which passed through Blankford and Boomville, coming from that place to this, every twenty-four hours in the week, with this exception—there was no train Sunday night. The day train left Blankford at about noon, and reached here about two o'clock in the afternoon; the night train left Blankford at about ten o'clock at night, reaching here a few minutes before midnight. I may say that there were no trains going from Boomville toward Blankford during the afternoon or evening, though that fact has nothing to do with this case as far as I can see. I had business in this city which would demand my presence here for a short time—only a few hours—during the early part of the week which has now become of so much interest to us as the week which witnessed the removal from the scenes of earth of Mrs. Constance Craig. (I am thus particular in my statements because of the importance of my evidence.) The remainder of the week it was necessary should be spent further up the line of road, at several small towns which I need not name. I went down to Blankford on Saturday morning; you will remember that this was the Saturday before the death of Mrs. Craig; I found it convenient not to return until after the noon train of Sunday had passed; that compelled me to delay my trip home until Monday noon. I returned to Boomville at two o'clock on Monday afternoon; I put certain papers, which I desired should reach Blankford without delay, in the hands of a trusty man, a former employé of the railroad company and well acquainted with the men on the road, with orders to board the first train, freight or otherwise, going toward Blankford, and to deliver them as soon as possible; I mention this to show how thoroughly in earnest I was when business matters demanded my attention, and to add something of emphasis to a statement I am about to make regarding my plans for my own movements. My plan was this: I would execute certain papers at my office, a matter involving only a little time, and would then devote all the time I could to other business, while arranging to take the first train up the road; I accordingly engaged a hack-driver to come for me in season for the first train up; he was to come for me at eleven o'clock at night if no freight had arrived before. Well, the hackman came at eleven o'clock; no train had ar-

rived from down the road ; I learned later that the heavy storm along the coast—a storm which had struck Blankford early Sunday evening and which was raging when I left there Monday noon—had delayed the freight traffic ; the weather was cloudy and threatening here, but we had no storm. I went to the station. I saw the train come around the curve. I saw a man go down upon the rails, evidently stunned by his fall. I sprang down before the engine. I dragged the man from the track. I was none too soon. The engine almost touched me as I sprang to a place of safety. The first person who came to my assistance was the man I had intrusted with the papers I wished delivered at Blankford ; there had been no train down the road. Well, I got so interested that I missed my train ; I spent the remainder of Monday night in hearing something of the story of the tramp whose life I had saved ; I recognized him as a man who had got on to the train, Monday afternoon, some ten miles from Boomville. I gave the rescued man work ; when he had shown faithfulness and honesty, I gave him money for his work ; when—but that doesn't matter.

"Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard me say that this tramp rode into Boomville on the train which brought me from Blankford on Monday ; you have heard me say that no train left this city, in any direction, until the express train of Monday night ; you have heard me say that I dragged this tramp from the danger of sudden death when the train came in ; you have heard me say that I was with him until Tuesday morning. Gentlemen, on my oath, and on my honor as a Christian gentleman, that is the truth.

"The indictment charges Gilbert Senn with the murder of Constance Craig, at a house three miles from the railroad and more than fifty miles from here, some time between the evening of Monday, November fifth, eighteen hundred and sixty, and the morning of the Tuesday following. I swear that the tramp who rode into Boomville on that day at two o'clock, the tramp whose life I saved at midnight, *was no other than Gilbert Senn !*

"That is my testimony.

"And now," turning to the prosecuting attorney, "do you wish to cross-examine me ?"

The bewildered lawyer shook his head.

"Your honor," said Aldrich, addressing the court, "the defense will offer no more testimony, and I shall make no other argument than I have been forced by the nature of the case to incorporate with my own sworn evidence. I ask that the jury be charged to acquit."

"*This—is—remarkable,*" said the prosecuting attorney.

"It *is* remarkable," Aldrich said, quietly ; "but it is as I have stated. I shall make no attempt to combat nor explain the wonderful circumstantial evidence you have adduced. Your only weak point was the fact that I could prove an *alibi* for Senn ; I have done that. You desire justice. Will you join me in asking the judge to charge the jury to acquit ?"

"I will."

In five minutes the jury, without having left their seats, presented their verdict.

With all the solemnity of law, with all the dignity of power, it was declared in due and regular form that Gilbert Senn was "*Not Guilty !*"

Day was done when they told Gilbert Senn that he was free—that he could go now, when he wished—and where—to hide his pain and shame and disgrace as best he could—that the law had nothing more to ask of him on behalf of the woman who faced an awful death in her lonely home, ten years ago, and of which they had shown that *some one* must be guilty.

Day was done ! The last rays of the setting sun were falling coldly upon the snow-covered hills, or touching the treetops with a wondrous glory.

Day was done ! What a day it had been ! What a day for all those who had looked and listened while this strange drama of life and death had worked itself out to the end. To the end ! To the strange end it had reached !

Day was done. The spectators were going home. Some were saying "Guilty"; some were saying as the jury had said ; but those who were saying as the law had decided were few—very few ; the tide of public opinion, when the strange end came, had been upon the ebb ; what power would ever be able to make the dead waters of distrust and prejudice flow again ?

The spectators were going home ! Home ! And Senn had no home to which he could go.

Among the spectators, friend was going with friend ! Where, among them all, had Senn a friend ? Where ?

The merely curious hurried away ; supper was waiting for them, no doubt, and, if they could not enjoy the unusual spectacle of seeing a miserable fellow-man sentenced to be hanged, they could at least enjoy the comfort of a good meal. Happiness has its degrees, you know.

Senn tried to speak with Aldrich, but the young lawyer turned coldly away, and stood with his back to the man he had saved, to listen to the congratulations of other lawyers on his "masterly defense"!

The jury filed slowly out of the room. They would not look squarely at Senn—not one of them. It was more than evident that they would join with the citizens, in a stately way befitting the dignity of jurors, in carping at the questionable ways in which law coquets with justice. Not from them, nor from the executive officers of the law, did Senn get a kind word nor a smile.

Senn turned to go. The judge came down from his bench. The oldest member of the Bar approached him respectfully, and said a few grave words to him. For answer the judge looked admiringly at Aldrich, disapprovingly at Senn, and then shook his head with a slow and ponderous gravity. The judge, it was evident, regarded the defense as a shrewd and shallow trick ; the judge, it was easy to see, put good circumstantial evidence above an awkward and unlikely truth.

Senn hurried, now !

He passed his wife. She wore her vail down, so that he could not see her face ; but she turned away her head as he passed, and she drew her dress closer to her, with a quick, shuddering motion, as though she feared he might chance to touch her.

Miss Matilda Webb, who had returned from the hotel, met Senn at the door and drew back as she might have done had a wild beast stood in her path.

Senn went out—out into the cold street—out into the cold night—out into the colder and drearier world in which he seemed to have no part.

"No friend—no friend in all the world," he muttered, bitterly, as he faced the biting blast ; "there is no one who believes in me—no one who thinks I am innocent—no one who trusts me."

"You are mistaken !" exclaimed a voice at his elbow ; "*I* believe in you."

Senn turned quickly.

Prier stood at his side.

"*You* believe in me ?" cried Senn. "*You* believe I am innocent ?"

"Certainly. I never believed you were guilty."

"Then why—why——"

"Gilbert Senn, I'll be blamed if I don't hang somebody, and——"

"And so you meant to hang me?"

"No, sir. I shall not allow an innocent man to suffer death. I——"

"Stop! Tell me, why do you allow an innocent man to endure the mental torture which has been forced upon me?"

"Because you deserve it! Why don't you come forward like a man and tell the truth? You didn't kill Constance Craig; I have never thought——"

"But you endangered my life to-day; the spectators were almost ready to take me out and hang me."

"I—I hope not, Senn, and because I don't want the old saying that 'dead men tell no tales' applied in just that way in your case. It did look threatening for a minute or two, though, didn't it? I had no idea your cold-blooded citizens of Maine were half so touchy; the occasion was a dramatic one, though—very dramatic."

"Yes, I should think it was," said Senn, with sarcasm.

"Now, seriously, Senn, while you are not guilty, and while I have never believed you guilty, I am sure that you know who is the murderer of Constance Craig?"

"No, Mr. Prier, I do not *know* who is the guilty one."

"But you suspect?"

Senn made no answer.

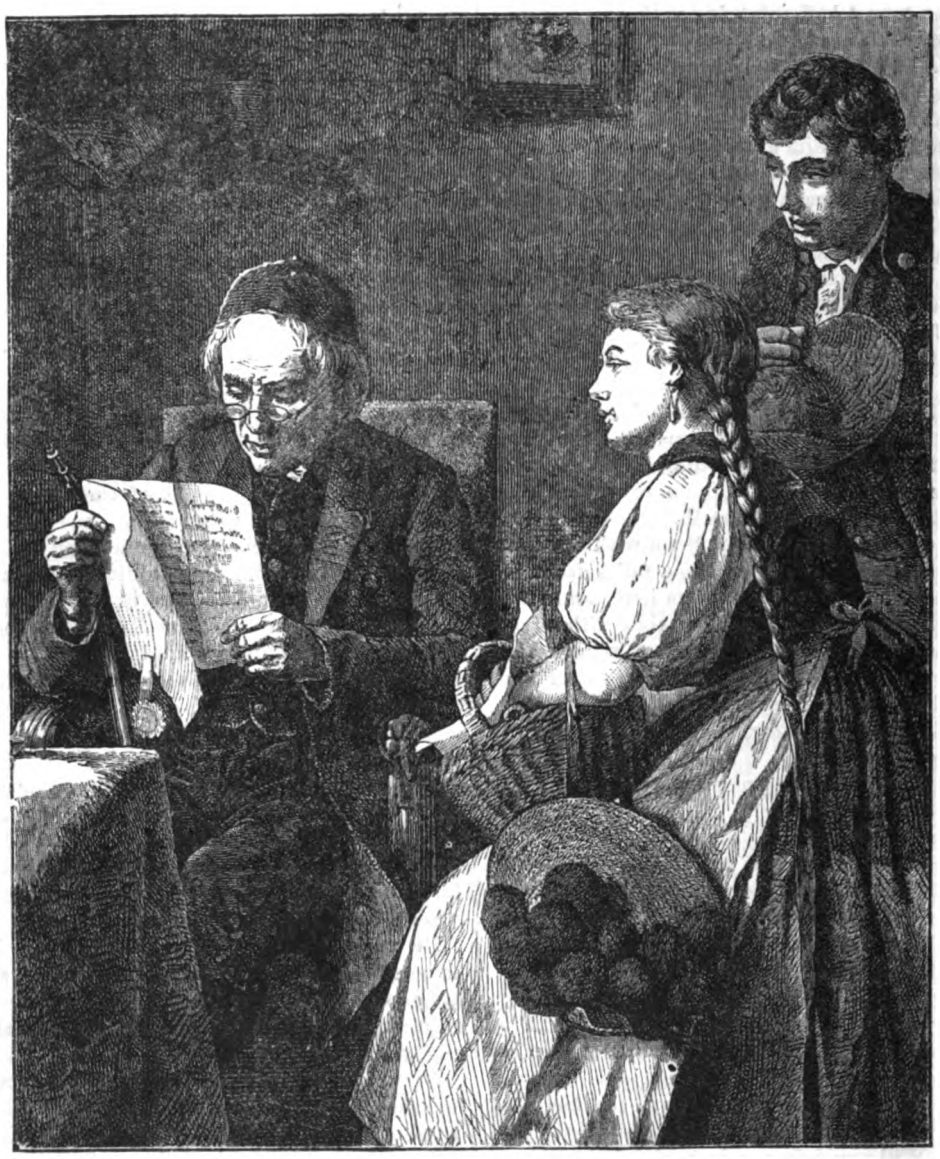
"You suspect," cried Prier; "I know you suspect. Tell me who you think did it!"

"Never!"

"Tell me! I beg you to tell me! Think of the weary days and months and years during which I have brooded over this problem! Think how every clew has fallen from my hands! Think how every bit of evidence has proven worse than useless! See, I beg you on my knees to tell me what you *know—suspect—guess—fear—imagine!* Tell me, and I will be your friend. Put me in possession of the true clew, and I will bless you. Fail me, and I——"

But Senn had dashed around the corner at his best speed, and was hidden from the anxious eyes of the detective by the deepening shadows of the night.

(To be continued.)



CONSULTING THE LAWYER.

RODIR'S WEDDING-NIGHT.—"WHILE RODIR WAS LOOKING AT THE DARK WATER AT HIS FEET, THE FLOE UPON WHICH KUDRUN AND THE GIRL WERE, PARTED WITH A SHARP REPORT, SEPARATING THEM BY A RAPIDLY WIDENING CHASM."

RODIR'S WEDDING-NIGHT.

By C. L. Hildreth.

The wedding-bells were pouring their last golden harmonies upon the still Norwegian Winter night. For a half-hour the sturdy arms of the ringers had sent forth the joyous summons, at whose first peal the bride, escorted, according to custom, by her nearest male relative, should have entered the church-door.

But she had not yet arrived. The altar was blazing with a hundred waxen lights. Through the stained windows the shapes of saint and symbol fell in rainbow hues upon the deep snow. The priest, already robed, with book in hand, stood within the altar-rail.

The groom, a strong-limbed, handsome young man, with bronzed features and bluff, sailor-like air, waited near, casting anxious glances toward the church-portal, where his bride should long since have appeared.

The guests spoke in suppressed tones among themselves. There was an oppressive sense of some nameless impending disaster weighing upon the assemblage.

The bell-ropes slipped from the chilled fingers of the ringers. The chimes died away in a low, hollow murmur, and a dead silence fell upon the church. And still the bride delayed.

"What can have happened to Olga?" whispered one of the guests. "It is but a mile from her house to the church, and when I passed, an hour ago, I saw her by the window, fully dressed."

"Yes; and I saw her cousin Kudrun's sledge waiting before the door. He was to bring her to the church."

"I would sooner go to my wedding on foot and alone," said a pretty girl, with a shiver, "than accept that dark-browed, secret man for my escort."

"And yet," replied another, "it is said this same Kudrun was madly in love with Olga, and proposed to her three times. In fact, so persistent was he that Olga finally told him frankly that she loved another, and could never be more than a friend to him."

"Yes," was the response. "And I have heard Olga say that the expression which darkened his face at her words terrified her. She said he took an oath that, since he could not possess her, no one else should. However, he seems to have repented and she to have forgiven him. He has professed a great friendship for Rodir, and now he brings her to-night to marry his rival."

"Brings?" echoed the other. "He has not brought her yet, and it is three-quarters of an hour after the time."

"What does it mean?"

"Something is wrong. The delay is ominous."

"Look at Rodir. His face is white as his shirt. But yonder comes the messenger he sent to Olga's dwelling. We shall know all presently."

At this juncture a youth of the village made his way into the church, and hurriedly approached the expectant bridegroom.

"Speak," said Rodir, anxiously. "Why does not Olga come?"

"No one knows," replied the youth, breathlessly. "I could not find her."

There was a general exclamation of wonder and dismay among the guests.

"Gracious Providence!" cried Rodir. "What has happened? Tell me all?"

"Alas! there is nothing to tell," returned the messenger, sorrowfully. "It is a dreadful mystery. I went to her dwelling, and there learned from her old nurse that she and Kudrun started for the church in his sledge, an hour ago. You know that there is but one road between her house and this place. Many people who could not come to the church were waiting at their doors to greet her as she passed by. I questioned everybody. No one had seen the sledge. Neither she nor Kudrun had passed that way."

There was a sudden movement in the assemblage, indicative of excitement and alarm.

"Where is she, then? Where has Kudrun taken her?" cried several.

"I ran back toward the house," continued the youth, "and just at the turning which leads to the road running northward to the sea I discovered fresh traces of sledge-runners in the snow. I recognized the runners as those belonging to Kudrun's sledge, because they are set wider apart than any other in the country."

A deep, threatening murmur arose among the guests. Olga was like a sister and a daughter to the women of the simple Norwegian village, and Rodir's frank manliness had won the respect and affection of the men. If he had appeared among them at that moment, Kudrun, generally disliked, would have met with a doubtful welcome.

"Listen," said Rodir, in a cold, stern voice. "All is now plain to me. This man Kudrun once made a vow that, since Olga could not be his, she should never be another's. He has torn her from me. But he shall not escape. I will pursue him to the ends of the earth, and woe to him when I have him in my grasp. Those who love their wives, mothers and sisters, fellow me."

So saying, he rushed out of the church, followed by the tumultuous and angry guests, and in a moment the bridal party was organized for a strange, wild hunt.

Rodir led the way in his sledge drawn by two powerful horses at a headlong pace.

When the turning in the road was reached, however, it became necessary to moderate their speed.

It was near the end of the long Norwegian Winter, and the snow, many feet deep, had leveled the hillocks to a smooth, frozen plain.

The sledge driven by Kudrun, not being confined to the road, had taken an oblique course, and could only be followed by the ruts of its runners in the snow.

More than once the trail was lost in the darkness, and much valuable time wasted in recovering it.

This, added to the hour's start which Kudrun had already in his favor, made the pursuit almost hopeless.

During one of these delays Rodir lost sight of his companions.

Maddened with rage and grief, he drove hither and thither over the snow until his eye once more caught the track of the fugitive's sledge.

Without waiting to inform the others, he urged his horses on as fast as he dared go.

For an hour longer he managed to continue the pursuit at a fair pace; then the track entered a region of small hills and hollows, where it became so confused as to reduce his pace to a walk.

"Is there no pity in heaven?" he groaned, uplifting his eyes to the cold sky. "Must the wicked escape and the innocent be lost?"

At that moment, as if in answer to his reproach, that strange and beautiful phenomenon, common to the long nights in the northern latitude, burst upon his sight.

Over the sky before him crept a faint, greenish glimmer, floating to and fro like a gauzy vail agitated by the wind. Then it deepened to a rich purple, fringed with crimson, and in a moment more a brilliant arch spanned the heavens, flinging off sparkles of dazzling white light, and rendering the earth below as bright as noonday.

"The aurora!" he cried. "Thank God, she is saved!"

The traces of the sledge lay plain before him. He urged his horses into a gallop, and the smooth runners slid swiftly through the snow, scattering it on either side like foam.

His hopes rose to something like certainty. The sledge before him was double-loaded, and drawn by one horse only. His own was drawn by two of the most powerful in the country. Still the fugitive had, counting delays, two hours the advantage of him.

He lashed the horses until the spirited animals seemed to fly rather than run. For three hours he kept on at this headlong speed, and now he began to perceive the keen, damp wind which blows off a large body of ice.

"The sea!" he muttered, arising and looking around him.

Some miles ahead of him he could dimly perceive the white masses of ice, with dark streaks of open water between them.

In places the floes were piled up into veritable mountains; in others they lay as smooth as the water itself.

And now a new apprehension began to haunt him.

What did Kudrun mean to do with Olga? In the direction in which he was going there was no town and no means of escape. On one side the barren, snow-covered plains extended for hundreds of miles without a human habitation. On the other was the frozen sea, shoreless to the very Pole.

Was he really desperate enough to destroy her and

himself? Was this the meaning of his threat? A cold perspiration bedewed Rodir's forehead, and the reins nearly slipped from his grasp.

At this moment, far beyond him, he beheld a dark, moving spot, so distant and so dim that he could not make out its character.

But his instinct told him that it was Kudrun's sledge. There before his eyes, almost in his grasp, was his beloved one with his enemy.

Once more he struck his horses with the whip.

But it was too much. One of the animals, utterly exhausted, stumbled and fell, and the sleigh came to a standstill.

Springing out, he cut the harness of the other one, and, flinging a fur robe over its back, mounted it and rode on at a gallop.

In ten minutes more he was so near the object of his pursuit that he could hear Kudrun's voice urging on his weary horse.

"Stop!" Rodir shouted, "or it will be the worse for you."

A malicious laugh was the only answer. They were now upon the seashore. The partly floating ice afforded a devious and uncertain path for the sledge, which Kudrun now directed boldly upon it, followed by Rodir.

A few hundred yards from the beach a long, narrow fissure checked the sledge's advance; beyond, a vast, broken floe was moving slowly seaward.

"Villain! I have you now!" cried Rodir, springing from his horse and running toward the sledge upon the very edge of the chasm.

But Kudrun, without replying, seized the insensible form of the girl in his arms, and, with a desperate leap, crossed the open water and stood upon the floating ice.

"I shall keep my oath," he cried, turning and facing the despairing Rodir with a triumphant smile. "We are floating out to sea. We shall die together."

He deposited the girl upon the ice and advanced to the edge of the fissure, in order to witness the impotent despair of his hated enemy.

While Rodir was looking into the dark water at his feet, with the desperate intention of plunging in and swimming across, the floe upon which Kudrun and the girl were, parted with a sharp report, separating them by a rapidly widening chasm.

Kudrun ran toward the fragment bearing the girl. But it was too late. More than twenty feet intervened.

"At least," he exclaimed, savagely, menacing Rodir with his clinched hand, "she will be lost to you all the same."

But his wicked prophecy was not to be fulfilled. The floe supporting the girl, after a moment, took a slow but decided drift toward the spot where Rodir stood watching it in an agony of hope and fear.

Its retrograde motion was such that, at the same moment it touched the shore, it wedged itself against the fragment upon which Kudrun stood.

With a hoarse cry, he sprang forward as Rodir stooped and lifted his unconscious bride in his arms,

Rodir had no clear conception of what followed. The two vast bodies of ice, grinding together by the force of the waves, emitted a deep, hollow groan.

There was a report like a crash of near thunder, and a shower of keen particles of ice shot into the air.

When his eyesight cleared again, he saw, where the floes had been, a boiling mass of water and broken ice. Kudrun had disappeared!

He bore Olga to Kudrun's sledge, which remained in its former position, and covered her with the heavy robes. After a little she revived, and looked about her with a convulsive shudder.

"You are safe, darling!" murmured Rodir, tenderly.

Perceiving who it was that bent over her, she buried her face in his bosom and held him fast with her trembling hands.

"But where is he?" she asked, raising her head and shrinking still closer to him.

Rodir pointed to the open space of water, still agitated with the explosion.

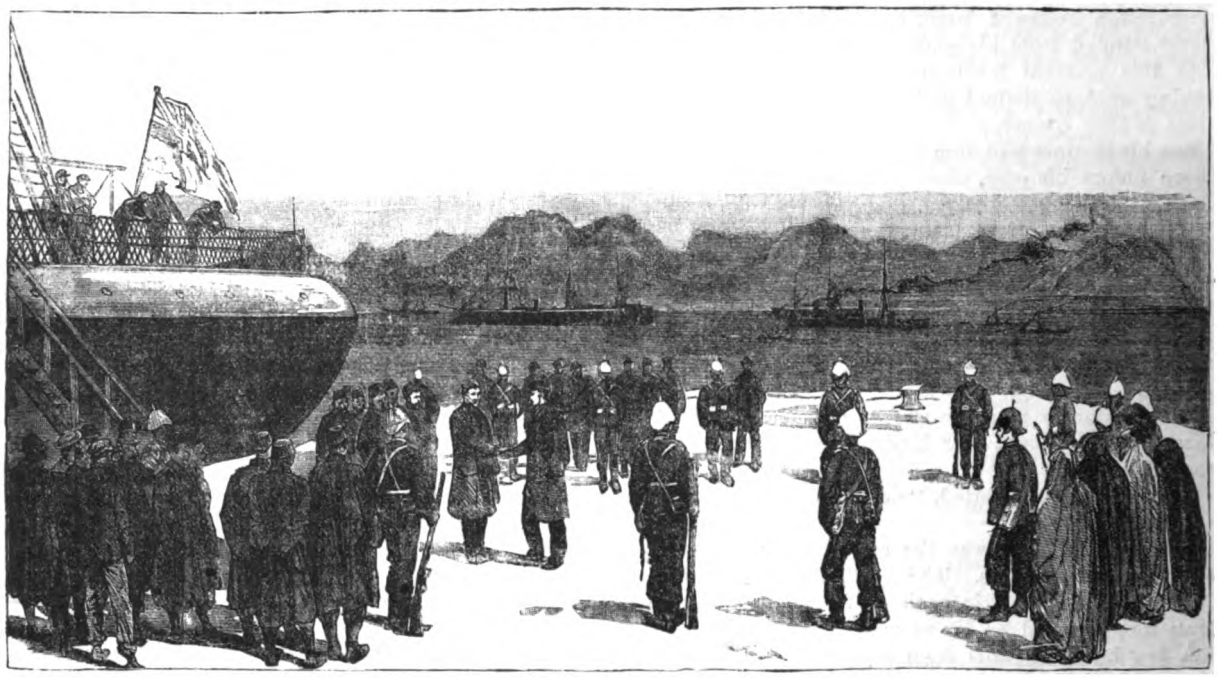
"His death be on his own head," he replied, in a low voice. "He would have destroyed you, and wrought me a deeper injury than death. The hand of God was upon him," he added.

The journey back over the bleak, snow-clad plain, under the spectral glory of the aurora, was accomplished in the silence of deep joy and reverential gratitude.

As at that season of the year, in that part of the world, there is no sun for many weeks, though the wedding did not take place for forty-eight hours after the time set for it, there can be no objection to the statement that Rodir and Olga were married on the same *night* of their memorable journey.

IDEAL SLEEPING-ROOM.

THE "ideal sleeping-room" will face the east. It will be not less than fifteen feet square, with windows on two sides for light and ventilation. For further ventilation it will have an open fireplace. The walls will be hard-finished and tinted with a color that will be restful to the eye. The woodwork will be finished in its natural color, paint not being admitted. The floor will be of hard, polished wood, with small rugs for comfort that are shakable weekly. Everything that would invite dust will be strictly excluded, therefore the furniture will have no extra carvings. The one hair mattress will be of the best quality, made in two parts for convenience in turning and airing, with a woven wire spring beneath. The bedclothing will be the lightest, at the same time warmest, consisting of blankets and white spread. All extra adornments of lambrequins and fancy things of no use will not find a place here. The curtains will be of thin, washable material. The "coming woman" will plan to have her bed set away from the wall for health's sake as well as convenience. Modern "conveniences" will be let alone as far as stationary wash-basin, with hot and cold water, is concerned, the portable wash-basin being used instead; she preferring to do a little extra work to running any risk of being slowly and genteelly poisoned. Her bed will be spread open the first thing in the morning, and the sunshine and air invited to do their part toward airing and cleansing of the same, and the making of the bed will be the last of the morning duties. The "coming woman" will plan a big closet in each sleeping-room, with a window for ventilation, if a possible thing. It will not be a receptacle for old boots or shoes, nor antiquated bonnets, hats, or soiled clothing. There will be plenty of hooks at the proper height for her to reach, the carpenter not forgetting to put those in the children's closet at a suitable height for them. The children will be remembered in this house, and will have a room with a hardwood floor where all their belongings can be kept, and they can play to their hearts' content, without being told not to do this or that for fear of hurting the carpet or furniture; where everything shall be usable and bangable, plenty of old chairs and boxes for trains or circuses; where they can decorate the walls with pictures, and have a good time generally.



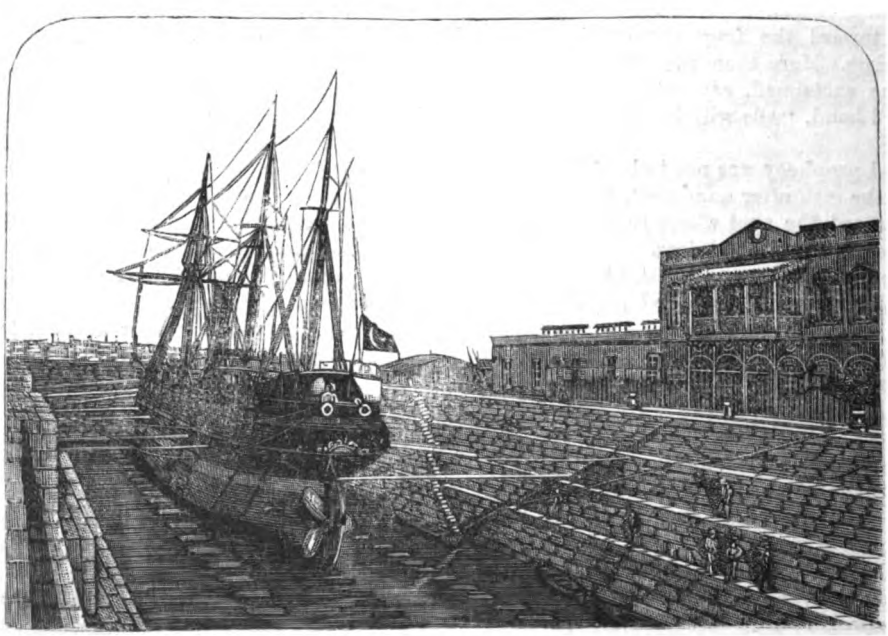
A RED SEA STEAMER AT SUEZ.

FROM THE SUEZ CANAL, THROUGH TWO SEAS, TO THE EQUATOR.

By Colonel Chaillé-Long.

Six hundred years before the Christian era, an Egyptian prince, the son of King Psametik, undertook to complete the Canal across the Isthmus of Suez, began as far back as Seti I., the father of the great Ramses. The undertaking, however, was abandoned at the bidding of an oracle, which said: "You are working for the barbarian."

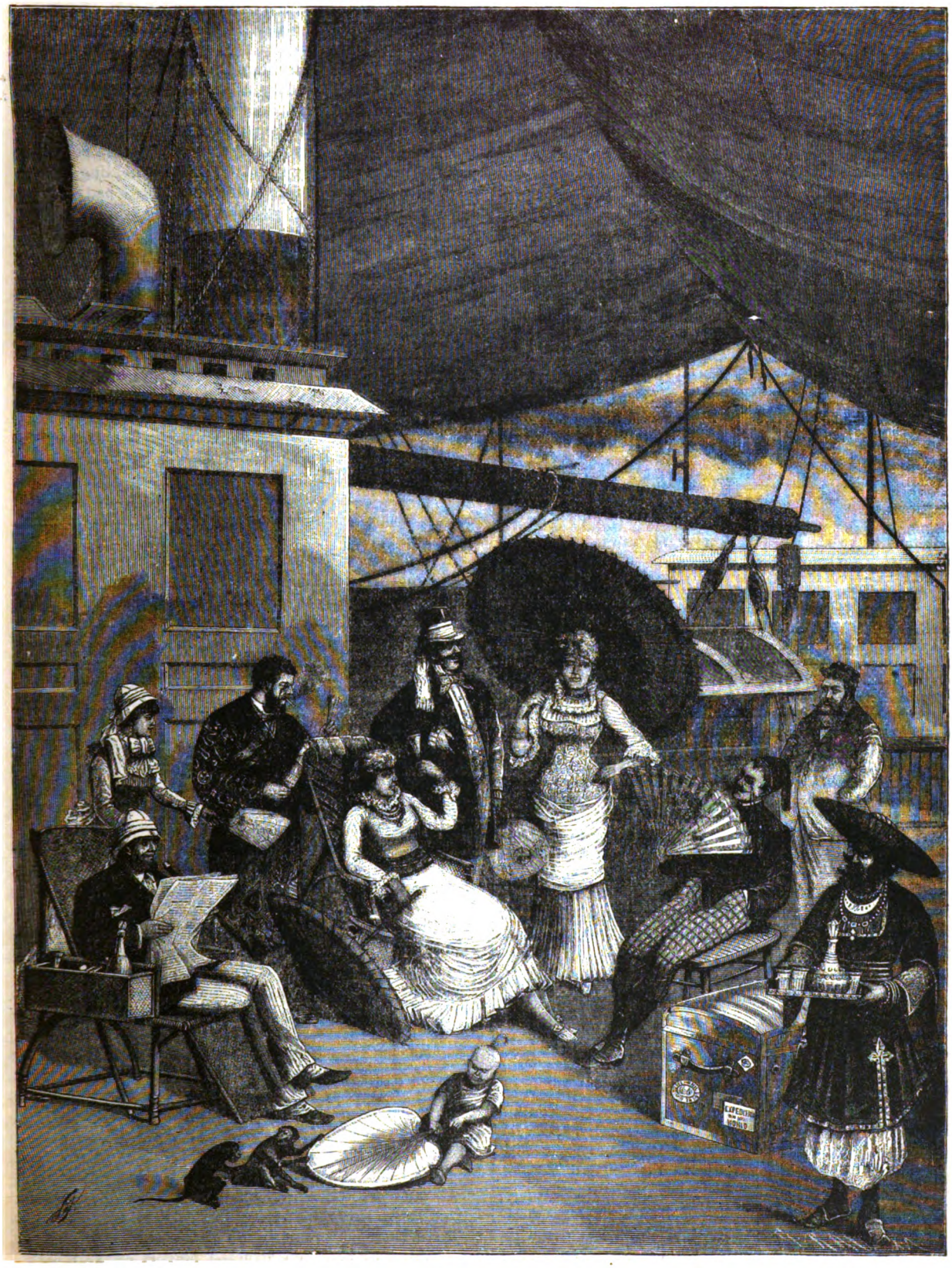
Twelve hundred years later, when Egypt had passed under the dominion of the Caliphs, Omar "Prince of the Faithful," remembering the fiat of the ancient oracle, forbade his great general, Amrou-ben-el-As the Conqueror, to join the two seas, for the reason that "the Canal would give easy access to the dreaded corsairs of the Mediterranean." It would have been well for Egypt that the "Good Said" and the "Prodigal Ismail" of our day had taken heed of the lesson of the past before granting the concession to M. Ferdinand de Lesseps; for the successful completion of the Canal, whilst it has conferred a benefit upon the commerce of the world, has practically been "working for the barbarian," and has "given easy access to the corsairs of the Mediterranean," for such, in fact, are the Europeans, who, struggling for place in Egypt, in the Red Sea and the Indian Ocean, have destroyed or absorbed the commerce of Egypt and for ever dispelled the hope of the autonomy of that country, and become, by reason of their newly awakened jealousies, the despoilers of Egypt, rather than her natural protectors and guardians.



THE DRY DOCK, SUEZ.

At this moment the English are in Egypt, and in the Red Sea have seized the ports of Suakin, Assab and Berbera. The Italians have taken Zeilah and Massowah. The French are at Obok, Madagascar and the Comoros. The Germans are at Zanzibar. These are the nations

whose vedettes have already taken ground along the Canal and the two seas to the Equator, in anticipation of the struggle for supremacy in the matter of extension of their respective colonial commerce. Ismail Pasha, the ex-Khedive of Egypt, apparently appreciating the fact that the Canal had not only robbed Egypt of her commerce, but threatened its very political existence, endeavored to regain the lost ground and secure the recognition of the Great Powers in some such manner as did his illustrious grandsire, the great Mehemet-Ali, who wrung from



ON A RED SEA STEAMER.

Europe, when victorious before the gates of Constantinople, the concession of the hereditary throne of Egypt. To this end, it was necessary to enter upon a campaign of conquest, and for this purpose the proposition of England was acceded to, and Colonel Gordon was appointed Governor-general of what were to be known as the equatorial provinces. It was necessary to anticipate the expedition of Henry M. Stanley; widely known as an American, but who, in fact, was a Welshman, and even if a naturalized American, and this is doubtful, was actually carrying the English flag—a fact which left no doubt in the mind of Ismail that Stanley was an agent of British interests in Central Africa. For this reason, among others, the Khedive took care to select an American officer, for some years in his service, and through Prince Hussein, then Minister of War, convey to him the admonition that he was expected to carry, as speedily as possible, the flag of Egypt to the central equatorial regions. When this had been successfully accomplished, Ismail, through his Minister of Foreign Affairs, lost no time in addressing a note to the Powers, in which he affirmed the annexation to Egypt of all the countries in and around the great lakes as the result of his Egyptian expedition.

It was with the purpose of conquest, rather than the pretense of discovery, that Ismail adopted the inspiration of General Gordon, who, from his headquarters at Gondokoro, planned the expedition to the Indian Ocean. General Gordon's letter, dated Lado, February, 1875, to his chief of staff, is as follows:

"My Dear Long: Experience has shown that communication between Gondokoro and Cairo, 2,700 miles, is very difficult. Steamers cannot make more than three trips between Gondokoro and Khartoum per annum. Wood is not plentiful, and will soon be scarce in vicinity of river. Price of coal puts it out of the question. A route from Mombas Bay (Indian Ocean) to advanced Egyptian ports is 200 to 400 miles. Once opened, a firm hold would be established on the rich and promising land south of Gondokoro. North of Gondokoro, as far as Khartoum, the country consists of wretched marshes never likely, from pernicious climate, to be of any value. Inhabitants of the central district much more intelligent and civilized, and likely to prove valuable subjects to H. H. (His Highness), *who has already considered the question* (sic). It would entail small cost—viz., a steamer to Mombas Bay, with small, well-assorted quantity of stores and 200 black soldiers taken from bateau destined for those parts. Zanzibar, being near, could supply any petty wants, and I should work toward the sea. Profound secrecy till complete realization of project, for political reasons, should H. H. approve. Wish the expedition to be considered as belonging to my *Mohmour* (Government). I have written H. H. warmly recommending you as the proper officer to command the expedition.

"C. G. Gordon."

In obedience to General Gordon's order, I hastened to Khartoum *en route* to Cairo, to confer with the Khedive. At Khartoum he telegraphed me:

"Received your telegram about Mombas to M'Tsé. Study expedition with Gordon, then come to Cairo. It should be kept a profound secret. Ismail."

Arrived in Cairo the 23d of May, 1875, I was received at the palace of Abdiee, and welcomed with much enthusiasm by the Khedive. His schemes of conquest, thus far unbalked, bade fair to accomplish the desired result.

At Kas'-el-Nil he caused me to be given a public reception, at which princes, Cabinet Ministers and superior officers of the Army and Navy were bidden and obliged to pass before me and take my hand, placed at the post of honor beside the Khedive. My two soldiers, companions in my expedition, whose courage and devotion I had extolled, were called, and Ismail himself conferred upon them the rank of *bash-schonish* (sergeant-major), and, *mirabile dictu*, pinned upon their breasts the decoration of the fifth class of the Medjidieh, a distinction never before conferred upon a private soldier in Egypt. The black and battle-scarred faces of Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman were curious pictures to behold. Alas! that such generous emotions should be frozen by an act which I cite in order to prove the inmate sordidness of a prince who was capable of the noblest inspiration as well as the meanest.

On the following morning I received a visit, at my hotel, from Mustapha Bey, then Master of Ceremonies, who told me that the Khedive desired me to send the two soldiers to him to the palace: that he wished to reward them. At the hour designated they were sent in a carriage, and later they stood before me holding in each hand a small bag. Their faces, on which I had learned to look as in a mirror, plainly expressed their ill-concealed contempt and rage. "*Owze eh?*"—(What now?)—I said, addressing Saïd. They silently passed me the bags, in which I counted, with amazement, *fifty piastres each*, equal to twenty-six francs! The carriage had cost me exactly that sum. To appease their wounded feelings, I gave them from my own purse, the sum of thirty pounds each. Saïd and Abd-el-Rahman shortly afterward returned to the Soudan, and I have never seen my brave companions since. Were they with Gordon or the Mahdi? Was it Saïd, become a Pasha, whom Gordon caused to be shot? (It will be remembered that one of the two Pashas whom he had caused to be shot, and whom he declared to be *innocent* subsequently, was named Saïd.) I have not been able to hear aught of them, although I have made many attempts to learn their fate.

On the 16th of September the expedition was in readiness to move. I had been recalled from France, where I had been struggling to get rid of persistent jungle fever, to take command of the proposed expedition, although the grave troubles which had arisen on the Abyssinian frontier had quite decided Ismail to send me there. Colonel Ahrendhrup, a gallant Danish officer of the Egyptian staff, was, however, sent, mainly through the interposition of his young wife. Fatal interference! for several months later couriers brought me news of a disaster in Abyssinia. Ahrendhrup and his entire command had been destroyed.

General Loring, a distinguished American officer, who commanded a *corps d'armée* in Egypt, was sent down to stay the tide of Abyssinian invasion. He says, in his account of the affair: "Crushed by the weight of thousands, the men were rolled in a bloody mass down the steep incline in a death-grapple with their merciless foes. In a little while Rushdi and Arakel Beys were killed, and all was silent in the valley and on the mountain-side. The firing had ceased. It was the silence of death."

On the night of the 16th, having been warned to secrecy by the Khedive, who bade me an affectionate "God-speed," I left Cairo in a special train for Suez. In the interval of preparation for departure, and placing my men, with a large quantity of stores, on the steamers *Tantah* and *Dessouk*, which had been detached from the merchant service and placed under my orders, I had ample time to ramble about the City of Suez.

Suez, in Arabic *Soweis*, is situated at the extremity of the Canal, and at the head of the Red Sea, which there forms the Gulf of Suez. Red, sunburned hills rise from the opposite shore like phantoms in the air, and reflect their shadows across the waters of the gulf. The city is a collection of badly constructed houses of Arab architecture, relieved only by a few houses constructed by the

Canal Company, the Khedive's châlet, the British Hotel and a picturesque mosque. Suez has a population of 15,000 inhabitants, chiefly Arabs, mixed with the ubiquitous Greek, Armenian and Jew, who control its commerce, and keep it supplied with mastika and other liquors. It once gave great promise of becoming an important city; it was a stopping-place for Indian passengers and the freight which was shipped for the overland passage; but the Canal has made it like its terminal sister city, Port Saïd on the Mediterranean, a mere coaling station for passing ships. A tradition places near Suez the route taken by the Israelites when they crossed the Red Sea (Ex. xv. i). Not far away are the springs known as "Moses' Well," situated in the desert in an oasis, where, under the grateful shade of the tamarind and palm, the air laden with the perfume of flowers, the Arab of Suez delights to come and forget the noisome odors of his city abode.

It was midnight of the 18th when a special train brought me the promised messenger with my sealed orders, which were not to be opened until we had steamed five hundred miles southward. Two hours later, having established my quarters upon the *Tantah*, and accompanied by the *Dessouk*, we quitted Suez. On the third day "Ali Captan" reported to me that we had reached the designated point, and asked, "*Riah faoe delwachti?*"—(Where are we going now)? Breaking the seal, I read as follows:

"PALACE OF GHEZIREH, *September 17th*, '75.

"COLONEL: In conformance with the verbal orders given you, you are to leave Suez, where you will find three companies, munitions, etc., which you will take to Berbera upon the steamers *Tantah* and *Dessouk*. You will deliver to McKillop Pasha the instructions of which you are the bearer. . . . McKillop Pasha will embark two other companies at Berbera, and sail for Juba immediately. It is not necessary to repeat that I desire that the secret shall be kept as to the destination of the expedition until you arrive at Juba. I have written to McKillop in this sense, and I charge you to reiterate this order to him verbally. I count, colonel, upon your zeal, your activity, and your intelligence. . . . Be assured, colonel, of my friendly sentiments. ISMAIL."

I therefore ordered "Ali Captan" to steam for Berbera, where we would be joined by McKillop and embark both infantry and artillery on the Egyptian men-of-war *Latif* and *Mehemet-Ali*.

McKillop Pasha was an Englishman, an experienced and gallant officer of Her Britannic Majesty's Navy, who, during the War of Secession, had run the blockade at New Orleans, and for this breach of duty Mr. Seward addressed the British Foreign Office a note which resulted in McKillop being relieved from service, but he was sent to Egypt as Admiral commanding the Egyptian Navy — a change which McKillop could not but regard as in the nature of a reward.

Keith Johnson, the geographer, says in his book entitled "Africa," that "the Egyptians have also advanced along the coasts of the Red Sea and south of Massowah. In 1874 the town of Berbera, on the Somali coast of the Gulf of Aden, was occupied by the troops of the Khedive, and the whole coast of the Danakil country, between that and Massowah, with most of its ports, was taken possession of by Egypt. The harbor of Zeilah was made over to Egypt by the Porte in July, 1875, and later in the same year the Khedive's troops marched thence inland and took possession of Harrar.

"Not content with this, the Egyptians grasped the ports of Brava, Juba and Kismayu, on the east coast, in January, 1876."

This, in fact, was the work in which McKillop and myself were now actually engaged.

The tedium of life on our crowded ships, the decks of which were closely packed with men, horses, mules and guns, was relieved by a resort to story-telling, the favorite pastime of the Egyptians. In this way I became acquainted with the lives of almost all of my officers, some of whom had been designated to this dreaded expedition by a jealous wife, who had thus succeeded in securing the punishment of a husband for some fancied or actual neglect. Others had been promised promotion and a wife with a handsome *dot* from the royal harem, which would give them rank and position and constitute them members of the royal family. The harem of the Khedive numbers 500 or more slaves and concubines; of these four are raised to the rank of princess, and are recognized as his lawful wives. The rest constitute a fold from which he may select at will such as he may desire to give in marriage to some officer, not only as a reward for services, but in this way to extend the influence of the royal family, and attach to it those who have distinguished themselves in the higher grades of the Army. The harem, therefore, is not a mere collection of women, purchased at great expense to gratify the caprice of the prince, as the vulgar believe. It is, in fact, a potent political factor, which may strengthen and build up a dynasty.

My second in command was Major Farhard—known as *Farhard Mogibe Bimbachi*.

The Bimbachi was an odd sort of a genius. He had been soured by not having been made the subject of a royal favor. In place of that, as he told me, he had been the victim of an intrigue, by which he was married to a repulsive old woman with one eye, and without a piastre, "sight unseen," of course, for a man never sees his wife until the knot is tied. I entertained my officers frequently at dinner, but I was finally obliged to suppress this little courtesy, for the most of them, commencing with Farhard, had the incurable habit of playing with their feet in the interval of the service at table, and this, joined with the rough weather, made it positively insupportable.

The Red Sea, when calm, is beautiful beyond description. The deep blue of the water is rendered more pronounced by contrast with the arid, cloud-like hills which stretch in broken lines along the coast. Near the shore, bordered by green foliage, the shallow waters on the coral reefs assume a deep-green hue. If to this scene a sail be added, you may have a perfect picture of what seems in reality a "painted ship upon a painted ocean."

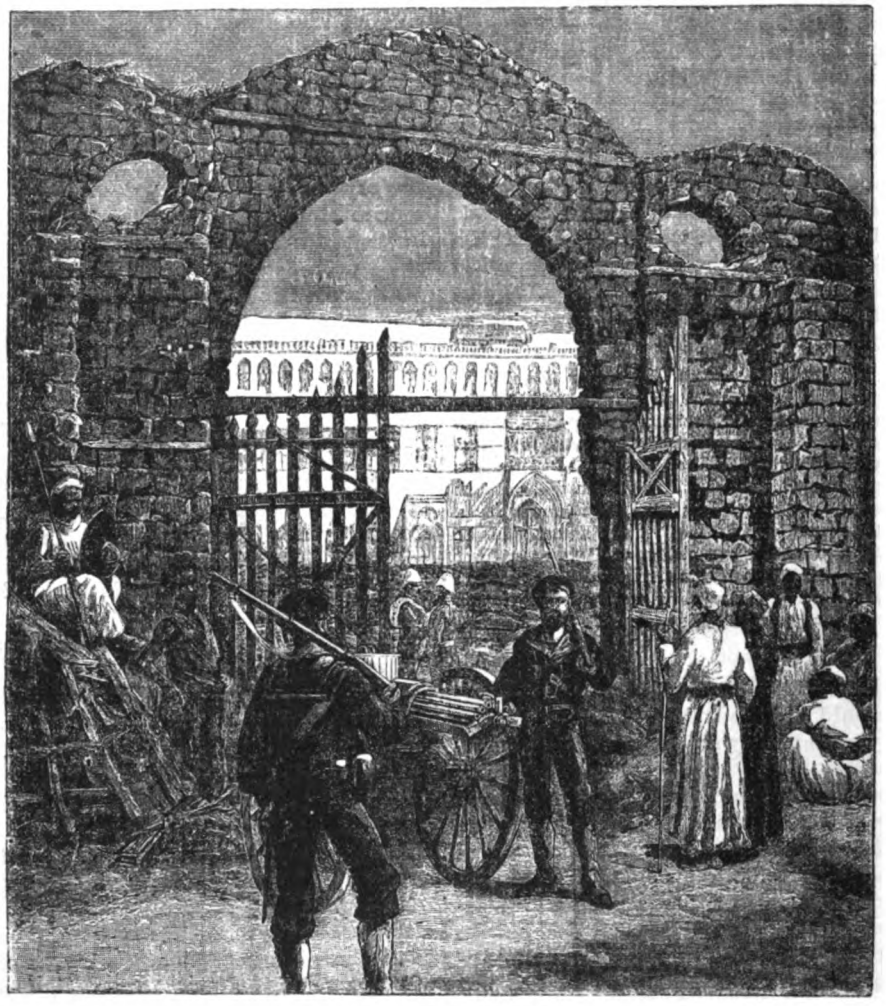
At night, as we approached Suakin, a singular spectacle presented itself to the astonished vision of my men. The intense evaporation of the waters of the sea fills the atmosphere with a luminous mist, through which the rays of the moon breaking shed a halo of golden light, through which the ship silently glides on her course. The phenomenon is due to the excessive warmth of the water, over which the chilled winds of the north commence to blow at sundown, and this produces the mist.

At the end of the Sinaitic peninsula, on our left, may be seen *Gebel-el-Zeit*, or Oil Mountain, so called because of the large petroleum wells which are said to run in continuous streams into the sea. Ismail endeavored to have them worked, but without success. Nubur, the Armenian Minister of Foreign Affairs, however, has taken up the matter, and, it is said, has sent for a number of European oil men with necessary machinery. If it should prove a success, American petroleum is in danger of being supplanted in the Eastern market.

Kosseir, and the ruins of Berenice, on the Egyptian coast, may be seen from the deck of our ship as we pass.

Both these places connect with Keneh on the Nile by a desert route, along which may be seen the great quarries from which the ancient Egytians extracted the stone with which the colossal structures of the Thebaide were built. A day's march in the interior from Berenice may be found the once famous emerald mines, which were worked in turn by the ancient Egyptians, the Caliphs, the Sultan Mamelukes and by Mehemet-Ali.

Djeddah, on the Arabian coast, is noted for the horrible massacre of Christians by the Arabs in 1858. Djeddah is twelve miles distant from Mecca, the sacred shrine of the Moslem, to which an endless throng ever pours through the gates of Djeddah, which derives its importance from this fact. Djeddah is, in fact, a *vilayet*, or department, of Mecca. The commerce of the city is considerable, and its bazaars, stored with the richest fabrics of the Orient, outrival those of Cairo, Damascus and Bagdad. It is a great market for mother-of-pearl, coral, balsams and gums, and is celebrated for the famed horses of Nedjid, and the white asses which are so highly prized by the Pashas and Beys of Constantinople and Cairo. Djeddah is more remarkable still, as containing the grave of our common mother Eve (?). At least the Arabs so believe, and just without the walls of the city they point with great marks of veneration to the huge mound, certainly one hundred feet long, which they tell you contains her sacred dust.



AT A GATE IN SUAKIN.

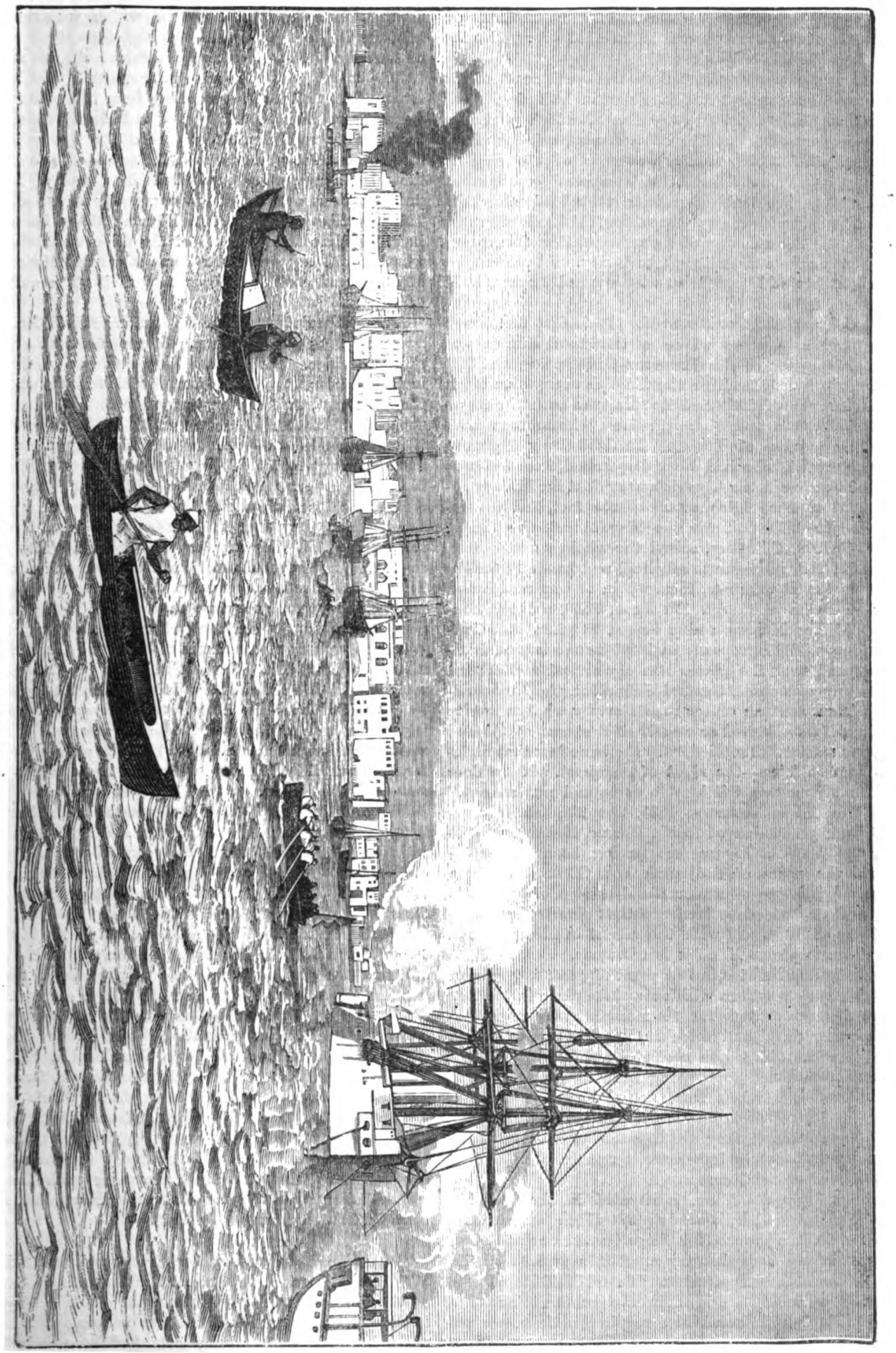
Suakin, on the Egyptian coast, is a city of 10,000 souls, composed chiefly of the nomad Bishareen, with a mixture of the negroes of the Soudan. Built upon a small island or coral reef, it forms, with its crescent shape, a natural and excellent harbor. The fort, residence of the governor and mosque lend an air of dignity to the place, which is dispelled upon a near approach, for the houses are merely the rudely constructed huts of the Bishareen, or the stalls and bazaars of the marketplace. Suakin was an important *entrepôt* of the products of the Soudan, brought by caravans across the desert from Khartoum, or Berber on the Nile. To acquire this commerce England has given proof of a very decided policy; first, by recommending and imposing General Gordon upon Egypt as Governor-general of the Soudan; and later, by sending the plant of a railway to Suakin, to be laid to Berber, even at a moment when it was proposed to eliminate the Soudan from Egypt, the better to obtain it for England, either by diplomacy or *vi et armis*, from the barbarian Mahdi, whom Lord Dufferin proposed to recognize as the "Ancestral Sultan" of the Soudan. The continued successes of the Mahdi, ending with the fall of Khartoum, had confined the English forces until now to the occupation of Suakin, and temporarily checked all intercourse with the interior. There is but little doubt, however, that when it shall be resumed the trade of the Soudan will be with Liverpool, for Suakin is practically an English port.

Suakin is justly famed as the hottest place in the Red Sea, if not on the globe. I pointed out the city to my officers as we passed, and recalled a conversation to Lieutenant Hassan Wassif, who was with Gordon and myself, as aide to Gordon. Nearly two years before, when *en route* to the Soudan, we were sitting on the veranda of the Governor's house. Two sentries near by were pacing to and fro, when one of them said:

"Ye Abdallah! You knew Suleiman, our brother, who died from the effects of the heat?"

"*Arafou*"—(I knew him)—replied Abdallah.

"*Chouf, Ye Achoui*"—(Listen, O my brother)—continued Mustapha. "Last night Suleiman appeared to me whilst I slept, and said: 'Mustapha, Suakin is indeed hotter than hell—for I am in hell, as you may suppose. *Gehenneh*—(hell)— is a cold place compared to Suakin; so much so, that the night of my arrival there, feeling cold, I woke up the devil to ask him for a blanket.



SUAKIN, FROM THE ENTRANCE TO THE HARBOR.

Surprised, he asked me: '*Askar*—(soldier)—whence came you?' When I told him Suakin, he replied, '*Araf*'—(I understand)—and thereupon he cried out: 'Give the man from Suakin a blanket.'"

Aden is a peninsula situated on the south coast of the Province of Yemen, in Arabia Felix, in latitude 12° 47′ north, longitude 45° 10′ east. The inhabited peninsula covers a space of thirty-five miles square, and contains a population of 20,000 souls, exclusive of the English garrison, which numbers 3,000, composed of all arms. Ibn Batutah, the Arab geographer, visited Aden, and described it as "a large city, but without either seed, water or trees." The remains of its ruins, still visible, prove that it was once a magnificent Arab city. At present the town consists of about 2,000 whitewashed houses, built of stone and mud.

The history of Aden is a myth. It is first mentioned in history as a place where a Christian church was erected by order of the Emperor Constantius, A.D. 342. From that period down to the English occupation it has been the scene of interminable struggles with the Abyssinians, Persians and Mohammedans, who in turn have taken possession of Yemen. In 1513 Don Alphonso d'Albuquerque, who had been dispatched from India to the Red Sea to aid the Abyssinians against the Mohammedans and capture Aden, attacked the fort, but was repulsed. In 1538 Soliman the Magnificent, the son of Selim, Sultan of Turkey, seized the whole coast.

In 1551 the inhabitants rebelled, and handed over the place to the Portuguese, from whom it was recaptured by Peri Pasha of Egypt. In June, 1839, a force, consisting of Her Majesty's ship *Volage*, 28 guns, and *Cruiser*, 10 guns, 300 Europeans and 400 native troops, bombarded and took the place. On my arrival at Berbera, on the opposite coast, General Schneider, the commandant at Aden, sent an officer to ask me by what authority the Egyptians assumed command of Berbera. "Go and tell your master," I replied, "by the same law that maintains him in Aden—the right of conquest. If he does not like my answer, tell him to come and put me out."

On the 1st of January, 1885, the English Government took possession of Assab, Harrar, Zeilah and Berbera, the French Government having been in possession of the ports of Tadjourah and Obok some time before. Obok passed under the dominion of France in 1881, and was ceded by treaty to that country by Menelik, King of Shoa, and with the assent of King John of Abyssinia, to whom Menelik is tributary.

Obok is destined to prove a point of great importance in the future operations which may take place in the Red Sea, and serves France for the moment as a coaling station for her naval and merchant marine service, which heretofore was obliged to coal at Aden.

The above-named ports along the Red Sea coast have been seized and taken from actual Egyptian control. Barren and waterless archipelagos which jut out from the coral-reefed coast, they are now the picket-stations of European nations who have set out upon a campaign of extension of colonial commerce.

Berbera, opposite Aden, is situated in the arc of a deep bay, bordered by a sandy plain which stretches its locked arms into the sea, forming a breakwater and good harbor. It was here that my expedition arrived on the night of the 25th of September. I found McKillop Pasha with his command engaged in the construction of a pharo. Having delivered him my instructions, we set about the preparations for our further expedition. Troops were landed and exercised, and the additional forces put in condition for the coming campaign. During this necessary delay, I had an opportunity to meet, for the first time, the Somali race, which, with the Danakils, the Gallas and the tribes of Issa, form the great part of the inhabitants—speaking a mixture of Arab and the Galla—comprised in the triangular space formed by Cape Guardafui, with its base reaching from this point to the Juba River. The Somali is tall, and clearly shows both his Hamitic and Semitic origin in the lips and nose. The head is long and narrow, the forehead, prominent; the color, a copper-brown, and the hair, woolly. Though pastoral, he is warlike, and is constantly at war with the interior tribes of the Gallas. During these incursions, in which almost every male of the tribe takes the field, whether old or young, the Somalis commit their flocks of sheep and goats to the care of their wives and their daughters.

A Somali warrior told me that among the Gallas a runaway match is considered much more honorable than a quiet marriage. The lover, however, takes no active part in the *enlèvement*. This is done by his friends, who steal the girl away and carry her to the lover's hut, where they proceed to kill a cow, and, sprinkling the girl with the blood, cause her to drink also from their hands. The lover then appears, and the union is considered inviolable. The *dot* is not a material consideration. The Gallas are practical socialists, and the *sine qua non* of a simple sheet, which they wear in the form of a toga, is within the reach of all. Liberty, equality and fraternity is not an unmeaning expression either in Somali or Galla land. They have solved the question of labor and capital, for no one labors, and they are innocent of money as of a change of shirt. It frequently happens, however, that a young lady without the charm of beauty is a drug in the matrimonial market. Custom in Galla land provides a remedy. With the aid of her parents—anxious, perhaps, to get rid of her—she climbs the inclosure of the hut where the man resides whom she has selected. Falling upon her knees, she proceeds to beat the ground, waiting for hours until he appears, when the law declares them man and wife, whom no man can put asunder.

On the 30th of September the expedition, further reinforced by two companies of infantry and a detachment of artillery, placed on board the men-of-war *Latif* and *Mehemet-Ali*—McKillop flying the Admiral's flag on the latter vessel—sailed from Berbera southward to Cape Guardafui, which we passed on the 4th of October. Cape Guardafui terminates the Egyptian coast of the Red Sea. The Socotra Islands stand out in the sea, as if broken off from the peninsula by some mighty shock and upheaving of nature. Rounding the Cape, our course is changed down the Indian Ocean to the Equator.

Ras Hafoun is reached on the 6th of October; the nose of the peninsula of which Cape Guardafui is the forehead. Ras Hafoun juts abruptly into the sea, forming a bay and breakwater against the monsoon winds at this season of the year. The dark, gloomy sides of this mountain headland, as it looms up from out the unbroken silence of the sea, is rendered the more lugubrious in the nighttime, and assuming such fantastic and diabolic shapes that my Arab soldiers and sailors declare that Ras Hafoun is *Wich bet'Afrite*—(the Face of the Devil).

The native Somali, until now, recognized the authority of Sultan Mahmoud, the Imam of Muscat. It was a mere nominal authority, however, for the sheik gladly sold out to us for a few Maria Theresa dollars and a bright red shirt. After the arrangement had been completed, I landed with a detachment of soldiers, and climbing the steep sides of the mountain, planted upon its highest

peak a flagstaff, to which the ship's carpenter had nailed the flag of Egypt, made, for better durability, from a piece of sheet iron, on which I had painted the crescent and star. This done, a proclamation announcing the Khedival authority was read in the presence of the assembled chiefs, and the flag was saluted.

On October 15th our joint expedition arrived and took position before the fortified town of Brava. Lieutenant Hassan Wassif was sent on shore, and after considerable delay, the officer commanding the troops of Zanzibar came on board the *Mehemet-Ali*. Convinced of the impossibility of successful resistance, he agreed to capitulate, and a company, under the command of Lieutenant Ibrahim Effendi, was sent on shore to occupy the fort, which he found already abandoned—the nondescript soldiers of Said Burgash having anticipated the action of their commander, and fled in alarm toward Zanzibar.

Twenty four hours later we arrived off the mouth of the Juba River, the objective point of our expedition. An angry sea was raging upon the bar, but notwithstanding this, McKillop ordered a naval officer and six men to man one of the two boats lowered whilst we followed with the second. As we approached, the high sea suddenly carried up the lieutenant's boat, and, toppling over as it fell, it was dashed to pieces before us, and disappeared for ever with its human freight. Quickly reversing oars, we succeeded in escaping the same fate by the merest chance, and returning, gained the ship, saddened by the fate which had befallen the unhappy boat's crew. A Somali fisherman, who witnessed the catastrophe, came off to us and said that it would not be possible to enter the Juba at this season, but that we could find a good harbor at Kismayu, a few miles further south, and accordingly we got under steam for that point.

Kismayu is situated fifteen miles south of the Equator, in the bend of a land-locked basin half a mile wide, the entry to which is rendered difficult by reason of the narrow passage, guarded on each side by huge boulders of rocks. In the afternoon of the 16th we succeeded, after careful soundings, in entering the port. In the distance could be seen with the naked eye a stone fort, mounting several guns, bearing directly upon the pass. The village consisted of a collection of huts, the homes of the Somali, which we subsequently learned numbered fifteen hundred. The garrison, composed of four hundred soldiers of the Zanzibar Army, and aided by an auxiliary force of Somali warriors to the number of 200, could be seen acting under great excitement. The gunners held in their hands, and waved with angry gesture, the torches with which they threatened to fire their guns—I, say *threatened*, because I am glad to say the Zanzibar soldiers had never fired these guns, captured from a Dutch man-of-war which they had doubtless wrecked. They were *afraid* of the guns, they afterward naïvely acknowledged to me. Our supply of water both for man and beast was quite exhausted, and it was necessary to effect a landing as quickly as possible. Wellnigh a month in the close quarters to which we had been subjected had told very severely upon us all. I therefore sent Hassan on shore with orders to confer with the commandant of the town. He returned with four dignitaries, who had scarcely touched the deck when they insolently ordered us to clear out, adding, "We have soldiers, and"—pointing to their guns—"seven big cannon, and we will prevent you from landing. Such is the answer of Sultan Hamet, our governor." Quietly nodding to Hassan, I bade him take the sheiks for a tour round the ship and present them to McKillop, who, in the meantime, was donning my finery for the occasion, he having left his at Cairo. Whether it was McKillop's gold lace, or the long row of ugly-looking Armstrongs and Krupps with which the *Mehemet-Ali* was armed I know not — it is certain that when Hassan brought them back, they were much more subdued, and politely asked to be sent back. In the meantime I had been actively engaged in lowering boats, and when the first detachment was reported ready, I informed one of the sheiks that he could go ashore with my men, and that his comrades could follow when I had completed the landing of several companies. "If a shot is fired, say to Hamet I will hang your friends, and hang Hamet when I catch him."

Daylight the next morning found four companies, which had been landed during the night, with several field pieces and a *mitrailleuse*, in position on the beach in front of the town. The sheiks were permitted to return, and were bidden to demand the surrender of the place in the name of the Khedive of Egypt. Hamet was plucky, however, and after waiting for some time for a reply, I quietly detached a company, and under cover of the sand hills, gained the rear of the town unperceived, and taking them in hand, rushed with fixed bayonets into their unguarded rear, and without a shot Kismayu was in our possession.

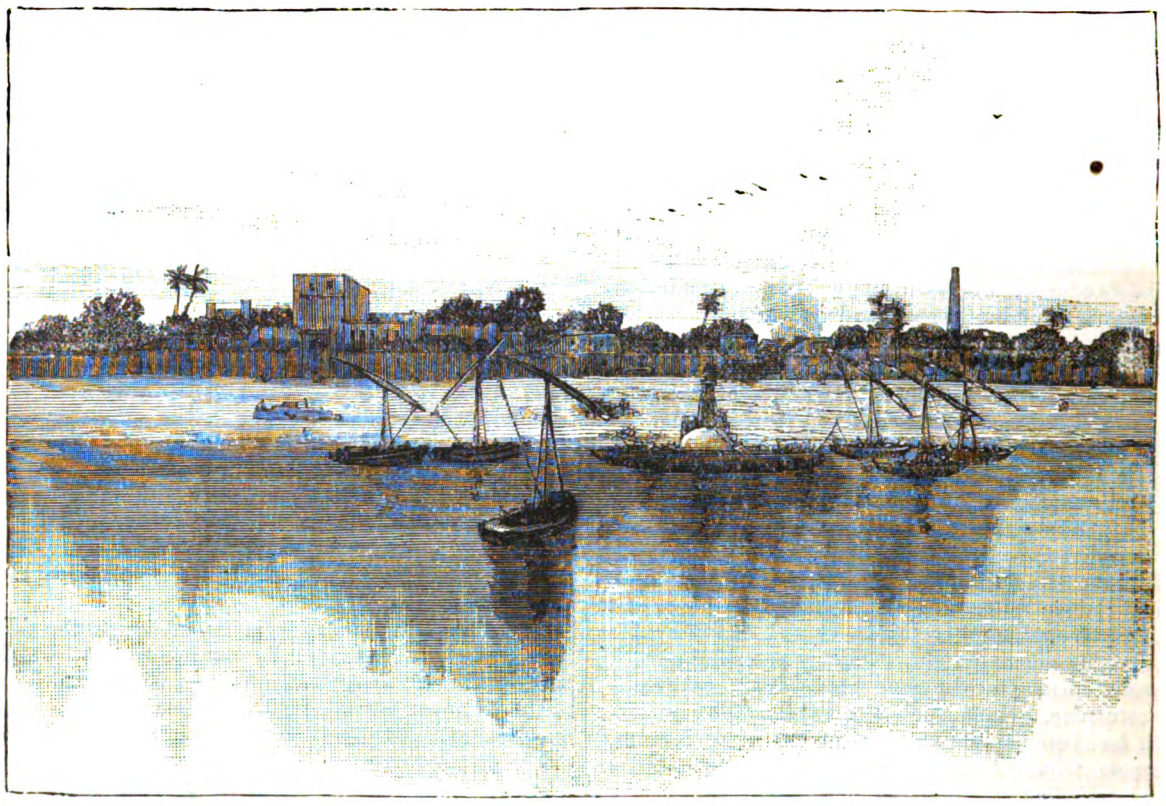
That there is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous was well illustrated by an incident, at which I laughed heartily afterward. As we rushed into the fort two giant tamed ostriches playfully placed themselves in our front and shared with me the honor of the capture.

The discomfiture and surprise of the Zanzibarians was complete. They threw down their arms at once, and were quickly surrounded by my troops in front. They were immediately paroled and allowed to take their arms. They put off for Zanzibar to report the capture to the Sultan. That they did this with great credit to themselves may be imagined when we subsequently learned that Dr. Kirk, then Her Majesty's consul, and Mr. Badger, his countryman, and an agent of Said Burgash, were hurried away to Aden on the Sultan's steamer, and telegraphed to Lord Derby as follows:

"The Egyptian pirates are in my land. Have taken my commerce and country, and massacred my soldiers. Come to my aid.
"SAID BURGASH."

The Sultan's alarm had a special significance, and there is reason to suspect that Dr. Kirk shared Burgash's embarrassment. Kismayu was a great slave-trading port, and its capture meant that the 400 slaves found there (the joint property of the Sultans Said and Hamet) had fallen into the hands of the Egyptian *pirates*. As a matter of fact, I captured 400 slaves found in the town, and having liberated them, they were told to "scuttle away," which they did, standing not upon the order of their going. When it will be remembered that Dr. Kirk had already assured the world that the Sultan Said had issued a proclamation abolishing the slave trade, the extraordinary telegram for relief signed by Said, but inspired by Dr. Kirk, may well be understood. The presence of the entire garrison of Kismayu in Zanzibar should have been a sufficient answer to the doubtless excited and lying reports of a massacre. It is a fact of which I am proud that during this entire expedition no life was taken, nor a single life lost save by accident or by the act of God.

Dr. Kirk was rewarded for his promptness in reporting the Egyptian invasion, and was knighted by Her Britannic Majesty's Government. Mr. Johnson, in a recent article in the London *Graphic* referring thereto, says: "To Sir John Kirk alone we owe it for having driven



BERBERA, FROM THE WEST.

away, with one English frigate, the whole Egyptian fleet under McKillop Pasha, when the Khedive's vast African expedition proceeded to annex, occupy and fortify the principal ports in Saïd's dominions."

For a fact, if Ismail had only had the courage necessary to carry out what he had begun, my expedition could not only have defied this unjust English interference, but could have taken Zanzibar itself, *sans coup ferir*. True, England might have finally driven us out of Zanzibar, but could not have dislodged us from the coast. It was a lost opportunity for Ismail, and the precursor of other ills, which ended in his dethronement.

As for McKillop and myself, we were made, for our pains, the scapegoats of Ismail's pusillanimity, for, some months later, we learned, when returned to Cairo, that Ismail had shamelessly placed the blame upon our shoulders in reply to Lord Derby's note demanding the recall of the expedition, and especially upon me, for he said that "the captures along the coast were due to an excess of zeal on the part of the young officer in command of the land forces." When I complained to the Khedive of the injustice of this reproach, he significantly slapped me on the shoulder, and said: "You can stand it. I will make it all right." The fact is, neither McKillop nor myself ever received the promised promotion or reward.

A SOMALI VILLAGE.

To return to Kismayu. The surrender was marked with great pomp and ceremony. The troops were dressed in gala for the occasion, paraded and formed in a hollow square around the flagstaff, from which floated the blood-red flag of Zanzibar. Sultan Hamet was

dressed in a rich costume, with turban on his head and feet incased in red Morocco boots. From his shoulders hung in graceful folds a white cloak, richly embroidered in gold, which fell to his feet. He was a mild almond-eyed Arab, a cousin of the Sultan Saïd, and for this reason he received, by courtesy, the title of Sultan. Hamet listened in silence to the proclamation which declared the future authority of Egypt over the land. The Zanzibar flag was saluted and hauled down, and the Egyptian colors run up amid the loud huzzas of my soldiers. Hamet asked and received permission to remain with us until he heard from his cousin the Sultan. He feared to go to Zanzibar, for the loss of the slaves, more than his governorship, seemed to prey heavily upon his mind, and he said his cousin would hang him if he should go back.

Having established a garrison at Kismayu, McKillop assumed the command of the coast, whilst I moved with my troops—numbering 700 infantry, cavalry and artillery—into the interior, and established myself in a fortified camp on an eminence overlooking the Somali plain and the Indian Ocean, on the Juba River. There, engaged in pushing reconnoissances along a river whose sources are yet unknown, and where, as Sir Richard Burton writes me, an Arab has told him, "there is gold in great quantities," I awaited further instructions from Cairo. There I resumed my acquaintance with the Saïd recently returned from France, where I had met him; and it was whilst on the Juba that a prince of the Comoros, a fugitive from the capital of his brother the Sultan, and laden with jewels and money, came into my camp, with a brilliant escort, to proffer me the Crown of the Comoro Islands. The tragic end of Prince Ali, whom Ismail Khedive robbed and caused to be thrown in the Nile, adds another horror to those crimes of palace by which the desperate viceroy endeavored to avert the *dies iræ* which an implacable fate reserved for this most prodigal and profligate of princes.

BEAUTIFUL MISS DERWENT.—"SHE CONVULSIVELY EXCLAIMED: 'I CONFESS ALL, AND ASK YOUR MERCY FOR—HIM.'"

BEAUTIFUL MISS DERWENT.

BROOKLAND is a popular Summer resort, and each year can boast many distinguished visitors: but of them, no other ever attracted so much attention as did Stella Derwent. Describing her, a prominent society journal said: "Her face is of the pure Spanish type, though more regular and delicate in its features than is usual among Spanish women. Her hair is jet; her eyes are large, lustrous and fringed with heavy lashes; her complexion is rich and clear; her expression is bright, sparkling, amiable. More remarkable than the perfection of her head is her faultlessness of figure, which combines stateliness and grace both in carriage and in pose."

The description in no wise exaggerated her beauty.

If it be true that "every woman is fond of conquests," Miss Derwent had cause for rejoicing. Before she had been in the place a week most of the gentlemen there resident—whether permanently or temporarily—had succumbed to her charms, vied with one another in paying her their *devoirs*, which she received in a dignified, courteous manner, but with an *insouciance* that stimulated their endeavors to render themselves agreeable to her.

There was one gentleman whom she seemed to regard with greater favor than the others—the Hon. John Maxham. He was the wealthiest, most prominent citizen of Brookland, and had secured his title from having several times represented his town in the State Legislature.

Somewhat rising fifty, he looked much younger, and was prepossessing in his personal appearance. He had been bereaved by death of two wives, but was quite ready to marry a third time, provided a woman could be found to comfort his declining years who would creditably fill the position which, as his consort, would be hers.

With him she took long rambles through green pastures and beside still waters; rode behind his handsome bay trotters; not unfrequently dined. So favorable an impression did she make upon the honorable gentleman's daughter and sole heir that she frankly declared to her intimate friend: "I think Miss Derwent would make pa an excellent wife;" no trifling concession, if the effect of her father's marriage upon her patrimony is considered.

The prospective union of Mr. Maxham and Miss Derwent was the general theme of conversation in Brookland, when the community was suddenly startled by an announcement which caused all other matters to fade into insignificance—that the local bank had been burglarized to the extent of nearly one hundred thousand dollars, in currency and negotiable bonds—an announcement that proved only too true.

Of this bank Mr. Maxham was the president and cashier; for its funds he was personally responsible. To make good the deficit it would require the bulk of his worldly possessions. He at once called a meeting of the directors, at which it was decided to offer a reward of two thousand dollars for the apprehension of the guilty party or parties; of five thousand dollars for the recovery of the stolen property; also to employ a skilled detective, who was summoned from New York city by telegraph.

Having arrived in Brookland, the detective—one of the most expert in his profession—made a thorough examination of the building wherein the bank was located and its surroundings; listened to Mr. Maxham's statement of the facts of the case without remark. Then:

"*You* usually open the bank?" he asked.

"Always, when I am in town," replied Mr. Maxham.

"On the morning when you discovered that a burglary had been committed, you found the door locked?"

"I did."

"The windows fastened on the inside as now?"

"They were."

"You had no suspicion of anything wrong till you went to your safe?"

"I had not."

"The door of the safe was also locked?"

"It was."

"Who knows the combination that you use on the lock to your safe?"

"No one but myself."

"You are liable to be away. In your absence, what does your teller do for money with which to transact the business of the bank?"

"We pay out about the same amount each day. This sum I take from the safe and place in his hands, of course making allowance for a slightly larger demand than the average. If I am to be absent over night, at the close of business he deposits the money in his hands with one of our merchants who has a safe, fireproof and burglar-proof like our own, receiving from him a receipt for the amount."

"Supposing any casualty—paralysis, sudden death or the like—were to befall you, how would the interior of your safe be reached?"

"The combination is on a slip of paper, which is in a drawer of the safe in the town clerk's office, which has three locks. The keys to these locks are respectively holden by the three directors of the bank, and all of them would have to be used in obtaining the slip of paper."

"You seem to have made ample provision for the security of your treasures," smiling. "To guess accurately at your combination would be practically impossible, therefore it must have been learned by some person who watched while you, unsuspecting, opened the safe."

"I do not remember opening the safe when any one was near me."

"Then——" And the detective hesitated.

"I know what you would say," said Mr. Maxham, quietly; "that I must be the guilty person. Fortunately, I can account for every moment during the night when the deed was committed; easily prove an *alibi*."

The days passed on, and not the faintest "clew" was discovered. No stranger had been seen in the place, directly prior to the burglary, nor since it had any one gone from Brookland to whom the slightest suspicion attached. The detective gave up the case and returned to New York.

Meanwhile, Mr. Maxham had walked, rode, dined with Miss Derwent, as usual. She manifested the warmest sympathy for him in his misfortune; in the sweetest voice, declared that trouble was necessary to show one who his real friends are. From another, the assertion would have afforded him no comfort; from her, it did. It convinced him that her regard for him was not inspired by his wealth, which he would probably have to sacrifice; emboldened him to declare his love, in impassioned language, and ask her to become his wife.

"Oh, you naughty man!" she exclaimed, archly looking into his face; her tone far from discouraging.

"I am positive that, as my wife, I can make you happy."

"I have no doubt of it. But your proposal is so unexpected. You must give me time to consider it, before definitely answering it."

"Certainly; you will not allow it to disturb our present friendly relations?"

"By no means!" earnestly,

One evening, some two weeks subsequent to the burglary, a young man named William Avery, a clerk in the Brookland Post-office, called at Mr. Maxham's residence and requested a private interview with him on important business.

"I have company this evening," said Mr. Maxham, when the two were by themselves in the library, "and trust you will be as expeditious as possible."

"I will detain you but a few minutes," Avery replied. "To come directly to the point: Do you know anything of Miss Derwent's antecedents?"

"*What?*" and Mr. Maxham's face flushed angrily.

"Please answer my question. Do you know anything of the lady's past life, even her birthplace?"

"I do not!" with ill-suppressed indignation.

"That foreign gentleman, Count Duprer, has been confined to his room at the Eagle ever since the burglary, has he not?"

"I believe so," sharply.

"Your teller informs me that you once allowed Miss Derwent to see you lock and unlock the bank-safe, and that you did not acquaint the detective with this circumstance?"

"If you have nothing to talk about except her and the count, I must beg leave to end this interview."

"Since Miss Derwent has been in this place," Avery continued, calmly, "she has called at the post-office for her mail, instead of having it sent to the Eagle as other

boarders there do; a singular freak, it seemed to me. She has received four letters, each and all of them bearing the same post-mark and addressed in the same coarse, scraggly chirography. Meantime, as many letters have gone from this to the office whence hers have come, and all were for the same person. Hence, I concluded that she was their sender. I firmly believe that one's character is disclosed by his handwriting, in no small degree, and at once made up my mind that he whom I supposed Miss Derwent's correspondent is an extremely rough specimen of humanity. Influenced by an irrepressible curiosity to know what two persons so dissimilar as Miss Derwent and her supposed correspondent could have in common, I wrote to the postmaster of the village where that individual resides for particulars respecting him. Two hours ago, I received the following reply," drawing a letter from his pocket and reading:

"'F——, OHIO, *September 5th*, 18—.

"'DEAR SIR: Yours of the 1st, by which I confess myself surprised, is received. In reply would say: Horace Parsons, concerning whom you inquire, once an estimable, though always an illiterate, man, is a miserable, drunken brute. His daughter, of rare physical beauty, some three years since met a young man who had a handsome face and pleasing manners, with whom she became infatuated, by whom her ruin was effected.

"'Her parents idolized her, and her disgrace caused her mother's death; her father's downfall. The one for whom she sacrificed her honor is a gambler by profession, and capable of doing almost anything to obtain a living without work. He treats her shamefully, yet she worships him. His real name is Louis Carter, but both have *aliases*. I imagine one of hers is Stella Derwent, as Parsons frequently sends letters to that address—lately to your post-office—and I do not know that he writes to anybody else. She furnishes the money for her father's support, doubtless given her by Carter. Very likely Carter is with her in Brookland, though they do not always travel together. If so, look out for him. "'Truly yours, —— ——, P. M.'"

During the reading of this communication, Mr. Maxham sat motionless as a statue, his face bloodless. When it was finished, he said, in a husky tone:

"You think Carter and Duprer identical? That, aided by Miss Derwent, who betrayed the confidence I reposed in her when I indiscreetly allowed her to see me unlock the safe, he was able to and did rifle its contents without leaving any trace?"

"Yes; and that his illness was feigned in order not to be seen by the detective who might have recognized in him an old offender. He would not wish to leave the place immediately after committing the crime, from fear of being suspected; for, in these days of telegraphs, a malefactor gains nothing by an attempt to run away from the scene of his operations."

"True."

"Knowing the relations which have subsisted between you and Miss Derwent—so we will call her for the present—I deemed it best to acquaint you with my views before stating them to any one else."

"Thank you for your thoughtfulness"—tremulously.

"I may be wholly wrong in my inferences. Therefore, I suggest that we go to the room where Miss Derwent awaits your return, anxiously, no doubt"—smiling as he spoke—"and I think I can at once prove her innocence or guilt."

"Very well;" and the two descended to the parlor, where Avery was formally introduced to Miss Derwent.

Presently, without any apparent abruptness, turning to Mr. Maxham, he inquired:

"Did you know that Count Duprer is no count at all? That he has been recognized as a notorious character named Carter?"

The effect of this double question upon Miss Derwent was instantaneous. She trembled like a leaf; the color receded from her cheeks; her eyelids drooped.

"One of his exploits was the ruin of a young girl," Avery continued, not waiting for Mr. Maxham to reply; "and that caused the death of the girl's mother—made a wreck of her father. It is said that she whom he ruined is so completely in his toils that she dares not refuse to act as his accomplice, whatever deed he may plan to commit."

This was too much for her, and she convulsively exclaimed:

"I confess all, and ask your mercy for—him."

We will not prolong our narrative. No arrests were made, but the stolen property was all recovered. The sudden departure of "Miss Derwent" and "Count Duprer" from Brookland was a matter of surprise to all save Mr. Maxham and Avery, who, alone, ever knew their guilt.

To Avery was paid the reward of five thousand dollars, a sum which he considered sufficient to warrant a "new departure" on his part—his marriage to the blue-eyed lassie who had long been the principal figure in his dreams by night and by day; heretofore prevented by his pecuniary circumstances.

Mr. Maxham has not, as yet, found his third wife; nor is he likely to find her so long as he avoids women as he recently has avoided them—and particularly handsome brunettes.

WOMEN KNIGHTS.

FROM the Institution of the Legion of Honor by the first Napoleon to the year 1852 only five ladies received the decoration, and they were all nuns. A change was made in 1865. The Empress went to visit Rosa Bonheur at Fontainebleau, and on her return sent her the cross of the Order. It was thought that this would be the commencement of the recognition of the eminence of women in secular departments of life. But the tide turned into its old channel, and the next decorations were issued to nuns. The Franco-Prussian War opened up a new chapter in the annals of the Order. A female telegraph clerk and a *cantinière* were both decorated for acts of heroism performed at great risk of life and resulting in important services to the French Army. The recent war with China has added two more to the list of decorated ladies, both of them nuns, and both eminent for their services to the wounded on the field of battle. And now once more the tide of distinction seems to have set in the direction of art. The latest *chevalière*—there are in all but thirteen living—has received the insignia for services to archæology rendered during the recent expedition to Persia.

DEVELOPMENT OF THE SENSES.

ALL mothers should study the unfolding of child-life. Dr. Genzer says that the sense of touch is developed from the earliest period, and reflex actions are readily excited by the slightest stimulation of the nerves of touch, especially those of the face, then of the hands and soles of the feet. The feeling of pain is but slowly developed, and is clearly exhibited only after four or five weeks, before which time infants do not shed tears. True muscular sense is at least doubtful. Hunger and thirst are manifested in an increased general irritability, followed by reflex movements; these cease after the first week. Smell and taste are not distinguishable in infants. Dr.

Genzer also asserts that the sense of hearing is perceptible in the first, or at most the second, day of life. Newborn infants are so sensitive to light that they will turn the head to follow a mild light; whilst, if a strong glare be suddenly thrown upon the eye, squinting is induced, and even convulsive closure of the lids. After a few days the child will follow the motion of various objects by movements of its head. Between the fourth and fifth weeks the convergence of the pupils of the eyes and the power of regulating their movements in vision are perceptible. A distinct perception of color does not exist under four or five months.

MESSENT'S DOUBLE.—"MRS. FABIAN APPEARED IN A STATE OF GREAT EXCITEMENT, AND ACCOSTED RAYNOR FIERCELY. 'WHERE IS MY HUSBAND?' SHE CRIED. 'WHY, YOU'VE GOT A LETTER FROM HIM!'"

MESSENT'S DOUBLE.

JOHN RAYNOR, a young solicitor in very fair practice, had known Rupert Messent rather well for a good many years as a club acquaintance. Intimacy, or even sincere friendship, between the two young men was quite out of the question, owing to the complete dissimilarity of their tastes and dispositions.

Messent had run through a fine fortune, which he had inherited from his father, and for years had subsisted mainly on his debts. At least, he had no visible source of income, though he gambled recklessly on the turf, the Stock Exchange and at cards. But he was one of those men who never seem to burn their fingers or to seriously damage their reputation, though his mode of life was no secret to any one.

The fact was, he was a man of extremely fascinating manners and appearance, excelling in all bodily exercises, clever, well-read, accustomed to move freely in the best society, and not the sort of person to be ignored or cold-shouldered.

Raynor, on the other hand, was steady-going and methodical, not wanting in shrewdness and worldly wisdom, but with very narrow interests and sympathies. He devoted himself to his profession with the single-minded purpose of one day becoming an eminent family solicitor. This respectable ambition prompted him to lose no opportunity of cultivating acquaintances of good social status.

He always had an eye to business, and used his club as

a means of quietly increasing his connection. He was probably attracted to Messent, in the first instance, by observing the deference with which he was treated by older men than himself. When he got to know him and realized his position, he still looked upon him as a possible client. With his handsome face and figure, his geniality and his accomplishments, he might aspire to marry an heiress.

Raynor often suggested this to him, with the hope of securing professional employment for himself, if Messent should take his advice. The latter, however, seemed little inclined to do so; or, at all events, he professed to laugh at the notion.

But he contracted the habit of conversing with Raynor about his affairs—his debts and his embarrassments—and they usually had a chat when they met at the club.

One evening he strolled into the smoking-room and joined Raynor on the sofa.

"Well, Raynor, I've done it, and you're responsible," he remarked, when they had exchanged greetings.

"Done what?" inquired Raynor.

"I'm engaged to be married to Miss Clayport," said Messent, extracting a miniature cigarette from a dainty silver case, and lighting it.

"What! The daughter of old Clayport, the contractor?" exclaimed Raynor.

"I believe he is a contractor. He is very rich, any way," said Messent, puffing serenely.

"My dear fellow! he is worth millions—five or six millions, they say—and his daughter is his only child!" ejaculated Raynor, startled out of his usual calmness.

"He is an old brick!" said Messent, rousing himself to make a faint show of enthusiasm. "I told him of my debts, and so on. He says they are a flea-bite. I own I never looked at them in that light before."

"My dear Messent, pray allow me to congratulate you!" cried Raynor, shaking him warmly by the hand.

"Thanks," said Messent, shortly. "Miss Clayport," he added, after a pause, as though speaking from a strong sense of duty—"Miss Clayport is a very charming girl."

"So I have always understood," said Raynor, though, as a matter of fact, he had never heard of her before in his life, except by name.

He proceeded to touch lightly on the subject of the settlements to be executed upon the marriage, with the view of impressing Messent with the necessity of placing himself under his professional care and direction.

Messent answered his questions in an off-hand manner, which plainly showed that he had not troubled his head, at present, on the subject, and he seemed so *distrait* and absent-minded that Raynor at length said:

"You look as glum as an undertaker, Messent. No one would imagine you had just been made the happiest of men."

"The fact is," said Messent, slowly, as he lighted another cigarette, "I had rather an upset just before I came here. I saw my ghost."

"Your ghost!" laughed Raynor.

"Well, I suppose I ought to say my double, as he was certainly flesh and blood. But he was so like me, that I could almost have sworn it was myself."

Raynor stared at his friend in amazement. Messent was the last man in the world whom one would have suspected of having delicate nerves, yet he was evidently disturbed by what he was relating.

"I don't think anything of that," said Raynor, a little contemptuously. "There have been lots of instances of men as alike as two peas. What does it matter?"

"I suppose it doesn't matter, but it gives a man a queer sensation to come face to face with another the very counterpart of himself," said Messent, throwing away the end of his cigarette on the carpet, in defiance of the club rules, and thrusting his hands in his trousers-pockets. "Of course, he wasn't dressed like me, but his features and complexion seemed precisely the same as mine."

"Did you meet this inconvenient person in the street? Why didn't you insist on his giving you an account of himself?" asked Raynor, laughing. "I'm not sure that it isn't a case of infringement of copyright?"

"I met him close here—in Bond Street. I was so taken aback that I never thought to speak to him," said Messent, who treated the matter quite seriously. "I wish I had," he added, rising to his feet and shaking himself. "If I had exchanged half a dozen words with him I should not have come away impressed with an uncomfortable idea of having seen an evil omen."

"Evil fiddlesticks!" said Raynor, with great scorn.

An intimate friend of Messent's came up at that moment and carried him off, thus putting an end to the conversation.

Raynor immediately dismissed the incident they had just been discussing from his practical mind, which was a great deal exercised about his friend's marriage.

If Messent married old Clayport's heiress, he might become a valuable client, and there was, of course, the possibility that, through his friend's introduction, he might obtain the business of the wealthy contractor himself.

The endless vista of six-and-eightpences which this wealthy connection opened up to his imagination caused his interest in Messent to increase a hundredfold, and he mentally congratulated himself upon his foresight in having secured his confidence.

In spite of himself, however, he was fated to be reminded of Messent's story of his double; for, a few days afterward, he was walking down Long Acre, in the direction of his offices in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, when he saw, as he thought, Messent walking on the pavement opposite. If he had not suddenly recollected Messent's own warning, he would have rushed across to him without a moment's hesitation. But, with characteristic caution, he looked the individual up and down before committing himself, and then he saw he had been misled by a remarkable likeness. At a second glance he perceived that the stranger looked older than Messent, and, judging from his attire, he was in a different station of life altogether. There was no room for doubt that this was the man Messent had met the other day, but Raynor, though struck by the resemblance, did not think it was anything to rave about.

However, he wrote and told Messent he had come across his duplicate. It was his policy to keep himself *en évidence* at this interesting juncture of his friend's affairs, and therefore he took the trouble to send a few lines. In the course of the following week he received a reply, in which Messent said that he had since made the acquaintance of the individual in question, and he invited him to come up to his rooms on an evening which he named to meet the stranger. Raynor took no interest whatever in his friend's double, and thought Messent was making an unnecessary and foolish fuss about an accidental likeness. But he deemed it prudent to accept the invitation, and at the appointed time presented himself at his friend's chambers.

Messent had an expensive first floor in Bond Street, furnished with a good deal of taste and luxury. His man

ushered Raynor into the sitting-room, which was untenanted, and then handed him a letter, saying that his master had been obliged to go out. Inside the envelope was a brief note from Miss Clayport to her *fian é*, stating that at the last moment a friend had sent her tickets for a much-sought-after entertainment, and requesting him to accompany her.

On the back of this Messent had scrawled a few lines apologizing to Raynor for his enforced absence, and explaining that Miss Clayport's letter had only just arrived. He asked Raynor to be good enough to wait and receive the guest he was to meet, if only for the purpose of accounting for the absence of the host. He added that he would be very pleased to find them both at his rooms on his return.

Raynor thought he might as well wait, especially as Messent wished him to. He seated himself comfortably in his friend's best easy-chair, selected a choice cigar from the box on the table, and sat keenly scrutinizing the apartment, and especially the invitation-cards on the mantel-board, until the other guest arrived.

The newcomer was announced as Mr. Fabian, and the man who showed him in stared at him open-mouthed, evidently amazed—as, indeed, he could not fail to be—at the visitor's likeness to his master.

Raynor introduced himself and apologized for Messent's absence as requested. He repeated his friend's invitation, and Mr. Fabian consented to remain.

He did not seem overjoyed at the prospect of a *tête-à-tête* with Raynor, though the latter exerted himself to be agreeable. In fact, Mr. Fabian seemed a little out of temper at the trick his host had played him. But he was apparently as much struck as Messent himself at the resemblance between them, and the desire to become acquainted with one another seemed mutual.

Rayner was able to satisfy Mr. Fabian's curiosity regarding Messent by describing his parentage and antecedents, and their conversation elicited the singular fact that Messent and his double had been born in the same month and year.

Raynor became quite interested in these comparisons, but upon better acquaintance with Mr. Fabian, he noticed many little points of difference between the outward appearance of him and Messent. It is true their features were very much alike, and the color of their eyes looked the same. Even their hair and mustaches and whiskers were of the same dark tint, though Mr. Fabian's face was more covered, and he was much less carefully combed and trimmed. But for all this, Raynor flattered himself he should never himself have been deceived. Mr. Fabian's features were not so refined as Messent's; his face, too, was lined and careworn, and had an expression of habitual dejection.

It was quite clear, however, that Mr. Fabian had not led so pleasant and easy-going a life as Messent. He seemed at very low water, his clothes being old and shabby, and his linen none of the cleanest.

On seeing him in the street, Raynor had concluded, chiefly from his dress, that he was not Messent's equal in the social scale. He now saw reason to alter his opinion, for though Mr. Fabian's manners were rough and unpolished, he was unmistakably a gentleman.

Finding his companion was inclined to be reticent about himself, Raynor could not refrain from putting him a few leading questions, as he thought, adroitly.

But he began to suspect he had given offense by his curiosity when Mr. Fabian abruptly arose from his chair, threw his half-finished cigar into the grate, and took his departure with scant ceremony.

Messent's man made an excuse to come into the room where Raynor was when Mr. Fabian had gone, and expressed his astonishment at the extraordinary likeness.

Raynor rather pooh-poohed it, feeling irritated at Mr. Fabian's abrupt exit. He remained until he had finished his cigar, and then, finding it was still early, adjourned to the club for the rest of the evening, leaving word for Messent where he was in case he felt inclined to come round.

Messent called upon him the next day at his office, chiefly to ask questions about Mr. Fabian, but partly on business also. He wanted to know what form a marriage settlement usually took, and so on—giving Raynor an opportunity of impressing him with his professional acumen.

Raynor dwelt as much as possible on this part of the interview; but Messent seemed much more interested about Mr. Fabian.

He eagerly listened to what little information Raynor had gathered concerning him, and seemed as keen as ever about following up the acquaintance. He announced his intention of calling upon him, and mentioned his address, which Raynor had not previously known. It was in some suburb the other side of the water—Wandsworth or Battersea.

After this Raynor saw nothing more of Messent for a few weeks. He kept a lookout for him at the club, but a newly engaged man can never be depended upon at his old haunt.

The next he heard of him was, oddly enough, through this very Mr. Fabian, who called one day with Messent's card. Raynor gathered that a sort of intimacy had sprung up between Messent and Fabian, for they had apparently seen a good deal of each other. Messent had evidently said a good word for his friend, for Mr. Fabian's manner at his second meeting with Raynor was much more genial.

"I have called to consult you on a matter of business," said Mr. Fabian, after chatting a few minutes about Messent. "I did not tell our friend what the subject was, though he knows it is connected with my departure."

"Where to?" inquired Raynor.

"Venezuela."

"What! For good?" exclaimed Raynor.

"One place is as good as another," said Mr. Fabian, bitterly. "Let me tell you in confidence how I am situated."

It was a commonplace story, which need not be repeated in detail. Suffice to say that Fabian was not his real name. He was the son of a wealthy Liverpool merchant, who had disinherited him in consequence of his marriage with a woman of doubtful antecedents. Mr. Fabian was not very communicative about himself, and Raynor imagined that his relative had more cause for displeasure than he cared to admit. He confessed he had been subsisting chiefly on charity for some years past, owing, as he declared, to his inability to earn a living. The present position was that the only relief he could obtain was a sum of money on condition of his leaving the country for good.

"Messent advises me," he said, discontentedly, "and he has given me a letter to a man over there, so I may as well try my luck."

"What did you want with me?" inquired Raynor.

"I want you to look after my wife and children," said Fabian. "I mean to pay them an allowance for a month or two, while I am making a home for them."

It crossed Raynor's mind that his client contemplated

deserting his family; but Fabian, apparently divining his suspicion, hastened to say :

"This is Messent's idea. I was for taking my wife with me; and I am not sure it wouldn't be better."

"Of course, it is a matter for arrangement," said Raynor, deciding to speak to Messent before undertaking the business.

Mr. Fabian forbore to press him, and said he would again think the matter over.

Meanwhile, Raynor made a point of seeing Messent, who soon succeeded in overcoming his scruples.

Messent was convinced of Fabian's *bona fides* and integrity, and showed symptoms of irritation at the hesitation of Raynor.

The result was that, when next Mr. Fabian called, Raynor readily undertook the trust.

Raynor had his doubts whether the money would be forthcoming, but, rather to his surprise, a considerable sum was placed in his hands to distribute in weekly payments.

Before he sailed Mr. Fabian authorized Raynor, in case his wife should grow impatient, to take a passage for her and her children by a later steamer. Raynor was a little mystified by this direction, but it at least showed that his client had no desire to desert his belongings.

Messent, who seemed completely infatuated with Fabian, went down to Southampton to see him off, and wanted Raynor to go, too. But the latter pleaded his professional engagements, and from that time he commenced to make weekly remittances to Mrs. Fabian. The lady acknowledged them two or three times without comment, and then, rather to Raynor's surprise, requested to be

informed of her husband's address. Raynor wrote to her with a direction at Venezuela which would find him, and the next morning, on reaching his office, he was informed that Mrs. Fabian awaited him.

She was a vulgar-looking, over-dressed young woman, with golden hair of a very artificial aspect. She appeared in a great state of excitement, and accosted Raynor fiercely.

"Where is my husband?" she cried.

"Did you not get my letter?" inquired Raynor, who carefully cultivated professional composure.

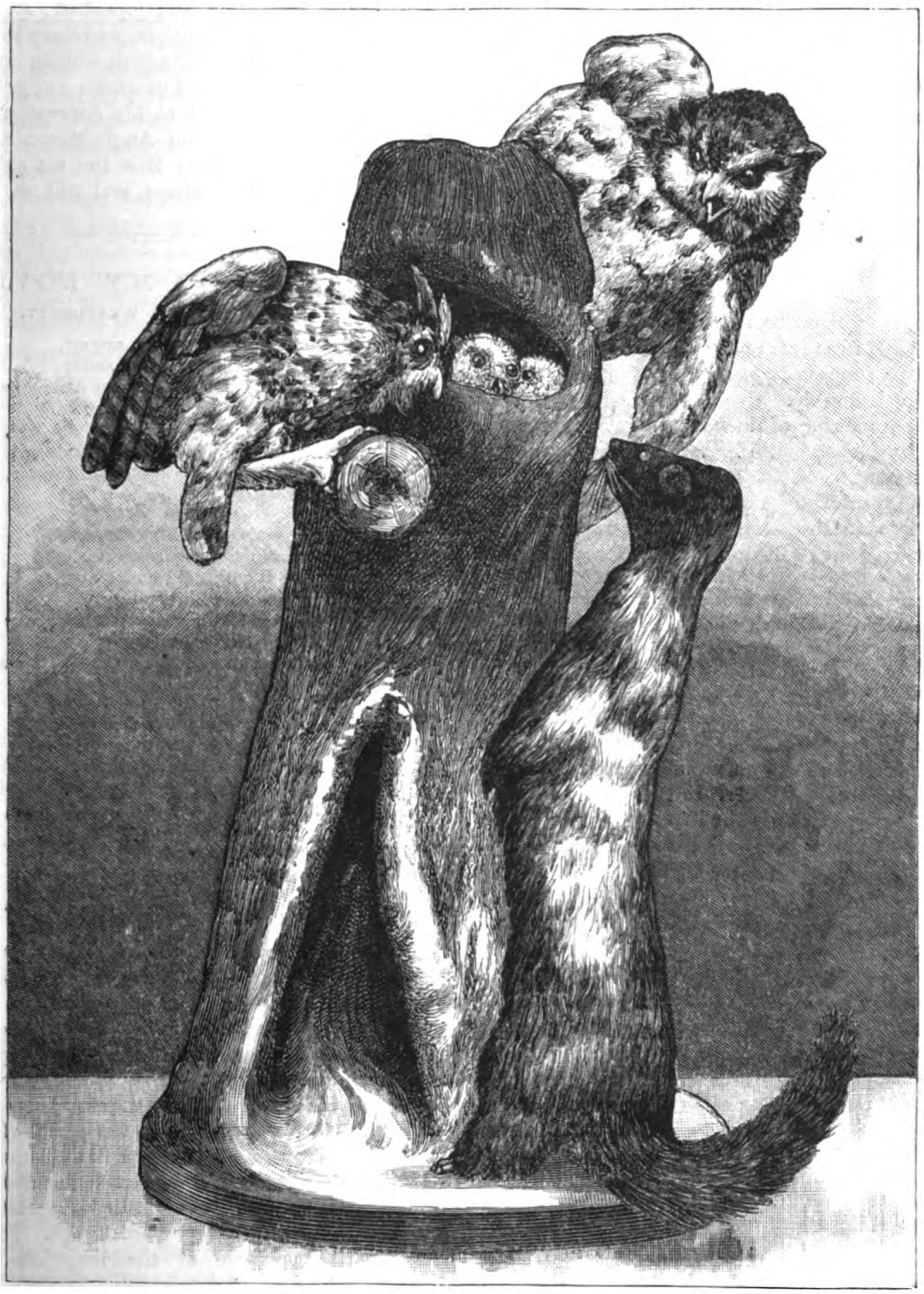
"Yes. What is the name of the place! I can't read it! What is it?" demanded Mrs. Fabian, in a breath, producing the letter.

Raynor told her quietly what the place was, and where.

"Oh, then he has deserted me!" cried Mrs. Fabian, violently. "I suspected what he was up to when he pretended he was obliged to keep in hiding from the bailiffs. So he has left the country, has he?"

"There is no question of desertion," said Raynor, anxiously, as the lady showed an inclination to demonstrate her indignation very forcibly. "If you and your children wish to follow him, you can do so. "I will engage your passage to-morrow by the next steamer."

"Oh! I'll follow him right enough," said Mrs. Fabian, after a stare of astonishment. "Catch me letting him get beyond my reach. I'll follow him, and if I don't like it, I'll soon bring him back. Why, you've got a letter



AN IMP OF DARKNESS.—MOTTLED OWL ATTACKED BY A MINK.—SEE PAGE 487.

from him," she added, suddenly pointing to one he had just opened, and held in his hand.

"It is nothing of the kind," returned Raynor.

It happened to be a letter from Messent, stating that he had arranged to get married at a very early date, which he named, and asking Raynor to put himself into communication at once with Mr. Clayport's solicitors about the settlements.

"It's my husband's writing, I'll swear!" cried the woman, suspiciously.

"Very odd, your saying that," said Raynor, good-humoredly. "It is the writing of a friend of your husband's, who, strangely enough, bears a most extraordinary resemblance——"

Raynor stopped short in his sentence, and never finished it. Like a revelation, the suspicion suddenly flashed across his mind that the likeness between the two men was not accidental.

A moment's reflection revealed to him the humiliating truth that he had been made the tool of an unscrupulous and designing man. The woman seated by his side was Messent's wife, and in order to get her out of the way and secure himself from future annoyance, he had sought by subterfuge to procure Raynor's *bona-fide* testimony to the existence of a double.

The depth and cunning of the conspiracy Raynor could not help admiring, even while he was tingling with vexation and resentment.

"I don't fancy my husband has gone to what's-its-name, after all," said the woman, who sat watching him.

With a vicious gesture Raynor threw Messent's letter to her across the table.

AN ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.

The Rev. Mr. Hagamore, of Catshoge, Leicestershire, England, was a very singular character. He died January 1st, 1776, possessed of the following effects—viz., £700 per annum and £1,000 in money, which (he dying intestate) fell to a ticket-porter in London. He kept one servant of each sex, whom he locked up every night. His last employment of an evening was to go round his premises, let loose his dogs, and fire his gun. He lost his life as follows: Going one morning to let out his servants, the dogs fawned upon him, and threw him into a pond, where he was found breast-high. His servants heard him call for assistance, but, being locked up, they could not lend him any. He had 30 gowns and cassocks, 100 pairs of breeches, 100 pairs of boots, 400 pairs of shoes, 80 wigs, yet always wore his own hair, 58 dogs, 80 wagons and carts, 80 plows (and used none), 50 saddles and furniture for the *ménage*, 30 wheelbarrows, so many walking-sticks that a toyman offered £8 for them, 60 horses and mares, 200 pickaxes and shovels, and 249 razors.

ENGLISH DECORATIVE NEEDLEWORK.

It is difficult to discover by what means Anglo-Saxon England arrived at such perfection in needlework. Already in the seventh century after Christ, as we find from the wonderfully minute description of the grave-clothes of St. Cuthbert, Bishop of Lindisfarne, embroidery seems to have been in a high state of cultivation, practiced, no doubt, by the monks or nuns of the ancient monasteries. When the body of the saint was disinterred in the twelfth century, we are told that not only his body but his graveclothes had been miraculously preserved, the gold all untarnished; and the linen sheet which covered him was, it would appear from the description, of the same early form of lace which we find on Egyptian monuments. But there is so much difficulty in determining from written records when the work of the loom is referred to and when that of the needle, that a wide field is left for rival theorists. Some time before the Norman Conquest, however, we find Anglo-Saxon women adepts in the finest kinds of embroidery. The wife of Edward the Confessor was "perfect mistress of her needle." William of Poitiers, secretary to William the Conqueror, states that "English women are eminently skillful with the needle and in weaving of gold." William himself, in fact, appeared at his coronation in a splendidly embroidered robe of Anglo-Saxon workmanship, from which we may gather that the art existed in England from much earlier times, and did not come thither from Normandy.

ALL FOR MY LOVE.

By Frederic E. Weatherly.

Launch me a golden argosy,
Hoist me the silver sails;
Lend me thy waves, thou dancing sea,
Waft me, ye fav'ring gales.
Go tell the night her stars to light,
The moon to stoop and shine,
Because my love hath sent for me,
Because my love is mine!

Fell me the mighty cedar-tree,
Build me a palace fair,
Deck it with gold and ivory,
Hang it with arras rare.
Fling wide the gates that front the sea,
And let the clarions play,
Because the day hath dawned for me—
My love is mine for aye!

Go bid the nightingales to sing,
The pearly fountains play,
A melody of love by night,
A dream of night by day.
Tell ye the world it draw not near,
Tell ye the hills and sea,
The glory of my life is here,
My love hath come to me!

Ancient Perfumes.—Two ancient Egyptian perfumes have been reconstituted through the researches of a young French professor at Lyons, who has devoted himself to studying Egyptian sculpture and the plants of the Nile Valley. By hunting through the papyrus texts and the inscriptions on the walls of the temple lavatories, he has found the recipes for the manufacture of "tasi" and "kyphi." The former was a temple perfume, used to anoint the statues of the Egyptian Venus. "Kyphi" was more important, and besides being used at home for the rites of Isis and Serapis, was imported into Greece and Rome after the conquest of Egypt. It then became the favorite perfume of the luxurious Greeks and Romans, who were anointed with "kyphi" after the bath, and were sprinkled with the essence during the grand banquets, while sometimes it was used to perfume the wine.

The area of the rock worn away at the Horseshoe Falls between the years 1842 and 1875 was 18,500 square feet, equal to .425 acres; between 1875 and 1886, 60,000 square feet, or 1.37 acres. The main length of the contour of the Falls is 2,300 feet. The present rate of wear is one mile in 2,200 years.

AN IMP OF DARKNESS.

By W. Van Fleet, M.D.

Since the days of Minerva the owl has been regarded as the representative of gravity and wisdom. His judicial solemnity when full-fed and at rest is absolutely imposing, yet we know that concealed beneath this sedate demeanor there lies a very empty noddle. However, despite his classical prestige, the owl has always been endowed by the ignorant and superstitious with supernatural powers and more than fiendish malignity, fit only for the companionship of bats, toads and noxious creeping and crawling things that shun the day; to say nothing of his reputed relationship with the powers of darkness and evil.

With the European peasantry the owl has been, in times past, and in many cases is yet, regarded as an *avant-courrier* of woe and desolation. His harsh and mocking cry bodes dire misery to the listener, and a glimpse of his spectral form as he wings his silent course through the deepening gloom of the forest or about some uncanny old ruin, is to them surely a precursor of misfortune.

Even among comparatively well-informed people owls are often looked upon with dislike, and if not considered of evil omen to the spiritual welfare of the human race, are thought to be destructive in a high degree to other forms of feathered life. But there are owls and owls. The known species are several score, and comprise a number of distinctive types, with characteristics as various as those of humanity.

Within the limits of the United States alone are found over a dozen species. Some, as the Barred (*Strix nebulosa*) and Great Horned (*Bubo Virginianus*) owls, being really inimical to the interests of the farmer and sportsman, though it is still an open question if they do not quite compensate for the depredations on game and domestic fowls by their corresponding destruction of injurious quadrupeds and reptiles; while by far the greater majority of the common species are among the most interesting and useful members of our avian fauna, living, as they do, on the smaller injurious mammals and noxious insects; though their diet is occasionally varied by such casual feathered bipeds, both wild and domestic, as chance may throw in their way.

The popular idea of owls, as gathered from song and story, is taken from the habits of the White or Barn Owl (*Strix flammea*) of Europe, a gloomy and sepulchral bird, dwelling in old ruins and deserted buildings, as well as the more primitive tenements of rocky hollows and decayed trees. There is an American variety of this bird, but it is extremely rare, north of the latitude of Washington; and though it has the same fondness as its European relative for taking up its abode in deserted human habitations, ruined castles are not common enough in this work-a-day country of ours to have attracted popular attention to their feathered inhabitants.

By far the most common of the North American *Strigidæ* is the Mottled or Screech Owl (*Scops asio*), at the same time it is one of the handsomest and altogether the most agreeable and beneficial to the husbandmen of our native owls. Indeed, so far is this bird attracted by the increased abundance of suitable food, and consequently greater ease of securing a livelihood about cultivated fields, that it has nearly abandoned the deeper forests in many localities and become a familiar resident of orchards, and in many cases even barns and deserted out-buildings; though this species always evinces a preference for oak groves, among whose gnarled and weather-beaten trees suitable holes for nesting and passing the hours of daylight can easily be found.

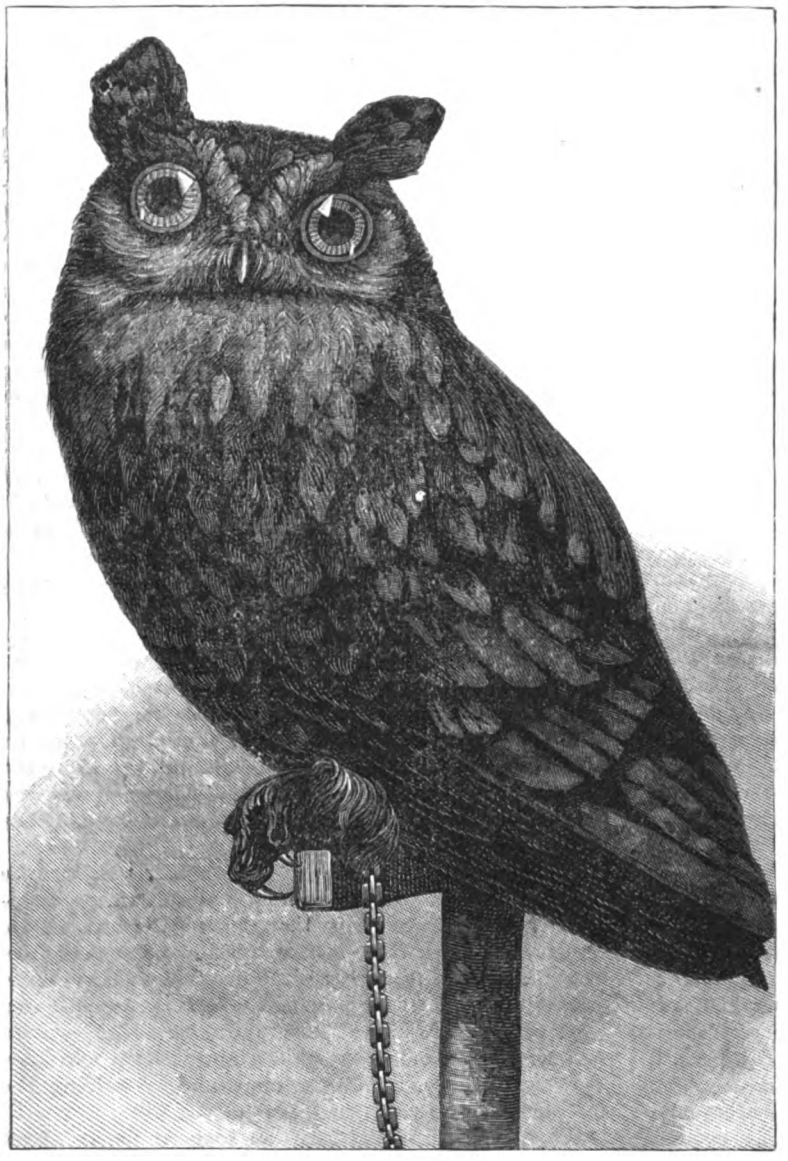
Our little owl is firmly attached to the home of his choice, and, when a particular hollow in a tree or stub is fixed upon, he can always be found "at home," except during the heat of Summer, when he prefers a freer circulation of air, and makes out of a neighboring thicket a temporary Summer resort; generally choosing a densely vine-embowered bough, where, secured from prying gaze, he dozes, away the long, warm days in perfect contentment, save when some unusal commotion of contiguous shrubbery announces the approach of a possibly dangerous intruder, when, with a scarcely perceptible alteration of his rigid attitude, his great eyes are bent in the direction of the disturbance, and every faculty is alert to discover the cause of alarm; but if no threatening demonstration ensue, he will gradually relax his strained attention, and, closing his eyes until they appear but a narrow streak, will dreamily watch the invader of his sylvan retreat, especially if it be in human form. In that case he will permit a very near approach, if cautiously made, but if he fancies himself observed he will leave with a quick and noiseless flight, threading the leafy mazes with an ease and certainty showing that his eyes are nearly as serviceable in the glare of day as in the more kindly shades of night.

As before remarked, during the colder weather the mottled owls seek shelter in hollow trees, and, occasionally, unused out-buildings, though the latter are seldom resorted to, unless there is an unusual abundance of mice or other suitable food near by. Thus they are sometimes seen sitting quietly high upon the beams in a shadowy nook of an old-fashioned barn. If unharmed, they soon become accustomed to the presence of visitors, and only show impatience at a near approach by ruffling the feathers and repeated snappings of the bill.

When in their holes, they can scarcely be dislodged by any amount of shaking and poking, but will retire to the furthest recesses of their retreat and vent their anger by loud snaps and frequent hissings. If the form of the cavity permits, they can easily be taken with a gloved hand, the owl generally submitting quietly until he is dragged to the light, when, with a loud cry, he makes a frantic dash for liberty, and with claw and beak vigorously resents further restraint. Adult screech owls, trapped or taken in this manner, can scarcely be tamed. It is true they soon grow accustomed to human presence, and will even take food readily from the hand; but they are always impatient when being handled, and at night are constantly seeking an avenue of escape.

On fine days, during the latter part of Winter, they may often be seen basking in the sunshine at the entrance of the hole, sitting bolt upright with every feather drawn tightly to the body, the pointed ear-tufts erect and looking particularly—if not of the gray variety—like a fantastically formed knot or excrescence of the wood. At the approach of any danger, real or fancied, they plunge headlong back into the nest, and rarely emerge again the same day.

Early in May the mottled owls mate, and, after building a rude nest in some favorite hollow, the eggs are deposited to the number of four or five. The nest is



LIVING MOTTLED OWL.

merely a heap of soft materials, such as dry grass, moss, leaves and fibrous roots. The eggs are three-fourths of an inch in diameter, nearly spherical in shape, and of a pure white color. Both birds seem to assist in incubating, but the female is generally to be found on the nest in daytime, though the male is seldom far away, dozing quietly in a neighboring hollow tree, or perchance, if that be lacking, in a dense part of a pine thicket. The young, at first, are odd-looking and shapeless bunches of grayish-white down, entirely helpless, with elongated beaks, and eyes which remain closed for some time. They do not grow very rapidly, and, by the time they are able to leave the nest, Spring is far advanced.

For some time after they have outgrown their home, and until they are fully fledged, the young owls remain together, often sitting with the parent birds in a row upon some well-screened branch, sometimes within a few feet of the ground. It is an odd sight to come unawares upon such a family group and see their great eyes open as if by common consent, and watch their looks of solemn astonishment.

During the day the dreamy idleness of these happy families is often rudely disturbed by the noisy and violent attacks of various small birds, among whom the Catbird (*Mimus Carolinensis*) is always conspicuous, being generally the leader in the fray. Our little feathered philosophers give small heed to their angry persecutors, but sit blinking solemnly, until, from sheer weariness and lack of further provocation, the vexatious disturbers of their peace desist.

As dusk approaches, the owls become very lively, and flit through the deepening gloom like veritable winged imps, pouncing upon every animate object of suitable size that their eyes chance to espy. Small birds, mice, lizards, fish and an extraordinary number of the larger insects, among which are cicadas, katydids, the nocturnal grasshoppers, large moths, and the larvæ of the larger *Coleopteræ*, contribute to the *menu* of these diminutive epicures. Indeed, it is quite rarely that, during the warmer Summer months, anything but insect food is to be found in their stomachs.

At these times the parent birds are very watchful of the owlets, and will follow a passer-by for a considerable distance, wheeling around his head with many a snap and hiss. It is somewhat startling, when passing through the sombre shades of some darkening woodland, to be suddenly assailed by such a pair of winged furies, small though they may be. Country boys of ten provoke these attacks, and strike the owls down with slender sticks; a pastime which, it is needless to say, is as cruel and unnecessary as stoning our familiar songbirds to death.

In colder weather, when their favorite insect food fails, the mottled owls become bolder, and make long forays in search of food. They occasionally attack and vanquish birds as large as a domestic pigeon, and I have found, during my ornithological rambles, unmistakable traces showing that both a bluejay and a great northern shrike had met their death from the sharp talons of a screech owl. In each instance scattered feathers of both combatants showed that the victory was not achieved without some trouble.

Even during the severest weather the number of useful birds devoured by these owls is comparatively very small. In the examination of their "castings" (or boluses of indigestible *débris* regurgitated from the stomach), great quantities of which can usually be found in any hollow tree inhabited by these owls, it is quite rarely that bones or feathers of any but Winter sparrows or other graminivorous birds are found. On the contrary, the great bulk of these telltale indices of former meals is always made up of the bones and hair of various species of mice, mostly of the injurious kinds. Insects are not often found in the "castings," as the owls seldom occupy their holes at the time of year that insects are numerous. I certainly think, from a rather close observation of the habits of the mottled owls, extending over

many years, that they are far more beneficial than otherwise to mankind, though, like in all things, we have to forgive them a few peccadilloes.

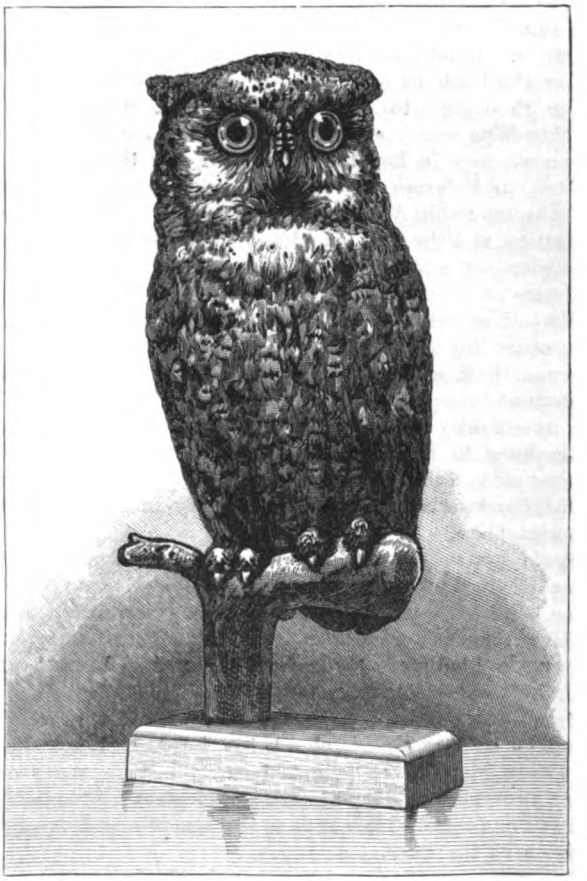
This species of owl is very easily tamed if caught sufficiently young. The writer, some years ago, took a female from the nest while still so young as to have unopened eyes. This youngster was christened Polly, and was carefully fed and attended by various members of the family. Polly grew well and waxed strong and hearty under our care. She was as affectionate as a kitten, and when taken up would rub her downy head against the hand in a very catlike manner, emitting at the same time a soft rattling sound, answering very well to the purr of a cat. This subdued rattle is always given by the mottled owls as a greeting to each other, or when pleased. To complete the catlike analogy, Polly sometimes gave vent to unearthly yowls at night, and was very fond of playing with strings or yarns when dangled before her, catching them deftly in her claws and beak, and looking up with a most quizzical leer when she had made a particularly clever stroke. Polly was especially fond of fish, though fresh meats of any kind and large insects were always acceptable. As soon as she was sufficiently fledged, she began to forage for herself, and was very active during the long Summer evenings, often familiarly entering the sitting-room where the family were reading, and watching for the moths and beetles which were attracted by the light, pouncing upon them with unerring certainty when discovered. A favorite amusement of Polly's was to lie with extended wings on the slanting roof of an out-building, basking in the warm rays of the afternoon sun. She particularly attached herself to one of the ladies of the family, and seldom failed to join her when reading or sewing at a particular window. Polly would extend herself upon the window-sill and look up with a comical air of perfect contentment, but if a stray thread or bit of cloth fluttered near she never failed to grasp it.

But alas! poor Poll fell a victim to her taste for fish. A small piece, slightly salted, was given her by mistake one evening, and the next morning she was discovered dead under her favorite perch in a walnut-tree near the house. She was sincerely mourned, and was in many respects the most pleasing and tractable feathered pet I have ever had. A pencil-sketch of "Polly," taken when two weeks of age, is appended as a slight tribute to her sterling traits of character.

The eyes of this particular owl, from being accustomed from the very first to light, became of a much darker yellow than any specimen I have ever seen in a wild state, and were as serviceable by day as by night. When carrying Polly in the open field I have seen her suddenly fix her attention upon a distant flock of crows or other birds, and follow them with her gaze until they had passed entirely beyond my range of vision. At such times, her pupils would rapidly contract to mere points, to expand as rapidly when her gaze was withdrawn from the glare of the sky. From this, I infer that the extraordinary sensitiveness of the eyes of some species of owls are more the effect, than the cause, of their nocturnal habits.

The mottled owl is quite a small bird, being but seven or eight inches in length, and rarely more than fourteen across the wings. As in most predatory birds, the female is larger and stronger than the male. The coloration is complicated and difficult to describe accurately. It consists of diversified figures of black, white and several shades of brown, on a background of—according to the variety — slaty gray or reddish-brown. Whether this marked difference of color should be considered sufficient cause to separate the varieties into species was a much mooted question with the early American ornithologists, especially Wilson, Nuttall, and Prince Lucien Bonaparte. It is now generally conceded that the red color is to be found mostly on the older birds and those from the more southern localities, while, *per contra*, the gray is more generally confined to younger and more northern specimens. This departure from a standard coloring is noticed in a less degree in several other birds, noticeably the Ruffed Grouse (*Tetrao umbellus*), the tail-feathers of which, in northern specimens, are of a light ashy-gray; while, in those of warmer sections, it is quite rufous. That there are many departures from the above rule, is very evident. Pennsylvania seems to be the middle ground, as both varieties are about equally common, except in special localities. Gray parent screech owls have been found with a rufous brood and red parents with a gray brood, but no instance has yet come to my knowledge of parents of both colors mating together, or of a mixed brood being found. The plumage of the mottled owls is very thick and soft, and, when puffed up, gives the bird an appearance of being about "as broad as long." The facial expression—if the term is permissible—is remarkably varied, and can, with very little change in the posture of the bird, show emotions ranging from sleepy good nature to keen interest or fierce anger. The eyes are large, and of a clear golden yellow; the beak is yellow, and the claws are of a dusky slate color.

The voice of the mottled owl is ordinarily a clear, tremulous whistle, susceptible of several modulations and occasionally rising to a most disagreeable shriek, as is indicated by its popular name of "Screech Owl." To one well acquainted with these birds, their distant cries,



MOTTLED OWL, MOUNTED.

heard through the swelling chorus of insect life, forms one of the pleasant features of Summer woodland life. As before remarked, the mottled owls, when pleased, utter a subdued kingfisher-like rattle that sounds quite agreeable.

The species under consideration (*Scopsasio*) is found throughout nearly all temperate North America, and is replaced in the Far West and Central and South America by a number of closely allied species, differing in quality of voice, size and coloration. The nearest European relative is the Scops-eared Owl (*Ephialtes scop*) of France and Italy.

MERCEDES.

A SPANISH MEMORY.

By E. J. Biddle.

—"The Spanish maid aroused,
Hangs on the willow her unstrung guitar,
And, all unsexed, the amiace has espoused.
* * * * *
"Her chief is slain—she fills the fatal post;
The foe retires—she heads the sallying host.
* * * * *
"Yet are Spain's maids no race of Amazons,
But formed for all the witching arts of love
'Tis but the tender fierceness of the dove.
* * * * *
"The seal Love's dimpling finger hath impressed
Denotes how soft the chin which bears his touch;
Her lips, whose kisses pout to leave their nest,
Bid man be valiant ere he merit such.
Her glance how wildly beautiful! . . . .
Who round the North for paler dames would seek?
How poor their forms appear! how languid, wan and weak!"
—*Byron.*

I had spent the Winter of 1871 in Egypt, not then in the tumultuous state it has been since Arabi Pasha took up arms. I had lounged in a boat up the Nile, shooting along the bank as occasion offered. I had returned to Cairo, then gone to Alexandria, and, finding an English Anchor Line steamer just about to start for Sicily, had taken passage in her to Messina. From thence I had drifted to Palermo, where, to my delight, I had been able to take ship direct to Spain, the most charming of countries, and the only one left in Europe where everything has not come down to the dead level of being like to every other place.

Madrid is both commonplace and cosmopolitan, but the other towns of Spain still have a distinct and personal look and manner of their own. The polyglot waiters and shopmen are still few in number; the hotels are not exactly patterned after every other one from St. Petersburg to Naples; the people not dressed by the ready-made-clothes man, who has destroyed costume and made the streets of almost every city in Europe and America alike.

Spain has suffered by flood, by war, by bad rules, but these modern miseries have not—thank Heaven!—yet come, among its other curses, to the Iberian Peninsula. Neither men nor women seem there to be ashamed, as they undoubtedly are throughout the rest of Europe, of their national costume.

Outside of Madrid the ladies still wear the graceful mantilla, or lace shawl, about the head, and are distinctively Spanish. The men have, it is true, many of them, adopted the hideous and grace-destroying trousers, but still a majority have kept to the sensible and natural division at the knee.

But, charm of charms, one is not in Spain overrun by "tourists" from all quarters of the globe. The inns are bad and not cheap; a knowledge of the language is almost a necessity; the commercial traveler finds richer fields elsewhere; the Winters are raw and cold; the Summers hot as with the heat of a furnace; but in April and May the climate is delicious, and at all times Spain is Spain and Spaniards are as distinctively Spaniards as they were before the rest of Europe took it in its head to so mix itself up that one country is like every other one.

May was just beginning when I reached Cadiz, the loveliest city in the world. The midday sun was hot enough to make the strong salt breeze from the Atlantic grateful, and the nights were simply perfect. I had left my luggage on board ship, intending to send for it from the Hôtel de Paris, an excellent inn, at which I had before lodged, and a thoroughly Spanish place notwithstanding its name.

I had, however, wandered about, renewing old memories, gone into one or two churches—which, in this month of May, are always full—until noon put me in mind that it was time for breakfast. I hunted up a *café* which I knew to be good, and, as things in Spain, like those of the Orient she so much resembles, never change, found it without difficulty.

It is the best in the city, and what is served would be good in any country, but how different it is from the white and gilt, looking-glassed and gorgeously upholstered coffee-houses of France and Italy. There was an almost unreadable old sign, then a dark flight of steps, a heavy leathern curtain, and a still, dark room, where sat a few grave men in silence.

The waiter was as different from the conventional *garçon* as were his surroundings from those of the usual *café;* a grave, heavily whiskered man, he came with noiseless tread, bowed and awaited my order.

I ate, and then ordering a cup of the excellent coffee I well remembered, and a *puro*, a genuine Havana cigar, fresh and delicious, such as one can always get in Spain, but which are in all other countries, outside of Cuba, allowed to dry until the flavor is half gone, I settled myself to thorough enjoyment.

The stillness, the half-light, the cigar—the first really good one I had tasted for months—all combined to make me drowsy, and it was half-past three before I roused myself from my nap, and started to secure lodgings for the night.

At the inn they were very sorry, but every room in the house was full, and, practically, there was no other place for me to go. I went to look at another hotel, but it was not prepossessing, and I came back to the Hôtel de Paris.

It was now six, and an attendant suggested that if I wished to dine at the *table d'hôte*, he would see what could be done. I wrote a note to the steward of the ship, and gave orders that my traps should be sent for; then dined well, and then, knowing that this always softens foreign innkeepers' hearts, ordered a bottle of much more expensive wine than is my custom.

Dinner over, I found the room question still unsolved, except that I was promised something.

The evening was delicious, and, after a stroll to finish my cigar, I entered a little theatre by whose doors I happened to pass. There was something—such as we would call a variety performance—going on which I found dull, so took another walk down toward the sea, and about ten returned to the inn.

There was a room—an excellent room—if I would not mind a gentleman's luggage scattered around. He was out of town and would not return for some time. The bed had been changed, and the room was one of the largest and best in the house. Where was my trunk?

Where were my bags? They would be sent for to-morrow—that terrible "mañana" to which, in Spain, everything, great or small, is postponed.

I grumbled somewhat at the want of combs, brushes and other conveniences, but, giving orders to have my things sent for early, I went up-stairs.

The passage was a long and somewhat twisting one, and impressed me with the idea that the hotel was much larger than I had supposed.

It was the new part, added less than a year before. It had been part of a monastery, now secularized, said the young man who was acting as my guide, as he threw open the door of No. 21, a large, high-ceiled really fine apartment, though not very sumptuously furnished, and which was at one end full of heavy trunks and boxes.

It was certainly a delightful room, but one story from the street, large, airy and in every way convenient. It had only two heavily draped windows, one facing the street, but, as I saw, not the street from which one entered the hotel; the other window I could not open, but it doubtless, I thought, looked into a court.

Of doors there were five: one from the hallway, large and massive; the others as heavy, but smaller. All were locked, and evidently led to closets.

My only light, a single candle, seemed but to make the darkness more heavy, and I noticed there was no bell. On the door there was a great bolt, large enough to resist a catapult.

The bed was inviting, and, with a sigh for my toilet articles, it was the work of but a few minutes to bolt the door, undress, and, drawing up a little table for my light, put myself between the covers and begin my invariable half-hour of reading, as a prelude to and a wooer of sleep.

Drowsiness soon came. The book was dull, my candle was blown out, and a few minutes later I had sunken into the deep sleep of a healthy and tired man. I am, however, always a light, though dreamless, sleeper, seldom moving from the position in which slumber finds me, but easily aroused by the slightest noise or movement.

Suddenly I found myself wide awake, and felt that in my room there was a presence. What?

My mind ran rapidly over the whole situation. I had bolted the door; tried it after it was bolted; the other doors were locked. The window toward the court had been securely fastened; that looking on to the street I had opened an inch or two for air, but to prevent too much draft I had placed one of the boxes against it.

Like all European windows, it opened like a double door, and could not have been moved without making more noise than the entrance of the presence had caused.

A momentary chill ran through me. I did not move, but I felt every nerve and sinew tighten as I lay ready to spring upon an adversary and, at least, fight for my life. All this takes long in the telling, but in time of action took but a moment.

Then a voice! Heavens! it was, then, a person! The words were few, low and hurried, but they went through my overwrought senses like the blare of a trumpet. A disk of light fell on the wall.

"Padre!"

The light flashed in my face. I half arose. The light wavered, as if whoever held it had stepped backward. More rapid words. Darkness again—profound, utter darkness—and I felt, for I could not see, nor did I hear, anything, something advance.

The something struck the table by the bedside. There was another word, "Traidor!"

I threw myself forward, felt a sting as if a jet of flame had touched my wrist, caught a hand or arm, and, throwing my whole weight and strength upon my adversary, leaped from the bed.

To my profound surprise there was no resistance. Instead of a fierce struggle in the dark for mastery, there was a faint sob or groan, and then a collapse.

Still keeping a firm hold upon the wrist I held, I groped with my left hand, found a match, lighted my candle and turned. My assailant was a woman—almost a child!

A glance showed me that the ponderous bolt was still in its place, the doors and windows closed. Who was she? How had she come? Why was she here?

I spoke. No answer. Then, light in hand, I kneeled beside her. She had fainted.

As I moved, I noticed a stain of blood, and found it was flowing rapidly from a long, but little more than skin-deep, wound, along my wrist, and there, dropped from the hand I had seized, was a dagger.

For a moment I kneeled as in a trance. The sudden awakening, the presence, the short conflict, the tension of the nerves which had so abruptly ceased, and then, this girl.

There she lay. Not more than sixteen, her waving chestnut hair, loosed from the lace mantilla, fell like gold-touched bronze around a face pale but exquisitely beautiful, and undoubtedly that of a lady.

One hand was gloved; the right, that which had held the dagger, and which I, by chance, had seized in the darkness, was beautifully small and white. Her rich, black costume showed a supple, delicious form, and one perfect foot and rounded, silk-dressed ankle had, as she fell, been pushed into sight.

Tying a handkerchief around my wrist, I flung on some clothes more rapidly, I believe, than ever in my life before or since—although I have twice awakened to find flames coming into my sleeping-room—hurriedly smoothed the bed, and picking the strange, would-be assassin from the floor, laid her upon it, keeping the head low, then removing the lace and bathing the face with water.

In a few moments there was a sigh, and the fair lids opened upon the most glorious pair of eyes painter or poet ever dreamed of; those great, liquid eyes which the Moors have left as an inheritance and a reminder that they once ruled in Spain.

For a moment these sweet eyes looked into mine with a startled glance, then there was a movement as if she wished, as memory returned, to cover them with her hands. The right hand fell piteously; the wrist was already black, swollen, disfigured. Great Heaven! I had broken it!

Supported by the left arm, she rose to a sitting posture, and never shall I forget the look of magnificent scorn and perfect composure with which her eyes met mine.

"Yes," she said, "you are stronger than I. I did not kill you as you deserved. Now what?"

Although I understand it well, I speak Spanish badly at the best, and the few words at my command deserted me. I made two efforts, and then said:

"Do you speak French?"

"Yes."

Then I poured out my questions. "Who are you? Why are you here? How came you into this room? Why should you wish me dead? Let me see your wrist. Is it broken? Let me make a scarf for it until you can see a doctor.

I turned to seek something to make a sling with, and when I looked again she stood erect, her bosom heaving like that of a young pythoness, and in her uninjured hand she held the dagger, with the point close to her breast.

"Now," she said, "I can speak. Come one step nearer, and you will accomplish what such a coward and traitor as you would glory in! You will have killed the daughter and sister of the father and brother your vile plot has perhaps already destroyed."

"Mademoiselle! for whom do you take me? I am a foreigner—a stranger from beyond the Atlantic! I never heard of your father—never knew you had a brother. I know you are young, beautiful. I fear I have have hurt you. I am neither traitor nor coward. Yesterday I landed in Spain. The inn was full, and they gave me this room, to which you seem to have some mysterious entrance."

AN IMP OF DARKNESS.— POLLY PLAYING WITH HER MISTRESS.— SEE PAGE 487.

Again she smiled in superb scorn.

"Yes. You spies who dog men to their deaths are always foreigners. You know nothing. No! Not until the web is woven, the victim ready for the altar. This time one has escaped you."

Then, as I held forth my hand in mute appeal, feeling that I would go mad, I thought: Is this a dream? No, no! There was the bloody rag around my still bleeding arm.

I took one involuntary step nearer. Her eyes were fixed on mine. I saw the sharp steel cut through the silken covering of her breast.

"One step more and I die! but will not die unavenged! You are known, and there are those of your party—no, of the party in whose pay are such slaves as you—who will tear you limb from limb for this!"

"Mademoiselle," I answered, "I do not know for whom you take me. There is, evidently, some strange mistake. Why you, a young and beautiful woman, are here at this hour of the night I know no more than I know who you are. If you will, I am ready to take you to some place of safety where a chirurgeon may be called, and I will then leave you. I am an American, of the United States. I have here a passport which shows that six months ago I was in Paris; that I went to Brindisi, and thence to Egypt. I passed the Winter in Cairo and in going up the Nile. From Egypt I went to Sicily, and yesterday landed here from an English steamer, now lying in the harbor. I am a gentleman—a foreigner who knows nothing of your politics, cares nothing for your parties. What the mystery is that brings you here I do not seek to learn. I only know that you are a woman, and that, God knows unintentionally, I have hurt you, perhaps severely, certainly painfully. You cannot tell how it revolts me to have done so even by an accident. All that I wish is to be able to help you. That, the circumstances give me a right to ask."

As I spoke there was a change in the girl's face. The look of haughty scorn faded, the blood surged over cheek and brow. She cast a frightened glance around; for a moment held out the dagger; then, with an expression of horror, cast it from her.

"Yes, I believe you now. And I —*Madre de Dios!*— I have come here—I have tried to kill you—I am here now—"

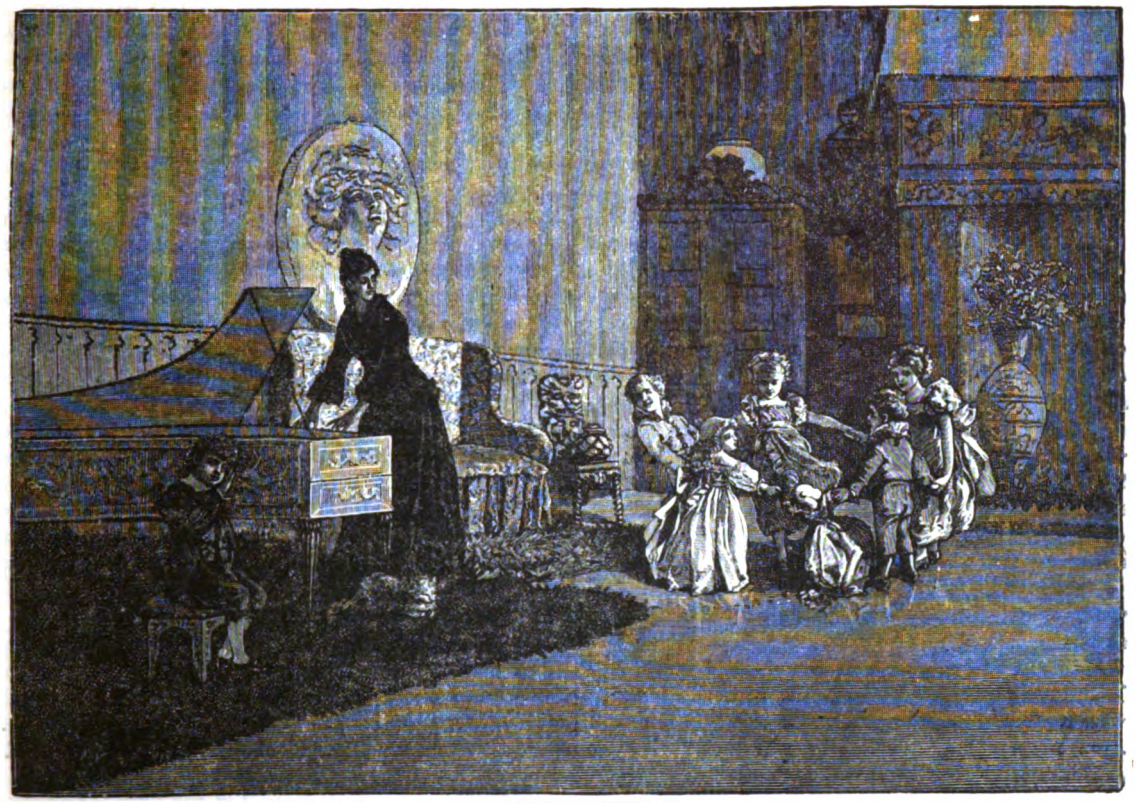
"You are as safe as if I were the brother of whom you have spoken. Tell me what I can do. I swear that, were it only to repay my having hurt that little hand, I will do anything in man's power to aid you." The reaction had come; again she sank upon the ground, while sob after sob convulsed her; a gush of almost hysterical tears followed.

I approached, and, unresisted, examined the wounded wrist. It was broken just above the joint, and already much swollen.

There was an empty box of cardboard on one of the trunks. Cutting this into strips, and tearing up a pillow-case, I bandaged the arm into place as nearly as possible, made a sling, passed it around her neck, and made the arm as comfortable as I could.

It must have hurt the poor child, but she did not speak until it was over, and the pain seemed to have taken away all the excitement under which she had been laboring.

"*Muchos gracias, señor,*" she murmured, as I led her to



A MERRY-GO-ROUND.

a chair, glanced at my watch, which, to my surprise, marked only two o'clock, and said :

"Mademoiselle, I am now at your service. I will not pretend that I am unimpressed by your beauty, by your grace ! I hope to be able to tell you some day how much I feel them. Now is not the time. There is evidently some mystery in all this. Tell me as much as you will ; nothing, if you think that best ; but trust in me, and if, as it seems it must be, you are in any danger or trouble, let me act for you. I give you my honor, as a gentleman, to do all in my power."

There was a long pause, then she answered, gravely:

"Señor, it is a matter which not only involves the lives and happiness of those who are dearest to me, but to thousands of others. I scarcely know if I should confide it to any one. Yet the chance is desperate, the time short, and I believe, now that I have seen and heard you, that you would not betray us. Yet swear upon this holy sign"— she continued, drawing from her bosom a tiny crucifix —"swear that if, when I have told you all, if you cannot or will not aid me, you will, at least, keep the secret."

I felt that an oath upon her soft, white hand would have been to me a far more potent one, but the explanation would simply have confused a Spanish girl, so I gravely kissed the crucifix and said :

"I swear it upon the holy crucifix, and by my honor as a gentleman."

"You must know, even though a foreigner and a stranger, that we are ruled by a wretched Italian adventurer, son of the petty Duke of Savoy and King of an island he probably never saw, and that this son dares to call himself the King of the Spains.'

I bowed.

"Well, the gentlemen of our country have taken a vow to bring back our rightful sovereign lord, now in exile. The Church gives them its blessing, for this Italian and his base father are heretics, infidels, who have dared to fight against the Holy Father and the Church itself. My father is the Marquis of V——, and also the colonel of the —th Regiment of Cavalry, stationed at ———. My dear, dear brother, the handsomest, dearest boy in the world, my parent's only other child, joined the same regiment nearly a year ago, just after my marriage."

I could not forbear a motion of astonishment. This fair child a wife ! She saw my motion, reddened a little, but continued :

"Yes, a year ago I was married to the Duke of O——," naming one of the great historic houses of Spain. "He is much older than my father—nearly fifty—and is the general commanding this province. Some years ago he and my father quarreled, and, as they always take different views of every question, political or other, it is not surprising.

"My marriage was to heal the breach and unite their influence. Alas ! that breach is now wider, the feeling more bitter than ever before, my position a most unhappy one. I have been much more with my father than most girls, and, indeed, the members of our little household of four were always together and in sympathy.

"My father is one of the chiefs of the party who would bring back our King to his own again. It became necessary to have a confidant, and he did my mother and me the honor to let us share in all his correspondence. Two months ago he caused a stranger to take this room. That stranger, though calling himself a professor, is a soldier high in rank, but stationed at some distance, and is also for the King.

"My father learned of the room from Father P——, the priest of the church beside you, and who is our father confessor, as well as a distant relative of our family. That window looks out upon the high altar ; and from that door there is a spiral stair built in the thickness of the wall, leading to the church-floor below.

"All this building belonged to the religious Order of St. Dominic, as still does the church. This room was that of the Superior of the Order, and was arranged for his convenience. When the property was secularized and sold, no changes were made in this room except to connect it and other smaller ones near it with the hotel. After it was taken, many papers which my father was afraid to keep at his own house were brought here.

"In the hotel it is thought that the 'professor' is making some kind of a learned collection of plants or insects, and, as he pays regularly for the room, they care little how seldom he visits it. I am sure, however, that my father did not know the people there had another key; certain they never dreamed of the room being rented. He always comes in by the winding stairs, the foot of which is just behind the great monument, and so one can enter easily unseen.

"I have several times come with him, leaving my mother in the church. This evening I went to my mother in great excitement and trouble. By chance I overheard my husband give some orders, and knew he had discovered the plot to bring back our King. He favors the Italian. This afternoon he received dispatches from Madrid, and at once called a meeting of some of the principal military officers.

"It was at the end of this conference that I heard the order I spoke of given. He himself, dressed as for a journey or a campaign, soon after left the house, and I hurried to my mother's. Shortly after came Father P——. He, too, heard the news with alarm, and left us to try to secure some messenger to my father. It was late when he returned, and then, trembling with excitement, he burst into the room where my mother and I waited, exclaiming:

"'Your father is in the city. I saw his light behind the curtains of the prior's room. Have you the keys of the stairs' door?'

"Fortunately my mother had the duplicates.

"'For the love of Heaven, then go to him at once. I cannot go, for he made me swear, as a precaution in case of my arrest, never to enter that room, or learn anything in regard to the movement.'

"My mother could not go. She was almost fainting from dread and excitement. She had never been up the stairs, and it is doubtful if she could have opened the upper door, which has a spring-lock as well as a handle, both of which must be turned at the same time, requiring some strength and a knowledge of the lock. It was on account of this double lock that, after my hand was hurt, I made no effort to escape; I knew I could not open the door.

"Father P—— and my old nurse and dueña, who still lives with my mother, came with me to the church, and we found that the light had disappeared. I unlocked the lower door, and leaving the others, came up and knocked. No answer. I unlocked the door, and using a lantern given me by the priest, looked around. You know the rest. Excited, wild at the danger to my father and my brother, I felt sure that any intruder into this room must be a spy come to examine the private papers hidden here.

"Now, señor," she added, turning her glorious eyes full upon me, "you have said you would serve me. It is necessary for some one to see my father early in the morning. The danger of arrest is too great to trust any one with a letter. There is no one who can go whom I would intrust with the secret. The distance is but seven leagues. I would ride there myself even with my injured hand, did I not know that my husband's anger at such a step would add to his hatred of my family, and my very presence there would make my father's connection with the revolution seem certain. Will you go?"

"Willingly, were the distance seven hundred leagues instead of seven. Anything to make you forget that it was I who injured that little hand."

She smiled a little sadly, and answered:

"Señor, I shall be more apt to remember that you are the first young man to whom I ever spoke when not in my parents' presence; that, notwithstanding the strangeness of my coming, and of the place, you have treated me with courtesy and consideration. That, so great is the belief in your honor that your conduct to me has inspired, that I am ready to intrust to you the one great secret of my existence, and which involves far more than my own poor life.

"But time presses. This is my plan: To my mother I will simply say that, although you are not, as we thought the occupant of this room would be, my father, you will carry the message to him. Open that door, then go through the hotel and join me in front of the church; turn to the right as you leave the hotel, then to the right again at the corner, and you will find it. I shall get the priest to leave some one to conduct you.

"I do not wish my mother to see you, nor even my old friend and *governante*. They could not understand. My wrist I must explain by a fall, and to my injury ascribe my long delay. God will forgive me an untruth in such a cause. Arrived at my mother's, you will find all prepared for your departure.

"If you do this service for me, and succeed, my prayers will be offered up for you morning and night, and you can know that, so long as I live, I shall look upon you as an angel Heaven has sent me in my need. Good-by!"

I pressed to my lips the little hand she extended, and vowed that, come what would, her instructions should be carried out; then took her key, opened the secret door and saw her reach the foot of the winding stairs.

Returned with my candle to my room, I repaired, as well as I could without fresh linen, brushes or combs, my hastily made toilet, and, looking my door, but taking my light with me, passed down-stairs, left key and candle, and then went out of the hotel; evidently not without exciting the suspicion of the porter who opened the door for my exit.

The church was soon found, and a very old and feeble man standing there looked up, bowed, and led me a few blocks to the front of a superb residence.

My mysterious visitor could not have preceded me more than five or six minutes, but a groom held a superb stallion ready for mounting.

From the gateway advanced a venerable priest and a lady, who, although her head was covered with the folds of the mantilla, I recognized as my fair visitor.

Behind them, but remaining in the arch of the doorway, were two ladies, presumably the mother and the *governante*.

"Señor," said the young lady "here are a few hurried words written to my father, simply introducing you as a stranger who had brought letters of introduction to our family. There is the finest horse in the stables. At noon my father's regiment 'pronounce' against the existing Government. The Government is prepared; the regiment will be disarmed before it can join with others who are also in favor of our rightful King; the officers will be at once arrested, certainly degraded, perhaps many of them shot; for the Government is cruel because weak. Go, and may God protect you!"

"The word shall be given to your father, señora, if I can do it, no matter what the cost, but I do not believe it can be done in the manner you speak of. Were it a flower to be gathered in a garden guarded by a dragon or by mortal foes, I might take horse from your palace-gate to win that flower to deck your hair, or, sword-in-hand, perish in the attempt; that would be the chivalrous and romantic way. This, madam, is a man's matter of life and death. It demands modern means and common-sense methods—even though done for the bright eyes of a beautiful woman," I added, so the priest did not hear. "I think," I resumed, addressing that gentleman, "that the railroad running north goes through the town where this regiment is quartered?"

"Yes," he replied.

"I know your roads all run very early trains. When does the first one start?"

"Some time between half-past four and five there is a train for laborers and market people, which, in Summer, many take to avoid the heat."

"Madam, my plan is this: I will go to the ship, get a change of linen, as you would see, were it lighter, what I now wear is stiff and horrible with blood," I said, hurriedly, in her ear. "It would excite instant suspicion. I will dress, take a satchel, then, as a tourist, will go to the railway armed with my passport, and will reach the barracks by six. I am little of a horseman. Oh, madam," I added, smiling, as I saw a certain contemptuous start—for in Spain perfect horsemanship is the first of manly arts—"I would ride if there were no other means, but I doubt much if I would ever reach my destination. I do not know the road, and would be obliged to ask constant questions; but my greater reason is that this house is doubtless watched. I have already seen more than one shadow, which I feel convinced are from spies. Had I been twenty, instead of nearly thirty, I should have started as you ordered. Let me ask you to do this: I will walk away, but only to the next doorway. So soon as I have gone, start the groom with this blank envelope, containing nothing, in the direction he would take if going to your father. Let this reverend gentleman walk away rapidly, as if returning to the church, taking with him the old man yonder who acted as my guide. I will wager both will be arrested, while I may slip off unperceived in the darkness. Do you ladies at once go in, and you, madam, remain with your mother. Tell the groom nothing. Let the reverend father say nothing to-night, but to-morrow let the whole of this meeting be accounted for by your broken wrist. If I am arrested, as I must go if possible, I shall declare I am a doctor met by chance, and called to set the arm in the church where you had fallen."

My plan succeeded perfectly, or my good fortune was in the ascendant.

The groom had not gone a block before he was surrounded by soldiers; forced from his horse; his pockets searched; the supposed letter found, and he marched off to the office of the commandant of the city.

The priest and his companion were arrested before my eyes. I came out, walked leisurely in the direction the groom had taken; was spoken to by none, and, by a circuitous route, reached the ship half an hour later.

On shipboard there is little difference between night and day. I at once made a complete change in my dress, bound up my wrist and arm with courtplaster, took one of the ship's stewards in uniform to carry my bag, and, catching a chance cab, went to the railway-station, took a ticket for a point much further north than my real destination, and started.

At six o'clock I reached the little town where the —th Cavalry was stationed; went to what I was told was the best inn, had a cup of coffee, and then asked for a guide to show me about, a thing I never before or since did, even in the largest city.

My guide—a good-natured-looking man-servant in the *posada*—secured, I told him I had been a soldier (Heaven forgive the falsehood!) and especially would like to see the barracks.

He took me there. I stopped to examine the arms and uniforms of some troopers on guard, and was told the men belonged to the —th Regiment of Cavalry, of which the Marquis of V—— was the colonel.

I took out a card, wrote "Chef d'escadron en retraite" beneath my name and sent it to the colonel, saying that a foreign officer would like to meet him, if agreeable.

Spaniards are early risers, and in a few moments an orderly came to ask me to the colonel's quarters. The marquis was a handsome and distinguished-looking man of about forty, and received me with great cordiality.

Unfortunately there were other officers present, and I was asked several questions which, as I had never seen a day's service in my life, I found some trouble in answering. Some duty soon called all in another direction.

The colonel was about to usher me out, and to follow, when I found time to say:

"I come from your daughter, the wife of General the Duke of O——; from madam, your wife; and from Father P——. Here is a word of introduction. Read it and burn it at once. The political plot is found out. You will be arrested as soon as you try to 'pronounce' for another dynasty. Make no sign. Burn the letter at once. Now take me out, show me about a little, and then bid me good-by."

For a moment the marquis seemed speechless; then, seeing my impatience, he lit a match, set the letter I had brought, and another he drew from his pocket, on fire, handed me a cigar, took one himself, held me the fire, and said, "Señor, I have no time to thank you now," lighted his *puro* as we walked out, holding the blazing pages before him until the last was consumed.

A quarter of an hour later I was with my guide seeing the other lions of the little town, its church, etc. By half-past ten I had returned to the inn, then ordered and ate my breakfast, and at twelve lay down for a well-deserved and much-needed siesta.

Not yet was I able to get the desired rest. Scarcely had I fallen asleep when there came a loud knock at the door, and in marched a police officer and a file of soldiers. I pretended to be very indignant, but followed them to the office of some high official.

Here I was searched, and every scrap of paper about my pockets and my bag looked over. The letters were all in English, and bore other than Spanish postmarks. I produced my passport, insisted upon the American Minister in Madrid being telegraphed, and showed by my papers that I had been but a day in Spain.

The official telegraphed to Cadiz, and found I had only left the ship that morning, for on board they knew nothing of the hotel, and before the train started I had convinced my captors that the visit to the barracks was an accident.

The officer was evidently afraid of getting himself into trouble by interfering with a foreigner, and offered the most full and ample apology for having disturbed me. These I received very stiffly, but was glad enough to be off on the train speeding northward.

Had it not been for my lovely would-be murderess, I should have gone directly on until I reached Portugal,

for I was still in doubt what the priest might be made to confess, or what trouble might still be in store for me in Spain.

That, however, was not to be thought of. I tried to reason with myself. I should probably never see her again unless surrounded ; my connection with the dynastic plot might throw me into a Spanish prison, said to be the most dreadful in the civilized world, as loathsome as were those of the Middle Ages ; I could reach Portugal in a few hours, telegraph for my baggage, and wait until all excitement blew over.

Reason was useless. Those lovely eyes, the sweetest and the proudest whose infinite depths man ever looked into, were in Cadiz. She had offered me her prayers; doubtless I needed them.

I certainly was indifferent to their being offered in my behalf; but, once in Cadiz, I might see her, if only to pass her in the street. Had not chance once thrown her in my way? Why might it not again?

The struggle was useless. I spent the night at the little town my ticket, taken at a venture, had carried me to, and the next morning saw me flying southward.

NOT SUCH A FOOL AS HE LOOKS.

Brown—"WELL, YOU DIDN'T BRING BACK THE MERRY LITTLE WIDOW FROM NEWPORT, THEN, PERCY?"
Percy—"NO-O. NOT QUITE."
Brown—"WE ALL THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO PROPOSE TO HER."
Percy—"YA-AS. SO DID SHE."
Mrs. Brown—"VERY WELL; WHY DIDN'T YOU? SHE WOULD NOT HAVE REFUSED YOU."
Percy—"NO-O; BUT SHE MIGHT HAVE ACCEPTED ME!"

At the hotel I found my luggage, explained I had gone for a day into the country, at which none seemed at all surprised, and went to the room in which had happened my strange adventure.

I threw myself into a chair, and dreamed dreams as vague and full of romance as if I had been a boy, and this the first woman I had ever met. Then becoming impatient at inaction, I dressed carefully—as a man in love always does—and started out.

At the door I met the chamber-girl, a pretty black-eyed, saucy thing—as are all her class in Spain—who exclaimed :

"Ah, señor, I did not know if you were dead or alive ! A pillow-slip torn up ! blood all over the bed and floor ! more blood in the washstand-basin ! As you did not kill yourself, pray whom did you murder ?"

I was little in the humor to flirt with the prettiest *moza de camara* who ever lived ; but this must be stopped.

"Ah, *anima mia*, I was so longing for you that I tried, as you see, to kill myself because you did not come," I said, smiling. "At least, I would have felt so had I before seen you. As a fact, however, I cut myself, by an accident, on my arm, and here is a *scudo* for all your trouble."

Amidst a superfluity of thanks I made my escape, feeling that the blood and the disorder would never be heard of more.

It was too early in the afternoon to hope to see any one, but I went into the church, found the door of the stairway, which, placed as it was, would certainly never be seen unless especially sought after, then walked over the ground I had gone two nights before.

There stood the *palacio* of the marquis, a noble building, through the wide arch of whose doorway could be seen a superb *patio*, so large as to form a shady garden, full of trees and shrubs, and musical with the falling water of fountains.

I then went down to the port and on board the ship, which was still being laden with fruit, chatted a while with the officers, and, it being now nearly time for the popular afternoon *paseo*, made my way to the charming Alameda. There were gay equipages, prancing horsemen

MERCEDES.—"SWEAR THAT IF, WHEN I HAVE TOLD YOU ALL, YOU CANNOT OR WILL NOT AID ME, YOU WILL, AT LEAST, KEEP THE SECRET."—SEE PAGE 490.

It seemed to me months since that night when I had so strangely met that lovely girl whom it appeared absurd to think of as a duchess and a political conspirator.

I had become feverish and half ill with hope deferred and with anxious longing; too restless to sleep, tramping aimlessly about, and then returned to the hotel at full speed in hopes of a letter.

I revolved a thousand hopeless plans to find my lost beauty, but knowing that no letter would ever reach her, and a messenger would probably involve her in trouble, I could think of no means of communicating with her. I looked and groups of pedestrians, but the face I longed to see was not there.

For a week I lived in an indescribable state of excitement, of hope deferred. I would wake in the morning to the sonorous chants of the priests and the solemn melodies of the organ, to pass another day of restlessness, which ever ended in disappointment.

daily for Father P——, but he, too, seemed to have disappeared.

Spanish papers are not amusing, and contain no news, yet I searched through all I could find, and at last, in one published in Madrid, found a few words in regard to the plot and its failure. No names were mentioned, and thus I was as wise as before.

At length a letter came. I knew at once it must be from her, and yet the hand in which it was written was a shock, although I well knew that Spanish ladies wield the fan with greater skill than they do the pen.

I hurried to my room, afraid to open the letter in public, and its first lines made me feel ashamed of having criticised the writing. Poor child! had I not broken her right arm? She had been ill with fever, caused by anxiety and what she was good enough to call the accident to her wrist.

She had passed a night of terrible uncertainty, knowing of the arrest of the priest and of the groom, and not knowing if I had shared their fate. It was not, indeed, until three days later that she had heard whether her father was safe. He was still under quasi-arrest, but nothing had been proven against him. She was sitting up in bed, her mother was with her and had promised to mail the letter, which she begged me to excuse, because it was written with the left hand, the paper placed on a book which she could not hold, and all done in great haste for fear of interruptions.

Her brother had been in the city the day before, and had told them all the details. How could she ever thank me enough for all my wisdom, my courage? Had I followed the silly plan she—ridiculous child that she was!—had made for me, perhaps both father and brother would have ere this been shot, and yet at this moment she had thought me cold not to mount at once and fly to their deliverance.

Why I should have done so much for one who had tried to injure me, who had said such wicked words, she did not know. The Blessed Virgin must have sent me, and given me the strength and wisdom, as well as the will, to help her. Perhaps it was on account of the holy cause of the rightful King.

She begged me to think as kindly of her as I could, and that she had with much difficulty persuaded her mother to accept for and give to her any letter which I would write; gave me the mother's address, and with many more pretty compliments, making all too much of the little I had done, signed herself, "From one who prays night and morning for your happiness, Mercedes de V——, Duquesa de O——."

Never did boy writing his first love-letter take more time or waste more midnight oil upon his effusion than I upon my answer; but the next morning it was posted, inclosed in an envelope to the Marquesa de V——"

Then came more days of waiting, waiting, waiting. Then a visitor came in the person of a dashing-looking young lieutenant of eighteen, a handsome boy who, although much darker, and, notwithstanding his silky mustache, his spurs and his clattering sabre, I should have had no difficulty in recognizing as a brother of my mysterious duchess.

He brought a few very noncommital lines from the father, introducing him, and said that the marquis had been anxious to come and also to write his thanks, but was still so closely watched that he had thought it best to send only a verbal message.

The young man then went gravely on to thank me, but I soon found that he knew nothing of his sister's visit nor of her letter. He inquired of my probable stay, asked me to dine with him at a club, and regretted that his mother was not well enough to see me for the present. That then and ever he and his father held themselves deeply bound in gratitude to me, hoped some day to be able to show how much they felt the service, and with a variety of pleasant platitudes, took his leave.

As I was profoundly indifferent, except on ordinary grounds of humanity, whether the marquis-colonel and the gay young dragoon had been shot, or had not, save as their welfare affected the happiness of the daughter and sister, I was rather bored by the visit.

In my letter I had begged an interview; had conjured her to whom it was addressed to see me; and said I would then do as she wished—go or stay. In either case, I asked for a picture and a lock of her hair.

Nearly a week later the answer came. She still wrote with the left hand, but was almost well. Her mother had, however, fallen ill with the excitement, and was confined to her bed. Mercedes had tried to get her to invite me to the house and let her see me there. The mother had refused unless the consent and the presence of the colonel could be secured. Her father's consent was hopeless. She thought I deserved better treatment. I had risked much to serve her and hers. She had determined to trust the matter, so far as it concerned herself, to her maid, who was also her foster-sister, and, she believed, loved her.

Of the political part nothing should be said. If I would go on the day I would receive this letter, at five o'clock in the afternoon, to the church on which my window looked, I would see a young girl kneeling before the closed iron gates of the second chapel on the right-hand side. I was to put a green leaf in my buttonhole and stand near her. As she rose she would say "Mercedes," and I was to answer the number of the marquis's regiment. The girl would be her foster-sister, and would have full instructions.

It seemed to me that all the clocks in Cadiz combined that day with my watch to mark the time too slowly, but five o'clock came at last, and there before the chapel gates was the girl, devoutly counting her beads.

She was pretty, was smartly dressed and evidently knew on her own account how to use eyes, tongue and fan as well as any lady of all Iberia.

She said "Mercedes" without taking her eyes from the saint, and, when I gave the number, added, "I cannot talk with you here; keep me in sight, but do not seem to follow me."

After a few blocks my guide entered a dark little shop, spoke a word or two to an old woman who sat in it, but who immediately disappeared into some inner darkness, and then turned to me and said:

"Señor, the lady from whom I come is my foster-sister, and I love her—have never left her since she was an infant. I am to-day doing myself great harm with these good people, but I would do anything to serve her. She is unhappy, is a slave in her own palace. She cannot go even in her own carriage to her mother's house without the escort of the old woman hired by her husband to keep her in sight. She is required to be escorted back either by her mother or the old *governante*. My lady wishes to see you. At first she wished me to bring you to her house, but I could not pass the door with you. That is absurd. She had forty other plans, all as impossible. At last she told me of the room you occupy, and of the stairs. That is possible, although dangerous. What we have decided is this: We will go in the morning to her mother's. Just before noon, when there are few people on the street, she and I will go out, explaining that she wishes to go only to the little mercer's shop in the neighborhood. We will go there and then, as rapidly as possible, to the church. She will have the key. A thousand things may prevent, but, if we can, we shall be there at noon to-morrow. It may cost my lady her reputation, you half a dozen duels, and cost me everything; but, as she wishes it, I am ready."

I tried to force a handful of gold pieces I had brought into her hand. She declined to touch them.

Heaven knows how that night and the next morning passed, or what I did during them. Certainly I neither slept nor ate.

A large part of the night was spent pacing up and down the deserted Alameda, the morning in my room, waiting impatiently for the slow hours to pass.

I had been listening, with every nerve strained, to hear the door at the foot of the stairs unlocked ; but so slight was the jar, so light the footsteps, that the first sound was a fumbling at the lock of the door leading to my room. I sprang toward it as it opened to admit the evidently much agitated maid, who glanced around, and then turned to assist her young mistress.

Mercedes was as beautiful as ever, but there was some subtle change. This was no longer the child of but a few days before. She was dressed entirely in black, and had evidently been much more seriously ill than she had been willing to tell me in her letter. Her face was pale as death, and her left hand, which I took, trembled violently. The right arm was still supported by a scarf.

She was laboring under intense excitement, and when I led her to a chair she sank into it, so ashen pale even to her lips that I feared she would faint.

For some moments we both were silent. The maid sobbed from suppressed agitation, and then, opening the secret door, sat down upon the stones. Mercedes was the first to speak.

"Señor," she said, "the time is short, and I have much to say. First, promise me this—that you will at once leave Cadiz and seek to see me no more."

"Can you wish me to do so?" I asked.

She turned her divine eyes full upon me, and, as a tinge of color swept over her sweet face, said :

"My being here, in face of all the difficulties which attended my coming, is a sufficient answer to the question of my wishes ; yet I must exact a promise from you to go."

I kneeled before her and promised to do anything she should ask, and, taking her little hand, covered it with kisses.

"Señor," she continued, "up to the time when I met you I was a passionate, romantic girl, who certainly had dreamed of love, but it was as indistinct and impersonal a thing as are the nurses' tales of enchanted castles, dragons and knightly heroes. My marriage had made me unhappy by removing me from my home, but had told my heart nothing. You did me a great and perilous service, and then wrote to me. Those written words were in an as yet unknown tongue, and spoke to my heart even as the magic words of the Moorish enchanters of old brought from the rock the living spring, making all blossom as the rose. I knew then why, when you were gone on your dangerous mission, I had found myself thinking more of your safety than even that of father or brother. Ever since has that paper lain upon my heart, to be taken out in secret, kissed and wept over. During the past two weeks I have been ill, almost for the first time in my life. I have thought so much that all the time before seems like some distant dream, or the life of another. I determined to see you. I wished, señor, to once hear you—hear you with your own lips, say—say," she continued, rising, as a warm flush spread over throat and brow, burned in her cheek, and stained her lips till they glowed like a cleft pomegranate, while the long lashes swept over the averted eyes—"say that you love me before we part for ever."

Everything that a man could utter I said, and might have spoken till the morrow, had not a step, a tap upon the secret door and a word from Mercedes's companion, warned us of time's flight.

Then Mercedes turned to me, her lovely eyes bathed in not unhappy tears, and placed in my hand a gold-framed miniature and a long coil of her chestnut hair.

"This," she said, pointing to the picture, "was taken just before my marriage. The hair I cut last night and kissed a thousand times because it was to go to you. Promise me to leave Spain to-morrow."

I bowed, and she continued :

"I love thee, dear, so well, I could not know thee near me and not come to thee. And now, dearest, take me once into thine arms, kiss me upon the mouth, that I swear to thee shall never in my life be kissed again, and with that kiss take all my heart."

She had grown deadly pale again, and again trembled so violently that she could with difficulty stand ; and that long kiss, the first, the last, was more like a parting with a dead than with a living love.

Her head slipped down upon my breast, and for a moment I held her there, close to my heart. Then, without a word, without a look, but with one imploring gesture not to move, she turned from me and fled.

* * * * * *

I have little recollection of that afternoon and night, except of a strange, benumbed feeling ; but I must, in the mechanical way which habit and civilization had taught, have secured a passage and attended to ordinary matters of detail, for before the sun rose again upon Cadiz I was flying with widespread sail before a strong north wind along the coast, bound—Heaven knows why at that season—to beyond the opening of the Straits of Gibraltar, to the Moorish town of Tangier, one of those "whited sepulchres" of cities which shine so fair unto the sea, and are so foul and vile within. For a year I wandered far and wide. Above my heart hung Mercedes's picture, but I heard nothing, although on that last day I had given her an address to which she could always write.

It was Summer again, and I was at Danieli's, in Venice, when among the letters handed me was one whose stamp and postmark made my heart almost stop, and then the blood surge to my head, an almost blinding tide.

It was from Cadiz, by whom written I never knew, but most probably by her foster-sister.

I had gone to my room, torn open the note. It was stained with tears, and said :

"She died this morning."

That was all. Inclosed there was a sheet with a few weakly traced, penciled lines :

"*Mis amores mi vida.* I love thee—I love thee! *Adios para siempre.* MERCEDES."

Summer went and came again, and another Winter, and I stood, feeling old, worn and travel-stained, in Cadiz. It was easy to find the tomb.

Some pious ancestor of the great ducal family had built a church to the glory of God, and an enormous side chapel to the glory of his race.

There was a new tomb shining in marble. Above gleamed a recumbent figure, said to be by some great artist of the day. There were the coats-of-arms of her husband and her father, and long Latin inscriptions gave, in pompous phrase, her birth, her virtues and her death.

I turned from the mockery to curse the system which had given this glorious woman to the cruel soldier, and then to the perhaps less bitter tomb.

THE TELESCOPE AND ITS REVELATIONS.

By Arthur Vaughan Abbot.

The passenger in an express train, comfortably seated in his armchair, sometimes feels a momentary sense of insecurity as, glancing through the window, he beholds the familiar objects of the landscape sweep swiftly by. But the sensations of the traveler could be scarcely enviable should the iron horse suddenly take fright, and, seizing the bit in his teeth, rush off at the rate of 1,100 miles a minute, and at the same time spin round and round with the dizzy velocity of 1,400 feet per second. Yet, during the few moments occupied in glancing over the foregoing sentences, the gentle reader has traveled with this marvelous speed on our little globe, nearly 1,000 miles through space, without experiencing the slightest discomfort, or, perhaps, even being aware of the fact. The idea that the world is a sphere, and with its inhabitants is spinning round and round, rolling on its way through space, is an astronomical truth so familiar as to be one of the earliest schoolboy lessons, and so universally accepted that any other hypothesis would only excite a smile of derision and contempt. But scarcely 300 years have passed since the highest representatives of science and art in the then civilized world assembled to compel a poor and insignificant Italian astronomer to declare that the world was stationary. Truly, mankind is learning rapidly, but each fresh discovery only broadens the horizon of knowledge, and should be but a fresh incentive to a larger and more perfect comprehension.

Some of the earlier conceptions of the world are curious and grotesque in the extreme. One of the most primitive is, that the earth was a gigantic island, floating in the midst of a vast and boundless ocean, unknown and unexplored, the dark and cloudy mists of which were full of danger and terror to the venturesome *voyageur*. A little later, and the island earth, still floating on the unknown sea, sends down rootlets, after the manner of a gigantic seaweed, to sustain itself and its inhabitants by nourishment derived from the ocean. The Hindoos, even in modern times, had a very curious idea of the earth. This people, in many respects so learned, had discovered that the earth was not a plane, and even ascertained that it was hemispherical. But here their science deserted them, and their priests, appealing to the imagination, taught that the hemisphere was supported on four elephants standing on the back of an immense tortoise. By some it was asserted that the tortoise rested on nothing; but the more thoughtful East Indians maintained that it floated on the universal ocean (Fig. 2). From Grecian mythology is derived the familiar Atlas bearing on his shoulders the burden of the earth. It was not until the eighth century that even an approximate conception of the form of the earth was entertained. The wise Bede, known as the Venerable, regarded the earth as formed upon the model of an egg (Fig. 3). He says: "The earth is an element placed in the middle of the world, as the yelk is in the middle of an egg; around it is the water, like the white surrounding the yelk; outside that is the air, like the membrane of the egg; and round all is the fire, which closes it in as the shell does. The earth, being thus in the centre, receives every weight upon itself, and, though by its nature it is cold and dry in its different parts, it acquires, accident-

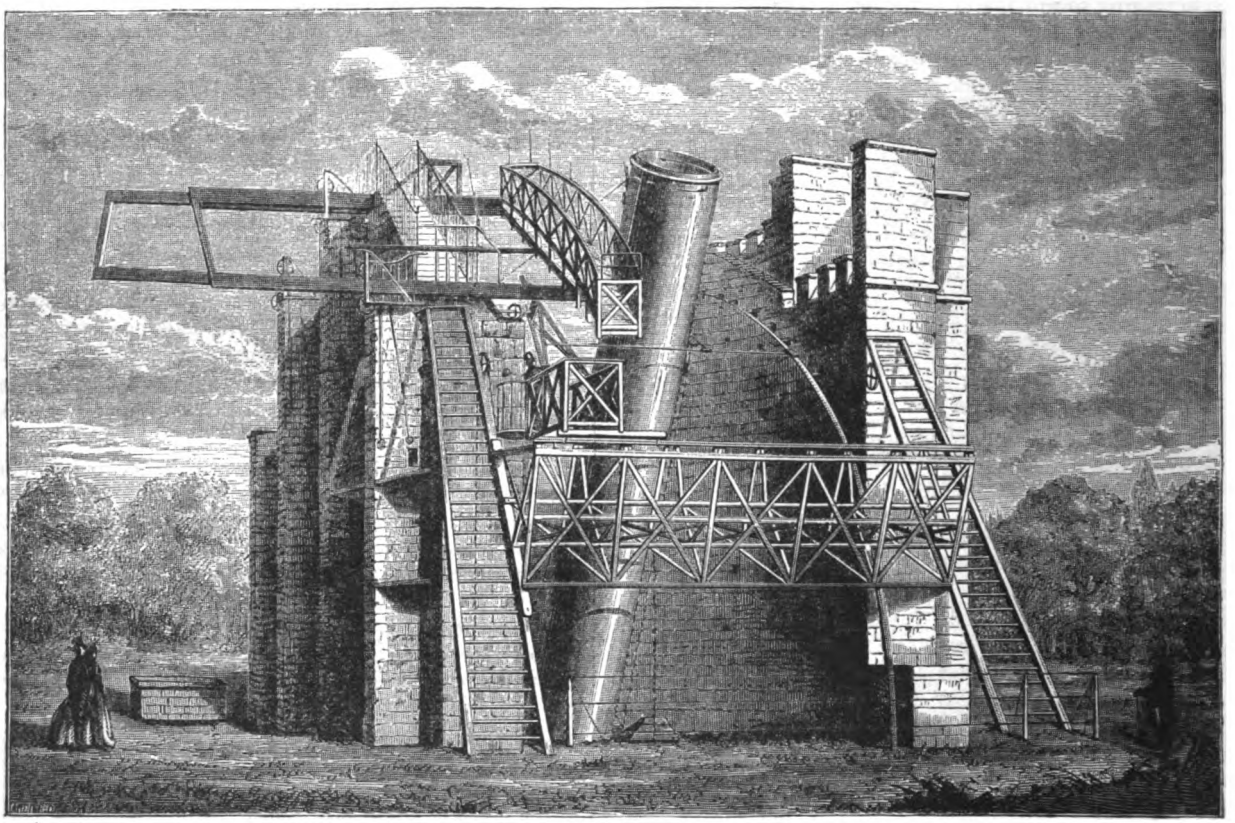


FIG. 1.— LORD ROSSE'S TELESCOPE.

ally, different qualities; for the portion which is exposed to the torrid action of the air is burned by the sun, and is uninhabitable; its two extremities are too cold to be inhabited; but the portion that lies in the temperate

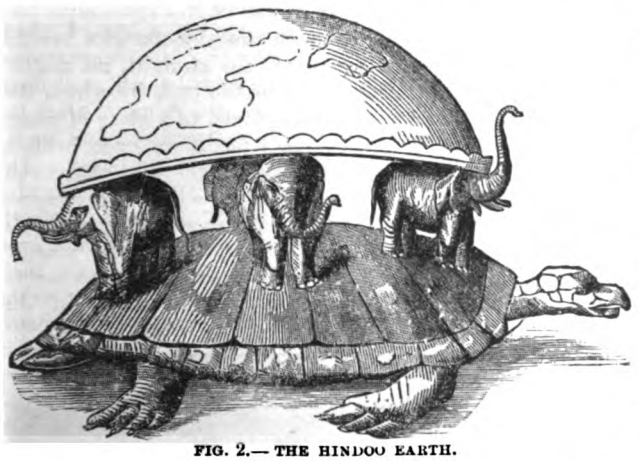


FIG. 2.— THE HINDOO EARTH.

region of the atmosphere is habitable. The ocean, which surrounds it by its waves as far as the horizon, divides it into two parts, the upper of which is inhabited by us, while the other is inhabited by our antipodes, although not one of them can come to us, nor one of us to them."

What is it that has reduced all this chaos to system, and has given us a science that tells us not merely of the earth's form, and enables us to guide our ships from place to place on its surface with almost mathematical precision; but, leaving our globe, steps into space, and watches with the calm, contemplative eye of Science the

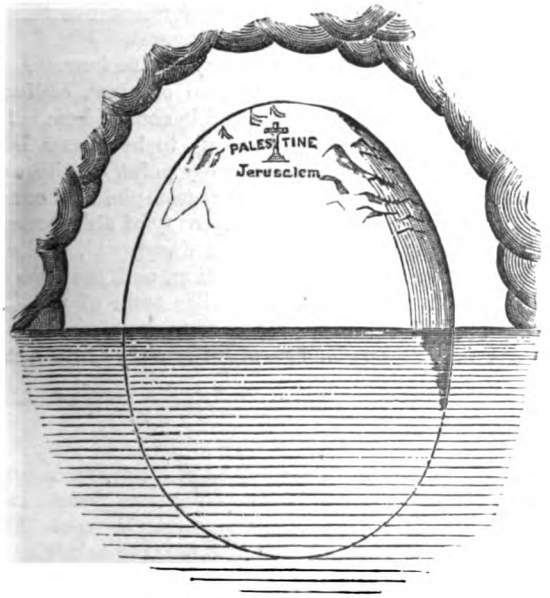


FIG. 3.— THE WORLD OF THE EIGHTH CENTURY.

sweep of the planets as they circle about the sun, and then, extending its vision, embraces other worlds and other suns; system after system, as the countless dwellers of infinite space pass before it in review, until even all-embracing Science, appalled by such immensity, is ready to exclaim, with Richter: "End there is none to the Universe of God. Lo! there is neither beginning"?

So long as human faculties, unaided by mechanical appliances, were employed in speculation as to the condition of the earth and its relations to space, it is not strange that such singular freaks of the imagination received universal credence. The first step toward a more complete comprehension and definite knowledge was evidently some means whereby power of observation could be increased in scope and definiteness. The early astronomers were limited to their own eyes, and it is marvelous that the Phœnicians and Egyptians were able to reduce astronomy to the exactitude of which there is abundant record. Naturally something to supplement and extend the powers of the eye was earnestly desired. Precisely how the telescope was invented is perhaps uncertain. Current history ascribes to Galileo the credit of the earliest instrument of this kind. According to the story, the Italian astronomer complained to a friend of his defective vision, and was informed that a Venetian glassmaker had produced some astonishing results with curiously curved bits of glass. Some samples of these were procured by Galileo, and, after experimenting, he succeeded in producing the first telescope. The instrument was, indeed, but little more than an ordinary opera-glass, perhaps not half so good as those which nightly confront the stages in our popular theatres. But the little seed thus sown has grown until it has culminated in the gigantic and costly instruments of the present day.

FIG. 4.— APPEARANCE OF A SPOON IN A GLASS OF WATER.

The principles of the telescope are quite simple, but in order to attain a thorough comprehension of them a little dry science is necessary. It is generally believed

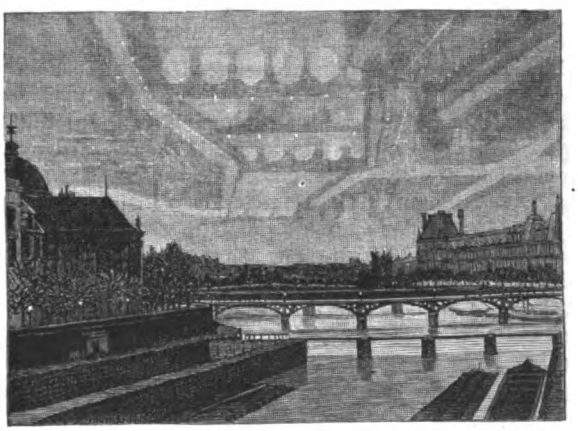


FIG. 5.— MIRAGE SEEN IN PARIS.

that all space with which we are acquainted is occupied by an exceedingly elastic, highly tenuous, and, so far as is now known, imponderable medium, which philosophers, with their fondness for long names, have denominated the

luminiferous ether. The phenomenon which we call light is believed to have its origin in an exceedingly rapid vibratory motion of the molecular particles of which all bodies are supposed to consist; and this ether is accredited with being the means whereby this motion is communicated from place to place. For example, ordinary illuminating gas consists of atoms of carbon and hydrogen. When the gas is ignited, the oxygen atoms of the

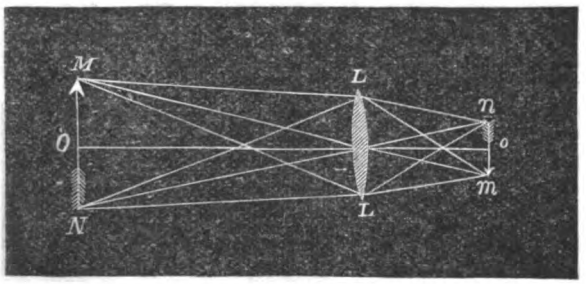


FIG. 6.— REPRESENTING THE THEORY OF THE LENS.

air violently seize and enter into combination with the carbon and hydrogen. This terrific molecular disturbance, like a shower of stones falling on the surface of a pond, sets the ether into violent agitation, causing a series of waves to extend outward. When these waves break upon the retina of the eye, the exquisitely sensitive nerves are excited, and transmit to the brain a sensation which we call light. Further than this science does not venture to explain; but all the wonderful phenomena of optical science may be clearly understood if it is distinctly borne in mind that light is simply a wave-motion of the ether particles. When the ether waves fall upon a substance which allows them to freely traverse it, the light passes on with but little obstruction, and it is said that the body is transparent; while if, on the contrary, the nature of the substance is such as to extinguish the

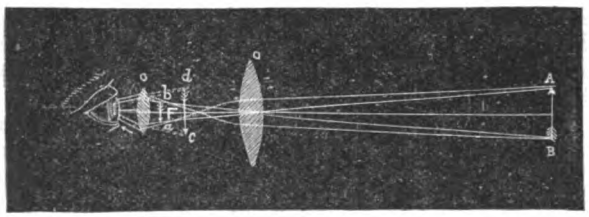


FIG. 7.— CONSTRUCTION OF THE REFRACTING TELESCOPE, IN OUTLINE.

vibration, the material is pronounced opaque. Even in the most transparent bodies, the light-waves undergo a curious, though perfectly natural, modification; and it is upon this property we depend for the successful operation of many optical instruments. Suppose a ray of sunlight traversing the air to fall upon a pane of window-glass. The hard and dense particles of the glass retard the ether vibrations, and cause them to move more slowly. If the ray falls obliquely upon the glass, the part which first strikes it feels more quickly the disturbing influence, and thus the ray is turned aside and deflected from its original course. This power of causing light to turn round a corner is called refraction, and has its origin from the Latin verb *refrango*—to bend. Scientifically stated, the laws of refraction are as follows:

1. *When a luminous ray passes from one medium into another, it is refracted, or bent out of its course.*

2. *When the ray passes from a rare medium into a dense one, the ray in the denser medium is refracted toward a perpendicular to the surface of this medium; and, conversely, When the ray passes from a dense medium into a rare one, the ray in the rare medium is refracted away from a perpendicular to the surface of this medium.*

Sometimes very curious effects result; for, strangely enough, the eye is not capable of recognizing any disturbance in the rectilinear course of the light-rays, but always refers the distortion to the objects seen; or, in other words, we think we always see straight, no matter how crooked and tortuous may be the path by which the light reaches the eye. A spoon placed in a glass of water will appear bent, and, in certain positions, even broken in two (Fig. 4). In tropical countries the heat of the sun frequently rarefies the atmosphere so as to produce layers differing in density. The light-rays passing through this attenuated air are distorted, giving rise to the phenomena of mirage. Certain peculiar states of the weather will sometimes produce a similar effect. One of the

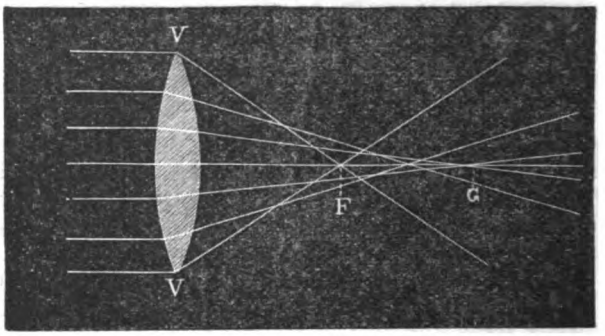


FIG. 8.—EFFECT OF EMPLOYING WHOLE SURFACE OF LENS.

most noted examples of mirage occurred in Paris in 1869, when a large part of the city appeared to be upside down in the sky (Fig. 5).

It is this refractive property that renders possible the construction of a magnifying-instrument. Fig. 6 is an illustration representing the theory of the lens. L L is a cross section of a circular piece of glass, ordinarily known as a burning-glass, or double convex lens. Suppose any object, as an arrow (m n), to be placed before the lens. Rays of light from every point of the arrow fall upon its surface. Take, for example, the cone of rays from the point n. The upper ray of this cone n L meeting the lens at L is refracted downward, while the lower ray n L suffers a less refraction, and the two rays intersect each other at N. A similar train of reasoning may be applied to all the rays emanating from the object. As a result, the lens gathers these rays into a series

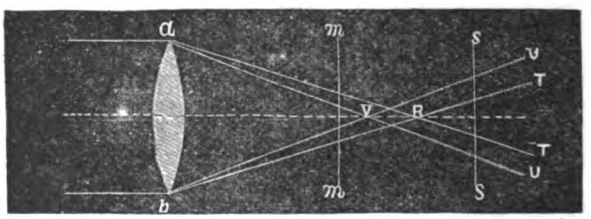


FIG. 9.— PHENOMENON OF CHROMATIC ABERRATION.

of focal points at M N, thus forming an enlarged inverted image of the object. It is very evident that there is a definite relation between the distances of the object and the image from the lens. A small object at m n will give a large image (M N); while a large object at M N will cause a correspondingly small image at m n. The brightness of the image is also an important consideration. If all the light from a small body (m n) is spread out over the large space (M N), the image thus produced must be

correspondingly faint and dim ; while conversely, if all the light from a large body at M N be condensed at m n, the small image must be proportionately brighter. These interchangeable points are called the conjugate foci of the lens, and are utilized in the construction of the refracting telescope. For the study and examination of objects so faint and indistinct as most of the

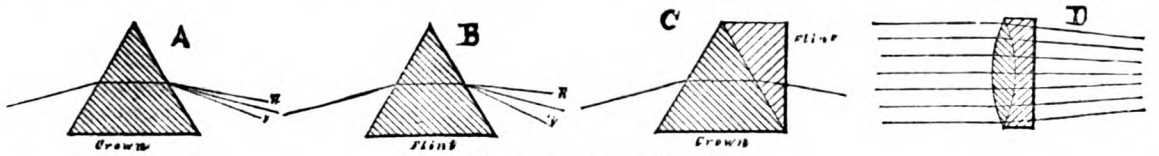


FIG. 10.— THE ACHROMATIC LENS.

heavenly bodies, it is obviously necessary to obtain the largest amount of light possible. To accomplish this, a very large lens is employed, so as to collect and concentrate in a small image as much light as possible. Then, by means of a second lens, or a combination of lenses, this image may be magnified and examined. Fig. 7 gives in outline the construction of the refracting telescope. Let A B be an object at a great distance from the instrument. A large lens (o) is used to collect and form a small, but very bright, image of the object at a b. A second small lens (O), placed between the image and the eye, refracts the rays of light from the image a b, and causes them to enter the eye as if they emanated from a large image (d e). Simple as the theory of the telescope is thus seen to be, the mechanical execution of all its details with a precision sufficient to enable us to accurately follow the motion of the stars through space—of

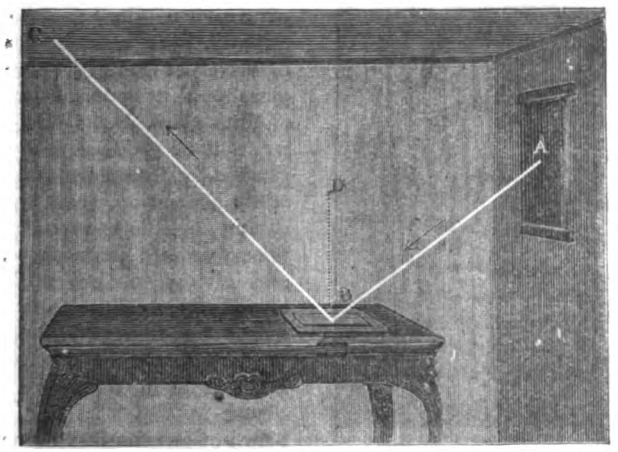


FIG. 11.— REFLECTION OF LIGHT.

such immensity that, in comparison, the diameter of the earth's orbit, with its 180,000,000 miles, vanishes to a mere point—is a task full of difficulties, requiring the most arduous labor, the closest and most skillful attention.

In speaking of the foci and of the images formed by a lens, it was assumed that the rays emitted from a single point intersect after reflection at another point. This is virtually the case when only a small portion of the centre of the lens is used. When, however, the whole surface is employed, the rays which fall near the edges (Fig. 8) V V undergo a greater refraction and come to a focus at F than those falling on the centre which are focused at G. The result is that between the points F and G there are formed a great number of overlapping images, whose effect is to blur and render indistinct objects seen through the lens. This defect is termed *spherical aberration*, and increases rapidly with the size of the lens, becoming a very serious obstacle to the construction of large and powerful instruments capable of giving a sharp and distinct definition of the objects toward which they may be turned. Mathematical investigation has shown that by making the different sides of the lens of different curvature, so that the radius of one side is about six times that of the other, a lens is produced in which the spherical aberration is reduced to a minimum. Still, even with the most careful construction, this defect is always more or less present, and renders difficult the manufacture of telescopes of large size.

Early in the history of the telescope an obstacle was encountered that for a century and a half baffled the skill of the best opticians, and prevented the adoption of any instrument over the opera-glass of Galileo. It has been seen that, owing to spherical aberration, all the rays of light falling upon the lens are not concentrated at a single

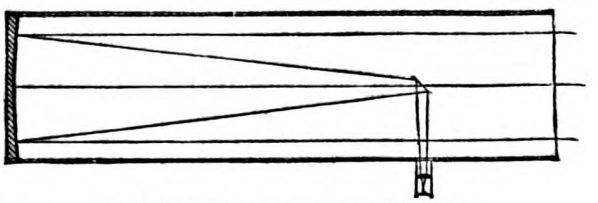


FIG. 12.— THE NEWTONIAN TELESCOPE.

focus, but are spread over quite a sensible interval of space. It was also found that when a ray of light was refracted by a lens, it was separated into all the colors of the rainbow ; consequently objects seen through the

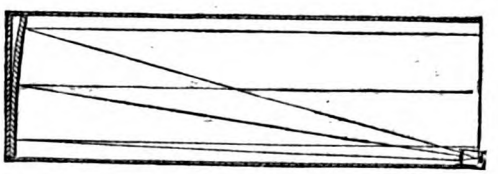


FIG. 13.— HERSCHEL'S TELESCOPE.

older instruments were surrounded by a fringe of color, giving a most curious appearance, and rendering the instrument absolutely unreliable when applied to the determination of the color of the heavenly bodies. This

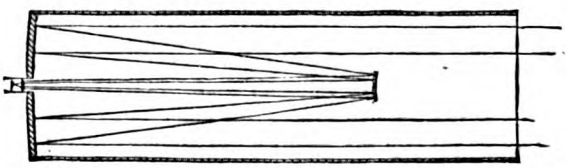


FIG. 14.— CASSEGRAN TELESCOPE.

defect has been called a chromatic aberration. Investigation has shown that ordinary white light is composed of the seven different colors with which every one is familiar, as the tints of the rainbow, and the accurate measurements of modern science have shown that the waves of light in each color are of different length from those of every other. For example, there are about

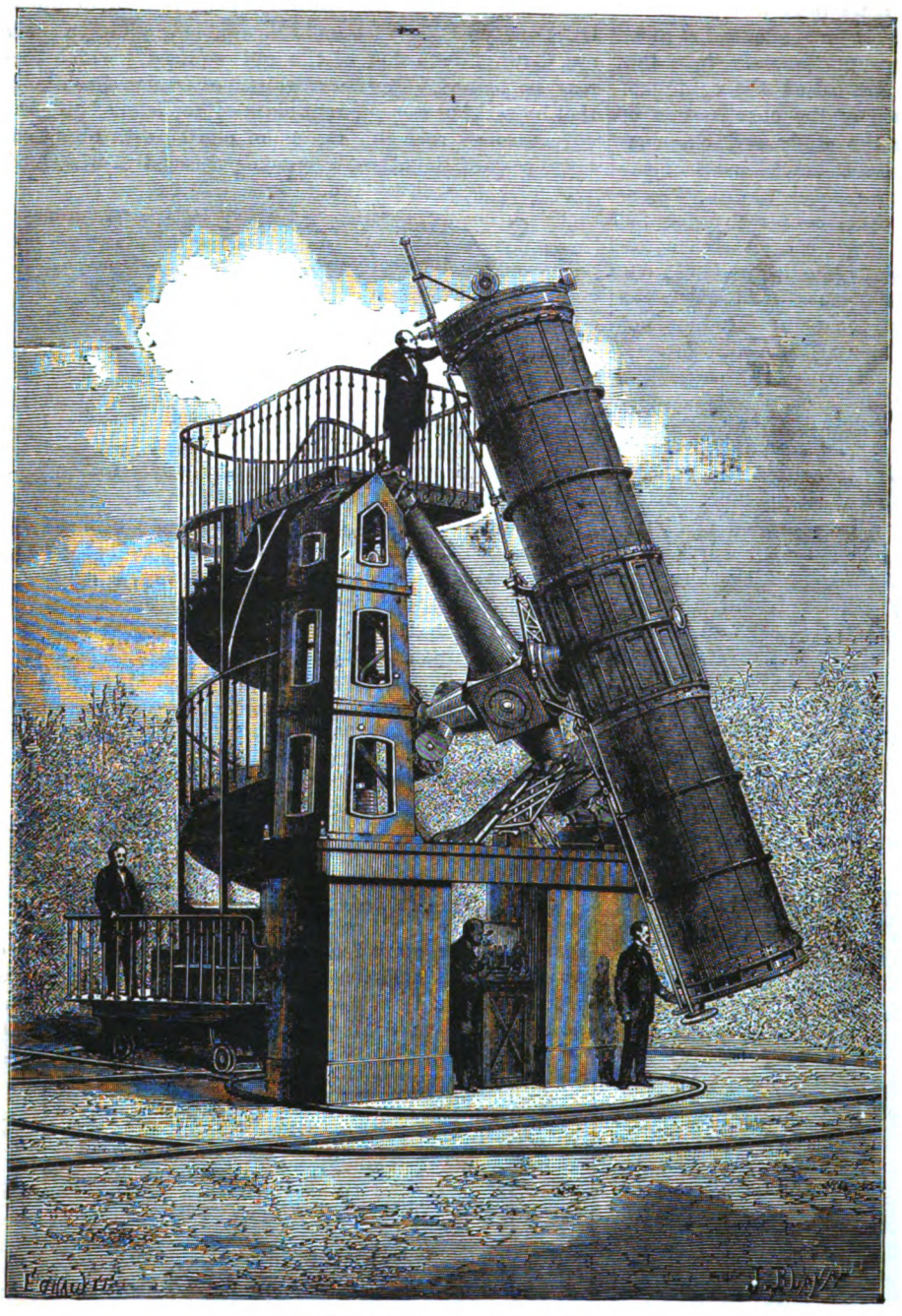


FIG. 15.— GREAT TELESCOPE, PARIS.

40,000 waves per inch in red light, while in a violet ray there are about 60,000 per inch. The greater the number of waves the more rapid must be the rate of vibration; and as it has been seen that the phenomenon of refraction is due to a retarding of the light-waves by a dense medium, it is quite obvious that the more rapid the vibration the greater will be the amount of retardation, and consequently the greater the amount of refraction. Fig. 9 illustrates this phenomenon of chromatic aberration.

Suppose a ray of light to fall upon a lens. The violet rays are brought to a focus at V, while the red ones are concentrated at R, and the space between V and R is filled with a series of colored images, marring and blurring the sharpness of the object to such an extent that lenses of more than a few inches in diameter are found to be worthless. Experiment has shown that different substances vary greatly in their refractive power, or their capability of bending light from its course. Similar experiments have also proved that there is a like difference in the power of dispersion, as the ability to separate into rainbow tints is called. Therefore, if two substances could be found, each having the same power of dispersion but different powers of refraction, a combination of the two might be arranged, so that the chromatic aberration of one part of the compound lens should be neutralized by the other part. This discovery was made by Dolland, a London optician, in 1757, and it is only since this time that large and accurate telescopes have been possible. Two kinds of glass are much used for optical work—flint glass, containing lead, and crown glass, containing iron. The dispersive power of flint glass is much greater than that of crown glass; consequently, by a combination of a convex lens of crown glass and a concave lens of flint glass, Mr. Dolland was able to produce a lens practically free from chromatic aberration, thus rendering possible the modern telescope and microscope, and giving to the world one of the most important discoveries in practical optics. The theory of the Dolland combination is shown in Fig. 10. A is a prism of crown glass, showing the amount of refraction, together with the amount of dispersion, between the violet ray V and the red ray R. In B a similar prism of flint glass is shown. Here it will be noticed that while the amount of refraction is about the same, the amount of dispersion between V and R is much greater. In C a compound prism is shown, consisting of a large piece of crown glass and a small piece of flint; the flint prism being set so as to neutralize the dispersion of the crown glass, and to leave the refractive power as nearly as possible unchanged. Here it is seen that the ray is refracted out of its course, but undergoes no dispersion. The application of this to the construction of the lens is shown at D.

After the discovery of Dolland, it appeared as if opticians, having the theoretical objections to the telescope practically removed, had nothing further to do but to go on indefinitely constructing larger and larger instru-

ments. Unfortunately, however, the manufacture of the object-glass for a large telescope is one of the most difficult pieces of work that can be undertaken. Even the most transparent glass obstructs more or less light, and consequently it is the study of the optician to select the very clearest and purest material that can be obtained. It is found that the most desirable glass can be best manufactured in small quantities, so that, in order to get a sufficient quantity of glass that is optically good, a large number of crucibles full, in some cases as many as several hundred, have to be made. The contents of each crucible, after cooling from the furnace, are broken into small pieces. These pieces are then subjected to the most rigid examination, so as to exclude all those containing traces of air-bubbles and other impurities. A careful selection is also made so as to obtain pieces of glass as nearly as possible of the same specific gravity, in order that the resulting lens may be free from variations in density, which would tend to produce a blurred and distorted image. When, after this most searching inspection, a sufficient quantity of appropriate glass has been obtained, the selected pieces are subjected to a prolonged heating in the furnace at such a temperature as shall only soften the various bits of glass, causing them to thoroughly coalesce. It is very desirable, during this stage of the manufacture, to avoid melting the glass into fluidity, lest there be a tendency for the heavier ingredients to settle, giving thereby unequal refractive powers. After this process is completed, the material for the new lens is cast in a mold so shaped as to give the desired form, after which it is necessary that the disk should be most thoroughly and carefully annealed by heating to a moderate temperature, and allowing to cool with most extreme slowness—a process occupying some weeks. This care in annealing is extremely necessary, as otherwise the glass, being a poor conductor of heat, would cool exteriorly while the interior was still hot. Under such circumstances the piece would be in a state of internal stress, liable at any time to split and burst in a thousand pieces. Indeed, in the manufacture of very large lenses this accident is of frequent occurrence, and is often the source of much damage. After the annealing has been successfully accomplished the disk is ready to be ground. The workman having the glass in charge stands before a solidly built table containing a vertical spindle, so arranged as to be rapidly and steadily rotated by machinery. The embryo lens is fastened to the top of this spindle by a cement formed of pitch, and the workman, with an iron cup charged with sand and water, grinds the glass to the required shape. The sand is succeeded by various grades of emery, and finally by rouge, until, at the completion of the process, the surface of the glass presents the most exquisite polish. The lens is then tested by placing it in front of a luminous point, set at a distance of some twelve or fifteen times the focal length of the glass. The appearance of this point is examined with a magnifying-glass of high power, and from this the optician judges as to the accuracy with which the grinding and polishing has been done. Notwithstanding the greatest care and skill has been used in the operation, this searching examination usually reveals many inequalities of surface. To correct these, the finest rouge is applied by hand to the defective spots. This process is termed *figuring*, and taxes the skill and patience of the optician to the uttermost. Indeed, so laborious is the task, that an object-glass of even moderate size requires several months for its construction; and the objective for the Lick Observatory in California, the largest yet attempted, has been nearly five years in process of completion, and has cost $50,000.

While astronomers were vainly seeking to remedy

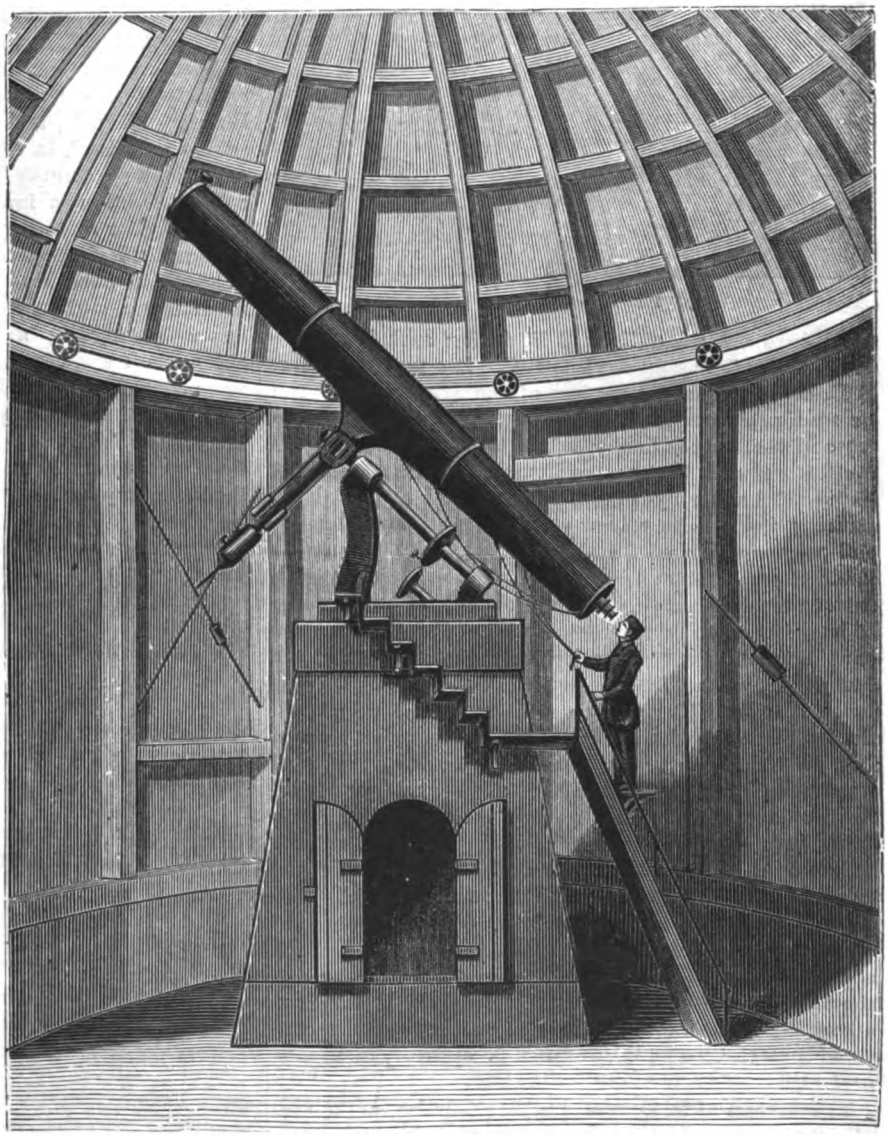


FIG. 16.— GREAT TELESCOPE IN THE NAVAL OBSERVATORY, WASHINGTON.

chromatic aberration, Sir Isaac Newton determined to abandon that line of investigation, and solve the problem in an entirely different way. It had long been known that a ray of light was reflected from a polished surface; just as the sea-waves, on meeting a wall of rock, are dashed back upon themselves. The scientific statement of this law is as follows:

1. *When a luminous ray meets a polished surface, it is reflected.*

2. *The angle of reflection is equal to the angle of incidence, lying on opposite sides of a perpendicular to the reflecting surface.* Suppose in Fig. 11 B to be the polished surface

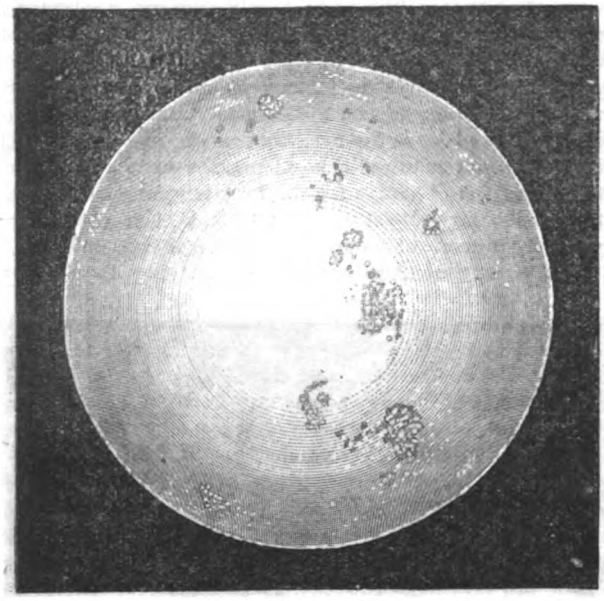


FIG. 17.—THE SUN.

of a mirror. A ray of light (A B) falling on this surface at B, is reflected along the line B C. If a perpendicular, B D, be drawn to the surface of the mirror at B it can be readily shown that the angle between the *reflected* ray and the perpendicular is the same as between the *incident* ray and the perpendicular. It was discovered (it is not known by whom) that parallel rays of light striking a parabolic mirror were reflected to the focus, and were capable of forming an image. Newton first made a practical application of this principle to the astronomical telescope. He made the parabolic mirror of long focus, and, intercepting the rays by a 45° mirror, caused them to come to a focus outside the tube of the instrument, where the image is investigated by an eye-piece (Fig. 12). This has been called the Newtonian reflector. The famous Herschel tilted the mirror, as in Fig. 13. This brings the focus to the edge of the tube, where the eyepiece is applied. Cassegran adopted a more convenient method. A small convex mirror intercepts the cone of rays before they reach a focus, and reflects them back through a hole in the centre of the large mirror, where the image is examined by the eye-piece (Fig. 14). The observer is thus near the ground when using the instrument, while in those of Herschel and Newton he must be raised in the air to the height of the top of the tube; a great inconvenience in large instruments. The Cassegranian reflector is the most convenient to use. The Newtonian is optically the most perfect.

This system of telescopes was very popular, as the rays of light are not separated into prismatic colors by reflection, and their work was received with the greatest favor until the middle of the eighteenth century, when Dolland made his discovery. There were serious obstacles in the construction of reflectors. In order that the light-rays shall be brought accurately to a focus, it is necessary that the reflecting mirror should be a parabolic curve. This curve is difficult to obtain mechanically, especially as even in the largest telescopic mirrors the difference between a circular curve and a parabola amounts only to a few hundredths of an inch. It was found also that, even after all possible care and skill was exercised in properly grinding the reflector to bring it to the desired curve, it was a matter of extreme difficulty to place it in its position in the telescope without slightly springing the metal, thus throwing it out of shape sufficiently to impair its value. Even a deflection of one or two thousandths of an inch is sufficient to destroy the sharpness of the image, and render the instrument unfit for the highest kind of observation. Furthermore, in the most highly polished speculum metal, there is a considerable loss of light, amounting to nearly thirty per cent. To obviate this, the plan of making the speculum of a large disk of glass covered with a thin film of silver was found to give very satisfactory results, and to much reduce the loss of light.

The freedom from chromatic aberration of the reflecting telescope caused it to be held in high esteem by the astronomical world, and nearly all the telescopes of the last century were constructed on this plan. The largest instrument in existence is the famous reflector of Lord Rosse (see Fig. 1), and was erected on his estate at Parsontown, Ireland, in 1842. The speculum for this instrument being so much larger than anything previously constructed, it was found necessary to build a foundry especially for this purpose. The metal of the speculum is composed of copper and tin, in about the proportion of three to one; and was cast in iron crucibles 2 feet in diameter and 2½ feet deep, requiring nearly twenty hours' heating in a furnace in order to melt the enormous mass of metal. After casting, the speculum was placed in an annealing-oven, where it was allowed to remain sixteen weeks, previous to undergoing the grinding process. This was done under water, by means of a huge cast-iron tool, filled with emery. Simply the grinding alone required six weeks. The tube of this immense

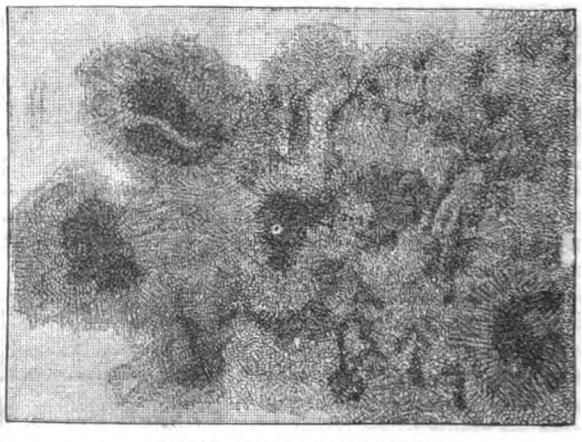


FIG. 18.—ENLARGED SUN-SPOT.

telescope, including the speculum-box, is 56 feet long, and is made of iron-hooped 1-inch deal boards. Iron rings, at distances of 8 feet, are on the inside to strengthen the sides. The diameter of the tube is 7 feet, and it is secured to masonry in the ground by a universal joint, to give it free movement in any direc-

tion. Walls are erected 72 feet long, 56 feet high and 24 feet distant from each other, lying exactly in the direction of the meridian. These allow the telescope a motion of only about 15° on either side of the meridian, in an east and west direction. It may be lowered until nearly parallel with the horizon, and raised so as to point to the pole. By means of a chain and windlass, elevation or depression can be accomplished, and the telescope being counterpoised in every direction, two men can adjust it

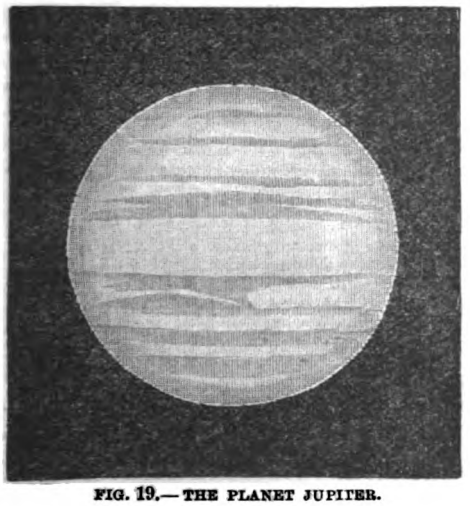


FIG. 19.— THE PLANET JUPITER.

with facility, though the weight is about fifteen tons. The value of the instrument was placed at $60,000. Notwithstanding that Lord Rosse spared neither pains nor expense in the construction of his gigantic instrument, and while, owing to the enormous size of the reflector, objects appear very bright, yet the instrument lacks power of definition to such an extent that many smaller telescopes are capable of more accurate work.

The reflector of the Paris Observatory (Fig. 15), though a much smaller instrument than that of Lord Rosse, is capable of more exact work, and so is of more value to the astronomer. As soon as Dolland's discovery became known to the astronomical world, attention was at once diverted to the construction of refracting instruments, for, when the obstacle of chromatic aberration was removed, the mechanical difficulties of building good refractors were found to be much less than those encountered in constructing reflectors.

The value of a telescope consists in its power of definition, and its ability to magnify. The first qualification depends upon the accuracy with which the object-glass has been constructed, and the care used in correcting the spherical and chromatic aberration. The second depends upon the size of the object-glass, and the transparency of the material composing it. During the past century, opticians and mechanicians have been steadily improving old means and devising new methods in manufacturing, until now the art of lens-making has arrived at a very high degree of perfection, and it would seem that the possible size of a telescope was limited only by the amount of money available for its construction. But an apparently insuperable obstacle is encountered in the imperfect transparency of the glass, which occasions loss of light. Every additional inch in the diameter of a lens necessitates a greater thickness; consequently a point is soon reached beyond which a gain in light by increased size is more than counterbalanced by the loss caused by the additional thickness. With the best glass now at the optician's command, this limit is calculated to be reached by a diameter of about thirty-six inches. As this is the size of the telescope now in course of construction for the Lick Observatory, it is to be hoped that science will soon have the benefit of the largest instrument which our present knowledge is able to execute. Further improvements must be looked for in the direction of better qualities of glass, rather than mechanical progress.

The huge reflector of Lord Rosse has been instanced as the largest example of that class of telescopes. Probably the largest and best refractor now in existence is the one in the Washington Observatory (Fig. 16), having an aperture of some 26 inches, a focal length of 31 feet 6 inches, its total length being 32 feet 6 inches. The object-lens was ground, finished and polished by Messrs. Alvan Clark & Co., in 1872. The tube is of thin steel, in three pieces, and is mounted upon a brick pillar, supported by an arched foundation of bluestone, and having a capping of a sandstone block of about two tons' weight.

Attention has been so far directed chiefly to the difficulties encountered in the large lens or objective. The eyepiece, or portion of the instrument whereby the image formed by the objective is observed and magnified, has been constructed in a great variety of forms by different opticians, each method having some advantages in the special circumstances that call for its construction. Usually the eyepiece is made up of one or two small convex lenses.

Next to the objective, the mounting of the telescope has received study and attention. It is very obvious that the relative positions of the eyepiece and object-lens must be very exactly maintained, or otherwise the value of the combination as an instrument of precision will be seriously impaired. The mounting must be very light to permit easy manipulation; and at the same time great rigidity must be obtained, otherwise the magnifying power will cause the slightest jar or tremor to be amplified in a corresponding amount, and correct observation will not be possible. It is customary, therefore, in mounting large telescopes, to erect the most solid masonry foundation, setting the stonework on bedrock, and placing the instrument on a solid granite pier built into the foundation.

A curious difficulty encountered in the use of large

FIG. 20.— SATURN AND HIS MOONS.

telescopes and high magnifying powers is due to the motion of the earth itself; for this motion is amplified in the same proportion, and the object apparently sweeps across the field of view with great rapidity and disappears.

To avoid this, a system has been devised which is called equatorial mounting. Two axes are provided, one of which, the polar axis, is set parallel with the polar diameter of the earth. The second axis is placed at right angles to the first one. If the telescope be directed toward a star, and slowly turned about the polar axis, it will evidently describe the same path as the star, and can be made to follow it with the greatest ease. If a

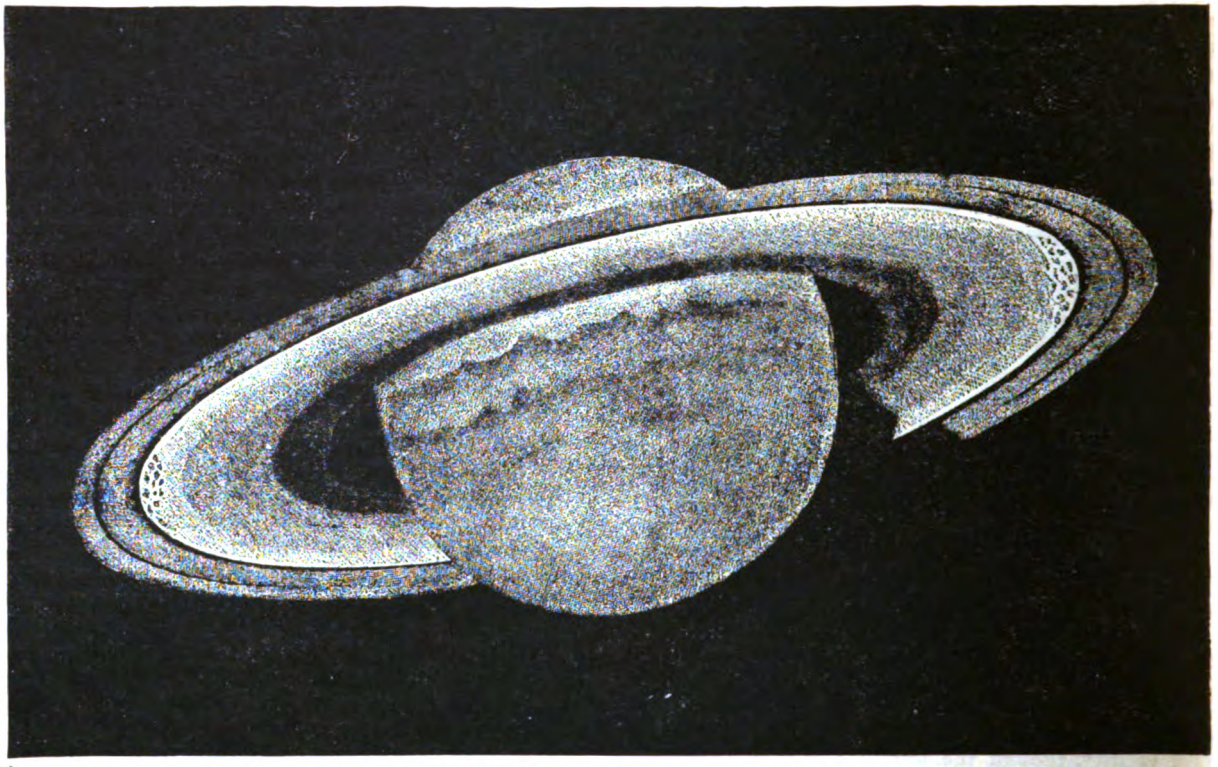


FIG. 21.— DETAILS OF THE RING OF SATURN OBSERVED BY TROUVELOT WITH THE 26-INCH WASHINGTON REFRACTOR.

powerful clockwork be attached to this axis, causing the telescope to revolve once in twenty-four hours, the instrument will remain directed toward the star, and will indefinitely follow its course, thus relieving the observer of all care. Also, by means of the graduated circles placed on these two axes, the position of a star may be at any time measured with the greatest ease. Referring to Fig. 16, the two axes of the Washington equatorial may be readily seen.

Allusion has been already made to the Lick Observatory, now nearing its completion. As this will be, probably, the finest astronomical observatory in the world, it merits a more detailed description. James Lick was born at Fredericksburg, Pa. He began life as a maker of pianos and organs, but removed to California in 1847, and died in San Francisco in 1876, leaving an estate valued at nearly four million dollars. By the terms of his will a provision of $700,000 was made for the construction and equipment of an astronomical observatory for the University of California. Previous to his death Mr. Lick had selected Mount Hamilton, one of the peaks of the Coast Range, as the site for the Observatory. Mount Hamilton is fifty miles south of San Francisco, and thirteen miles east of San José, which is the nearest point of railway connection. The summit of the mountain is separated into three peaks, the lowest of which is the site of the Observatory. The cap of this peak was cut down about thirty-one feet to get a solid foundation for the Observatory, which stands 4,285 feet above the sea-level. The Observatory is to be 287 feet in length, and will contain a transit house, meridian circle, a photo-heliograph and heliostat, and a photograph house. The domes are at the extremities of the main building, the large telescope being in the south dome, the foundations of which have been deeply laid in rock. The frame of the dome is to be of steel, the interior of the envelope being covered with paper, and the exterior with plates of steel. The weight of the dome will be fifty

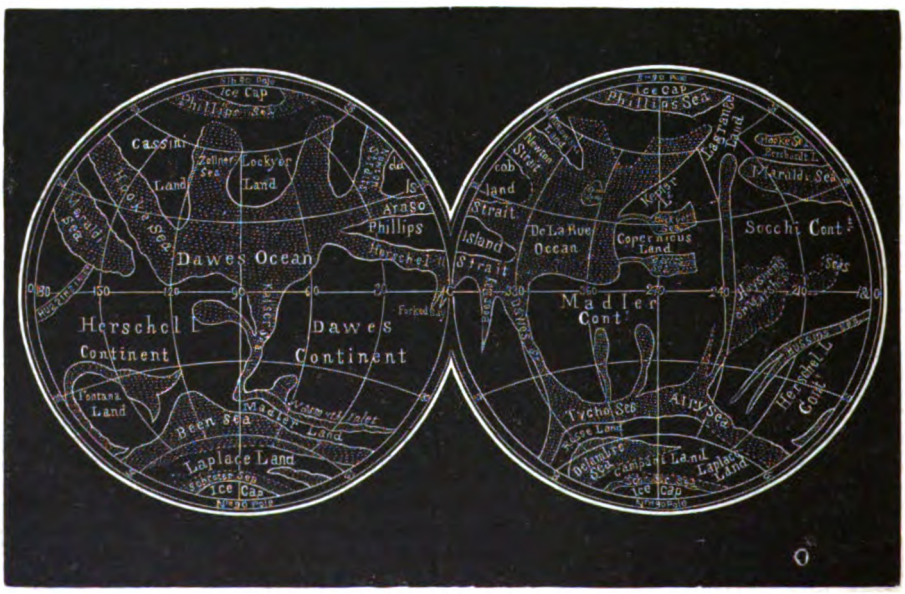


FIG. 22.— MAP OF MARS.

tons, and it will roll on an endless harnessed carriage. Hydraulic power will move dome, chair and shutter, all under control of the observer as he sits at the telescope. The north dome already contains a fine twelve-inch equatorial. The framework of this dome is of steamed bent oak, with coverings of thin copper sheets, plated inside with tin and outside with nickel. The machinery for revolving the dome consists of an endless rope of wire, running in a groove about the outer rim of the tower, over two large pulleys, and then through the wall to a drum set in an inside recess. In 1869 Professor Burnham, of the University of California, spent two months at the Observatory. On the most perfect nights of his visit he was able to use the highest powers to advantage, getting well-defined and sharp images.

The great altitude of the Lick Observatory, and the clear dry air of the Pacific Coast, will give the astronomers of this station extraordinary advantages, for at most locations there are only a few nights in each year when

FIG. 23.— THE MOON.

the air is sufficiently clear to permit the delicate observations of modern astronomy to be successfully made.

The gain to astronomy from the discovery of the telescope has been twofold. First, the gain to physical astronomy from the magnification of objects; and, secondly, the gain to astronomy of position from the magnification of *space*, so to speak, which allows minute portions of it to be measured with great accuracy. The sun is about 90,000,000 of miles distant from us. Suppose, by means of a telescope, which will magnify say 900 times, we bring the sun within 100,000 miles of us. This is only about half as far as the moon is from us; but when we remember the enormous size of the sun, and, that if its centre occupied the centre of our earth, the circumference would extend beyond the orbit of the moon, we must acknowledge we have accomplished wonderful results in thus bringing the sun within half the distance of the moon. The ordinary appearance of the sun is that of a perfectly flat disk of intense brightness, the overpowering lustre preventing the eye from recognizing any details. If, however, it be examined with a telescope of even moderate power, such an appearance as is presented by Fig. 17 is seen; the surface being found to be mottled with light and dark spots, while here and

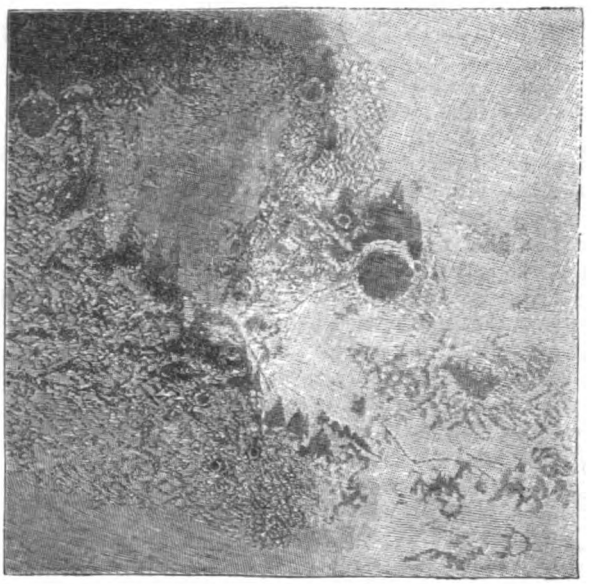


FIG. 24.— LUNAR APENNINES.

there peculiar patches appear, which accurate measurement have shown to be many hundreds of miles in extent, and which modern science believes to be holes or openings in an intensely luminous envelope, through which the darker body of the sun may be seen. In Fig 18 a highly magnified representation of one of the sun-spots is given. Apparently, the envelope surrounding the sun consists of an inconceivable number of glowing filaments, which have received the name of willow-leaves. The most tremendous convulsions are constantly occurring in the sun, in comparison with which our most alarming volcanic eruptions are utterly insignificant.

Turning the telescope toward some of our companion planets, we are equally amazed and enchanted. The planet Jupiter has been a fruitful field for investigation and speculation. It is probable that the real surface of this planet has never been seen, and that its appearance, as represented in Fig. 19, is due to the fact that the planet is constantly surrounded by a dense cloudy envelope, and that the curious streaked or banded appearance is owing to the varying thickness of these cloud strata.

Probably there is no more beautiful celestial object than the planet Saturn. With a three and a half inch object-glass, Saturn looks like a little silver ball as large as a pea, surrounded by a luminous ring (Fig. 20).

FIG. 25.— LUNAR APENNINES.

With the splendid Washington refractor, the little globe swells to a majestic sphere covered with cloud-bands, somewhat like the planet Jupiter, and encircled by the most beautiful rings (Fig. 21).

But of all the planets, our neighbor Mars has been susceptible of the most complete examination. Indeed, so satisfactorily has this scrutiny been accomplished, that the distinction between land and water has been perfectly recognized, and a map similar to that of our own earth has been prepared (Fig. 22). A peculiarity deserving notice is the relation between land and water upon Mars. On our globe the water occupies about three-fourths of the surface, whereas upon Mars it occupies half, or less than half. Astronomers have been also able to detect ice-caps upon the poles of the planet, which advance in Winter and retreat in Summer.

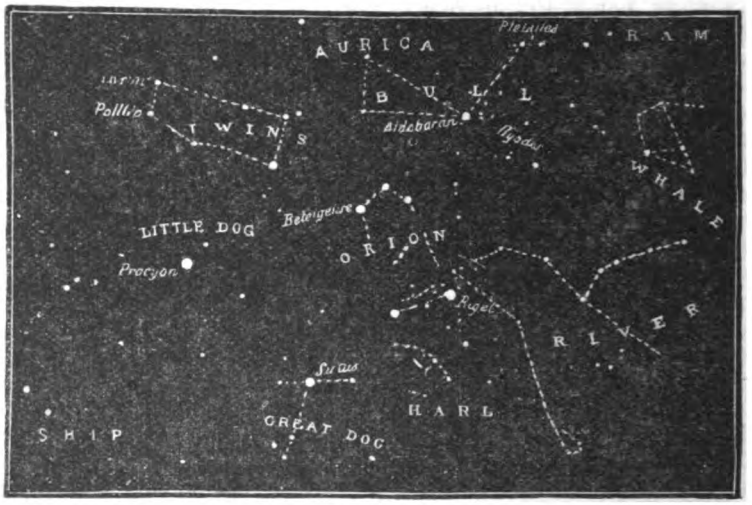
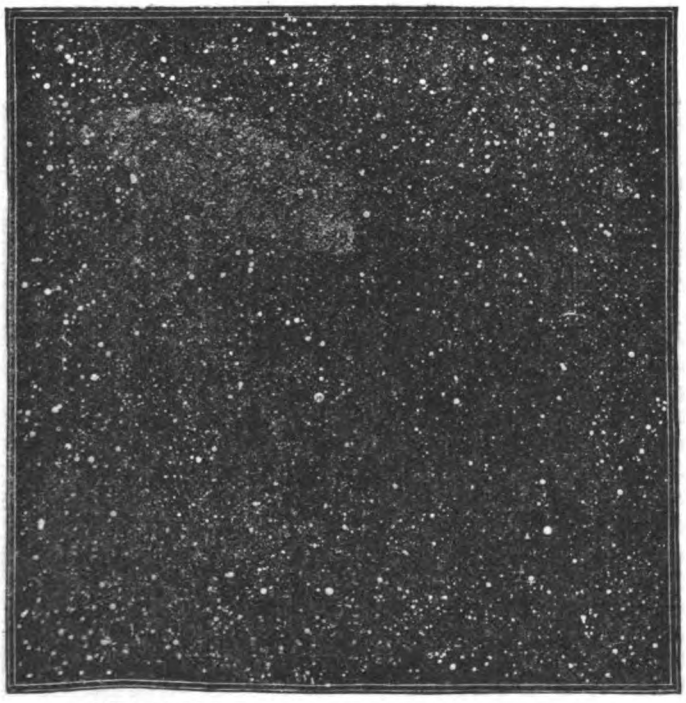


FIG. 27.— ORION AND THE NEIGHBORING CONSTELLATIONS.

Notwithstanding the proximity of our own moon, our knowledge of her is, perhaps, less attractive and more incomplete than of the other members of the solar system. The full moon, as seen through the telescope, is represented in Fig. 23. As the moon rotates on her axis in about the same time she occupies in a revolution round the earth, she presents the same face to us continually; consequently with one side of the moon we are totally unacquainted. The other side, with which we are familiar, has, however, been mapped with exceeding care. From a very interesting portion of her surface called the Lunar Apennines (Figs. 24 and 25), one may see that it is rough and rugged, rising into sharp, jagged mountain-peaks, and exhibiting huge craters, indicative of the most tremendous volcanic action. It has been also shown that there is an entire absence of water on the lunar exterior, which may, perhaps, account in some degree for its uneven and ragged appearance.

Physical astronomy gains immensely from revelations of faint objects which, without the telescope, we could not have brought within the limits of vision. But the former bounds of creation having been gradually extended for us by our discovery and use of telescopes of greater illuminating power and longer range, we cannot, even now, be said to have got beyond certain small limits; for millions of stars dimly suggest their outlines in space which are quite beyond the region revealed to us by the most powerful instrument. Though we have increased our range of vision sufficiently to perceive with greater advantage the members of our own solar system, we have also increased the 4,000 or 6,000 stars apparent to the naked eye to something like 20,000,000. The accompanying illustration (Fig. 26) of a region in the Constellation of Gemini, as viewed with the naked eye and with a powerful telescope, will suggest to the reader, more effectually than language can do, the effect of this wonderful space-penetrating power.

FIG. 26.— A PORTION OF THE CONSTELLATION GEMINI, AS SEEN WITH THE NAKED EYE.



THE SAME REGION, AS SEEN THROUGH A LARGE TELESCOPE.

Interesting views of the nebula of Orion and of other nebulæ, as seen through the great telescopes of the world, are now given to us to examine. Orion's nebula is scarcely visible to the naked eye; but when a powerful telescope is used, it is by far the most glorious spectacle of its class in the Northern Hemisphere, and is probably only surpassed by that surrounding the variable star η Argus in the Southern (Figs. 27 and 28).

Some one has roughly calculated that, looking through the huge telescope of Lord Rosse, we should receive 120,000 times more light than from our eye unaided. If, owing to imperfections in reflection, etc., two-thirds of the light be lost, so that the eye receives

40,000 times more light than the vision unaided, then a star of the sixth magnitude, barely visible to the naked eye, would have 40,000 times more light, and might be removed to a point 200 times further from us than it now is, and yet be visible in the field of the telescope, just as it now presents itself to the unaided eye. Light comes to us from the stars at the rate of 185,000 miles a second, and some three and a half years are necessary for the light from the nearest star to reach us. We can undoubtedly behold stars from our earth so far distant that their light would be 60,000 years in reaching us, and while we look at the stars and their light, we do not see them as they are at the present moment, but as they were, perhaps, hundreds of years since. When the telescope assists us, the years become tens of thousands; the distances too great for the imagination to grasp; yet we are enabled to penetrate the wonderful abyss of space and see the laws of gravitation in action there, and calculate the orbit of one star about another.

FIG. 28.— THE NEBULA OF ORION, REDUCED FROM LORD ROSSE'S DRAWING.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THE latest venture in scientific literature is *The Swiss Cross*, which, its projectors announce, has been started to meet the known wants of a large class of persons deeply interested in the personal study of Nature. The existence of this class is proven by the Agassiz Association, which, made up of earnest workers of all ages united for the purpose of original investigation, has attained a membership of many thousands. For several years the association has found a kind patron in *St. Nicholas*. But the space which that magazine could devote to the association was so limited and the needs of the association have increased so much, that the establishment of a separate magazine became necessary. The first numbers have been issued, and promise to become very popular with the young naturalists whom it is intended to guide and instruct, and who are worthy of all encouragement in their effort to do something sensible in these days of frivolous occupations for the young. The editor is Professor H. H. Ballard.

ACCORDING to an article in a late number of *The Amateur Photographer* the anthropologists have introduced into police practice in France a new method of identifying prisoners, which is proving very successful, and is based upon scientific precision. This consists in the exact measurement of the prisoner on his arrival at the jail. "His waist, the length and width of the head, the left middle finger, the left foot, the outstretched arms, the three other fingers of the left hand, the left arm from the elbow to the wrist, and the length and width of the ear, are measured, and the color of the eyes, and any peculiarities are noted down. A photograph is also immediately taken, and by these means the many mistakes which have been made by trusting to a photographer only are avoided. The fact that, since this mode has been in operation—two years ago—826 habitual criminals, passing under an assumed name, have been identified in France, shows that this method is superior to any other. Habitual criminals, particularly English pickpockets, are so convinced of the infallibility of the method, that they will on no account submit to it, and offer violent resistance whenever the attempt is made to measure them. In such cases we are assured that it is always sufficient to measure the inside of the hat and boots." The same method is used in Russia and Japan.

WHAT is called the "hammer-blow" of a locomotive driving-wheel forms the subject of an article by an English writer in the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*. What is alluded to cannot, strictly speaking, be called a blow—for, as the wheel does not leave the rail, the element of velocity is left out—but is simply a considerable additional pressure thrown upon the rail at each revolution by reason of the uncompensated vertical action of the counterweights, which are for the purpose of balancing the piston-action, the horizontal component of whose motion greatly exceeds the vertical component, while the action of the counterbalance weights is the same in both directions. The remedy he suggests is the enlargement of driving-wheels, which would diminish both the frequency and force of the blow; but he also suggests a plan for so arranging the springs of the locomotive by hanging them from bearings eccentrically mounted on the driving-shafts, as to slightly shift the weight from side to side at each revolution of the wheels to an extent as nearly as possible counteracting the "hammer-blow."

"DETECTIVE CAMERAS," as miniature photographic apparatuses are called, have been invented in many forms, intended to disguise their true purport. Some look like a small traveling-bag; others simulate a revolver, the dry plates in the cylinder revolving under the motion of a trigger; and other forms. The latest is inclosed in a watch-case, which opens in the ordinary manner by means of a spring. As the case opens, a miniature camera shoots out for a moment, shuts up again, and the thing is done—provided, of course it has been properly "aimed" at the face to be "taken." The sensitive plates to be used for this camera are miniature dry plates, several of which can be carried by the operator in a specially prepared locket to hang on the watch-chain. This invention is English, and is already in use by the London police.

STEEL ties for railroad tracks are coming into use in Mexico, as they have long been used in India, as a matter of economy. The life of the steel tie may safely be set at from thirty to fifty years, whereas in Mexico white oak lasts only from five to six years. The expense of spikes is saved, also, and a large reduction in the repairing force of trackmen can be made. A better road-bed is required, however, than is usually to be found in the United States. In Mexico, on the Vera Cruz line, 1,850 per mile have been found to be a sufficient number. These cost in England about $1.25 each, and can be landed at Vera Cruz at $2 each. Wooden ties cost there from ninety cents to $1.62. With the present low price of cedar, chestnut and hackmatack ties in the wooded sections of this country, it will be many years before the steel tie will be adopted by our railroads. But in a place like Mexico, or India, or Central America, the use of the steel tie might be economical. Of course such experience as is detailed above is interesting and valuable, and its results will be watched with much interest by those of our railroad men whose lines run through sparsely wooded districts.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

"SOME men are born great." Yes, but gracious! how some of them do shrink!

IT is quite appropriate that the villain of the opera should always be the base man among the singers.

IT is curious that when a dog chases his tail, his tail, which is certainly behind, should always keep a little ahead.

"BY-THE-WAY," exclaimed Smithers, "have you two fives for a ten?" "I have," responded Johnson. "Then lend me one of them."

A GIRL at school would like to have two birthdays every year. When she grows up to be a woman she often objects to having only one.

BROWN says that the only objection he has to cremation is that people will not only have to earn their living, but will have to urn their dead.

"MAY I aspire to your hand?" asked a dude of a witty belle, who instantly replied: "You may have the *refusal* of it, sir, for an indefinite period."

"SEE here, Tom, it looks as if you were trying to cultivate the Widow Balsted.' "Well, Charlie, to tell the truth, I am trying to rid her of weeds."

"MAY I ride behind you?" asked a tramp of a gentleman who was passing him on horseback. "Yes; but not on the same horse," was the reply.

FAIR POLAND.—FROM A PAINTING BY H. SCHLIMARSKI.

GOSSIPS.

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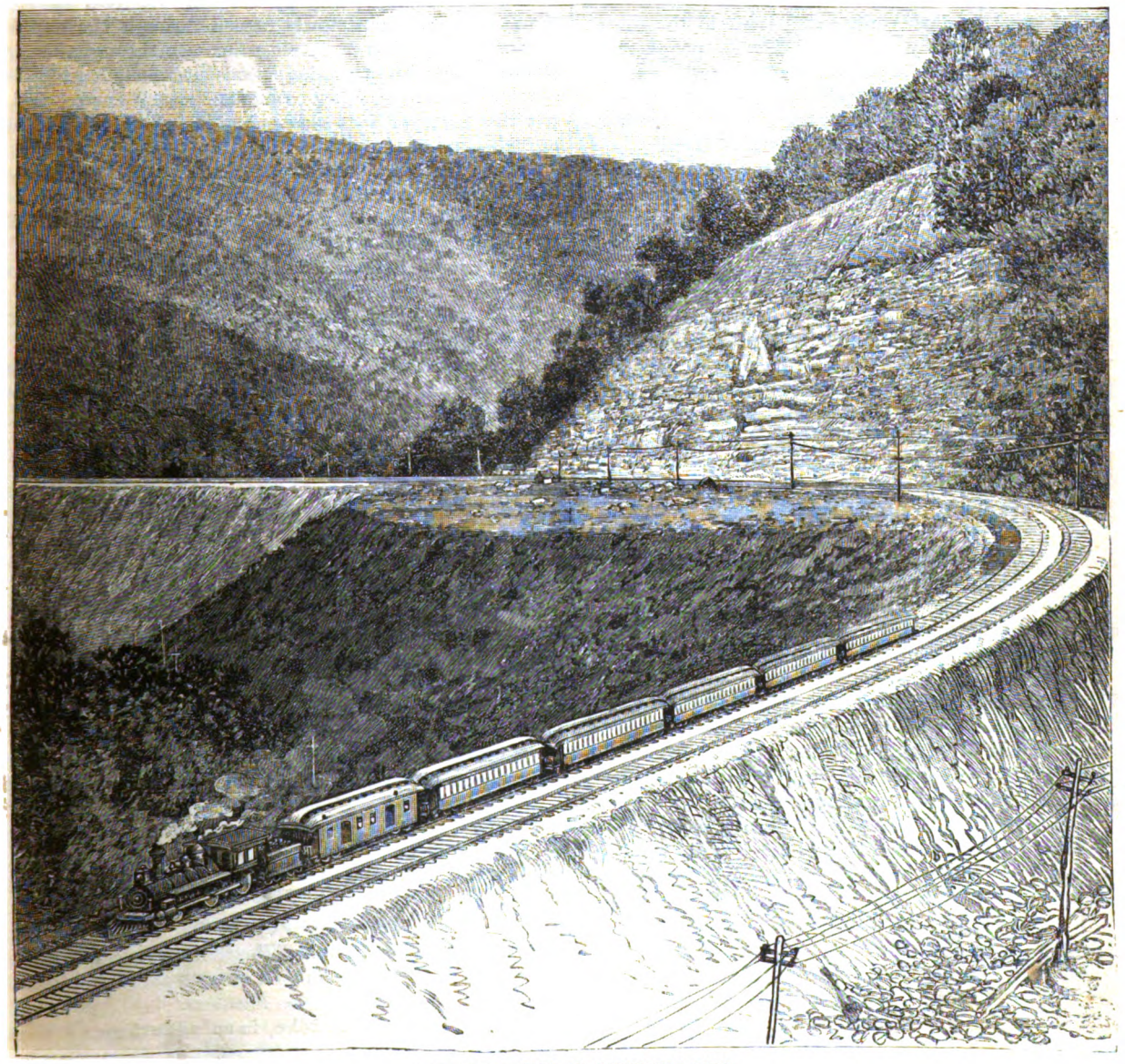
A RAILWAY TRAIN, AND WHAT IT COSTS.

BY ARTHUR VAUGHAN ABBOT, C.E.

CHAPTER I.—THE DEPARTURE.

ON a bright morning in June, 18—, Mr. Lawrence Wollaston and his cousin John were seated in a carriage driving swiftly down Broadway toward the Pennsylvania Station, where they were to take the train for Chicago. "There!" exclaimed John, in a tone of great satisfaction; "we are fairly off. Now for a good time."



A TRAIN OF CARS AT HORSESHOE BEND.

"Yes," replied Lawrence, "we have made a good start. A good beginning is very important to any enterprise."

Just then the carriage turned the corner of Courtlandt Street, and the driver, after threading his way with astonishing dexterity through a bewildering maze of heavily loaded carts and vehicles, reined up his horses at the entrance to the Pennsylvania Ferry.

Lawrence had just completed his course at the scientific school of Yale College, and, before entering actively upon his profession as civil engineer, he wished to supplement the theoretical training he had received by observations upon the methods and operations employed in the great workshops of this country. To accomplish this, he proposed to spend some time journeying Westward, visiting and inspecting the large manufactories.

While I have been thus explaining how Lawrence and John had undertaken such a journey, their carriage had been transported across the North River, and was waiting for the boat to be secured to the ferry dock. As soon as this was accomplished the carriage rolled slowly up the bridge connecting the boat with the pier, and in a few moments stopped in front of the waiting-room of the station. John opened the carriage-door, and the young gentlemen stepped out and entered the depot. Here a scene of great confusion presented itself to their eyes. The large room was partially filled with people, who were moving about in all directions in a most bewildering manner. At the further end were a series of doors surrounded by brightly polished railings, and guarded by officials in blue uniforms with brass buttons.

Several of these officers were shouting at the tops of their voices the destinations of the various trains about taking their departure.

"Good gracious!" said John. "How can anybody find out anything here?"

"Yes," replied Lawrence. "Very curiously, the idea of taking a journey seems to have an exciting effect upon the human race, so that a railway station is usually a scene of the direst confusion, and it is only after long experience in traveling that one learns to retain calmness and self-possession. You were very considerate last night when you suggested that we start in good season, so now we have plenty of time, and need not feel in the least degree worried or excited."

"Yes," said John; "and besides, I wanted to see all the people."

"Ah," replied Lawrence, "a railway station is one of the best places in the world to study human nature; and now," he continued, "I'll stay here and look after the bundles while you go and get the tickets."

"All right," said John, pleased at being intrusted with so important a commission.

Lawrence handed him two fifty-dollar bills, and John, going to the window of the ticket-office, said:

"Two tickets for Chicago, if you please."

The ticket agent handed him back two long strips of buff-colored paper and the proper change.

"Well, John," said Lawrence, when the latter returned to him, "you have conducted that negotiation in a very business-like manner, and I think I'll appoint you my courier for the rest of the trip. You may imagine, if you like, that I am an inexperienced foreigner, and that you are conducting me to Chicago."

"Very good," said John. "Now let us go into the cars." And picking up his bag, John started toward one of the doors leading to the trains. He handed his tickets to one of the doorkeepers, who carefully examined them, and then said:

"Forward on your left for the Western express."

After passing through the door, the young gentlemen found themselves in an immense room, where several trains were standing ready for departure. At the side of each was a placard stating its destination. John examined these, one after the other, until he found one bearing the inscription, "Philadelphia, Harrisburg and points West."

"Here's our train!" he cried. "Come along, Lawrence."

John climbed eagerly up the car-steps, calmly and sedately followed by Lawrence.

"I don't think this a very nice car," said John. "Let us go forward into the next one. "Ah!" said he, when they had crossed the platform, "this is very much better. Now let us see. We are to ride southwest; so if we take seats on the right-hand side we shall not have any sun, at least until afternoon; and going to a seat near the centre of the car, exclaimed: "Here is a nice seat, Lawrence. Come and take this."

"Ah," said Lawrence, when he found himself comfortably established; "you make an excellent courier."

In a few moments the train started, and for some time the young gentlemen were occupied in watching the scenes that swept swiftly by the window. On leaving the station the train slowly passed through the streets of Jersey City, and traversing the cut through Jersey Heights, ran with increasing speed out on the long levels of the marshes. In a few moments Newark was reached, but the train, without slackening its speed, thundered past the station and rushed into the open country.

"Now, Lawrence," said John, after he had become a little tired of watching the scenery; "what shall I do about my studies to-day? You know that father wished me to study some every day."

"Ah," replied Lawrence; "I didn't know but you were going to forget all about that."

"No," said John, shaking his head, "I've too much regard for my credit to do that."

"Or," continued Lawrence, "you might regard this as one of your days of failure. You know you have an allowance for that."

"No," replied John, "I am determined not to have any failures."

"Very good," said Lawrence. "Then I'll tell you what I'll do. During the day I will give you a sort of lecture, and before we get to Chicago you may write out a recapitulation."

"What is a recapitulation?" asked John.

"A recapitulation," replied Lawrence, "is a brief and concise statement of the principal points of the subject under discussion."

"Well," said John, rather doubtfully; "I should like the lecture very much, but the car shakes so that I don't believe I could write anything."

"You can make notes in pencil first, and then copy it when there is a steady place on which to write," said Lawrence.

"I can do that very nicely," said John.

CHAPTER II.

LAWRENCE'S LECTURE.

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN" (began Lawrence, in rather a pompous tone): "The subject of my address this morning is '*Modern Transportation Facilities.*'"

"Oh, my!" exclaimed John, in an undertone. "What long names."

Lawrence, however, paid no heed to the interruption, but continued:

"It would scarcely be supposed, from the present enormous development of the railway system in all civilized countries, that it is but sixty years since the first steam railway was put into practical operation. I say steam railway advisedly, because the idea of employing the smooth surface of blocks of wood, stone or other material upon which the wheels of a carriage or cart could roll with diminished friction is exceedingly ancient. In fact, traces of constructions of this kind have been discovered among the earliest works of the Egyptians. But, as I have said, the application of steam-power to the transportation of goods and passengers, with the consequent growth of the modern railway systems, with their vast and complicated organizations, and the investment of a very large part of the world's capital, dates back but little more than half a century.

"It is scarcely possible to discover who really first propounded the idea of steam propulsion; but now, ladies and gentlemen, we will have the room darkened, and, by the aid of the lantern, we will depict upon the screen the earliest device upon record of steam locomotion."

Here Lawrence drew a small letter-book from his pocket, and, taking out a picture, held it up so that John could see it. Lawrence did all this with a perfectly grave and serious expression of countenance, just as if he were addressing a highly scientific audience in the Academy of Music.

"You have before you, ladies and gentlemen, the representation of a device originated by Sir Isaac Newton, in 1680. It consists of a carriage of four wheels, supporting a furnace D (Fig. 1), over which is placed a large globular boiler B. From the boiler extends backward a pipe C, in which is placed a valve F, which, by means of the rod E, is under the control of the driver at A. The water in the boiler being converted into steam by the fire, was allowed to escape through the nozzle of the pipe C, and, by the reaction of the escaping steam, the carriage was supposed to be driven forward. It is doubtful if this contrivance was ever put into actual operation, and still more improbable that it could have ever been practical.

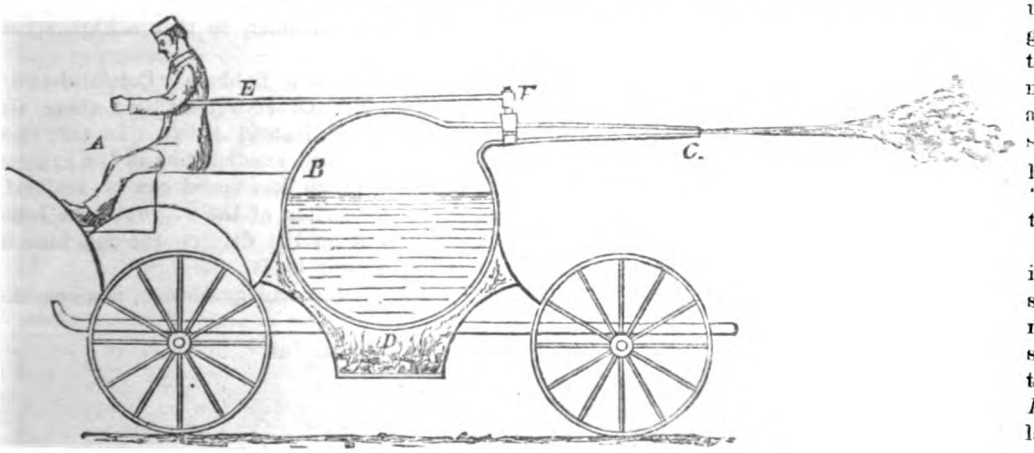


FIG. 1.—SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S STEAM-CARRIAGE OF 1680.

"The first successful steam-carriage was constructed by Joseph Cugnot, in 1769; and it is curious to note the terms by which the invention was described to the French Academy.

"'The secretary read a note sent by Citizen Bonaparte, relating to a carriage moved by steam. Citizens Coulomb, Perrier, Bonaparte and Prony are commissioned to make a report upon this machine, and to be present at the trial to be made of it, and, at the same time, to present their views upon the best method of applying the action of steam to the carriage of burdens.'

"About the same time, Dr. Church, an Englishman, a resident of Birmingham, built a steam-vehicle which ran on the ordinary road between London and Birmingham, and attained a speed of nine miles an hour. Now, ladies and gentlemen, we have before us, on the screen, the steam-omnibus of Dr. Church (Fig. 2). These experiments largely directed public attention toward improvements in locomotion; but very little was practically accomplished until 1825, when a railway was constructed between the towns of Stockton and Darlington, in England.

"It was at first proposed to run the cars on this road by means of horses, but at this time the celebrated engineer Stephenson had attracted considerable attention by some locomotives built for hauling coal from the coal mines, and the directors of the new road applied to him to construct some machines for them. It was his assertion that he could build a locomotive to run twenty miles an hour. Yet, at that time, the famous English journal, the *Quarterly Review*, is quoted as saying: 'What can be more palpably absurd and ridiculous than the prospect held out of locomotives traveling more than twice as fast as stage-coaches?' Mr. Stephenson was a Scotchman, and one day, when under examination before a committee of the House of Commons, was asked: 'Suppose now, one of your engines to be going at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour, and that a cow were to stray upon the line and get in the way of the engine. Would not that be a very awkward circumstance?' 'Yes,' replied Stephenson: 'varra awkward for the coo.'

"Notwithstanding all of the opposition to the new machine, Stephenson built, in 1829, the famous *Rocket*, which, ladies and gentlemen, we will now place upon the screen." (Fig. 3.) Here Lawrence took another picture from his letter-book and held it up for John's inspection.

"This little engine is historic, and formed the general type from which all of the European locomotives have since developed. It weighed about four and one-half tons, and, with thirteen tons of freight, attained a speed of twenty-nine miles an hour. The success of the *Rocket* assured the rapid development of steam transportation, and engineers and mechanics all over the world at once turned toward it their attention.

"The roads in America, however, presented far greater obstacles to the advancement of the new discovery than did those of Great Britain. English roads were essentially straight and level lines, while in this country it was necessary to climb mountains and turn sharp corners. It is to Peter Cooper that the credit is due for the construction of the first American locomotive capable of surmounting these obstacles. This machine was built for the Baltimore and Ohio Road, to demonstrate the

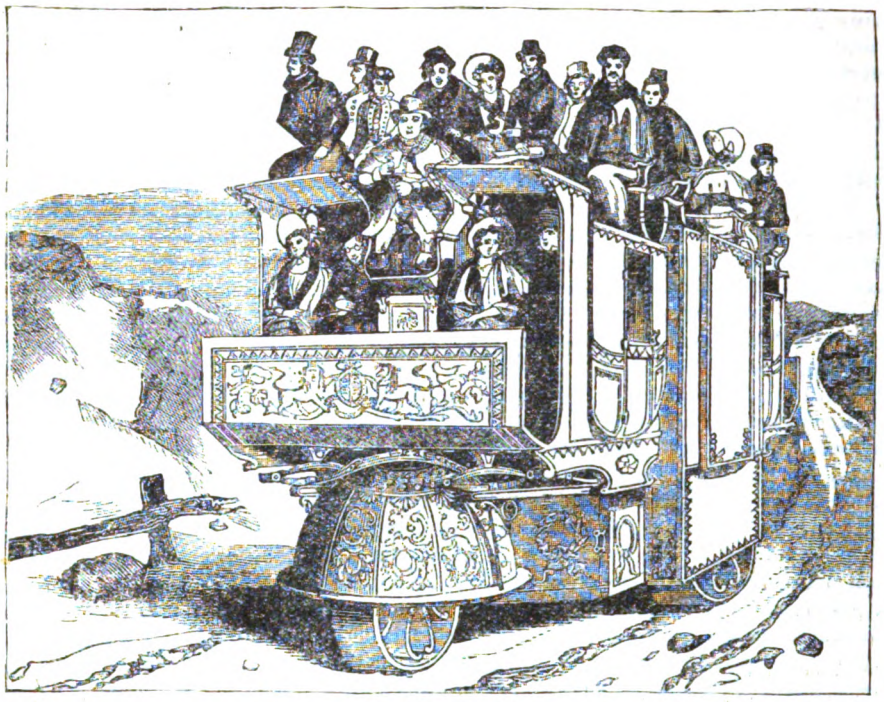


FIG. 2.— DR. CHURCH'S STEAM-OMNIBUS.

practicability of the steam transportation of merchandise on curved roads with heavy grades. The trial trip of this engine, hauling a car filled with the directors of the road, is now before you. (Fig. 4.)

"About 1830, much interest was felt in this country in the success of the English railways. Mr. Franklin Peale, of the Philadelphia Museum, applied to Mr. Baldwin, a skillful mechanic of that city, to construct a model locomotive, for exhibition in the Museum, and on the 25th of April, 1831, the miniature machine was placed in operation on a circular track of pine boards covered with hoop iron. Two small cars, with seats for four passengers, were provided, and the novel spectacle attracted crowds of spectators. The success of the model was so great that Mr. Baldwin at once received orders for machines on a large scale, and, relinquishing his business as a machinist, he founded in Philadelphia the Baldwin Locomotive Works, one of the largest establishments devoted to this branch of manufacture. Nearly nine acres of ground are occupied by the works, and a force of about three thousand men is constantly employed. At present ten locomotives a week can easily be constructed."

"Oh, Lawrence!" said John; "can't we stop there and make them a visit?"

"Well," said Lawrence, "I hope to arrange that on our return from Chicago."

"Now, ladies and gentlemen," he continued; "we will throw on the screen one of the early Baldwin locomotives, constructed in 1846 (Fig. 5). By comparison with the former view of the *Rocket* you will notice that Mr. Baldwin made some striking changes in the appearance of the machine, and established a general design, which has been largely followed in all machines of American manufacture. Such, very briefly, was the history of the inception of the locomotive engine, which is probably one of the greatest inventions in the world. In comparison with the massive and ponderous machines of the present day, the locomotives of Stephenson and Peter Cooper seem but little more than toys.

"Now we will place on the screen a Baldwin passenger express engine (Fig. 6). It will be noticed that there are only two driving-wheels on each side, but these are very large in diameter, so that a high speed is easily attainable.

"Our next view shows a Baldwin 'Consolidation' freight engine (Fig. 7). Observe that here there are four drivers on each side, instead of two. In this case the driving-wheels are much smaller than in the express engine, and therefore much less speed can be realized. Yet, as a far larger proportion of the weight of the locomotive is concentrated on the drivers, the machine is capable of hauling greater loads.

"The next picture, ladies and gentlemen, is a consoli-

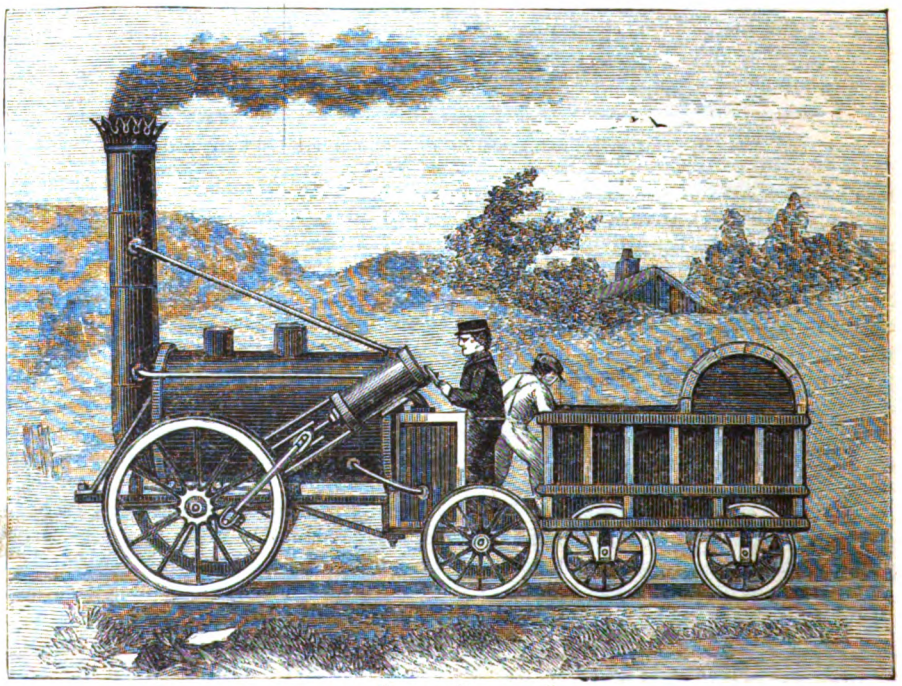


FIG. 3.— THE "ROCKET."

dation locomotive designed for the Philadelphia and Reading Railway (Fig. 8). In the plan of this machine it may be noticed that not only the weight of the locomotive proper, but also that of the tender, is concentrated on the driving-wheels, so a much greater weight is usefully employed in promoting the adhesion of the driving-wheels on the track. Here is an English express engine just completed for the Great Western Railway (Fig. 9). One is at once reminded of the old *Rocket*, and it is very obvious that traces of the Stephenson design still exist. This locomotive has but one driver on each side, but this is very large, as the machine is intended to develop high speeds for passenger and mail service between London and Liverpool.

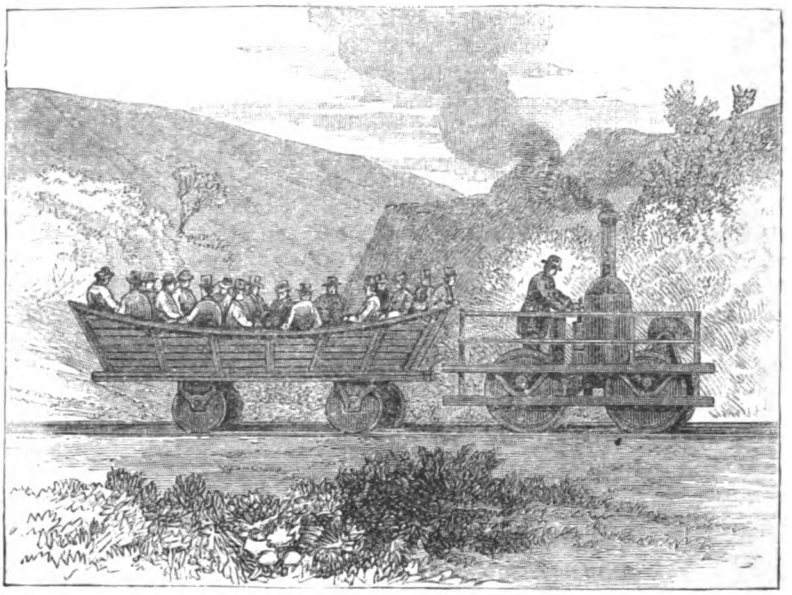


FIG. 4.— PETER COOPER'S LOCOMOTIVE.

"So much, ladies and gentlemen, for the history and general characteristics of the locomotive. The details of the machine and its special appliances will be treated in the next session." Just then the train rounded a curve, and sweeping over a majestic bridge, crossed the Schuylkill River, and a few moments later came to a stop in the magnificent Pennsylvania station in Philadelphia.

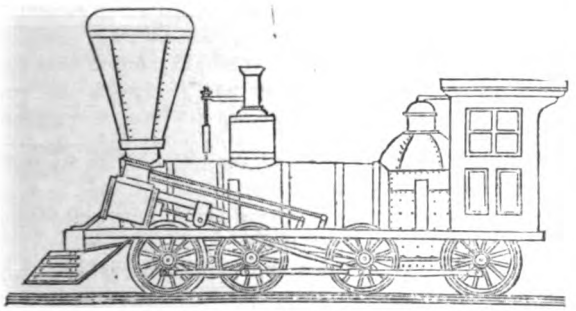


FIG. 5.— "BALDWIN" LOCOMOTIVE OF 1846.

"I wonder how long we stop here," said John.

"I don't know," replied Lawrence; "but you might go and find out."

John started off, and presently returning, informed Lawrence that the train staid eight minutes.

"Now," said John, "let us go out and take a walk on the platform, so as to see the station."

Descending from the car, Lawrence and John found themselves under an immense arched roof covering a building several hundred feet long, and accommodating a dozen or more railway tracks. Between each of the tracks was a long, narrow platform for the convenience of the passengers going to and from the various trains. Several of the tracks were already occupied, some by trains which had apparently just arrived, and others by those awaiting the signal to depart. Many people were on the platform, some of them hurrying to and fro in an eager, excited manner, seemingly fearful lest they should not find the car they were seeking; while others, with the air of experienced travelers, were slowly pacing to fro, idly watching the numerous officials as they pursued their various avocations. The roof of the station was supported on very strong but light iron arches, that sprang from wall to wall in a single semi-circular span, giving a very high and lofty appearance to the building.

For some minutes Lawrence and John examined the scene around them with the greatest attention and curiosity.

"John," said Lawrence, "what do you suppose they have made this roof so high for?"

"Why," said John, hesitatingly, "I'm sure I don't know, unless they did it for appearance's sake."

"I doubt that," returned Lawrence; "as room in a great city is too valuable to be wasted unnecessarily."

Just then an incoming train rolled along on the track beside them, the locomotive sending up a great cloud of steam and smoke.

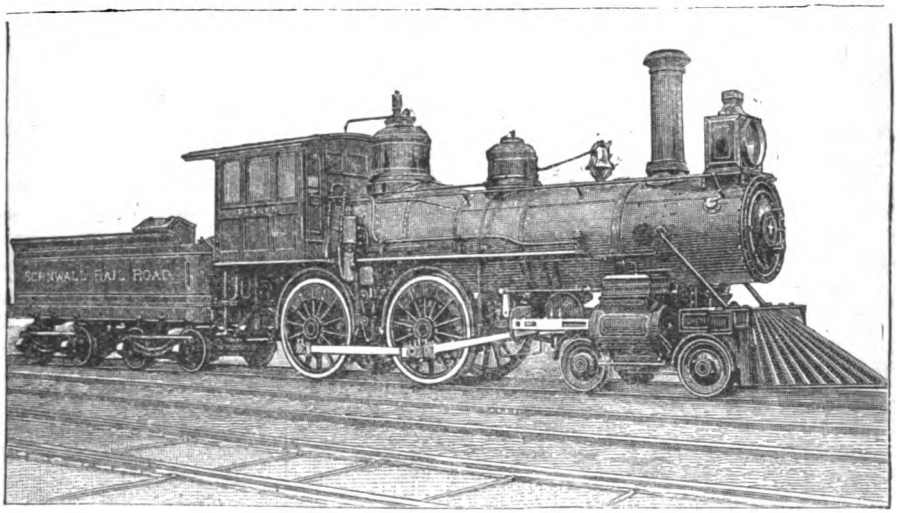


FIG. 6.— MODERN "BALDWIN" EXPRESS ENGINE.

"There!" said Lawrence; "that engine has answered the question for you."

"Why," said John, "I don't see that."

"Well," rejoined Lawrence, "I suppose every day nearly a thousand engines go in and out of this depot, each one of which pours out an immense volume of smoke, just as you saw this one do a moment since; and if the building had a small, low roof, passengers would be almost suffocated, to say nothing of the confusion which would ensue from so thick and murky an atmosphere. But by constructing a lofty roof there is plenty of room for the smoke to pass away without annoyance or discomfort to travelers."

While the young gentlemen were talking about the roof, a gang of three or four men passed them. These were clad in rather greasy-looking blue "overalls," and each one carried in one hand a very peculiar-looking hammer, and in the other a queerly shaped can, something like a coffee-pot, excepting that the spout of the pot was furnished with a blazing lamp-wick, which flared and sputtered, giving out a dim and smoky light. The hammers were peculiar in having a very small head on the end of a handle, some three feet long. The men stepped down off the platform on to the track, and, crawling under the cars, commenced to pound the wheels with the long-handled hammers.

"Lawrence," said John, "what in the world are they doing that for?"

"They are inspecting the car-wheels," replied Lawrence. "You see, during the last two hours, we have traveled nearly one hundred miles, and, while the car seems to ride very smoothly and easily, at the same time every little inequality in the track gives a sharp blow to the car-wheel; and, during the one hundred miles, each wheel has probably received a good many thousand blows, so it is not at all unlikely that some one of them may have become cracked. The inspection gang, with their long-handled hammers, go around and carefully tap all the wheels, judging by the sound whether the wheels are sound or not."

"Oh, Lawrence," exclaimed John, "what a pun!"

Lawrence smiled a little at this remark, and then said, "Now listen."

As he spoke, one of the inspection gang came close beside them, as they were standing near the truck of one of the cars. As he struck the wheels successively, they gave forth a clear, ringing note, almost like that of a bell. Suddenly, however, one wheel on being struck gave out a dull, earthy thud, totally different from any of the others. The workman struck the wheel a number of times in various places, and then, stooping down, he examined it very carefully with his light. He then shouted out:

"Say, Bill! Tell the boss there's a cracked wheel on the express."

In a minute or two several men made their appearance, and, after investigating matters, the foreman said:

"Bill, go and tell the yard-master to send down another coach."

Presently the car that they were looking at gave a little jerk, and rolled away.

"Why, Lawrence," exclaimed John, "I do believe they are carrying off our car, and," he added, in a tone of great consternation; "all our bags are in it. What shall we do?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Lawrence, in a perfectly calm and quiet voice. "I'm nothing but an inexperienced foreigner, you know, and depend entirely upon my courier to get me safely to Chicago."

John looked rather perplexed and distressed for a moment, and then said:

"You might advise me, any way."

"Oh, yes," replied Lawrence; "I will do that with the greatest pleasure. In such an admirably managed system as the Pennsylvania Railroad, where the breakage of a car-wheel is probably a matter of frequent occurrence, I have no doubt some good provision is made for the safety of the passengers' luggage when it becomes necessary to exchange cars. There is a station-master over there. Perhaps you might go and ask him about it."

John looked in the direction indicated by Lawrence, and saw a blue-coated official with the word "Station-master," in gold letters, on his cap. In answer to his inquiry, the station-master told John to give himself no concern; that the porters connected with the station would take good care of the luggage, and shortly, another car would be along to take the place of the injured one.

As he finished speaking, John heard a rumbling behind him, and, turning around, saw the car just being attached to the train. He ran immediately to Lawrence, and hurried him on board. Here John was much delighted to find their luggage in almost identically the same place in which they had left it.

"Well," said he, in a tone of gratification and relief, "this certainly is an excellent system. If I could find the porter who took such good care of our bags, I should like to give him a good big fee."

Just then a loud gong struck, and, with an "*All aboard!*" from the conductor, the train slowly started, and was soon again swiftly rolling Westward.

CHAPTER III.

THE LOCOMOTIVE.

A LOCOMOTIVE engine may be said to consist of three parts or organs.

1st, An apparatus for generating steam; 2d, An engine for utilizing the force of the steam; and 3d, The driving mechanism, by means of which the power developed by the engine can be employed for transportation.

The rear end of American locomotives is usually covered by a wooden framework or cab, which serves to protect the engineer and fireman from the weather. On looking into this cab as a locomotive is standing at a station, one may usually see, through an open iron door, the glowing coals in the furnace. Under the cab the bottom of the furnace extends downward, and, almost touching the track, is arranged to form a closed ash-pit for the reception of the hot coals and embers as they drop through the grate bars, thus preventing them from setting fire to the wooden ties. The main bulk of the engine is occupied by the boiler, which forms the long cylindrical iron case extending from the cab forward to the cowcatcher. The boiler is usually composed of very strong and tenacious plates of steel, firmly riveted together so as to be steam-tight. For appearance's sake, and to prevent loss of heat by radiation, it is covered with sheets of polished Russia iron. Longitudinally through the boiler are placed a number of tubes, communicating with the furnace at one end and terminating in the smokestack at the other. These tubes are arranged to receive the flame and hot gases from the fire, and being constantly surrounded by the water of the boiler, they very largely increase the heating surface, thereby rendering it possible, in a small space, to generate steam sufficient to meet the demands of the cylinders. Such a boiler is denominated a tubular or loco-

motive boiler. A comprehension of its construction may perhaps be facilitated by reference to the accompanying illustrations (Figs. 10 and 11), sections, longitudinal and transverse, of an English express engine. The space A A is occupied by the furnace or fire-box. The walls are made of double plates of steel, riveted together in the strongest manner, and designed to allow a free circulation of water, thereby providing the largest heating surface. From the end of the fire-box the tubes B extend forward to the smokestack. On the top of the boiler stands the steam dome D, the object of which is to secure a supply of dry steam for the cylinders. As the boiler is usually kept nearly filled with water, the jolting and shaking of the locomotive would be very likely to cause much of the water to find its way into the cylinders, provided the mouth of the steam-pipe were placed near the water-level. To obviate this, the end of the steam-pipe O is placed high up in the dome. At the end of this pipe is situated the throttle-valve V, which, by means of the rods X X and the crank Y is under the control of the engineer in the cab. After the steam has done its work in the cylinders it is allowed to escape into the smokestack by means of the pipe N. As each cylinder-full passes into the stack it gives rise to the familiar "choo-choo" of the locomotive; and here the steam is made to do an additional work, for each puff, as it passes through the funnel, draws through the furnace a corresponding puff of air, serving to fiercely fan the fire. In order to save weight, locomotive boilers are made as small as possible, and require to be constantly furnished with fresh additions of water as fast as the steam is used. Supplies of fuel and water are carried in the tender accompanying the engine, or in a receptacle surrounding the boiler. At frequent intervals, however, it is necessary to re-supply the tender by stopping at a water station. A method has been devised whereby this loss of time may be avoided. Midway between the rails is placed an iron trough several hundred feet long. This trough is kept constantly filled with water, and as the train flies by a pipe is lowered from the tender and dropped into the water. The tank is thus filled while the train is in motion.

A curious device called, an "injector," is now being rapidly introduced for the purpose of forcing water into the boiler against the steam-pressure. Fig. 12 is an illustration of this little contrivance, and Fig. 13 a section, by the aid of which I hope to make its seemingly anomalous action comprehendible. There are three openings into the injector. Through the upper one steam can be admitted from the boiler. The lower one is connected with the water supply, while the end orifice is also connected with the boiler. By pulling the handle H the little valve A is opened, steam is admitted, and expanding as it passes through the orifices C and D, lifts the water through the supply-pipe into the combining tube N N. Now the cool water condenses the steam as it passes through the tube C; but this condensed steam has acquired the velocity due to the boiler-pressure. By condensation its volume has been reduced about nine hundred times, but its velocity remains unchanged; and so, were it not for the friction of the valves and pipes, this condensed steam could be mixed with nearly nine hundred times its weight of water, and still retain sufficient velocity to run right back into the boiler, against the steam-pressure, through the end opening. In practice, however, the pipe and valve friction is so great as to reduce this quantity to about one hundred and sixty times the weight of the steam used. Nevertheless, this is a great saving over ordinary pumps, and from its compactness, cheapness and efficiency, the injector is becoming a great favorite.

The steam-engine part of a locomotive is always made in duplicate, there being two steam-cylinders, one on each side. For this there are several reasons. If there are two cylinders, any accident to one leaves the other in a working condition; able, at least, to slowly haul a train to a station where relief might be obtained. The use of two cylinders, also, enables the force derived from the steam to be directly applied to the driving-wheels on either side; whereas if only one cylinder were used this application would be much more indirect. But the most important reason for the use of two cylinders is to obviate what machinists call "*a dead centre.*" Power from a steam-engine is derived from the pressure of the steam in the cylinder causing the piston to move to and fro. This backward and forward movement is termed a *reciprocating motion;* and, for some purposes, such as pumping, sawing wood, etc., this reciprocating motion is precisely what is needed. But for most mechanical operations, and, very obviously in the case of the locomotive, it is necessary to convert the reciprocating movement of the piston into a rotary motion whereby the driving-wheels may be revolved. Rotation is achieved by placing a *connecting-rod* on the end of the piston-rod, which is, in turn, secured to a crank on the axle of the driving-wheels. The crank and the connecting-rod transform the *reciprocating* motion of the piston into a *rotary* motion of the axle. Suppose the piston is at the extreme end of the cylinder. Evidently the piston-rod, the connecting-rod and the crank are all in one straight line, and no amount of direct pressure on the piston could move it. Mechanics call this position of the system a "*dead centre.*" In the case of stationary engines, care is taken never to stop the engine on the centre; but, should this accidentally occur, a gang of men with a crowbar can readily pry the crank around and set the engine going.

The possibility of such a detention with every stoppage of a railway train would be totally incompatible with the present system of transportation. To obviate this difficulty, the cranks of the two cylinders are set at right angles to each other; therefore, if one crank is on its dead centre, the other is in its most efficient position, and is able to move the train sufficiently to release the former.

The mechanism whereby the steam is permitted to alternately enter first one side and then the other of the cylinder, and, after having done its work, is allowed to escape, so as to prevent opposing any obstacle to the motion of the piston, is very curious. Fig. 14 is a sectional drawing of a steam-cylinder, giving the valve-arrangement. On one side of the cylinder, a sort of a box (V) is constructed, called the steam-chest. A pipe from the boiler keeps this steam-chest constantly filled with steam. From the steam-chest there are two channels of communication leading to either end of the cylinder. A small block of metal (T) is arranged to slide to and fro over the "ports," as these openings into the cylinder are termed. From a fancied resemblance to the letter D, this valve has received the name of the "*D valve,*" and is so designed as to always cover and close one of the ports, while leaving the other open and accessible to the steam. In the illustration, the upper port is closed, while the lower one is open; so that the steam from the valve-chest may now be supposed to flow through the passage G to the under side of the piston D, and force it upward. Any steam which may be on the upper side of the piston is permitted to flow through the upper passageway into the chamber Q, from whence it escapes into the air.

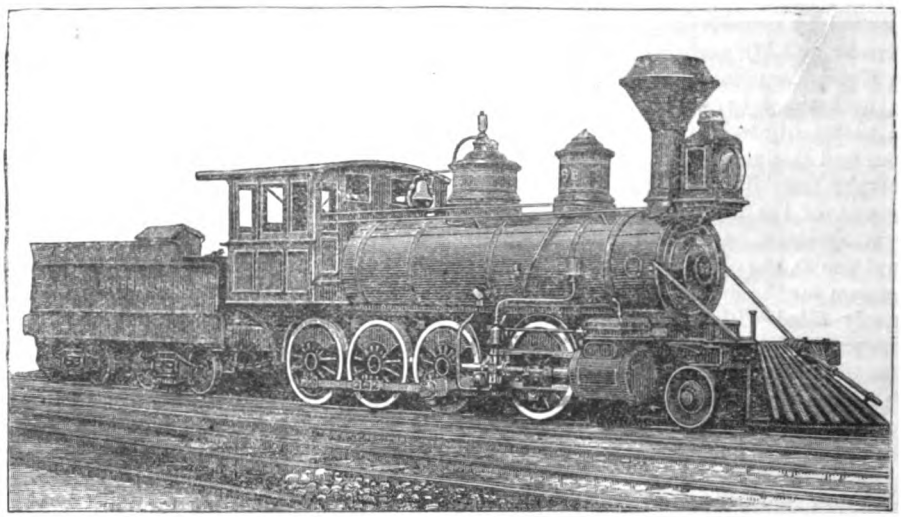


FIG. 7.— BALDWIN "CONSOLIDATION" FREIGHT ENGINE.

As soon as the piston reaches the top of the cylinder, the valve F slides downward, closing the lower port to the steam, but opening communication into the chamber Q, and at the same time allowing the steam to enter the top of the cylinder by means of the upper port. The motion of the valve to and fro is accomplished by connecting the valve-rod M with a short crank or eccentric, placed on the main shaft of the engine. If, however, steam is admitted to the valve-chest, the engine at once starts, and continues to run until the supply is cut off. In a stationary engine designed to run in only one direction this valve-motion is extremely simple. A locomotive, however, must run either backward or forward, and the engineer must have it in his power at an instant's notice to "*reverse his engine.*"

The valve-gear, designed by Stephenson for his early locomotives, so admirably fulfills all requirements, that it is still used with little or no modification. His contrivance is shown in Fig. 15. The cylinder and valve-chest, with steam-pipe to boiler, are seen at the left hand of the illustration. On the main shaft are placed two eccentrics, E and E, which, by means of two rods, B and B, are connected with the block A. This block is furnished with a long slot, in which plays a pin attached to the valve-rod. A system of levers, L Z and M, controls the motion of the block A, so that it may be raised or lowered at the pleasure of the engineer. At present the lever L is in its extreme backward position, and the valve-rod is in a direct line with the eccentric, B. By pushing the lever forward, the valve-rod is brought into line with the eccentric, B. As the two eccentrics are set at right angles to each other, the operation of throwing forward the lever L and lowering the block A serves to change the position of the valve, thus reversing the admission of the steam to the cylinder, and consequently changing the motion of the engine. This admirable contrivance also serves another purpose; for, by setting the lever L at any intermediate point, the amount of motion of the valve can be varied in a like proportion, causing a corresponding difference in the quantity of steam admitted to the cylinder, and giving the engineer a complete control over the machine, permitting him at pleasure to run it rapidly or slowly, backward or forward.

The cylinders of the most powerful locomotives have an area of 314 square inches. Frequently a steam-pressure of 120 pounds to the square inch is used, so that the pressure on each piston amounts to nearly 38,000 pounds, or about 19 tons. The driving-wheels of such an engine are about 12 feet in circumference; therefore, for every mile traveled some 400 revolutions would be made, and, assuming a speed of 20 miles an hour, each cylinder would have to make 133 double strokes per

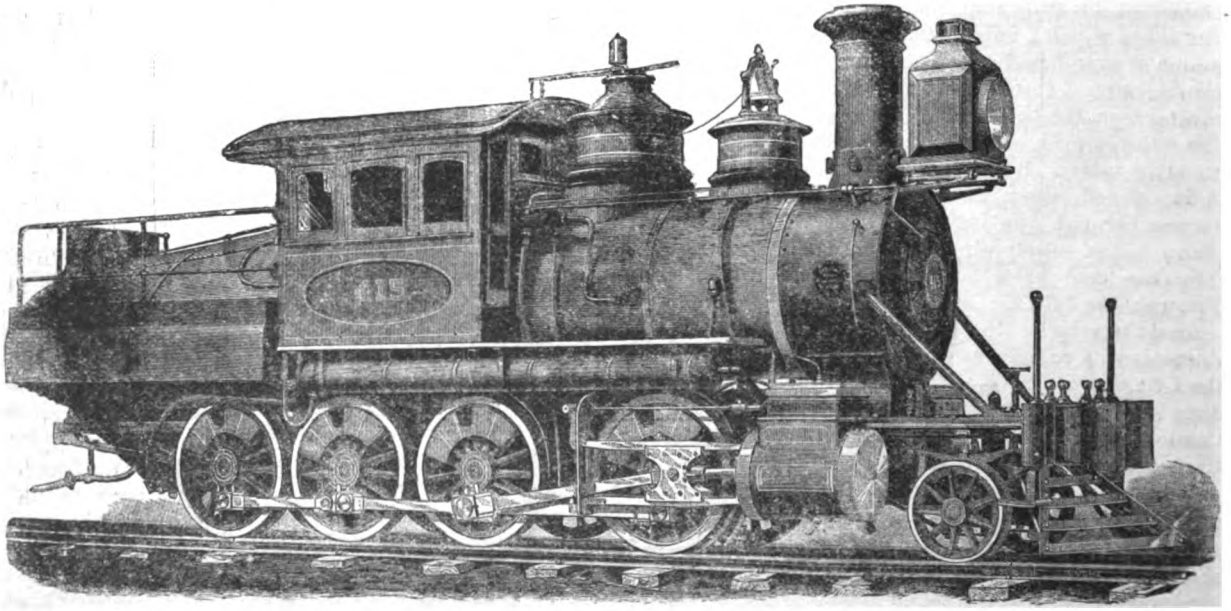


FIG. 8.—"CONSOLIDATION" LOCOMOTIVE, WITH WOOTTEN'S FIRE-BOX FOR BURNING FINE COAL.

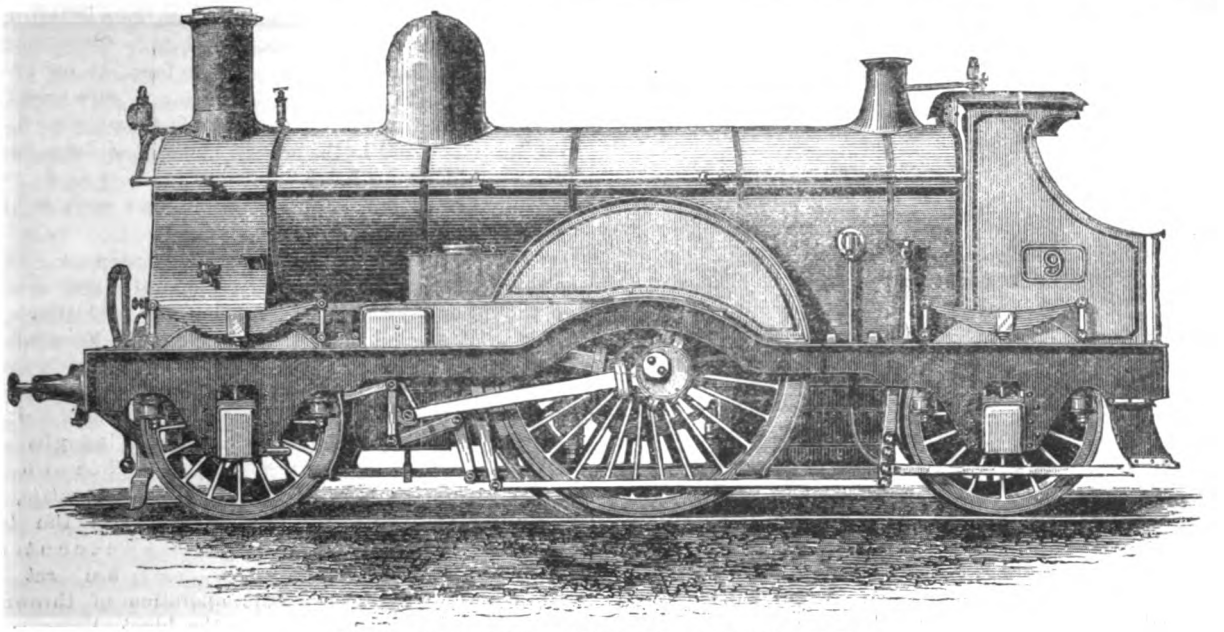


FIG. 9.— NEW EXPRESS ENGINE, GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

minute. The cylinders are 26 inches in length, so that each double stroke requires the piston to travel 52 inches, or nearly 600 feet in a minute, under a pressure of 38,000 pounds; and therefore the total force exerted by the steam on both the pistons of a consolidation locomotive in a minute of time is equal to 38 tons moved through 600 feet, or 23,000 tons moved through 1 foot.

From this the mind may picture with what enormous force a railway train moves; and, viewed in this light, the destruction and desolation of a railway accident is not in the least surprising.

CHAPTER IV.

CARS AND THEIR EQUIPMENT.

JUST as Lawrence completed his explanation of the locomotive and its workings, the train gradually slackened its speed and rolled into a rather dingy and smoky station.

"Harrisburg!" called the brakeman from the end of the car. "Twenty minutes for refreshments."

"Why!" exclaimed John, in a surprised tone; "can it be possible that we have reached Harrisburg? I thought we didn't get there until after three."

"Well," replied Lawrence, "I should think it fully as late as that now."

"So it is," returned John, looking at his watch. "It is a quarter past three. I have been so interested in hearing about the locomotive that I've actually forgotten to be hungry. Usually when I am traveling I'm always on the lookout for something to eat."

Lawrence laughed, and said he thought John certainly paid him a great compliment, for if he could so interest a boy of twelve in the dry details of a locomotive, his success as a lecturer would be assured. During this conversation the young gentlemen had left their seats, and descending from the car, found themselves in the midst of a hurrying throng upon the platform. The roof of the station was quite low, and as several trains were standing on the track pouring out black smoke, the air was so thick and murky as to render objects quite indistinctly visible.

"See, John," remarked Lawrence; "this is what happens when a railway station has a low, flat roof. I'm sure that the Pennsylvania Company have been very wise to obviate such difficulty in their new station at Philadelphia."

"Yes," returned John; "it is so dark here that I don't know where to go to get anything to eat."

"Well," said Lawrence, "I hear a gong at the other end of the station, and I rather think that there is the proper place to look for refreshments. Still,

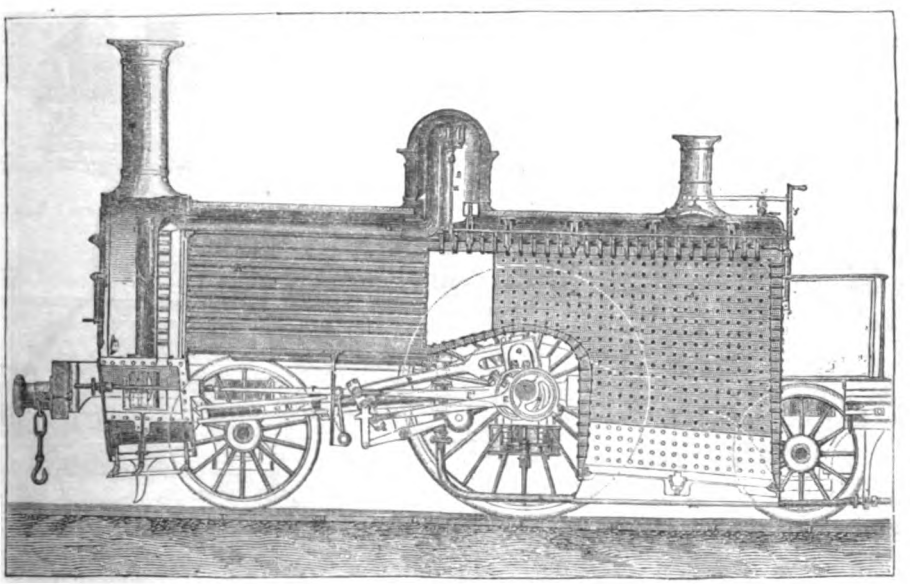


FIG. 10.— LONGITUDINAL SECTION OF LOCOMOTIVE.

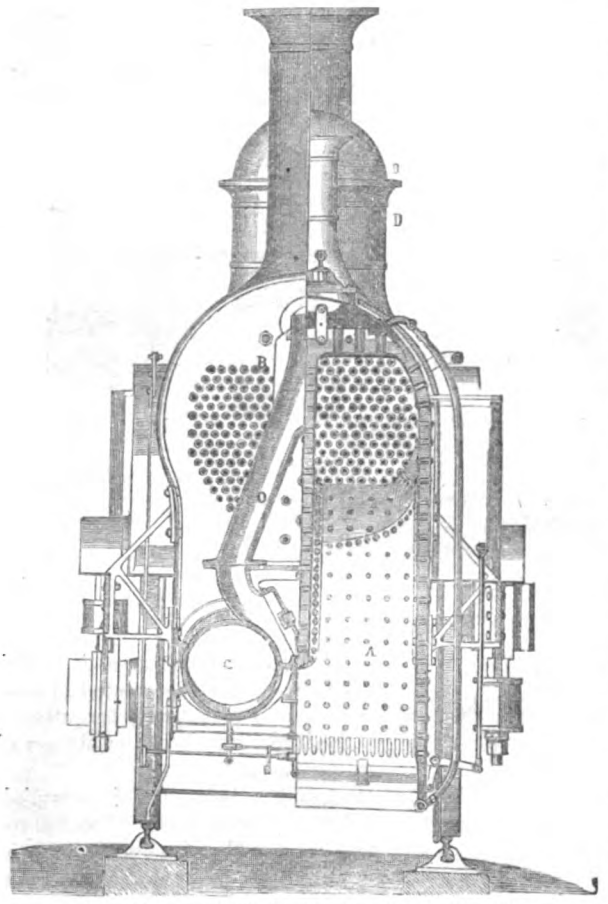


FIG. 11.— TRANSVERSE SECTION OF LOCOMOTIVE.

you can do just as you like, for as you are the courier, I do not feel any responsibility about the details of our trip. But if you wish me to give you a good recommendation when we get to Chicago I should advise you to see that I am well fed."

John laughed, and saying that he would take good care of that, walked rapidly with his cousin toward the sound of the gong. Presently, through the smoke, they saw a large arched doorway, through which tables loaded with eatables were visible, and perceived that the gong sound emanated from a large metal pan, which was being lustily beaten by a colored man.

"Ah!" said John; "that is just what we want, and suddenly I find I have a tremendous appetite."

The young gentlemen took seats at the table, and were soon busily engaged with some roast chicken and cups of coffee.

"There!" said John, after some fifteen minutes of operation too active to permit of conversation, "I feel ever so much better."

Just then a huge bell rang, and the attendant at the lunch-counter shouted:

"Express starts in three minutes!"

"Come, Lawrence," said John, scrambling off his stool in a great hurry, "or we shall get left."

"Ah," said Lawrence, in a quiet tone, "one of the first essentials to a successful traveler is calmness. In the first place, three minutes is ample time for us to get into the train; and in the second place, if we should get left it would do no harm."

"Why!" exclaimed John; "if we don't get this train we shall not get to Altoona to-night."

"No, not to-night, perhaps," replied Lawrence; "but on this road the trains run very frequently, and at most we should only be delayed a few hours. And then, just think what a good opportunity we should have to see Harrisburg."

"Yes," said John; "but I should rather not be left, all the same."

"True," replied Lawrence. "It would be better to go on as we had planned."

Just beside the door of the refreshment-room stood a desk with the word "Cashier" over it. As they passed this, a man addressed Lawrence, saying:

"Seventy-five cents for your dinner, if you please."

"Ah," said Lawrence, "you must ask this young gentleman. He has charge of the party."

For a moment John stared at his cousin in amazement, and then handed the cashier a two-dollar bill. During this transaction, Lawrence had stood quietly looking about him, regarding the movements of the other travelers in an interested manner, though perfectly calm and unconcerned.

"Come, Lawrence," said John, when he had received his change; and, walking out of the dining-room, they were soon seated in the cars, rolling away from the smoky station out into the bright sunshine, along the banks of the beautiful Susquehanna.

For about an hour John was busily occupied in watching the scenery from the car-window. Shortly after leaving Harrisburg, the train crossed the Susquehanna on a long bridge, and then swept swiftly and smoothly along the banks of the river, winding in and out among clumps of trees and around the bases of the low foot-hills of the first ridges of the Alleghanies. Every now and then a wider glimpse than usual between trees would afford a view of rolling meadows and fields of young grain, with the river in the distance; and, on the other side, the gently rising banks dotted with cattle, with here and

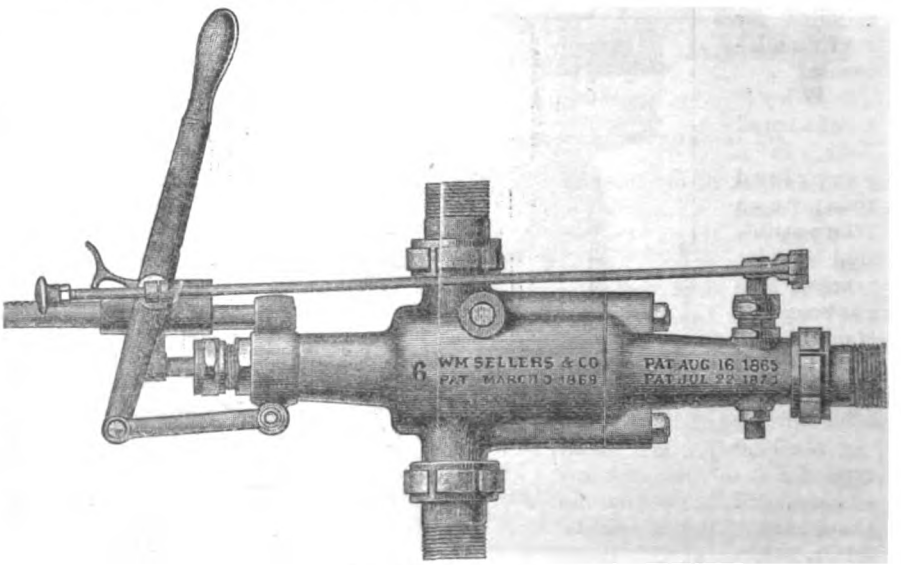


FIG. 12.— INJECTOR.

there a substantial farmhouse whose white outlines stood out in the afternoon sunlight in bold relief against the vivid green of the background; all betokening scenes of plenty and prosperity.

"Lawrence," said John, after they had passed some time in silence, watching the scenery, "how much do you suppose such a train as this in which we are riding costs?"

"Well," replied Lawrence, "that is rather a difficult question to answer, because from time to time, owing to fluctuations in the prosperity of the country, the cost of labor and materials varies very greatly. Last year, when I graduated at Yale, I took

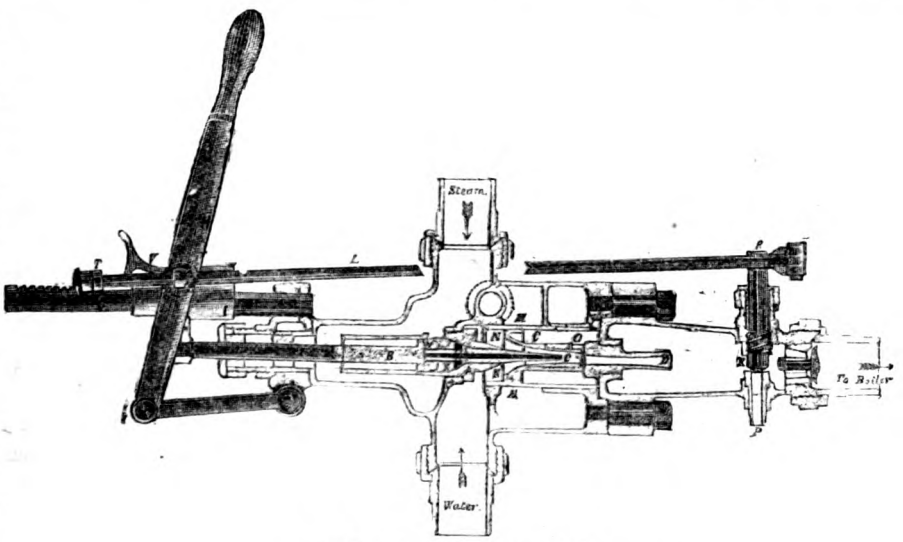


FIG. 13.—SECTION OF INJECTOR.

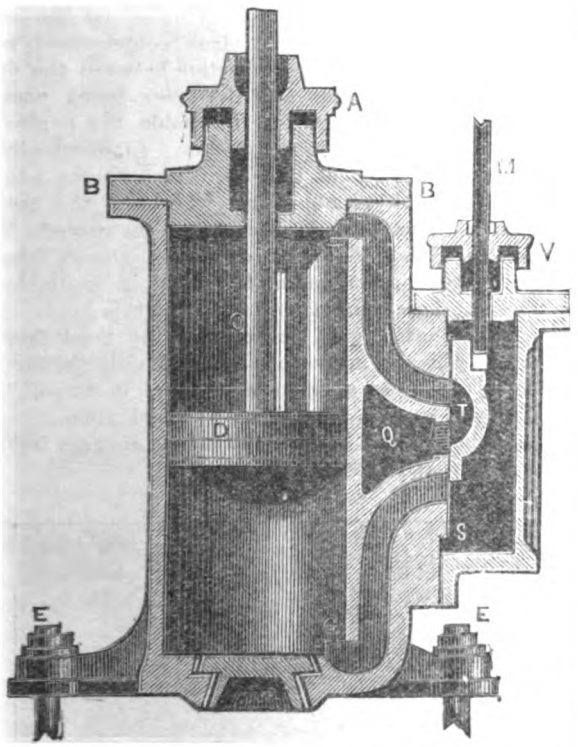


FIG. 14.—SECTION OF LOCOMOTIVE-CYLINDER.

as the subject of my thesis a railway train."

"What is a thesis?" asked John.

"It is a kind of composition," replied Lawrence. "During the last year that a boy spends in a scientific school, he is expected to select some subject to investigate thoroughly, and about which he is to write an essay or composition; something on the plan of the recapitulation which you are going to write before we get to Chicago; but in your recapitulation you are only expected to give a brief statement of the principal points; whereas in a thesis the author is expected to develop the subject with great care and minuteness."

"Yes," said John, "I should think that would be very interesting. I mean to write a thesis some time."

"That will be an excellent plan," said Lawrence. "This excursion of ours would make a capital basis for a thesis, which you can write when you return."

"Good," said John; "I'll do that."

"I spent as much time," continued Lawrence, "as I could afford in school in studying up from encyclopedias and books of reference the subject which I had selected, and then I wrote to some of the leading manufacturers, telling them my plan, and they very kindly sent me catalogues and photographs. I cut the pictures out, and then wrote my thesis in a little blank-book, putting in the pictures so as to make the subject as clear as possible."

"I wish I could get some pictures for my thesis," said John.

"I've no doubt," answered Lawrence, "that you would be able to find some at the works we intend visiting. I thought," he continued, "that it would be a good plan for me to bring my thesis with me on this expedition, so that I might compare what I had learned in school with the actual practice of the shops."

Here Lawrence stooped down, and, opening his bag, took out therefrom a small leather-covered book, something like a pocket-book.

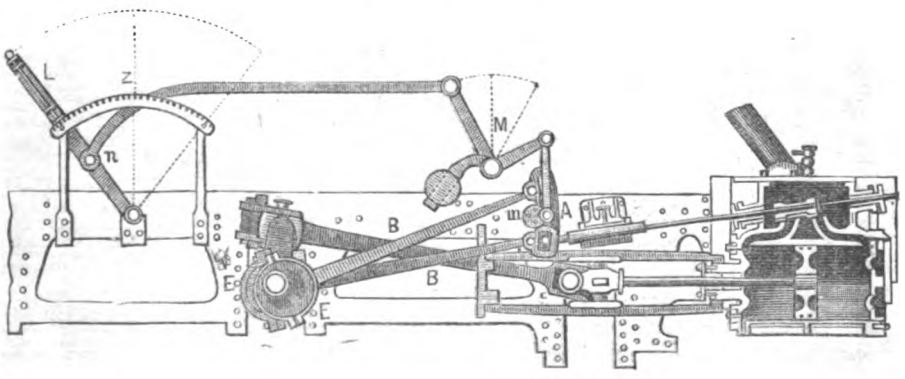


FIG. 15.—STEPHENSON VALVE-GEAR.

"Ah," exclaimed John, "that was where you got the pictures of the locomotive you showed me this morning, wasn't it?"

"Yes," returned Lawrence, smiling; "I put my pictures into the book by cutting little holes in each page to receive the corners of the picture, so that I could always slip it out without any trouble; and this morning, when I was "*lecturing*," I threw the pictures on the screen. Now," he continued, opening his book, "here are some of the statistics which I gathered:

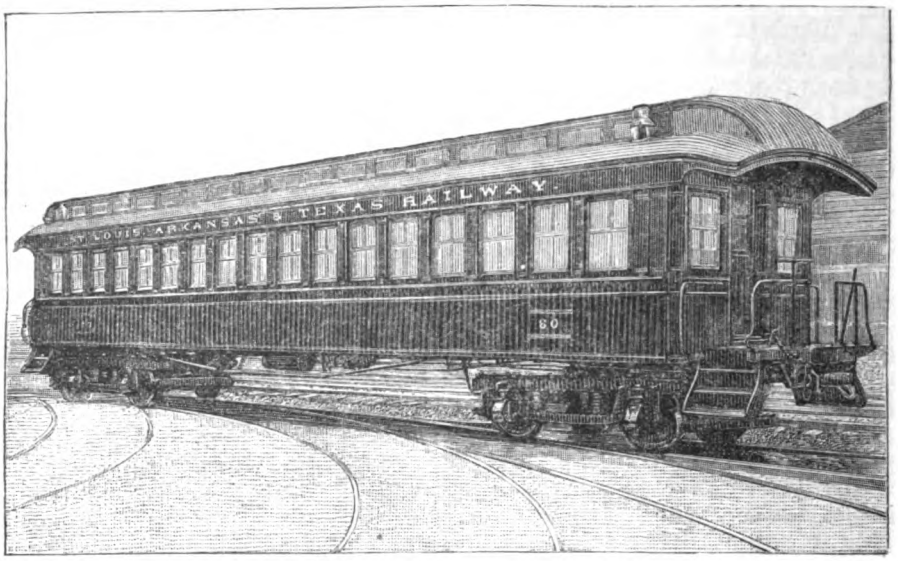


FIG. 16.— PASSENGER-CAR.

"The cost of locomotives varies considerably with the size and kind, and with the number and variety of attachments supplied, but at present the average price may be stated to be eight to ten thousand dollars. Six months ago I was informed by the Hinckley Locomotive Works the same engine could be purchased for fifteen hundred dollars less; while, in 1882, they were worth seven or eight thousand dollars more.

"Very curiously, all the power of a locomotive to draw loads is derived from the adhesion between the track and the driving-wheels. The early inventors of the locomotive supposed that on a smooth track it would be utterly impossible for an engine to haul a load of any magnitude, and a great deal of money and inventive energy were spent in endeavoring to overcome this fictitious difficulty. Engines were built with cog-wheels designed to gear into cogs placed on the roadbed. It was soon found that these contrivances were quite unnecessary, the simple friction between the driving-wheels of the engine and the track being usually sufficient, on ordinary grades, to enable the engine to haul long and heavily loaded trains. In mountainous regions rack railways, as they are called, having a third toothed rail into which a cog-wheel on the engine matches, have been very successfully constructed. The railways up Green Mountain, on Mount Desert Island, up Mount Washington, and on the Righi, in Switzerland, are the most important constructions of this kind. The Mount Washington road is probably the most famous of all. In this, by means of the third rail, the engine is able to surmount a grade of one foot in three.'"

"Will you explain that to me?" asked John.

"In moving over a horizontal distance of three feet the track rises perpendicularly one foot."

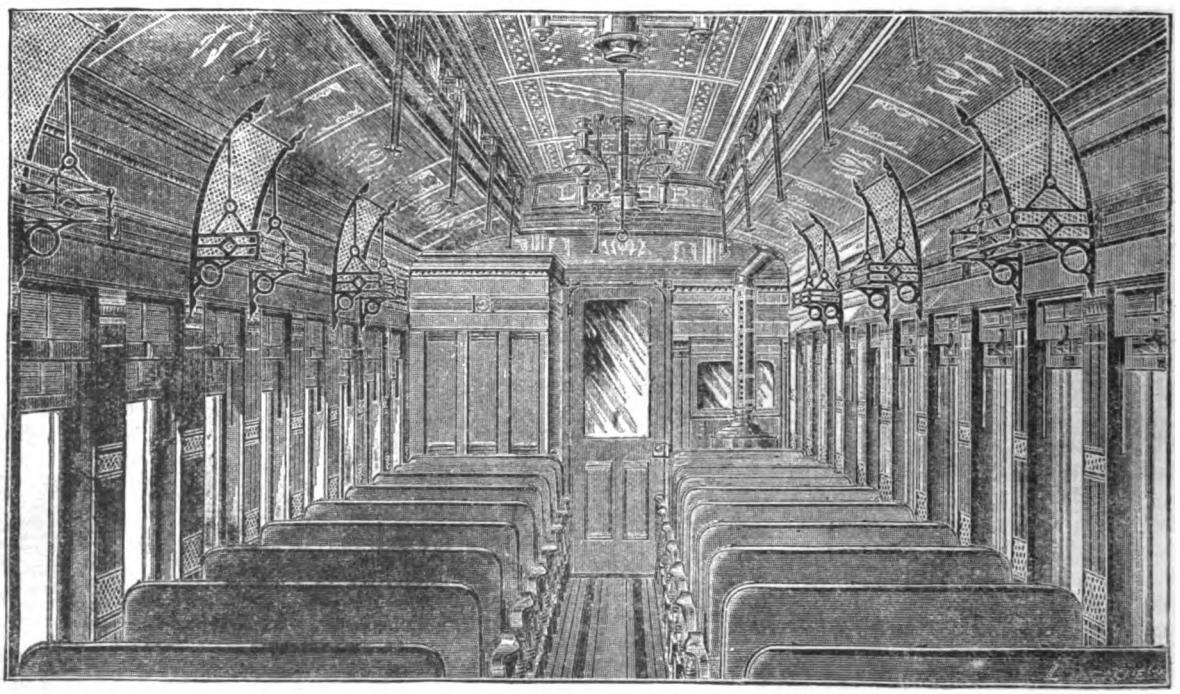


FIG. 17.— VIEW OF INTERIOR.

"Oh, my!" said John. "That must be tremendously steep."

"Yes," replied Lawrence; "so steep that it is somewhat difficult even to walk on it. A great many careful experiments have been made to determine this force of adhesion between the driving-wheels and the track, and naturally there are many circumstances tending to modify this quantity. Icy or rainy weather very largely diminishes this adhesion, while dry weather correspondingly increases it. The most thorough investigations show that on a level track in good condition, and in ordinary weather, the tractive power of a locomotive is about one-seventh of its weight."

"What is tractive power?" asked John.

"Traction," answered Lawrence, "comes from a Latin word meaning to haul or to draw. The tractive power of a locomotive is, therefore, its capacity for pulling. If the weight of the driving-wheels of a locomotive were seventy thousand pounds, it would be capable of exercising a tractive force of about ten thousand pounds. Consequently it is very important, in designing a locomotive, to concentrate the weight on the driving-wheels. This has been exceedingly well carried out in the consolidation engine of the Philadelphia and Reading Railroad, where not only most of the locomotive's weight, but also that of the tender, with its coal and water supplies, is concentrated on the drivers.

"Opposed to the tractive force of the locomotive is the resistance of the train, composed of several different items. There is the friction of each car-axle in its bearings. Then there is the friction between each car-wheel and the track, similar but opposed to the adhesion of the engine-drivers of the track, and in a swiftly moving train the resistance of the air offers no small obstacle."

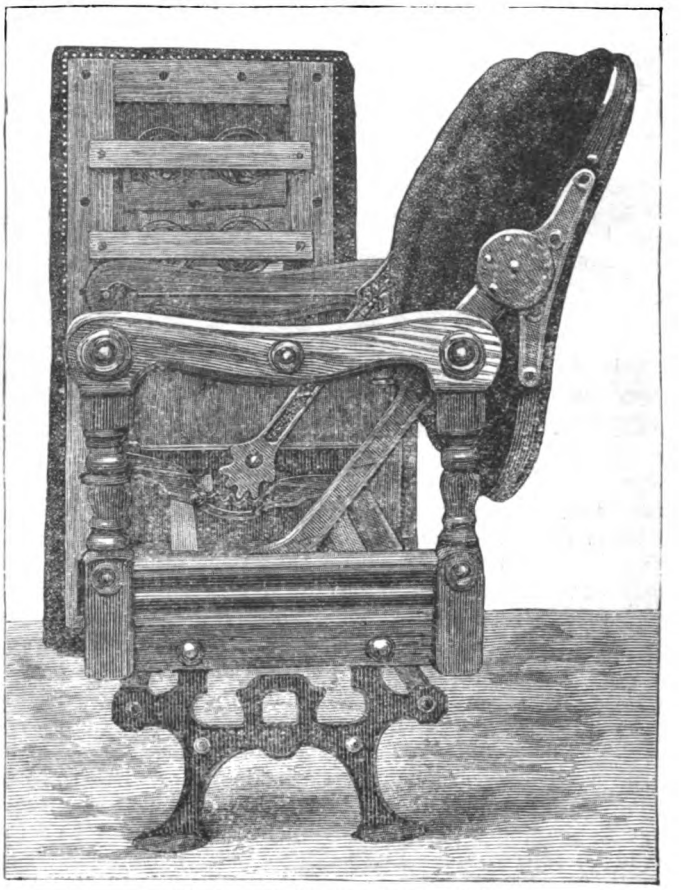


FIG. 19.— HALE & KILBURN CAR-SEAT.

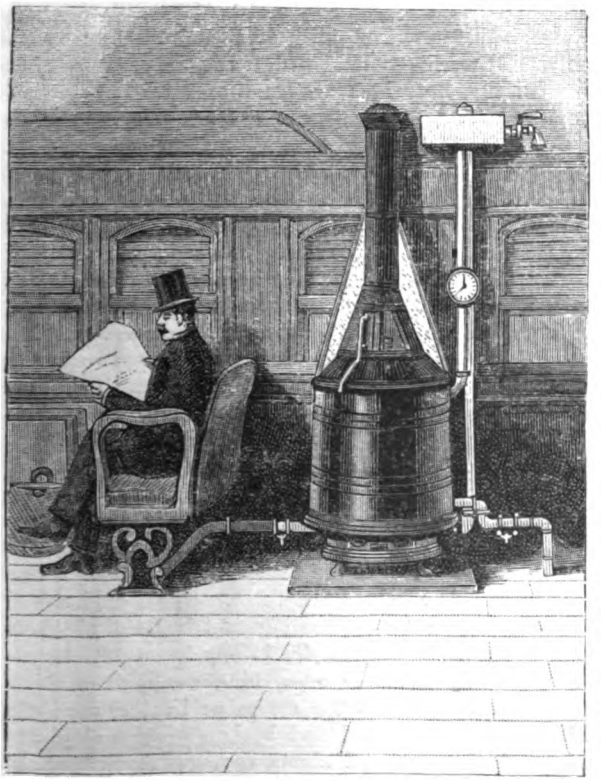


FIG. 20.— HOT-WATER CAR-STOVE.

"The resistance of the air!" exclaimed John.

"Yes," repeated Lawrence; "although the air seems ordinarily so light and tenuous a medium, yet, to a train moving sixty miles an hour, it offers a very sensible barrier. Summing up the various resistances, experiments have shown that every ton's weight in the train on a level track offers about seven or eight pounds' resistance to motion. Now we have supposed a locomotive capable of exercising a tractive force of 10,000 pounds, and if every ton's weight in the train offers a resistance of seven pounds, such an engine would haul about fourteen hundred tons."

"Whew!" exclaimed John. "What an enormous load!"

"Yes," returned Lawrence; "but when you reflect upon the millions of tons of merchandise, and the thousands of tons of passengers that are daily being transported in this country alone, you will see that a great many engines must be constantly employed.

"Next to the locomotive in importance comes the passenger-car (Fig. 16). Here is one built by Jackson Sharp & Company, of Wilmington, and here is a picture of the interior (Fig. 17). Such a car as this, when fitted up in the ordinary manner, without any special attempt at elegance, costs from four to five thousand dollars. In a passenger-car particular attention must be directed to the running-gear, in order that the coach may ride smoothly and easily, and run with slight resistance. The car is generally mounted upon two trucks, one at each end."

"Yes," returned John, "I have often noticed the trucks, and, at the next station, I mean to get out and examine the one under our car very carefully."

"That will be an exceedingly good idea," returned Lawrence, "and will impress upon your mind more firmly the distinctive features. Meanwhile, examine this picture of a truck (Fig. 18), made by J. G. Brill & Company. The framework of the truck consists of four

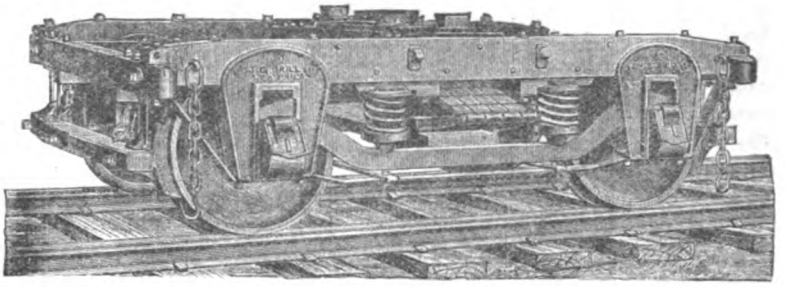


FIG. 18.— PASSENGER-CAR TRUCK.

heavy wooden beams, securely bolted together, carrying in the centre a cast-iron plate, in which rests a socket, attached to the body of the car. The wheels are usually made of cast-iron, attached to wrought-iron or steel axles. Each truck carries four wheels, set in a sort of wrought-iron framework, which supports the wooden timbers by means of five very powerful springs. Four or these, two on each side, are spiral springs of heavy steel rod, while the fifth one, set in the centre under the spindle, is made up of plates of steel, resembling a carriage-spring, but very much heavier and stiffer. These springs really support the entire weight of the car, and serve to neutralize the severe bumping and jarring that would be otherwise experienced."

"Yes," said John, "I suppose if they did not have all those springs, riding in the cars would be very much like jolting over a stony road in a country wagon."

"Indeed it would," rejoined Lawrence; "only the jolts would be as much worse, as the speed is swifter; and, were there no spring at all, in spite of the smoothness of the track, a day's ride would almost shake us to atoms.

"The comfort of a railway journey largely depends upon the care with which the car-seats are constructed. The Hale & Kilburn Company, of Philadelphia, have recently introduced a car-seat with an adjustable back. Here (Fig. 19) you may see its construction. The rods supporting the back of the seat are geared into an iron framework, supporting the cushion, so that whenever the seat is reversed the cushion moves slightly to and fro, adjusting itself to its new position. The cushion, also, has within it a series of springs so planned as to give a very soft and yielding support. Such seats cost about thirty-five dollars apiece."

Here John jounced up and down a little to ascertain the effect of the springs in the cushion, and found them very satisfactory.

"Much time and thought," continued Lawrence, "have been expended by inventors in devising methods by which cars should be heated during the Winter season."

"Why," said John, "I should think that would be simple enough. They always have a great stove in each end of the car."

"Very true," returned Lawrence; "that was the method exclusively adopted until recently. But to it there are many grave and serious objections. An ordinary car contains about thirty seats, so there would be sixty people when the car is filled. In the summer-time, ventilation is easily accomplished, as many of the windows are open, and little or no notice is taken of draughts of air. But in Winter the case is different. No one wishes the window open, and it is uncomfortable in the extreme to take even a short ride in a crowded car, full of stuffy air, with a semi-redhot stove at either end. Ventilation is, of course, assisted at every station by the open doors for the entrance and exit of passengers. But here again is another difficulty. Every opening of the door lets in a great wave of cold air, violently chilling the inmates. This wave of cold settles to the floor, and causes almost every one in the car to complain of cold feet. To counteract the frequent opening and closing of the doors, the stoves must be driven to their fullest capacity, and so, whenever there happens to be an unusually long interval between stations, the car is apt to become very hot and uncomfortable."

"But," said John, "the newsboys and fruit-venders keep coming along and let in cold air every time."

"Oh!" said Lawrence, "I forgot about the newsboys. They are certainly a great factor in ventilation. But even with their assistance ill-ventilation is very common. To obviate this a hot-water apparatus has been contrived. Here is a picture of it (Fig. 20). There is a sort of stove or furnace for burning coal, which is entirely surrounded by a double iron casing made in a manner similar to that part of the locomotive boiler which surrounds the fire-box. On the car-roof there is a little tank full of water. From this tank is a pipe to the casing surrounding the stove. Another pipe from the water-jacket around the stove is carried along near the floor of the car, and circulates backward and forward under the seats. Immediately on building a fire in the stove the water is warmed and commences to circulate through the pipes. By regulating the fire the temperature of the water can be maintained at any degree, and by means of a regulating valve near the heater the rapidity of the circulation can be controlled to a nicety, and with it the temperature of the car. In this hot-water system the entire apparatus is provided with a safety-valve in order to prevent the possibility of accidents from too high a steam-pressure. As the pipe system runs out of the heater through the car and back to it again, it may be hermetically sealed, so there is no loss of water by evaporation. The water is generally saturated with salt to prevent its freezing."

"Why!" exclaimed John, "it seems to me it is a funny kind of a heating system that would freeze up."

"It would not freeze," answered Lawrence, "as long as there was any fire in the furnace. But suppose they left a car over-night away up in Vermont, with the thermometer twenty-five degrees below zero, do you not think it would be apt to freeze before morning?"

"Yes," replied John; "I did not think of that."

"Over the old-fashioned stove," continued Lawrence, "this has many advantages. It distributes the heat uniformly throughout the car, locating the supply on the floor, so that the feet of the occupants may be kept warm and their heads comparatively cool. There is, however, a vital objection to all heating contrivances which involve carrying in the car *fire* in any form. So long as the train runs smoothly everything works to a charm. But in case of accident the stoves or heaters are almost certain to be overturned and broken open and to have their contents scattered about among the inflammable materials of the car, when a disastrous fire inevitably re-

sults, usually productive of more suffering and death among the passengers than is caused by the accident itself. You remember reading, last Winter, about the dreadful disaster on the Vermont Central at White River Junction, where so many people were burned? These casualties have brought the matter so forcibly to notice that it must be only a question of time before some safer and better method shall displace the stoves. Apparently a scheme for utilizing the steam from the locomotive would be the most completely successful device. One or two systems have been already thought of for its accomplishment. The Martin Anti-fire Car-heater illustrates the general principles of these plans. From the steam-dome of the locomotive a pipe is carried along underneath the cars of the train (shown at S, Fig. 21). In the centre of the car at O a connection is made from this steam-pipe to a series of radiating pipes similar to those employed in the hot-water system, so that the steam shall flow from the locomotive through the cars, supplying them with heat. The condensed water that gradually accumulates in the heating-pipes is allowed to collect in the iron receptacle P, Fig. 22, from whence it may at any time be drawn off. The cost of this heating apparatus is about $250.00 per car, and it is obvious that there can be absolutely no danger, under any circumstances, of setting the car on fire. In event of accident the only danger that could arise would be the possible scalding of some of the passengers by steam escaping through broken pipes. After the cars become once warmed the quantity of steam used to maintain a comfortable temperature is so small, and the pressure so light, that the danger would be infinitely less than are the present risks from fire. The railway companies now fancifully urge against steam-heating from the locomotive the objection that such a demand for steam could not be met by the engine. Practical experience, however, of the roads which now use this device has demonstrated that this argument in fallacious, and heating by steam from the locomotive is better, safer and cheaper than any other system."

"Well," said John, in a tone of satisfaction, "I'm glad we took our expedition in the summer-time, so that if we do roll off an embankment we shall not be roasted, at any rate."

"Yes," said Lawrence, "that is a great consolation, I'm sure. Now," he continued, "the only link in our train which we have not considered is the luggage-car, and I presume you and I are not so much interested in that, perhaps, as those ladies a few seats in advance of us."

John looked in the direction indicated by Lawrence, and saw a party of three ladies and a gentleman, very elegantly attired.

"For," said Lawrence, "I suspect they are going to some fashionable watering-place, and I shouldn't wonder if each of them had, at least, four trunks in the luggage-car filled with beautiful dresses."

"Oh, my!" said John; "wouldn't there be a time if they got smashed!"

"You and I," continued Lawrence, "shouldn't care much if they did get smashed, for we have not even our dress-coats."

"No," said John, "I didn't think mine would be of any use in a machine-shop."

"And you were very right," rejoined Lawrence. "But, to return to the luggage-car (Fig. 23). It presents few features of interest, for it is built very similarly to a passenger-car, except that it is stronger and heavier, with no attempt at decoration. Such a car as we have on our train costs from two thousand eight hundred dollars to three thousand three hundred dollars. Now, I think, we are going round a curve. Look out of the window and tell me how many cars are on our train?"

John turned his head quickly, and, glancing forward as the train rounded a sharp bend in the track, said:

"Well, there's the engine; it's a passenger express engine, for it has two large driving-wheels."

"Good," returned Lawrence; "I am glad to see you remember so well."

"Then," continued John, "there is a luggage-car. Next comes a car which looks like a luggage-car, but has 'U. S. Mail' on it."

"Ah," replied Lawrence, "I did not know that we had a postal-car in our train."

"What is a postal-car?" was the next question put by tireless John.

"A postal-car," answered Lawrence, "is a sort of traveling post-office. As the mail-train passes through the country, it gathers up all the mail-bags from the little towns along the road, and the postmaster in the car opens the bags and sorts the letters as he rides, thus saving a very great deal of time. For example, on this train going West, the postmaster will pick out all the letters for St. Louis, and so; when Chicago is reached, the mail is all sorted, and ready to be delivered to the various outward bound trains."

"That is an excellent idea," said John. "Then," he continued, "after the postal-car comes a smoking-car, and then five ordinary passenger-cars."

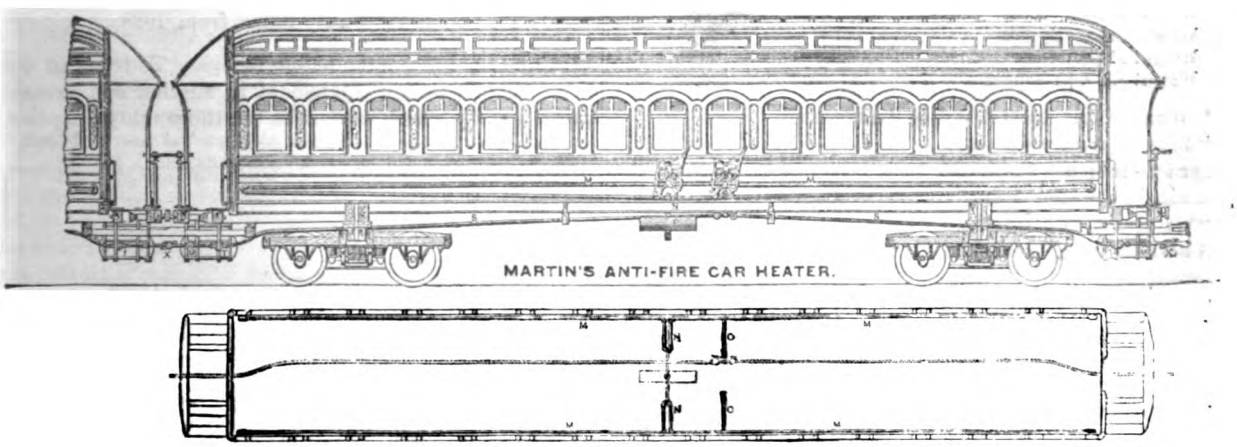


Figure 2.
FIG. 21. — STEAM-HEATING SYSTEM.

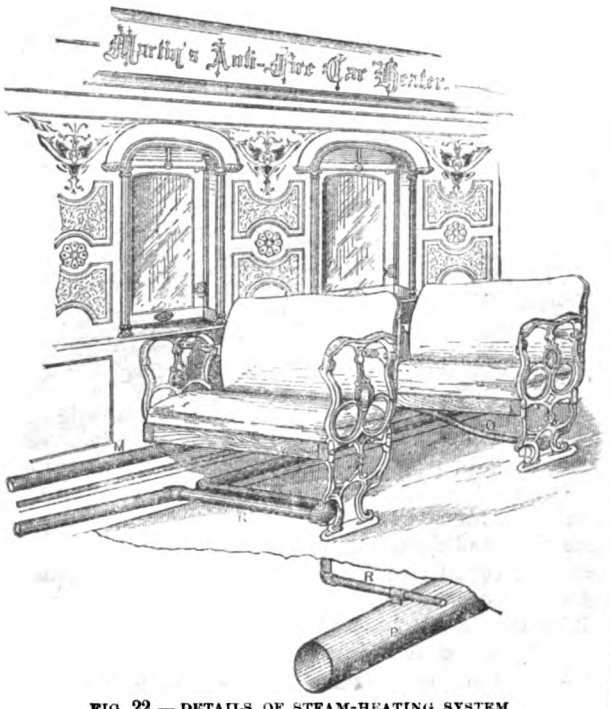


FIG. 22.— DETAILS OF STEAM-HEATING SYSTEM.

"That is quite a long train," said Lawrence. "Now, take this bit of paper and your pencil, and write as I dictate :

Engine	$10,000
Luggage-car	3,000
Postal-car	4,000
Smoking-car	4,500
Five passenger-cars at $5,000 each	25,000
	$46,500

"Now," said Lawrence, "add that up."

John did so, and in a moment said :

"Forty-six thousand, five hundred dollars."

"Yes," returned Lawrence, "I suppose a reasonable estimate for such a train as this would be about fifty thousand dollars. And now," he continued, "if you will write again :

Weight of locomotive	lbs. 75,000
Weight of luggage-car	30,000
Weight of postal-car	30,000
Weight of six passenger-cars, including smoker	234,000

"What is the total ?" asked Lawrence.

"Five hundred and thirty-nine thousand pounds," answered John.

"Or about two hundred and seventy tons," remarked Lawrence.

"What a tremendous weight," exclaimed John, "just to carry a few people !"

"I suppose," continued Lawrence, "if the seats are all full, each car would be capable of accommodating about sixty people, making a total for the train of three hundred and sixty passengers. Doubtless this is very rarely the case, and I should suppose that about two hundred and fifty persons would be as many as a six-car train would, on the average, carry; so you see that, for every passenger a railway company carries, it has to haul fully a ton of dead weight."

"Well," interjected John, in a tone of surprise, "I never thought that in carrying me the poor old locomotive had to be burdened with a whole ton of car-fittings."

"Supposing the train to be full," resumed Lawrence, "counting passengers, luggage and mail, the whole would probably amount to about three hundred and twenty-five tons, and I presume that it costs the company somewhere from one dollar to one dollar and a half per mile just to run the train. Running expenses vary, however, so greatly in different localities, that it is almost impossible to give an exact statement of the cost of operating."

As Lawrence uttered these words, the train gradually slackened its speed, and entered a large level space covered with tracks in all directions, on which locomotives and cars of every variety were standing. On either side of the tracks stretched long lines of brick buildings, with tall chimneys pouring forth black smoke, and through the windows of which the gleaming fires of forges and furnaces could be distinctly seen.

Presently the train came to a standstill at the station, and the brakeman at the door announced, "*Altoona.*"

Gathering up their hand-luggage, the young gentlemen rose from their seats and left the car.

AN AUSTRO-IRISH VISCOUNT. — Among the Irish viscounts figures the name of Edward Francis Joseph Taaffe, Viscount Taaffe, who was born in 1833 and succeeded to the title in 1873. It is not, I imagine, generally known that this Irish Peer is the same person who, as Count Edward Taaffe, holds the office of President of the Austrian Ministry. This nobleman's ancestors for several generations have served the Austrian monarchy, and have practically deserted their own country. Count Edward himself was born at Prague, has been the lifelong confidant of the Emperor Francis Joseph, and has filled a succession of high offices for nearly five-and-twenty years. The Irish Viscounty dates from 1628.

TELL-TALES are contemptible beings. To retail in one house what is seen or spoken of in another is a treason against society which cannot be too thoroughly despised.

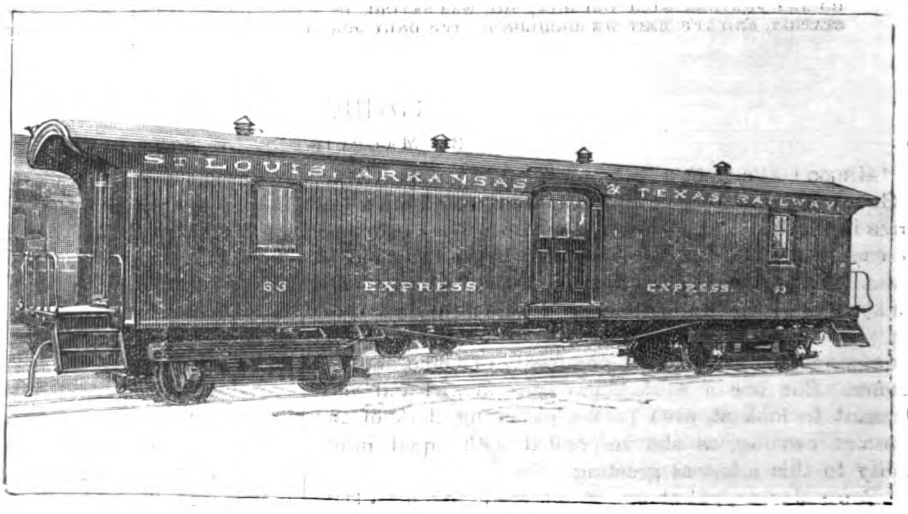


FIG. 23.— LUGGAGE-CAR.

"INSTINCTIVELY REUB MOVED BACK AND DREW HIMSELF UP QUICKLY IN THE DENSE SHADOW OF A CLUMP OF BUSHES. 'I WON'T GO ANY FURTHER WITH YOU NOW,' GIL WAS SAYING, IN A SORT OF PLEADING TONE. 'THERE'S ALWAYS PEOPLE ROUND THE STATION, AND IT'S BEST WE SHOULDN'T. IT'S ONLY FOR YOUR SAKE, KITTY.' SHE WAS WEEPING NOW."

GABE'S KITTY.

By Madeline S. Bridges.

"Hello! It's Gabe's Kitty, ain't it? 'Evenin', Kitty."

Gabe's Kitty and Gabe's Corner were well-known features in the mining districts of Sheldon. They belonged to each other, in the fact that they both belonged to Gabe. Kitty was his daughter, and the "Corner" was his shanty, which had by degrees assumed quite imposing proportions as the leading store in town. Kitty had done much to increase the popularity of Gabe and his Corner. She was a willful, gay-spirited girl and very pleasant to look at, even in the gathering dark of the Summer evening, as she responded with equal informality to this informal greeting.

"Reub Murray, get along. You scared me; for a fact, you did."

But she stood still in the road, and for a second Reub held in his the little, hard hand of the woman he loved.

"Scared you, did I, Kitty? That ain't easy to do."

"Well, it ain't easy"—in the soft, clear starlight he could see her teeth flash in a smile and the dimple deepen in her brown cheek—"but you hit it out this once in your livin' life."

"You're a-goin'"——" he began, hesitatingly.

"I'm goin' up Kelter's way," she interrupied, in a clear, decided voice, "and I'm goin' along as fast as I know how. Ain't that the same as Good-evenin', Reub?"

"Sha'n't I—can't I, walk with you a little ways?"

"You can't, Reub; not any ways at all."

"Well, let me walk along when you're comin' back?"

"No—because—I'm going to meet another fellow." She was still smiling, saucily. "You haven't any objection to that, I hope?"

"No, I haven't; if you'll only tell me who the fellow is and where to find him, so I can go ahead and shoot him."

"Much shootin' you'd do!" She laughed, lightly. "Well, I don't see as I can stand here all night. No, Reub, I can't. Honest, I have promised to meet somebody. Pshaw!" She pulled away from him the hand he had again captured. "Ain't you ever goin' to get sense? There's lots of girls in the world—lot's of 'em——"

"There's only one Kitty," he said, forlornly, and his face was sad enough to see, as he bent his tall head over the careless, half-defiant face before him. "Only one Kitty, *anywhere*."

"And—you—can't—have—her!" She prolonged her words with playful intonation. "For pity's sake, get it through your head. There ain't no one I like better for a friend, but—likin' ain't lovin', Reub, and it never will be. You'd just as well look out for some one else. You'll be gettin' left, furst you know," she added, with her pretty, ringing laugh.

"I am left," he said, in a low voice. "No one else will ever tell me that but Kitty."

"Well, you are left, sure enough, in the middle of the road. Good-night, Reub. I can't stay any longer."

"Go ahead. Who's stoppin' you — who's stoppin' you?"

He drew a long, deep breath, and, as she moved swiftly away among the darkening shadows of the tall pines, he pulled his hat off, and stood looking after her, letting the wind cool his fevered face and brow. It was such a long time that he had loved Kitty; ever since the day he helped her father to unload the wagons when they first came to Sheldon, and Kitty had worked with him, a tall girl of fifteen, with dark hair streaming loose to her waist. She was twenty now, and he was twenty-six, but it seemed to Reub that he had loved Kitty all his life.

* * * * * *

The bell from Kelter's Mill was slowly ringing ten, and Reub was striding along the road over the hill to his cabin. The road by which Kitty must return crossed this at the railroad-track, a little way behind him; but he had turned his back on temptation, and had resolutely put away the half-formed plan of meeting her face to face with her escort, whoever he might be, or, at least, of assuring himself that her words were the mere overflow of mischievous gayety of heart. He had conquered this impulse with a smile of self-contempt, and was sending the ground behind him in fine, swinging style, his head up and a cigar between his teeth, when his heart stood suddenly still. The sound of the bell had ceased, but another sound close at hand had taken its place—the sound of voices; of Kitty's voice, and the voice of his partner, Gilbert Wray. Instantly he knew they were coming through Lent's pasture-field by the cross-cut, and must step out on the road before him in a moment more. Instinctively, he moved back, and drew himself up quickly in the dense shadow of a clump of bushes, and stood still to let them pass.

But, instead of passing, they, too, stood still, within three yards of him. He could see their faces plainly by the late-risen moon. This, then, was his rival, Gilbert Wray! the man with whom he had slept and worked and broken bread; who had shared, at his side hardship and success; the man, of all others, whom he trusted and believed!

"I won't go any further with you now," Gil was saying, in a sort of pleading tone. "There's always people round the station, and it's best we shouldn't. It's only for your sake, Kitty."

"Oh, no!" she said, piteously, and tears were in her voice. "No, no, no! It's because you don't care to be with me—it's because you don't care! I come all this way, and would, if it was ten times further, to see you; but it's always the same. You don't care how soon we part—the quicker the better always for you. Well, it's so, it's so!"

She was weeping now, passionately, and could say no more.

"Kitty," said Gilbert, gently and tremulously, standing apart from her with his arms folded, as if against temptation, "it cuts to my heart to see you like this. God knows if ever I meant to give you any trouble. Did I, Kitty? Wasn't I fair and honest to you? I told you I was married."

"Oh, not in time; you didn't," she stammered, through her sobs. "It was a week before—you—told me. And—and the very first day when you came in with father I thought you were the one I could love. Oh, I don't ask you to love me, Gilbert—I could never be wicked enough for that—only I must see you *sometimes*. I want you only for my friend. Now, is that any harm? I have no brother—no one but father. Why won't you let me be something to you? Why can't we be *friends?*"

"We can't, Kitty." He fixed his face sternly, and looked down at the beseeching, upturned face, wet with tears, in the moonlight. "No good ever come of that kind of friendship. If I was your friend, as you'd like me to be, Kitty, I couldn't be a true husband. My thoughts would go to you more'n to the woman they belong to, because I am very lonely here, and you are near me, and it wouldn't do! I know the world, my girl, and I know how quick an innocent feelin' can change to somethin' different and bring no end of trouble. I tell you, Kitty child, what's for your good is never to see me any more."

"But I can't," she said, huskily. That's foolish talk. Do you want me to *die?* Ain't it bad enough to be week after week waitin' for a minute or two like this? I won't tease you, Gilbert; but oh, promise to come down—*sometimes*, any way! Come with Reub. I don't mind anything, if I can see you once in a while, and know you're well and not forgettin' me."

"But, my girl, it ain't *right* you should think of me like that. Can't you see it ain't fair—to Alice? Think, if you was my wife, Kitty—my wife that I chose and married."

"Oh, don't."

She hid her face on her arm with a sob.

"Yes, I must, Kitty, else you won't understand; and if you was far away, and could see me standing here with a pretty girl; if you was my wife, Kitty, that loved me, *would you think it right?* What would you wish me to say to that woman—for your sake? Tell me now; be honest, Kitty."

"Just what you have said, Gilbert." She looked up at him with sudden courage. "Yes, if it broke her heart! You are the best man that stands in God's world to-night. And, Alice," she said, brokenly, after a minute's pause, is—the happiest woman. Well, now, I'll leave you. It always ends the same, doesn't it? I cry myself sick, and—you are sorry—and—it's my fault, Gil, all of it! Oh, but if any one could ever *show* me how to put you out of my mind, it's all I'd ask. I guess

that's past prayin' for, though. Well, all right, we'll live till we die, I suppose. Good-night, Gill. I'm sorry——"

She broke off suddenly, and held out both her hands. Gil took only one of them, pressed it, and dropped it gently.

"Good-night, Kitty. I'd best not come any further."

"Oh, that's all right. I can get along. I've got to, anyway." Her laugh jarred strangely on the sobbing pathos of her voice. "Good-night, Gil, I ain't askin' you to come and see me any more."

But to this he made no reply. He only said, "Take care of yourself, old girl!" and so they parted; Kitty hurrying down toward the town, Gilbert slowly mounting the hill ridge, his head bent thoughtfully on his breast. And the listener in the bushes flung himself face downward among the brushwood, and buried his head in his arms.

* * * * * *

It was long past midnight when Reub reached his cabin, but the lamp was still burning, and Gilbert had not yet retired. He was writing, seated at a corner of the rough table, on which were placed the dishes ready for breakfast. The floor was swept and clean, the lamp-chimney shone like crystal, and the little place altogether showed a home-like orderly keeping—very rare to find in the miners' cabins at Sheldon.

Reub came in with a loud, unsteady footstep, and flung himself down on the nearest bench, that creaked beneath his weight.

Gilbert looked up steadily at his haggard, gloomy face and wild, disordered hair, to which some dry leaves of the underbrush were clinging.

"*Hallo!*" he said, in a tone of perfect comprehension.

"No, I ain't," Reub answered, hoarsely; "not a drop, but I've got a blamed, confounded headache, and I'm goin' to bed."

"Well, take some, then." Gilbert nodded toward a closet in the corner. "The bottle's there, and I'll git you up some hot water, if you say so."

"Never mind. Go on with your writin'. Sleep's the thing for me, if I can only git it."

"I'm through, now," Gilbert said, in a tone of satisfaction, opening and shutting his cramped hand, as he glanced at the finished page. He folded it up awkwardly, and began to shove it into a yellow envelope.

"I've been writin' to my wife," he said, slowly, with a grave smile. "I've been tellin' her I'm goin' home, Reub; "I'm goin' home, sure, the last week of this month."

"You ain't?"

"Yes, sir; for a fact, I am."

Reub was silent for a moment, gazing at his partner with a bewildered air.

"You're goin' to leave a fortune here, behind you, in Sheldon Mine? You won't wait to dig it out?"

"Sho!" said Gilbert. He was still looking smilingly at the letter.

"Well, I suppose you can't *help* bein' good. Ain't that the moral of it? Now can you, Gil?"—in the tone of a man pleading for a fair, unbiased answer.

"Good? Who's talkin' about bein' good? What's that got to do with goin' home to stay with your wife and child, I'd like to know?"

"Well, I ain't givin' myself away, old man"—Reub began to pull off his boots, with a brightened aspect—"*but I happen to know* you can't help bein' good, and *that's enough for me.*"

"What on earth are you gabbin' about? and where you been to-night, anyhow?"

"I've been to church," said Reub, promptly.

"Yes, you have!" in a tone of derisive unbelief.

"That's where I've been. I've been hearin' holy gospel."

"You look like it."

"I feel like it, any way." He threw his heavy boots behind the stove and went over to the settle-bed in the corner and sat down on the side a moment or two, facing his comrade. "Don't leave the light burnin' for me, Gil. I sha'n't want it. I'm bound to get my whack of sleep to-night, my boy." He laid his head down on the pillow. "Ain't I been to church?" he murmured, and turning his face to the wall. "Never mind if I ain't, that's all."

* * * * * *

"He's gone, Kitty; it's the truth. Went yesterday in evenin' train, Gil did."

She pushed by him and entered the little cabin, looking round in a dazed sort of way.

"Sure enough," she said, standing still in the middle of the floor. "I didn't believe it. I *couldn't* believe it, that he'd go like that, without even sayin' good-by." She seemed as if speaking to herself. "Gil didn't used to be so independent."

Reub walked over to the little window and looked out, miserably silent. Her face frightened him, it was so unlike Kitty's—so strange and changed.

"You'd think he'd say good-by to father," she continued, in the same hard, heartbroken voice. "We were friends to him, all of us down there."

"He was called off sudden," said Reub, bravely, beginning, through sheer despair, to invent. "Hem! called off sudden. His child—yes, his little boy—was terrible sick——"

"He had no little boy. It was a girl," she said, eagerly.

"I said girl, didn't I? Well, you see she had—oh, smallpox—most dreadful bad!" Reub flourished his hands in a manner vaguely descriptive of intense suffering. "And—she kep' callin' for father. He had to go, Kitty. What else could he do?"

"Yes, but the people here might call for him till they was hoarse, I guess, and he wouldn't come back."

"Oh, he's comin'," said Reub, briskly, casting truth to the winds. "It's a secret, Kitty; no one knows it but me. Yes. Oh, he's comin' back. Of course he's comin' back."

"*When?*" she queried, sharply. She had crossed the room now, and stood at his side. He was forced to look round and meet the anguish of her dark, tearless eyes. "You ain't foolin' me; you ain't, Reub Murray, are you?"

"Foolin' you? What for? It won't make much differ to *you*, will it, whether he comes or stays? Well, he is a-comin' here—let me see—about the 10th of October; but don't you give it away—it's between ourselves. The 10th of October will fetch *him* back."

"Oh, Reub, I hope it will. And now her fixed, dry eyes softened into tears that did not fall. "I'm so sorry his child is sick. Poor Gil! we'd miss him awful if he staid away, wouldn't we, Reub? And you—why, you'd be lost without him! Well, it's all right if he ain't gone for good. Don't tell any one I came up all the way to inquire about him, will you, Reub? I didn't, either." She was smiling and beginning to look like Kitty again as she straightened her hat at the little glass. "I was comin' up to Sarah Kelter's, anyway; but, somehow, I

always did think a lot of Gil. He was good to me. The 10th of October! Oh, that ain't long to wait."

Poor Reub bit his lip, and looked out hard at Sheldon Mountain.

* * * * *

"We'll call the baby Kitty. It's our first, and she's *got* to be named for *you*," said Reub, decidedly.

"Oh, I don't know; Kitty ain't a pretty name. Perhaps your wife wouldn't like it."

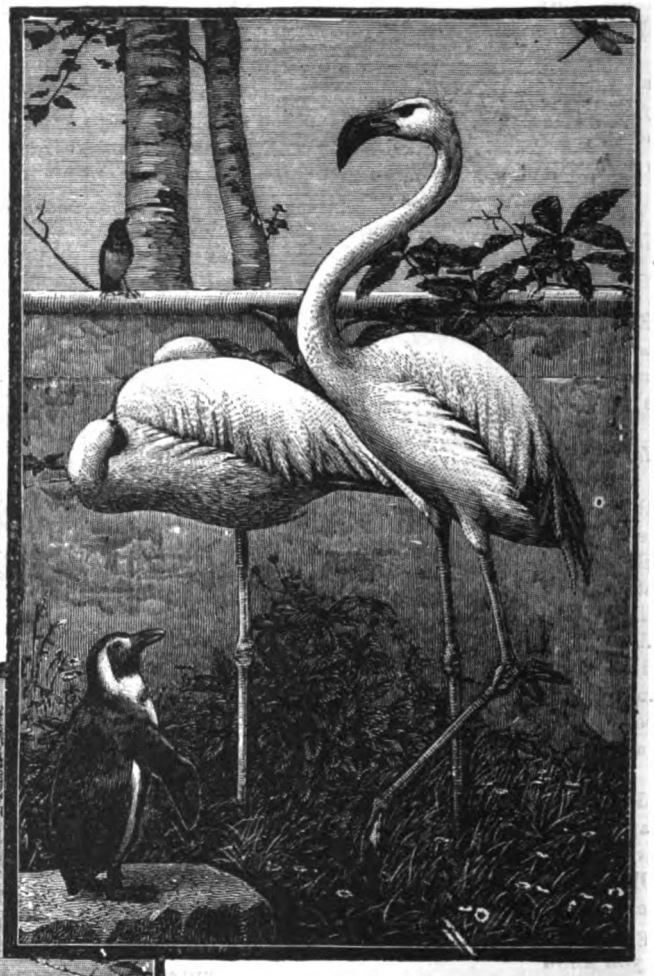
They were walking together from Reub's modest villa to Gabe's Corner, over the old road, that was now well paved and lighted, and Kitty was leaning on Reub's arm, as they discussed this grave question with earnestness.

"My wife was the first to say so, and if she hadn't been, I'd been. Don't you think, now, you'd ought to have *some* duty to my child for the sufferin's you gave her father more'n once?"

Reub laughed, as if the suffering mentioned had been rather of a pleasant nature.

"All right," said Kitty, gayly. "I'm a godmother. I only hope I can live up to it."

"You ought to have children of your own, though," Reub continued, tenderly. "There's nothin' like it. I tell you a fellow—a person



—don't know till they are a father, or a mother—they don't know nothin' about the hold it gives you onto life." Reub had been a parent nearly a week. "That little girl of mine, now, she ain't a great deal to look at, but do you think I'd give her for the hull of Sheldon's Mine? Not much I wouldn't. No, sir, there ain't gold enough in Colorado to buy that bundle of white flannins."

"Oh, you goose!" said Kitty, laughing. They were slacking their pace now before a fine brick building that bore the legend, "Gabe's Corner," in gilt letters along its front. "Come in a minute, can't you; it isn't late."

"I guess I won't—not to-night. I'll go along back to Lucy. The baby might——"

"She might wake and cry for you," said Kitty, gravely, with the old mischievous sparkle in her eye. "Well, go on. Tell Lucy I will be over in the morning."

"Kitty; is that you, Kitty?" Gabe's voice greeted her from the open door as she ran up the steps. "There is some one here bin waitin' to see you—waitin' most sence you went away—there in the parlor."

"Is that so?"

She pushed the door open. The light fell full on her face and dazzled her for a moment, then she found herself face to face with a tall and well-dressed stranger, who stood still beside the table looking at her without a word.

"Did you wish——" she began, pleasantly. Her voice

faltered. She pressed both hands against her head. "My God!" she said. "It's Gil—it's Gilbert Wray!"

She did not move toward him. She stood quite still, looking at him with dilated eyes.

"Kitty. And is *that* your welcome?"

He held out both his arms.

"*Is it?* she answered, breathlessly.

She flung herself on his breast, and for the first time in all their meetings and partings they clasped and held and kissed each other as friends may, perhaps, but as lovers *must*.

"Oh, and you came! It is eight years—do you know it, Gil — eight years since you went away? I am glad, glad, glad to see you. It's like a dream. Let me look at you, Gil."

She had found her voice now, and was trying to withdraw herself gently from his arms, but they tightened their hold.

"I've come to stay, Kitty—to stay with you, if you will let me, dear."

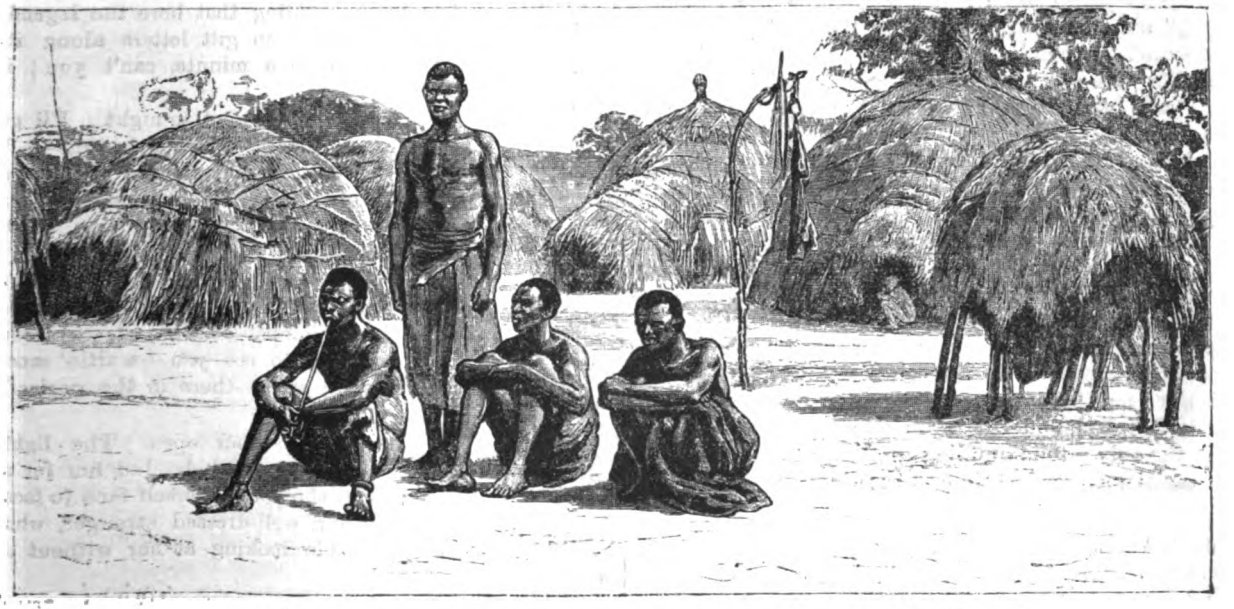
"With me, Gilbert?"

"Yes, Kitty, I'm alone now in the world. My girl, my only child, has just been married, and poor Alice died two years ago. I made her very happy, Kitty. I was good to her always, and—now I am alone—and I have come to Kitty, if she can make room for me in her heart."

"You took my heart away with you when you went from Sheldon," she said, gently. "And—you've had it ever since."

"But I left my own heart here," laying his bronzed cheek softly on her dark hair. "Do you think I would have gone if I hadn't loved you, Kitty?"

EMIN PASHA.—SEE PAGE 535.



THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION.—AN UNYORO VILLAGE.—SEE PAGE 535.

HIDDEN STARS.

I WATCHED the day sink out of sight,
With snowflakes in her hair,
And sombre garments trailing out,
Upon the frosty air.
A brooding stillness wrapped the earth,
A strange and mystic calm,
As if it heard, from heights above,
The sound of prayer or psalm.

The clouds shook out their leaden folds
Across the frowning sky;
The timid stars, forbid to shine,
No longer cheered the eye.
So dark, so chill, no voice, no sound,
No light athwart the gloom;
It seemed as if our pallid forms
Were ghosts within a tomb.

The night climbed toward the midnight hour
With slow, majestic tread;
I looked again. Lo! clear and bright,
The stars were overhead.
And there, in lines of living light,
More sweet than poet's rhyme,
I read, "Behind the cloudy vail
We're shining all the time."

So, when some cherished hope goes down
In rain of falling tears,
And heavy clouds of grief hang low
Above the coming years,
I'll grope my devious way along,
Secure from every ill;
Content to know, though hid from sight,
God's love shines o'er me still.

A COLONY OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS DOWN ON CAPE COD.

BY MRS. ELLEN E. DICKINSON.

DOWN on "the tip of Yankee land," as Cape Cod is sometimes called, there is a colony of Mormons, distinguished from their brethren in the far West by the term "Josephites," or "Latter-Day Saints," as they profess to be the converts of Joseph Smith, Jr., son of the so-called Mormon prophet, and not to believe in or practice polygamy. The colony consists of some two or three hundred members in Dennisport, contiguous to and a part of West Harwich, which is reached by the railway that runs from one end of the Cape to the other, connecting the villages on the route, somewhat after the fashion of a string of beads. Taking an early train at Boston, Harwich is reached by noon. The country bordering this road is very picturesque. Here and there an elegant Summer villa peeps from amid dense foliage, or some antiquated mansion is isolated as though friendless and alone; pretty lakes gleam in the sunshine, crested with water-lilies, and a windmill with its long arms crowns a hill. The foliage is everywhere luxuriant after passing Buzzard's Bay, and the wayside flowers are of unusual beauty and variety. The loungers at the stations are eminently fitting in such a moving picture, and are unique in appearance. They are generally gaunt and thin, as though they had been reared on "blue fish and east wind," and are content to wear the bodily coverings purchased by their ancestors.

At Harwich station a conveyance of an ark-like appearance and capacity is found for the transportation of passengers to the clean, pretty, well-ordered old town of West Harwich, and just beyond is Dennisport, close to the ocean. The dwellings of the "Saints," that stretch along the sides of several streets or roadways, are built of wood, painted white, and are of tolerable size, and, without the slightest pretension to ornament or beauty of architecture, are very thrifty and comfortable in appearance. Flowers are cultivated in some of the small yards bordering on the street; but there is a conspicuous lack of any attempt to adorn these tiny doorways. A fair-sized meeting-house, off from the main thoroughfare, is equally plain, and lacking in all architectural display. It is the only public building in the village, and is used for social purposes as well as the Sunday and weekday gatherings for worship. An admirable drive leads down to the shore, where there is a long dock reaching out into the ocean, some sheds for packing fish and shelters for the fish-dealers. Nearly all the male "Josephites" are fishermen. The Harwich residents refrain from calling the people of this community "Mormons," but while they are nominally friendly, and barter in trade with them, do not consider or treat them as though they are on the same social grade with themselves. Captain Howes is the most prominent of the "Saints," and is said to be ever ready to define his peculiar doctrines. This decidedly amphibious-looking individual, seated in his boat, or giving directions to his subordinates in relation to a "catch of mackerel," would make an interesting study for an artist. He is lank and keen-eyed and brown, and of rather intelligent visage—just what the Yankees call "cute-looking."

"Yes," he was quite willing to talk of his religion. "We are Mormons of the kind called 'Josephites,' the true 'Latter-day Saints.' We do not believe in plurality——"

"You mean polygamy?"

"Yes, that is what I mean. At the time of Joseph Smith's death the Mormons separated; some following Brigham Young. Joseph Smith, Jr., of Plano, Ill., is our leader. His father was a true prophet. The true baptism is immersion, because Christ was baptized in the River Jordan; no one will be eternally lost, and we think Christ is coming to reign over us in person."

"What of your form of worship?"

"Just like that of other people: a Sunday service, Sabbath-school, and weekly prayer meetings. We have the best of all religions mixed up in one. Our Bible is one that Elder Pratt translated. It is like the King James Bible, only it explains things a good deal."

"And the Book of Mormon?"

"Oh, that is the History of Mormon, that Smith discovered on some gold plates. I don't know who wrote it, and I never read it."

Captain Howes has always resided at Dennisport, and was "converted by a Mormon missionary." Two Conference meetings are held by the "Saints" in Ocean Hall, West Harwich, every year, as their own public auditorium is not large enough to accommodate the Mormon colonists who gather there from Fall River, Providence and Boston. The town's people also attend these meetings. They have "smart speakers and first-rate singing," one of the residents of Harwich remarked. Some converts are made in each of these semi-anniversaries through the eloquence of Joseph Smith, Jr., or some preacher selected for his persuasiveness, who joins the community at Dennisport or elsewhere.

There is a resident elder, but he is too much under the weather, usually, to answer the curious questionings of visitors, and hides himself beneath the obscurity of his domiciliary roof. Persons less cautious, who have not quite gone over to the faith, affirm that, while these Mormons profess not to believe in "plurality," they act in numerous cases on the principle of "affinity." Marriages among them have frequently been broken in this way, to be resumed if it is practicable. A young woman did not hesitate to say that "Love goes where it is sent"; and that "people cannot help loving, even if they are married." The children of this colony attend the free school in Harwich with the other children of the vicinity. An intelligent person, born and brought up on the Cape, and accustomed to the tolerance used toward the "Saints," remarked: "These Mormons have got some black sheep among them, but generally they are industrious, and behave well."

Another said, in excuse for one of them who departed with an affinity belonging to the colony:

"Why, he came back, and is living here now." And, in speaking of a woman who left her partner and went to Utah with an "affinity": "She was gone twenty years, but has returned to her family, and they are all very happy together."

In short, while this Cape Cod colony of Mormons profess to be outwardly decent, they are secretly of the same stamp as the Mormons of Utah.

A *détour* can be made on the return from Dennisport to the station through a lovely grove of hemlocks, festooned with the fine pale-green Spanish moss common to this portion of the Cape. A lake, studded with small islands, is near, to make the picture complete, and suggestive of an earthly paradise, until some unfortunate turn in the road brings the roofs of the Mormons' houses into view, and the quotation seems apropos:

"Where every prophet pleases, and only man is vile."

The Cape Codder is loquacious, and makes the return to the city less tedious than it would otherwise prove. He will inform one that the owners of property on the Cape have but one chance in their lives to sell their real estate; that every other man has been, or is, a sailor, and when they get weary of roaming over "the deep, deep sea," they settle down to cultivate small farms; that nautical expressions are very common; that herrings, salted and dried, are used through the year, and called "Cape Cod turkeys," etc., by the poorer classes; that a peculiarity of the Cape is a community of names, many residents of the same town having the same name, who are not at all related, etc.; and—what is possibly a real regret—that so many New York and Boston people visit this delectable land every Summer, that he is troubled at the prospect of having his beloved institutions, customs and manners become things of the past and mere traditions.

THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION.

A SKETCH OF EMIN PASHA'S LIFE AND WORK.

By Robert W. Felkin, M.D.

Few of my readers will understand the feelings I experienced when, on October the 28th, 1886, after a silence of nearly three years, I received a letter from Dr. Emin Bey. A friendship conceived in the very heart of Africa is usually no ordinary one, and it was there I first clasped hands with the remarkable man in whose unique position and work it will be my endeavor to interest you.

Until the publication of his recent letters, his name was almost unknown, except to a small group of scientists and friends, who had followed his extraordinary career with deepening interest, and who had almost given up hope of again hearing from him.

When the northern portion of the Egyptian Soudan was handed over to anarchy, people seemed to imagine that the whole of the possessions of Egypt were lost, and that, except for certain frontier troubles, England would have no more anxiety concerning them. Such, however, was not the case; for the pearl of the Soudan was still intact, held by the energy and resources of one man, himself aided by the heroic devotion of a handful of Egyptian and negro troops.

It would be of interest, but beyond the limits of my space, to enter into the whole subject of the Egyptian annexations toward the equator; suffice it to say that Egypt, owing to the anti-slavery policy of England, had, under the leadership of Sir Samuel Baker and General Gordon, annexed extensive tracts of country, with the view of exterminating the slave-trade.

The popular idea that the whole of the Soudan is composed of barren deserts is totally false, for from Khartoum southward extends a country, once under Egypt's sway, which is perhaps one of the most fertile on the face of the earth. Those who know the country have never doubted its immense value, and those familiar with the inhabitants have ever wished the chains of misery that bound them should be unloosed. But England's anti-slavery policy was not carried through; the interest excited by Gordon Pasha's efforts to subdue the slave-trade and introduce a just government into the Soudan soon flagged; and when, in 1880, finding his plans thwarted and the support he had enjoyed withdrawn, General Gordon resigned his post, the fate of those fertile plains and their teeming populations was sealed. His heroic defense of Khartoum appeared to reawaken popular enthusiasm, and the city's fall was keenly felt by the British public. If this feeling were genuine, I am sure the public will sympathize with a man who has held his province for four years, unaided by supplies, and unsupported by a single word of sympathy from the civilized world. Surrounded by bitter foes, Emin Pasha has known how to infuse his enthusiasm into the hearts of his followers, and up to July of last year, to our knowledge, this brave man has bidden defiance to the raiding slave-dealers and to the disaffected negro tribes that harassed his borders.

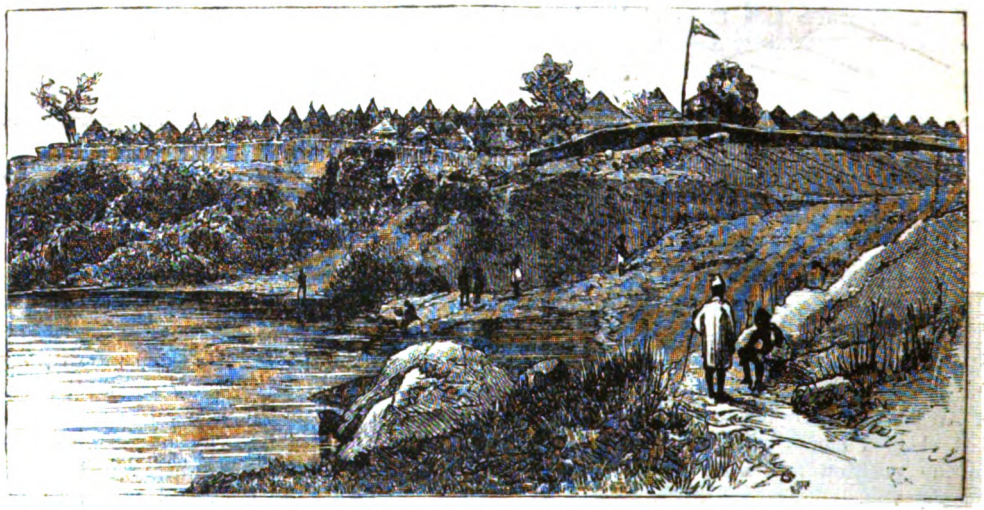
The letters bearing evidence of his existence were forwarded by the missionaries of the Church Missionary Society in Uganda to Zanzibar, and the last letter I received from him reached Edinburgh from Wadelai in the space of four months and a half.

I shall now endeavor to give you a description of Dr. Emin Bey, who, since the arrival of the news that he was still holding out, has been raised by the Egyptian Government to the rank of Pasha. I have been often questioned as to his appearance, his manner of his life, his

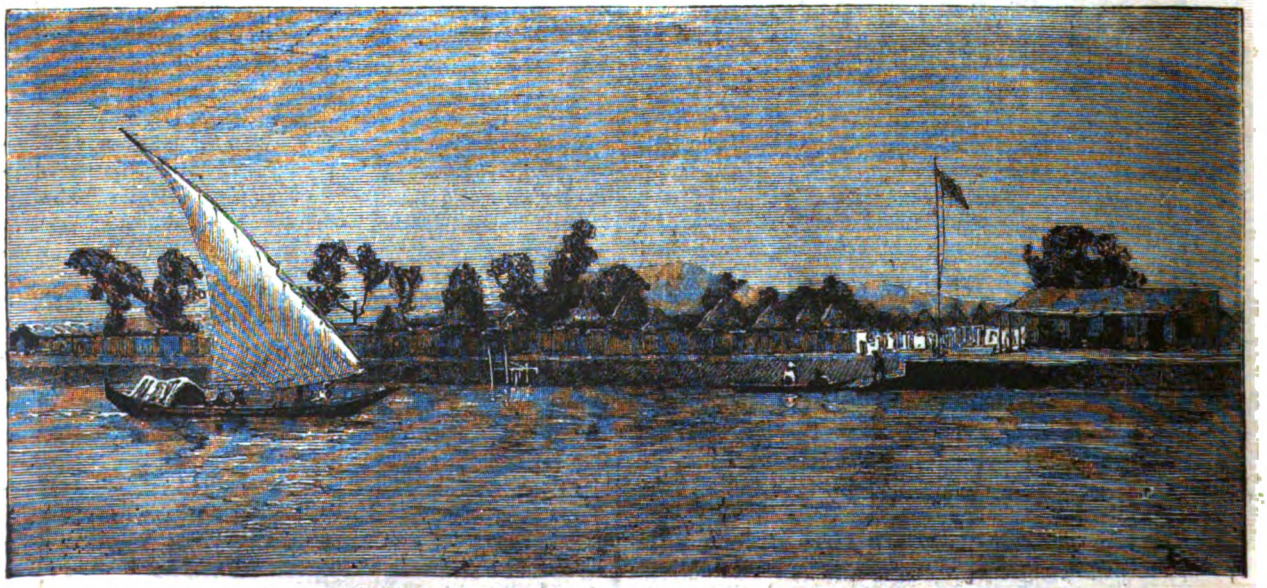
DEM-SULEIMAN, THE SLAVE-DEALERS' CAPITAL, PROVINCE OF BAHR-EL-GHAZAL.

religious views, and even as to the size of his boot, the cut of his coat, and the strength of his spectacles.

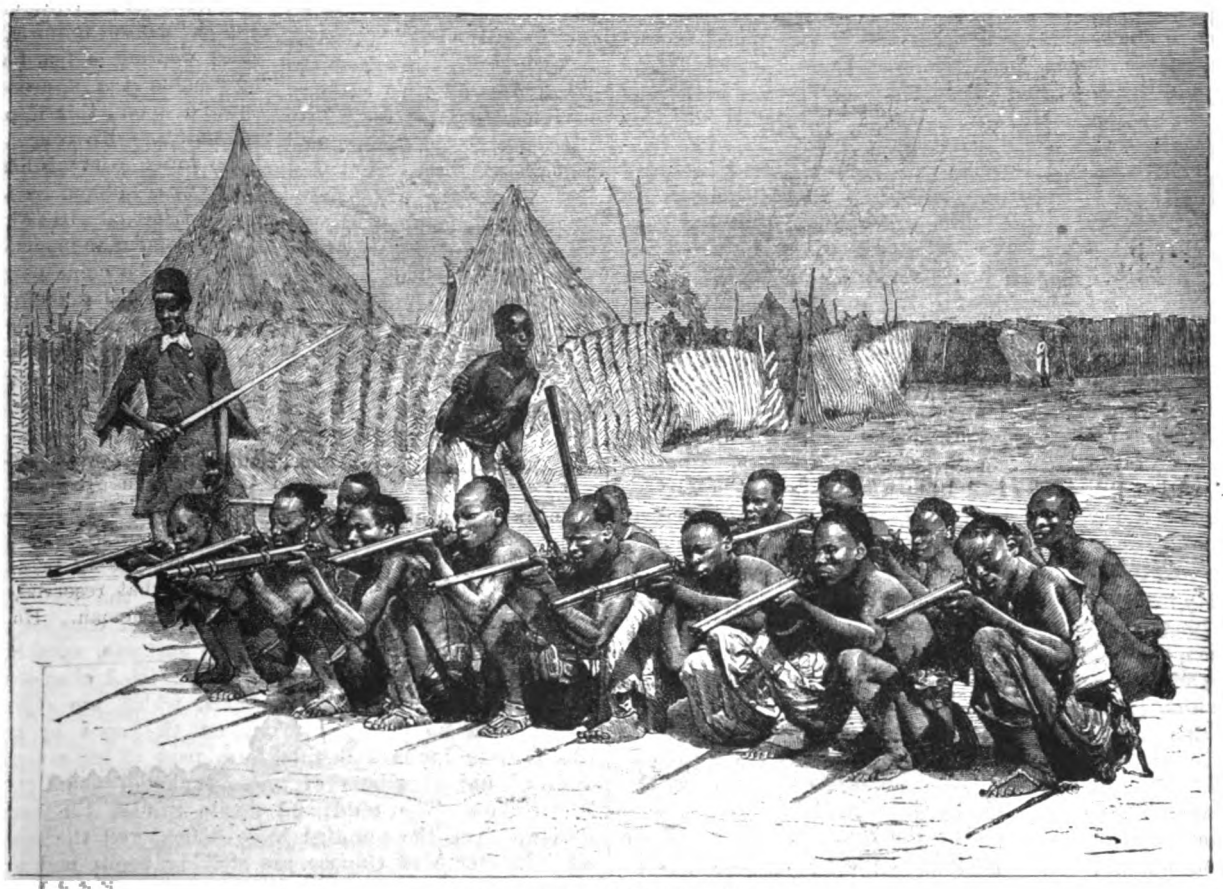
My first introduction to Emin Pasha was on the 8th of October, 1878, when, having heard of our dangerous position in a block in the Nile, he came to our rescue. We had just escaped, after forty days' detention, when we met him coming from Lado to our assistance, a few miles south of Shambil, near the abandoned Catholic Mission Station of the Holy Cross. How well I remember going on board his steamer, and the warm reception he gave us! Dressed in a white uniform, and wearing a fez, he presented the appearance of a tall, thin man of military bearing. The lower part of his face was hidden by a well-trimmed black beard, and a mustache of the same color partially vailed his determined mouth. His eyes, though to some extent hidden by his spectacles, were black, piercing and intelligent; his smile was pleasing and gracious; his actions graceful and dignified, and his whole bearing that of a man keenly alive to everything passing around him. Courteous, but somewhat reserved, he was distinguishable as a thorough gentleman. He



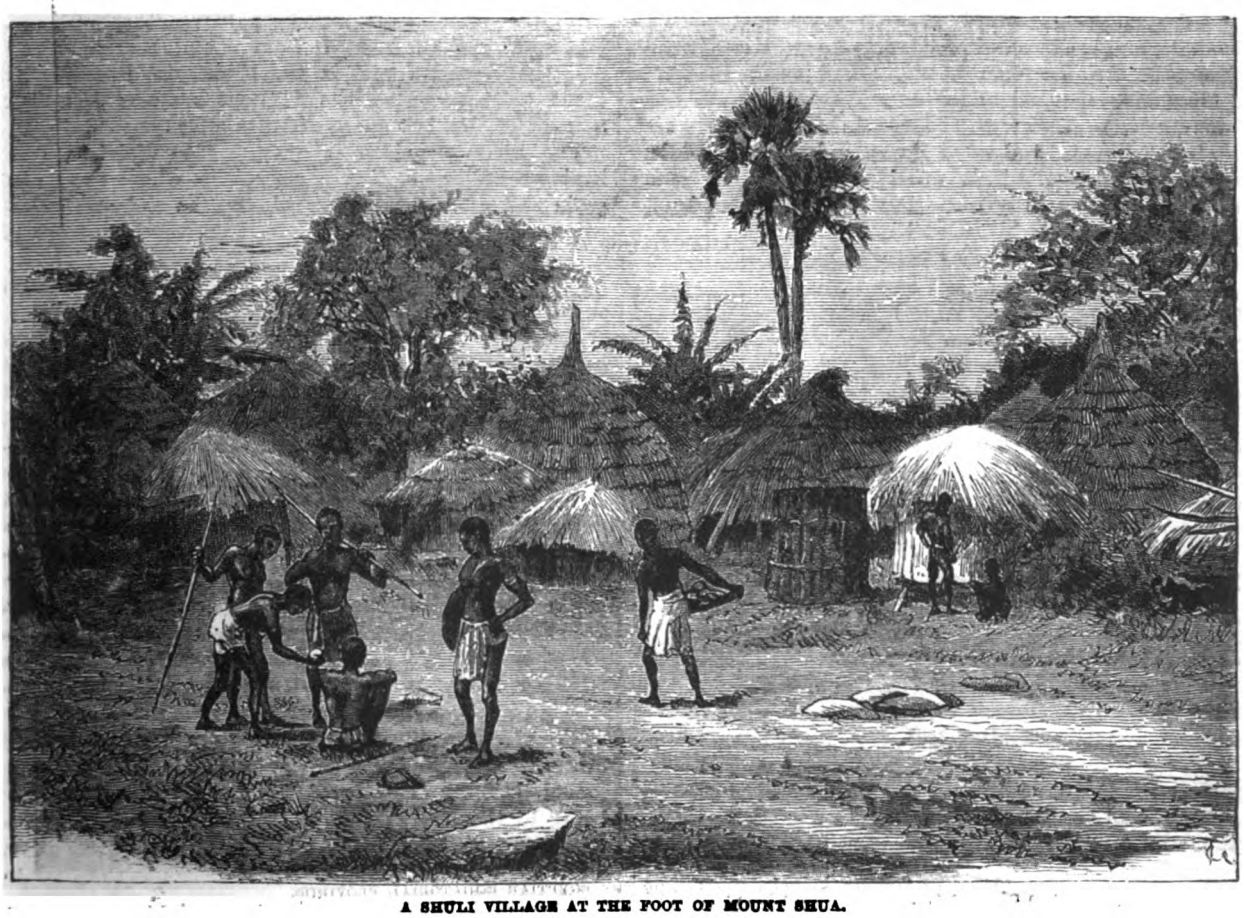
THE EGYPTIAN STATION AT KIRRI, EMIN PASHA'S PROVINCE.



FORTIFIED STATION AT LADO, CAPITAL OF THE EGYPTIAN EQUATORIAL PROVINCE.



SOME OF EMIN PASHA'S IRREGULARS.



A SHULI VILLAGE AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT SHUA.

addressed us in English; but subsequently, finding I spoke German, we conversed and corresponded in that language. Emin Pasha is a remarkable linguist, having a knowledge of most European languages, of several of those spoken in Asia, and also, of many of the African dialects.

From our first meeting I felt drawn toward him, and as I became better acquainted with him my admiration and respect deepened into a friendship that has continued ever since. Whilst I was with him, he acted like a brother to me, or, perhaps I should say, like a father, losing no opportunity of giving me advice and instruction on all manner of subjects; and, thus, I have to thank him for the knowledge that has enabled me to accomplish some scientific work in Africa.

Twelve years ago, Dr. Emin Effendi—as he then was—was sent from Cairo to join Gordon Pasha, then Governor of the Egyptian Equatorial Provinces. Born in Austrian Silesia, he had been a surgeon in the Turkish Army, his medical education having been obtained in Paris, Berlin and Vienna. Gordon Pasha subsequently appointed him surgeon-general of the province, a position he continued to hold for the next four years. Medicine alone, however, did not engross his attention, for Gordon Pasha, taking advantage of his remarkable powers in dealing with natives, employed him in three diplomatic missions of no little importance, viz., two to Uganda and one to Unyoro. One of his missions to Uganda was of singular difficulty and danger. An officer, acting contrary to Gordon Pasha's instructions, had marched with 300 men to the capital of Uganda, with the intention of annexing the country, and Dr. Emin Effendi was sent to bring back the men. This task he accomplished, after much difficulty, with complete success, and without firing a shot. It was most important for Gordon Pasha to enter into friendly relations with Kabarega, the King of Unyoro, who was continually harassing the Egyptian frontier; and again Dr. Emin proved himself equal to the occasion, for he went, without escort, to Kabarega, and concluded a peace which undoubtedly saved Gordon Pasha and his few soldiers from annihilation. This mission, although so many years ago, has recently borne fresh fruit, for the friendly relations then brought about have enabled Dr. Emin to obtain some scanty supplies from Kabarega, and to send through him letters to the Church Missionary Society's representatives in Uganda, and have also assisted the intrepid Russian traveler, Dr. Junker, to escape, *viâ* Unyoro and Uganda, to Zanzibar.

In 1878, Gordon Pasha, in his position as Governor-general of the whole Soudan, raised Dr. Emin Effendi to the rank of Bey, and appointed him Governor of the Egyptian Equatorial Provinces, which position he has nobly and faithfully maintained up to the present time. His office was no sinecure, and the difficulty of his position can scarcely be understood in this country, and can only be fully estimated by the few Europeans who have personally visited the immense district under his jurisdiction. Gordon's master-hand, which had organized the provinces, crushed the slave-dealers, and introduced a reign of peace, had been removed, and one governor after another had allowed affairs to relapse into a state of chaos. The slave-dealers had regained some of their former power, discontent was to be seen on all sides, and it needed, indeed, a strong man to restore order. Such a man Gordon Pasha found in Dr. Emin. When the latter took up the reins of government, the only districts in peace and security were included in a belt of land on either side of the Nile, extending from Lado to the Albert Lake, and in the country occupied by the Shulis to the east of the Nile.

With such enthusiasm and power of organization did Emin Bey take up his task, that by the end of 1880 most of the stations had been rebuilt, peace and order were established therein, and all of them, then numbering about forty, were connected by a weekly post. Throughout the whole province crime was almost unknown, and, through Emin's efforts, slavery was entirely abolished, and the district cleared of the slave-dealers, who had carried on an underhand but extensive traffic up to the time of his appointment. Moreover, the Equatorial Provinces which, in 1878, were maintained at a deficit of £38,000 per annum, had, three years later, a surplus of £8,000; and this remarkable financial improvement was obtained, not by oppressive taxation, but by the practice of rigid economy and the suppression of abuses that had previously existed. To this I can personally testify.

The organization of this province has cost an immense amount of labor, and has been made possible only by rigid attention to the minutest details, and to the special characteristics of the people inhabiting the country. The population is a very mixed one, and consists of various tribes, possessing distinctive customs, speaking different languages, and having very varied characteristics. The accompanying pictures, which are reproduced from photographs taken on the spot by my friend, Herr Richard Buchta, form part of his marvelous and unique album of photographs of the Upper Nile region. The mild and docile Shulis, the brave Bari warriors, the cannibal Niam-Niams, and the musical inhabitants of Unyoro, are striking types, and will serve to give an idea of the people to whom Emin Pasha has been content to devote so many years of his life. Besides the tribes represented in his pictures, Dinkas, Madis, Makrakas, Bongos, Longos and Umiros, recognize the Egyptian rule in the Equatorial Province. I could write pages on the different customs and their manner of life, but space will not allow.

The whole province is divided into districts, each having a military station in its centre, where the tax of grain and cattle has to be paid by the natives; and it may be of interest if I here give a description of one of these forts. I will take Lado as an example.

Lado is a well-built town, the divan, offices, mosque and Government buildings being built of burnt bricks, and roofed with corrugated iron, all the other buildings being of wood and grass. The streets are wide and straight, and surrounding the station there is a broad promenade, a clear space of thirty yards being kept between the houses and the earthwork fortifications. Beyond these there are large gardens. The station has three gates, at which sentries are mounted day and night, the gates being open from 6 A. M. till 8 P. M. No gun is allowed to be fired near the station from sunset to sunrise, unless as a signal of an attack. At 5:30 A.M. the bugle sounds the *reveille;* and, shortly after, "Light your fires." At 6 A.M. the muster roll is called, and the gates are opened. The soldiers then drill, and the women begin to sweep the streets—for, in Emin Pasha's stations, sanitary precautions are adopted, and the people are taught that cleanliness is next to godliness. At 8:30 A.M. all, excepting the sentries, turn out to work in the fields, to draw water or to fetch wood; and, the dew being by that time dried up, the cattle are sent out to graze. Work lasts till 11:30 A. M., when there is an interval of rest till 2:30 P. M.; the people then set to work again till 5 P.M., when all return inside the fort.

At 8:30 P.M., the roll is called, and the gates are shut; and at 9 P.M. all fires are extinguished, an officer going the rounds to see that this regulation is carried out. Curfew, in these parts, is a very important precaution, for, should a hut once catch fire, the whole station is threatened with destruction. In the Spring of 1878, before Emin's rule began, Lado itself was burnt down, and the immense stores which Baker Pasha had taken to the province were all destroyed.

Near each of the stations are groups of native villages. The soldiers are nearly all Makraka men, and, physically, a finer body of troops it would be difficult to find. They are brave (one might almost say recklessly brave), civil and high-spirited; they obey orders with alacrity, and are at the same time intelligent in the performance of their duties. They are armed with the Remington rifle, which they pride themselves on keeping bright and clean. Their uniform, when on duty in the station, is a white tunic and trousers, boots, fez, and a cartridge-belt made of leopard-skin, which is bound round the waist and holds a sword, bayonet and knife. On the march they are dressed in brown clothes, with knickerbockers, and they seldom wear boots. I should have said they *were* clothed in this fashion, for now, poor fellows, they are scantily provided with kit.

Each large native village is required to support one or two dragomans, who act as a kind of police. These are responsible for the peace of the village, and superintend the payment of the grain-tax to the Government. Some twenty or thirty of them live near a fort; and when porters are wanted, or natives required for work at the station, they are commissioned to get together the requisite number.

One of the illustrations gives a very good idea of these men. They are here formed up as if to resist the charge of slave-dealers. They wear few clothes, are all armed with double-barreled guns, and are, as a rule, good shots. They are very reliable troops, have no fear, and fight like lions; and, what is more noteworthy, they can live on two or three handfuls of grain a day, and never grumble for their pay, however long in arrear it may be. The original picture was taken by Herr Buchta at Dem Zebehr, once the headquarters of Zebehr Pasha, prince of slave-dealers. His house, the only one of sun-dried bricks in the district, can be seen in the background of another illustration. If it could speak, what a ghastly tale of bloodthirsty tyranny it could tell! for from this place some thirty or forty thousand slaves used to be exported annually; and, now that it has been retaken by the slave-dealers, it has probably again become the centre of human traffic.

In the Equatorial Provinces the only difficulty the authorities experience is in keeping up a strict discipline, without which it is impossible to maintain a good Government. The natives require firm, but judicious, control. It is imperative that the orders of the Government should be obeyed, and to obtain this result the natives need more supervision than would be requisite in more civilized districts.

Dr. Emin Pasha's life is a laborious one. When at Lado, in addition to the cares of government, he finds time to relieve the physical sufferings of his people. At sunrise every morning he may be found in his hospital, either prescribing for or operating upon his numerous patients, and at night, when Government duties are over, instead of seeking well-earned repose, you would see him writing by the light of candles, made by himself, those reports on scientific subjects that have enriched the pages of so many learned periodicals. His intimate acquaintance with the various sciences is quite remarkable: anthropological, botanical, geographical, geological and philological studies serve to occupy his leisure moments. In addition to all this, he has found time to teach the people to work for the sake of work itself, and not from compulsion; good roads have been constructed, wagons made, and oxen trained to the yoke under his superintendence; the people have been instructed in weaving, and he has introduced the cultivation of cotton, coffee, rice, indigo and wheat.

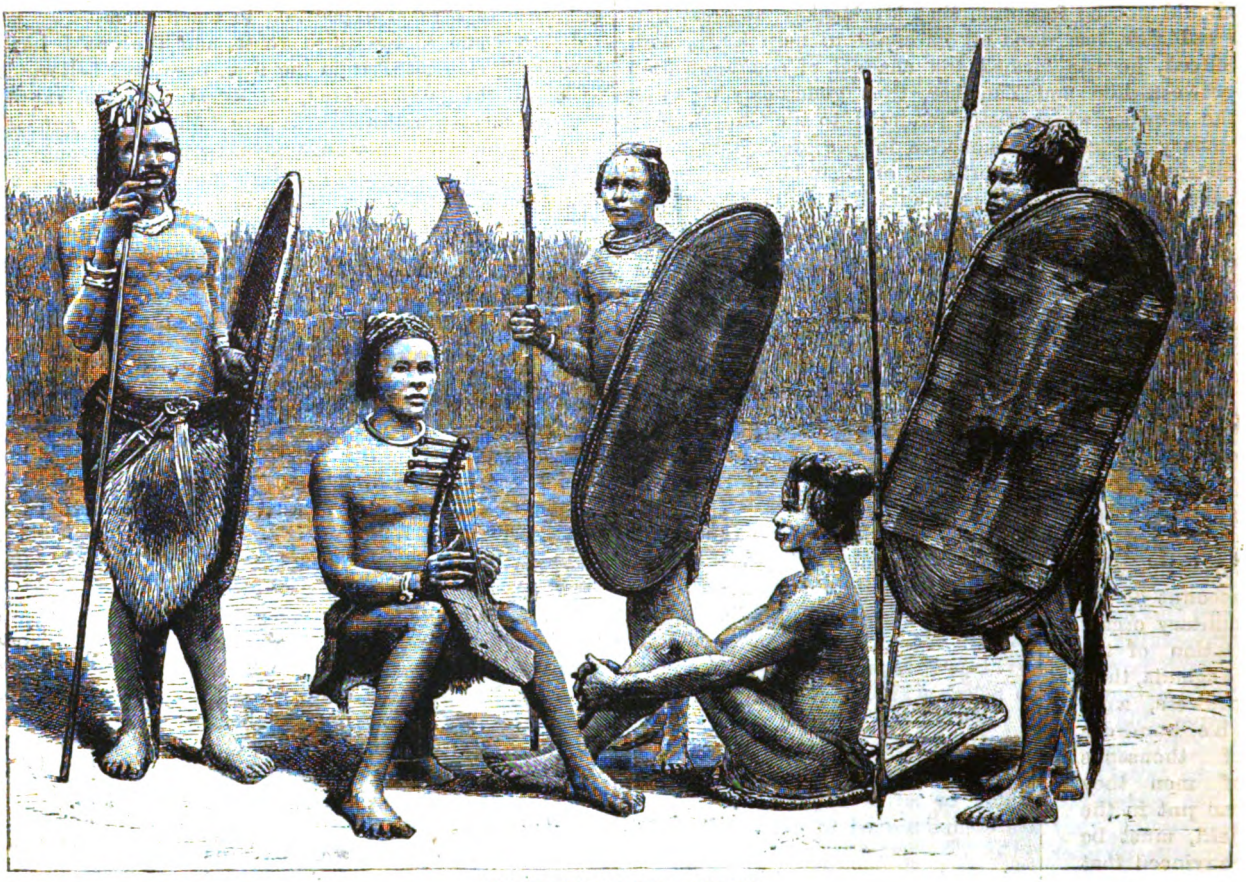
The contrast between Dr. Emin Pasha's province and the surrounding ones is very marked, for, in the latter, the slave-dealers are carrying out, unchecked, their inhuman trade. Brutal acts of atrocious cruelty are daily perpetrated, villages are sacked, the aged killed, the strong men tortured with fiendish ingenuity, and the women and children are carried away as slaves.

Should Emin fall, or the relief expedition arrive too late, his province will inevitably relapse into the same hopeless condition; only it must be remembered that the people would then feel their position far more keenly, having experienced for some years a beneficent rule. How much this has been appreciated by them may be understood by the desperate way in which they have fought against their foes, knowing, as they do, the misery they would suffer were they to be conquered. It is not as if they had been in the receipt of their pay, or as if the prospects of rich rewards had been held out to them. Pay they have not seen for years, clothes they have none, and yet, though decimated by starvation and disease, they have fought as only men fight whose homes and country are at stake.

There are, no doubt, some—I hope but few—who will fail to see the necessity for the relief of Emin Pasha. I have heard it said, "He could come away if he liked," to which I would reply, "Yes, he could escape alone with a few picked men, were he a coward or a selfish man; but in so doing he would have to leave behind the Egyptian officials, their wives and their children. Being, however, true, brave, and unselfish, it is as impossible for him to desert his trust as it was for General Gordon to yield to the wishes of men who placed expediency before honor, and who, apparently, cared not one straw for the shame of a broken word."

In order to avoid any possibility of mistake, and to show that Emin Pasha had no choice left him as to the advisability of evacuating the province committed to his charge, it may be well to mention that, in April of 1882, he went down to Khartoum expressly to confer with his superiors; but he was ordered "to return to his post, develop his province, and protect his frontier." Since that time, and until very recently, no news of any kind has reached him. He fully appreciated the difficulties of his position, but still he has not given up all hope of England helping him. He writes, "I have certainly some glimmerings of hope that, as Egypt appears to be unable to send us aid, England may, at some future day, take advantage of the position in which we find ourselves, to remain true to her former traditions of a humanitarian and civilizing mission."

It is at last decided that an attempt shall be made to send him the relief he so urgently needs. Although the British Government do not participate in the Relief Expedition, as one had earnestly hoped they would, yet they countenance it. Henry M. Stanley is the leader. The funds for the expedition are provided in part by a grant of money from the Egyptian Government, but chiefly, I believe, by a small group of Scotchmen, who thus generously fulfill the traditions of the past.



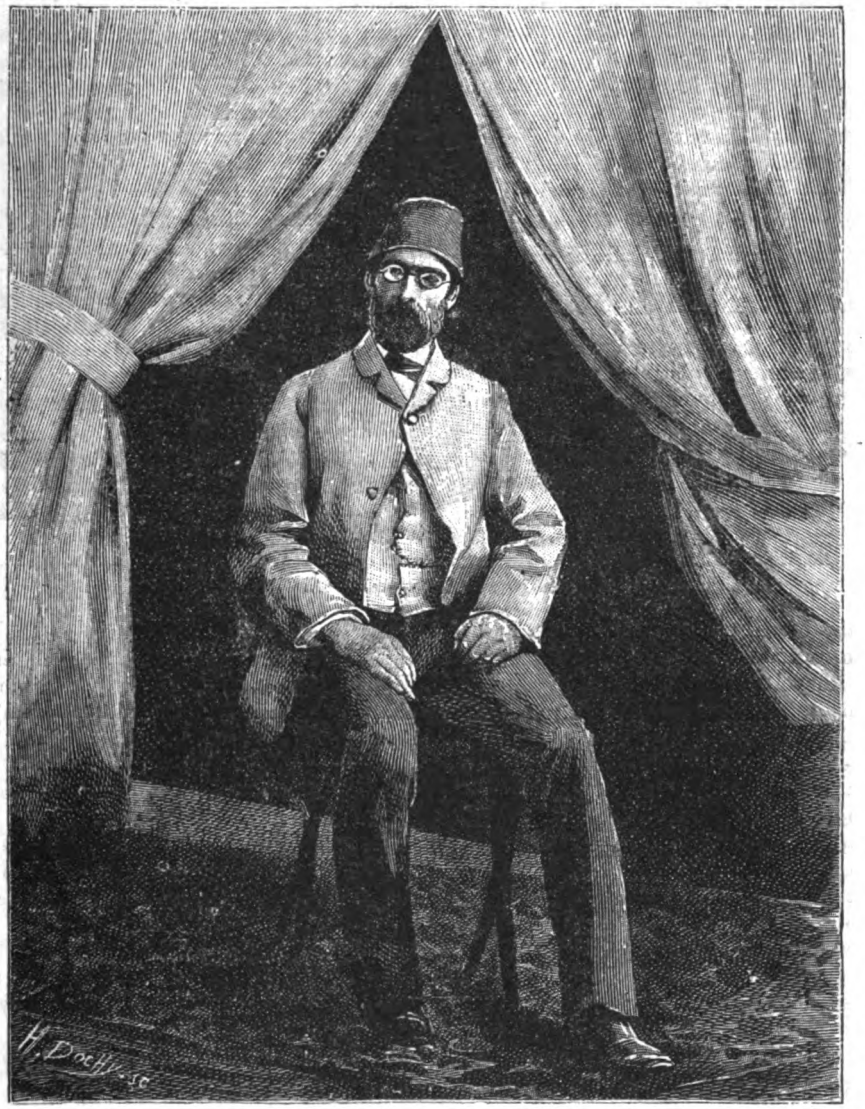
MEN OF THE NIAM-NIAM TRIBE.

Mr. Stanley, at the head of his expedition, is now on his way to Africa, on a mission of which he may well be proud. It is not known by what route he will reach Emin Bey, and this judicious element of mystery will, no doubt, add a charm to the interest with which the progress of his undertaking will be followed. For the past few months the question of which route is the best has formed the subject of debate both in the public Press and in geographical magazines. In concluding this article, I propose to point out the routes by which the Relief Expedition might reach Emin Pasha's province, all of which appear to me to be worthy of consideration. I shall, at the same time, indicate the difficulties and dangers attending each of them.

The first route, and the one proposed by Mr. Joseph Thomson, starts from Mombasa, on the east coast, leads through the Masai country, passes Mount Kenia and Lake Baringo, and reaches Emin Pasha's province at either Foweira, Koro, or Fadjulli. Mr. Thomson proposed to take a caravan of some four hundred porters and fifty or sixty camels and donkeys. The advantages he claims for this route are these: "It is the shortest and most healthy; the country presents no topographical difficulties; camels and donkeys agree admirably with the climate. . . . Taking everything into consideration, I myself (Mr. Thomson) pronounce emphatically in favor of the Masai route." The time estimated from Mombasa to Emin Pasha's province is three to four months. The late Dr. Fischer also recommended this route, but, while not saying that it is an impracticable one, I think that its difficulties and dangers are too great to be risked. The greatest objection I see to it is, that the King of Uganda would inevitably hear of the expedition, and would most certainly try to prevent its reaching its destination. Since the murder of Bishop Hannington he has been kept in constant alarm by rumors from the east, partly arising from Dr. Fischer's journey that way, and partly from the German annexations on the East Coast. It must be remembered that Mr. Mackay, of the Church Missionary Society, who has nobly held his post for seven years, and who is now virtually a prisoner in the King's hands, is still in Uganda, and I think that an expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha should avoid any route which would

ISMAEN ABOU HATAB, GOVERNOR OF REGIAF, 1880, ONE OF EMIN PASHA'S TRUSTED LIEUTENANTS.

in any way render his position more precarious. It should not be forgotten that Mr. Mackay, at great personal risk, has done all he could to help Emin, and, indeed, he has formed the channel of communication between him and Zanzibar, thus generously repaying the services which Emin rendered to the Church Missionary Society's missionaries in previous years. The district, too, to the northeast of Uganda, which would have to be passed by a caravan following this route, has been the slave-hunting ground of the Waganda for many years, and its inhabitants fear them, so that the expedition would have to rely upon its own resources in withstanding any attack the brutal boy-king chose to make upon it. Any one who remembers Mr. Stanley's account of the military organization of the Waganda, their prowess, and the hundreds of thousands of men they can put in the field, must be convinced that it would require a strong party, indeed, to cope with this the strongest Central African power.



EMIN PASHA IN HIS TENT.

The second route to be mentioned leads direct through Uganda. This route I believe to be utterly impracticable. Although I think it is very probable that, backed up by strong letters from the Sultan of Zanzibar and the British Consul-general there, the leader of a relief expedition might receive a friendly invitation to pass through Uganda, yet I am convinced, knowing the people as well as I do, that, once there, no expedition would ever be allowed to pass on to the north. One excuse after another would be made, one demand for presents after another would be put forward, until, at last, either the patience or the resources of the expedition would be exhausted. The Wagandas' policy has remained unchanged—at least the policy of the Court party—for years; notwithstanding the intercourse they have had with white men, they fleece all Europeans, and will continue to do so, until they have learnt a lesson which it would be out of the province or power of a relief expedition to teach them.

I now come to the third route, and the one I have steadfastly advocated from the first, because I believe it to be, all things considered, the safest, the most rapid, and the most practicable. It is as follows: An expedition should start from Bagamoyo, by a direct route to Mkumbiro, then follow Stanley's old route as far as Nyagoma, and strike west till Lake Alexandra is reached—thus giving Karagué, which is tributary to Uganda, a wide berth. It should subsequently skirt Lake Alexandra, and take a northerly route to the Muta Nzige, follow its western shores, and strike directly for the south end of Albert Lake. Before arriving at this point, however, messengers should be sent on to Emin Pasha, who would meet the expedition with his two steamers and lifeboats at the south end of the lake.

By taking this route, it is most probable that all possibility of coming in contact with the Waganda would be avoided; in fact, if the leader of the expedition kept his own counsel, the Waganda would not necessarily know of its destination, as several caravans go by that route year by year as far as Mkumbiro. Even if they did hear of the expedition, they could do little or nothing to delay it; for they are not in the habit of making raids toward the southwest, and the people there do not fear them.

The only disadvantage presented by this route is the fact that it leads through about three hundred miles of unexplored country; but it must be borne in mind that either by the Masia route or by the Congo the unexplored district to be traversed would be far longer, and the tribes just as warlike and unknown.

The fourth route that might be taken is, theoretically, an enticing one. It has been proposed to send an expedition up the Congo, and either go up the Aruwimi, or

Biyerré, to a point situated some five hundred miles, as the crow flies, from Wadelai, or to navigate the Mobangi, which is probably a continuation of the Welle-Makua River; for Dr. Junker has telegraphed from Zanzibar that he found the Welle-Makua generally navigable as far as 22° east longitude, at which point he was only about one hundred and fifty miles distant from the point reached by Mr. Grenfell in the steamer *Peace*.

The objections to this route are—the time it would occupy, the delay that would inevitably attend the passage of the expedition through the Niam-Niam district, and, lastly, the disturbed state of the country near Stanley Falls. This would, however, be an admirable route for the return journey, when the Egyptian women and children would have to be transported to the coast, and when the expedition would be reinforced by Emin's soldiers.

These various routes will, I trust, enable my readers to clearly understand the whereabouts of Emin Pasha, and to follow with an intelligent interest and hearty good wishes the expedition sent to his relief.

DEMONIAC INFLUENCES.

THERE is a curious contrariety in human affairs, showing itself sometimes in a manner almost tragic, or leading to tragic results; as when a murderer, while flattering himself that he has taken every possible precaution, forgets the special one which would have secured to him immunity from danger; and sometimes, and more often, in the most trifling matters of everyday life. The difficulty of finding a policeman when one is wanted is proverbial. Who does not know that it is always when one is just starting on a journey that strings come off and buttons are found wanting? Did any one ever search for a mark on a pockethandkerchief, or any other article possessed of four corners, and find it before he reached the fourth? Perhaps, even, he may, by the time he had made a careful scrutiny of each, have discovered that there was no mark at all, though before the investigation he could almost have taken his oath, if called upon to do so, that all his linen was marked. The careless little girl in "Original Poems" misses her day's pleasure "for want of just a single pin," and the story of her sad fate, as she hears the coach drive up to the door and turn away again, having found her unprepared to join the happy company of holiday-makers, has been handed down as a warning to posterity. To be sure she was careless and thoughtless, and wasted her time, and that is the moral of the piece; but there remains the usual difficulty, pointing, apparently, to some occult and sinister influence—the impossibility of finding the one single pin at the one precise moment when its presence was indispensable. The question as to what becomes of all the pins might lead us too far from the scope of this article; but surely since they were first invented enough must have been lost to produce some change in the earth's surface. Who has not noticed that on a bitter Winter morning you may expect, when you come down to breakfast, to find a miserable handful of fire smoldering, merely trying—and trying probably in vain—to keep itself warm, and quite powerless to impart warmth to the shivering mortals who vainly endeavor to coax it into a blaze; while only let the weather change, the frost give out, the air become soft and mild, and you come down-stairs to a fire roaring half way up the chimney. You are tempted to lay the blame upon the perversity of the housemaid, but is not the cause something far more subtle?—though the human element certainly must enter into the case, as also into the kindred phenomenon of plates. Plates are certain to be merely tepid if the eatables on the table are likewise deficient in caloric, but only let the pudding be just taken out of the oven and scalding hot, and you may be sure that they will be heated to such a degree that you will not be able to touch them without burning your fingers. If the kitchen chimney catches fire, ten to one it is when you are expecting guests to dinner. If one's keys "loose theirselves away," as an old woman of our acquaintance used to say, is it not always at the exact time one happens to want them? There are days in one's life when these, and other small calamities, accumulate upon one's devoted head till one is ready to exclaim with Mrs. Gummidge: "I'm a lone, lorn creetur and everythink goes contrairy with me!"

RINGS.

RINGS—that is to say, finger-rings, the most primitive, as well as the most universal form of the jewelry of all nations—have been quaintly defined by a jocose old writer as "movables put upon the fingers, either by way of ceremony, authority, affection, or ornament, all of which influences have been more or less conducive to their wear." The derivation of the word is Saxon—*—hyring*, a circle; apropos of which origin the same author we have just alluded to, boastfully says, "that it has neither the smack nor the twang of any of the legion of foreign tongues with which we have compounded the English language."

The antiquity of the use of rings is lost in the remoteness of ages long past and gone. Pliny tells us that we are utterly in the dark as to the person who first invented, or who first wore, a ring; and he bids us accept as fables what is written in mythology of those of Prometheus and Midas. The people who give us the starting point for finding rings in use among them are the Jews; for in Genesis we read of Judah giving Tamar his signet—notably his signet ring—to hold as a pledge until his promise to her of a kid from the flock should be redeemed. So, also, in Kings we find that Jezebel sealed the warrant for the destruction of Naboth, the Jezreelite, with Ahab the King's ring, which, no doubt, he habitually wore as a symbol of his authority and power. Other portions of Holy Writ may readily be advanced to strengthen the point that the Hebrews, even in their earliest times, used rings; those we have given, however, will suffice for our purpose. But contemporaneous with God's chosen race other nations besides were addicted to the wearing of rings, the Egyptians clearly so; for Pharaoh, we read, took his ring from his own finger, and put it upon Joseph's, as a mark of the trust and command he delegated to him. The ancients—Chaldeans, Babylonians, Persians and Greeks—likewise used the ornaments we are speaking of, as appears from many a record both in holy and in secular writ; and that the Macedonians, also, did so is apparent from Alexander the Great sealing the letters he wrote either with his own or with King Darius's ring; so, at least, Quintus Curtius has it. The Greeks, who, in their sybaritical eras, became the most effeminate wearers of jeweled *annuli*, are given credit for knowing nothing of these ornaments at the time of the Trojan War, as no mention of them is made by Homer; and before the reigns of Numa Pompilius and Servius Tullius the Romans are also said to have been in ignorance of the finger-ring, but which having acquired, they out-Heroded Herod in the numbers and

richness of the gewgaw. At first they contented their fingers with one ring, made of iron, as the Lacedemonians did; and Marius, in his third consulate, was the first who deviated from the base metal, and wore a ring of gold.

But this example soon found many followers, and silver, either plain or gilt, gold, pure or amalgamated with other metals—even iron welded to, or inclosed in, a casing of more valuable ore—became general and fashionable circlets for the fingers Sometimes an eccentric wearer would have his ring iron, with a seal of gold; sometimes he would choose to have it solid and heavy; sometimes hollow and light; sometimes the signet-stone was engraven, sometimes plain, the cutting being either in relief or in intaglio, *gemmæ sculptura prominente*, or *gemmæ ectype*, as the case might be. But from this comparatively simple kind of ring, fashion soon merged into more luxurious and costly ones, and it became common to have the ornament, of whatever metal made, profusely set with precious stones, in single, double, or even in triple rows; and not only that, but to possess suites of them, suitable for different seasons of the year, for different days of the week, and even for different hours of the day. This *ultima thule* of absurdity is alluded to by Juvenal in his seventh satire, where he speaks of *annuli semestris*, and of Summer and Winter rings.

The manner of wearing rings has been various. From the writings of Juvenal, it would seem that the Hebrews wore them chiefly on the right hand, and possibly its index finger. Among the Romans, before they came to be adorned with stones and their numbers were limited, "everybody wore them, according to pleasure, on what hand and fingers they liked. But when gems were added, they wore them altogether on the left hand, and it would have been held an excessive foppery to have put them on the right." Our oft-quoted authority, Pliny, says that rings were at first put upon the fourth finger, subsequently on the second, then on the index, then on the little finger, and, last of all, on all the fingers and thumb, excepting the middle finger, which was never so adorned.

The Greeks wore their rings altogether on the fourth finger of the left hand, for much the same reason as led to that finger being selected for the marriage-ring—namely, that it was believed that a very delicate filament of a nerve ran from this digit to the heart, holding with the organ direct communication and sympathy. The fact that anatomists soon discovered the fallacy has not, even to this day, done away with the idea. And apropos of wedding-rings, *annuli sponsalitii*, as they were named, some authorities trace their origin to the Jews, founding their opinions upon well-known texts recorded in Genesis, Exodus and Esther; but, on the other hand, Leo of Modena, a rabbi of the fourteenth century, says that the early Hebrews used no wedding-rings, though a ring, as a symbol of representative authority, passed from husband to wife at the marriage service. John Selden, in his "Uxor Ebraica," substantiates this, adding that the wedding-ring was but in lieu of a piece of money of the same value, "which had used to be given in the primitive Jewish eras as the purchase of a bride." The Greeks and the Romans followed the same practice, and the early Christians took it up, as appears from the writings of Tertullian. But presently the money value, so to call it, of the woman fell into disuse, the ring remained as its acknowledged substitute; and in the Roman and Oriental Churches, where marriage is a sacrament, the ring receives the blessing of the priest before it is placed upon the finger, as several old liturgies direct.

In days of yore, certain state dignitaries only were allowed to wear rings. Senators and ambassadors of Rome were for a long time the sole wearers; then came knights and others of a lower grade in social position; then the *liberti*, or freedmen; then soldiers, and ultimately even slaves, save and except that their rings were bound to be of no higher metal than iron. The priests of Jupiter and other gods also wore thumb-rings, and from them, no doubt, descended the practice among dignitaries of the Christian Church, such as pontiffs, cardinals and bishops, significant of their spiritual wedding with the Church.

There were some curious ideas once in vogue in regard to the mental and physical qualities of the wearers of rings. If worn on the forefinger, the ornament was supposed to indicate a haughty, bold and overbearing spirit; if on the long finger, prudence, dignity and discretion; if on the marriage-finger, love, obedience and subjection; and if on the little finger, strength and a masterly spirit.

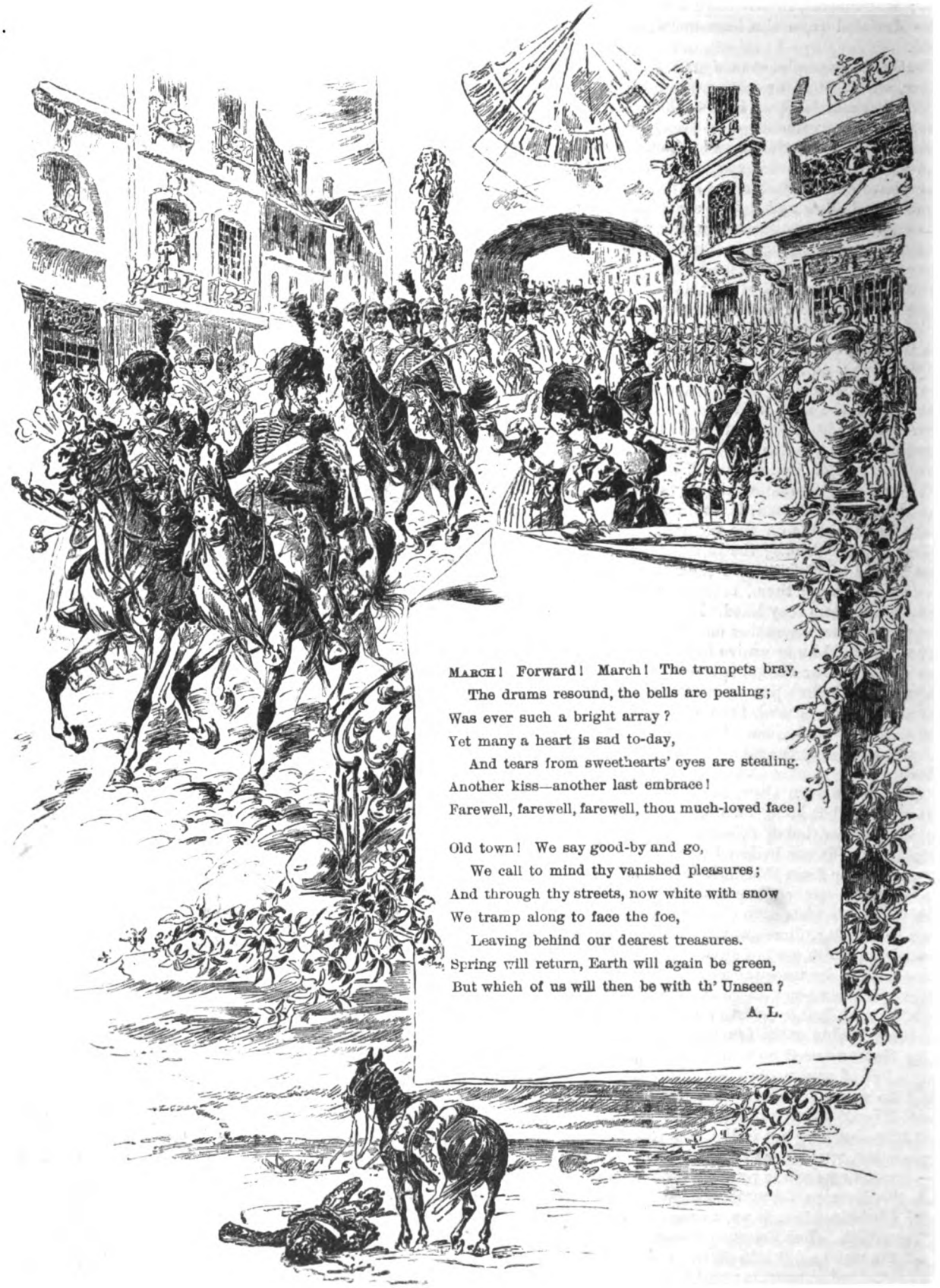
Rings have always been a fertile source for attaching thereto mystical properties and fanciful legends. Thus we have Polycrates's ring; the enchanted ring in "Orlando Furioso"; Aladdin's ring; Solomon's ring; the wonderful three-colored stone ring in the brain of Reynard the fox; that ring of invisibility which Otnit, King of Lombardy, possessed; the ring of Gyges, and many others, which space will not allow of our even enumerating. These ornaments, too, especially when bestowed as love-tokens, have ever found favor with the poet; and although the poetry of the ring has been chiefly mere doggerel, such as "In thee, my choice, I do rejoice," or "Not two, but one, till life is done," yet many a time and oft has the muse delivered itself of words of

> "So sweet breath composed,
> As made the gifts more precious"

Lastly, it may not be generally known that rings made of twisted rushes were once upon a time substituted for wedding-rings of gold in marriages never intended to be permanent and indissoluble, and that so common and demoralizing was this practice becoming in the earlier part of the thirteenth century, that Richard, Bishop of Salisbury, in the year 1217, forbids the "putting of rush rings, or any like matter, upon women's fingers," tricking them into mock nuptials.

Weight of the Body.—According to experiments carried out by the Belgian *savant*, Quetelet, a man attains his maximum weight toward his fortieth year, and begins to lose it sensibly toward his sixtieth year. A woman, however, does not attain her maximum weight until her fiftieth year. The ages at which people attain their maximum weight and the weights themselves differ in the different classes of society. In the affluent classes the average maximum weight is 172 pounds, and is attained at fifty years of age. In the artisan class it is 154 pounds, attained at forty. Amongst farm laborers it is 171 pounds, attained at sixty. In the average classes it is 164 pounds, and is reached between forty and fifty years of age.

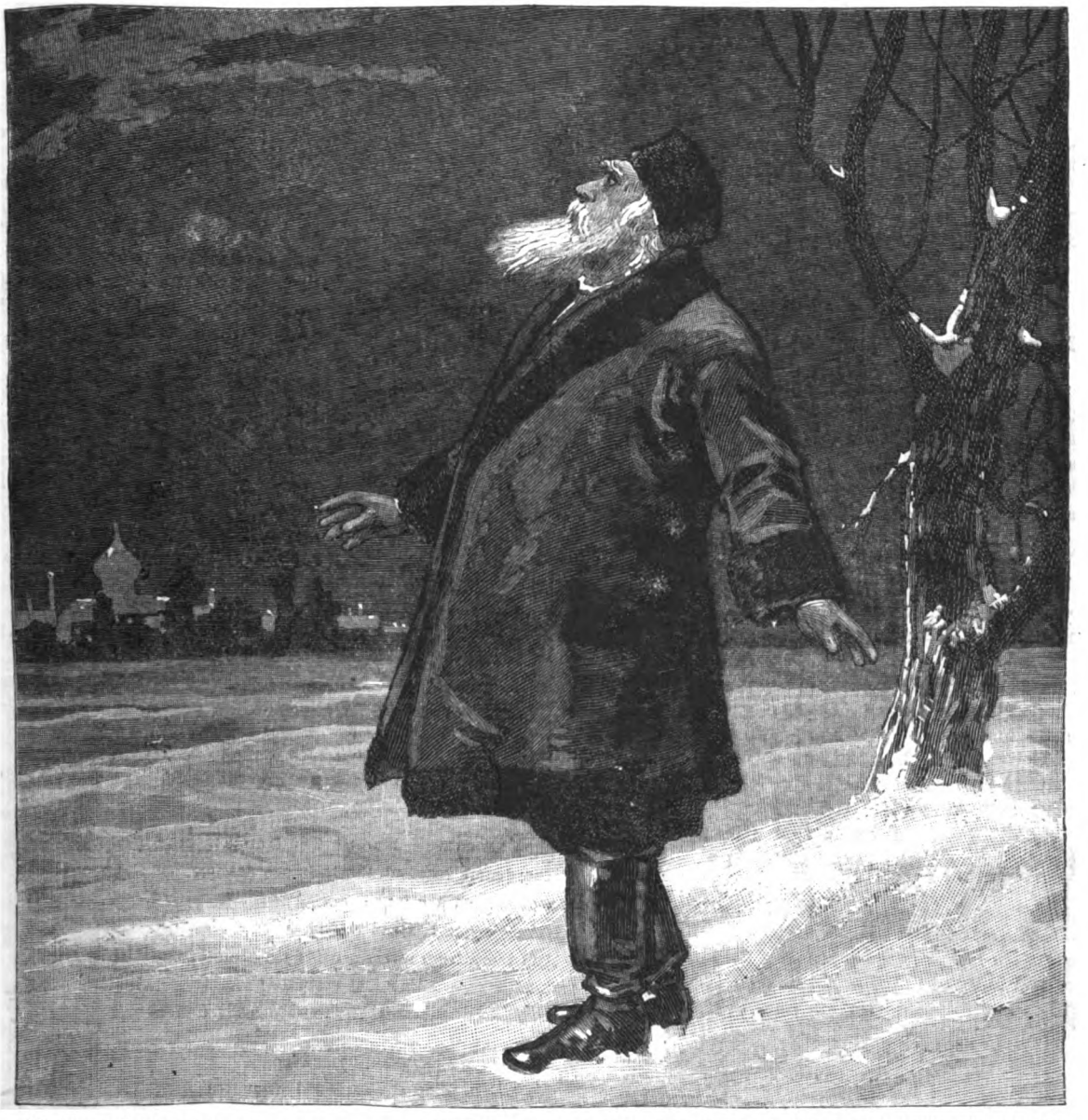
Polishing Stones.—The Hindoos polish all kinds of stones by means of powdered corundum, mixed with melted lac. The mixture, being allowed to cool, is shaped into oblong pieces of three or four inches in length. The stone is polished by being sprinkled with water, and at the same time rubbed with these oblong masses; and the polish is increased by the successive use of masses of finer and finer grain.



MARCH! Forward! March! The trumpets bray,
The drums resound, the bells are pealing;
Was ever such a bright array?
Yet many a heart is sad to-day,
And tears from sweethearts' eyes are stealing.
Another kiss—another last embrace!
Farewell, farewell, farewell, thou much-loved face!

Old town! We say good-by and go,
We call to mind thy vanished pleasures;
And through thy streets, now white with snow
We tramp along to face the foe,
Leaving behind our dearest treasures.
Spring will return, Earth will again be green,
But which of us will then be with th' Unseen?

A. L.



"'RING ON!' HE EXCLAIMED, AS THE BELLS FROM MANY A CHURCH-DOME WITHIN THE DENSELY POPULATED MUSCOVITISH CITY CLOSE AT HAND RANG OUT THEIR MERRIEST CHRISTMAS CHIME."

SWORN WITHIN HEARING OF THE BELLS.

By Sibella B. Edgcome.

Chapter I.

"Sworn by all that I most dearly value!" And with these words the ancient-looking Russian Jew bent himself three times toward the earth, crossing himself meanwhile vigorously.

He shivered, even, as he uttered the words; folded his arms yet more firmly together, sheltered as they both were by the sleeves of the thick fur coat which he wore, and glanced fixedly upon the deep and also frozen mass of snow surrounding him on all sides.

"Ring on!" he exclaimed, as the bells from many a church-dome within the densely populated Muscovitish city close at hand rang out their merriest Christmas chime. "I hear you, bells. Be patient with me—that is all I ask. You friends of long ago; who alone, of all created things, know not even the name of change!"

The invocation, for such it indeed seemed, fell all unheard upon that bitterly frosty night air. The ice-bound plain upon which Michel Michelovitch now stood only showed itself in picture-like but yet ghostly fashion all around.

"Branded!" he burst forth once more, as if now wholly unable to restrain himself, as thoughts, how intense and bitter, fell fast and thick upon his memory. "But the worker of such a wrong shall smart for it. The Jew's vengeance! Ha! ha! It is the fashion nowadays to scout the money-grubbing Jew, as folks call it," and he snapped his fingers derisively in the air. "But wait a bit. Every dog has his day. Why, then, not I? Vengeance, I repeat! And Heaven will help me."

An hour at least had passed away before Michel again

crossed the threshold of his home. A home, too, of which to be proud. Everything was there that wealth could give. All luxury. All comfort.

His daughter was waiting for him on the threshold; beautiful and bewitching as only a young Jewess in those Eastern regions can be. Her arm was laid softly around her father's neck, and she had drawn him in sweet womanly fashion within.

"I feared that something was amiss. You are so late in coming."

"*Doosetchka!* (darling)." It was all he said in answer.

"I have all ready—just as in olden days. You are ready to come in? Oh! won't you?"

He laid his already withered fingers upon her rich and glossy hair, and prayed aloud that "the father of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob"—so ran the Jew's simple wording—might bless his Miriam and keep her safe from harm, "from further harm," he added, tenderly, almost beneath his breath; then glanced around, as if fearful that some one was within hearing.

But no; they were alone—these two.

What meant it all—this air of unexpressed fear; nay, even dread, pervading all—this strange shadow of mystery?

And luxury, in the meanwhile, surrounding all. Poverty, evidently, at an utter discount—wealth a premium.

Such, indeed, was the picture. Again—what was amiss?

"You must forget everything, father mine," came steadily; also in true woman fashion. "The tale is ended now, the game played out. Remember that?"

"Ay, daughter!" But the Jew spoke dreamily.

"Well, then," came firmly. "Why not rally your energy again? Why yield thus?"

"Right, Miriam. I know that full well. But the present days, remember, are dark ones. The Jew's heart fails him."

"Fails, then, to trust in Heaven? Is that your meaning? God forbid!"

The Jewish father gazed a moment; then withdrew his glance, and faltered:

"This, after all that you have suffered, daughter?"

"Yes."

The shadows fell softly on the thick white snow without; the lights burned brilliantly within.

The bells from every church and cloister round rang hopefully, right joyously. If gloom was near at hand, at least they did not seem to recognize the fact. Rather, most surely, would they seek to chase all gloom away.

"Oh, sadness flee,
And trust in me!"

Thus told the bells, in soft accordance with the sweet words of old.

"It is better that we should be alone to-night—just you and I," said Miriam, later on, as they stood side by side near the lighted-up tree.

The Jew shook his head in answer; resolutely, and also with an air of stout defiance.

"It would have been impossible to bear the presence here of others," he said, huskily. "The two or three who know that you are here expected, I could see, an invitation as of old; but my gifts, *doosetchka*, were all for you yourself this time."

What gifts, indeed! What jewels rich and rare for the Jew's only daughter! Who would not envy her?

The sole loved heiress of a wealthy father!

The hour of midnight was signaled by every clock around in that large city. Miriam knelt in simple, child-like fashion at her father's feet. His hand was laid upon her head.

A father's blessing! Would it then, avail?

Ay—perhaps only would it serve to benefit that pensive Jewish maiden as would the many jeweled ornaments which he had just bestowed upon her—the bracelets encircling her arms, the rings, the necklaces, and who shall say what else?

Her beauty shone out now more strikingly than ever beneath the light of those dazzlingly sparkling, gilded chandeliers.

"And thou shalt wed as thou pleasest—choose the man after thine own heart," came in a low, earnest voice. "I retract the refusal—God forgive me!—once uttered in the past. The Jew has said it, and, God helping him, he will keep his word!"

The echoes caught up the words, and whispered, softly:

"God helping him!"

Was Miriam's cup of joy too full?

Why did she burst out weeping suddenly, and hide her face within both hands, and sob so fast?

She only knew that a long, weary tale was ended now; that what had been refused emphatically only three short years ago was now permitted—ay, and that tenderly.

The daydream! but now such no longer.

A bright living reality on this Christmas Eve, the promised wife of Karl Karlovitch.

Yes; she would say her prayers the coming Christmas morn—how earnestly, how trebly earnestly!—in that exquisite Russian *Sabor*, or cathedral.

The minutes sped on joyously in Miriam's heart.

The father's heart, too, seemed at rest for one brief space.

The sound of the ringing of the large outer bell in the court below at that moment arrested their attention.

The summons, however, was probably intended for those occupying another suite in that monster mansion. It was not likely that any one would seek to intrude at such an hour upon Michel Michelovitch and his daughter.

There was a noisy slamming of doors down below, and also a sound of voices. Then came the inquiry, uttered in the corridor just outside the Jew's apartments:

"This, then, is the house of Michel Michelovitch?"

"It is. He is at home also, I know."

Within the space of two minutes the newcomer stood within the Jew's spacious *salon;* and the next instant—one glance was enough—Miriam had fallen senseless at her father's feet.

Chapter II.

"But why your daughter should have received me thus is beyond my comprehension," urged the visitor later on, for sleep somehow seemed impossible to any one that night within Michel Michelovitch's abode. "True, we came across each other on the route, but what of that?" And even as he spoke he snapped his fingers indifferently.

Even, however, as the words fell, the Jewish father shook from head to foot, it seemed almost with an untold sense of dread.

He knew nothing of the stranger—nothing whatever—whose only plea for coming at that hour was that he had arrived late that evening in the Russian city, that he had not many hours to remain in it, and that this, therefore, had seemed to be his only opportunity for returning a small book which Miss Miriam had evidently dropped just prior to their one and only parting, and which he

took it for granted she would like to possess once more. Thus ran his story.

Clear, also, was it to the Jew's own mental vision that the stranger admired Miriam's beauty.

Was it to be wondered at?

And Miriam, in the silence of her own room?

The sense of faintness which had so thoroughly overpowered her upon first seeing the newcomer had not easily passed away. She trembled, as if some sense of coldness had, in all unlooked-for fashion, fallen upon her heart.

Ah, why should she ever have seen this stranger again? Why this even undreamed-of recognition, linking her once more, although only in memory, with an ugly past, recalling days which it were better far should be forgotten?

God take away the memory of those terror-stricken days—this was her prayer.

The stranger had, upon Miriam's sudden faintness, explained quickly to the astonished, and also alarmed, father, that he could, he thought, explain the cause; but he spoke in a low voice, having already drawn the Jew on one side for that express purpose.

"I listen!" but even as the words came the shadow of coming evil seemed already to have fallen upon Michel Michelovitch's path. His lips trembled in spite of himself, and yet they were firmly compressed together, as if in deep significance of the stern will within.

Yes; the Jew's heart was very strong in the midst of all.

"I saw your daughter, then, with the rest of the gang," whispered the stranger, steadily, but, nevertheless, not without feeling. "Our paths crossed only once, it is true, but I must have known her again anywhere——"

What more the stranger would have said was known only to himself, for at that moment the Jew's large hand was laid firmly upon his mouth, and, in a hoarse voice, he hissed, rather than whispered, into his visitor's ear:

"As surely as you value your life, stranger—friend or enemy, I know not in this hour which to call you—do not let such words again fall from your lips; not, I repeat, in the whole of this wide city. The evil be upon your own head if you do so."

The stranger waited patiently.

"It is sheer foolishness on your part," he began, placidly, when the servants had all retired to their own quarters, "making all this fuss about a simple episode in your daughter's history. The affair simply couldn't be helped—more's the pity, perhaps. But such is the history of thousands—you are, of course, aware of this fact; and, what is more—this for your own special comfort, too—only one in each of those thousands, if so many, ever shares the fate of your beautiful daughter and escapes."

Again the Jewish father winced visibly, as if stung to the quick—ay, and that most cruelly.

"For Heaven's sake, I implore you to be careful! Come now!" in an agonized tone; and, for the second time that night, the Jew glanced about him uneasily, right and left, as if to reassure himself of the fact that they had the room entirely to themselves.

He need not, however, have been afraid. The shadows cast by their own two forms were the only witnesses of the scene now in hand.

"You spoke with my daughter, then, on that occasion?" came presently, with an air of untold restraint. "You exchanged conversation?"

The stranger shook his head.

"You seem to understand little enough how matters are carried on in such an expedition as that of which we are speaking. The one running chain—you have forgotten, surely?—securing the wrists of each of the prisoners in line——"

"Oh, spare me!"

"Most certainly, if you wish it. To revert, then, to the original point. Little speaking—none, at any rate, that is needless—is permitted on the route. The gangs bound for Siberia, on foot for a great part of the way, pursue their road silently—tramp, tramp, tramp."

"Only if you *would* spare me!" came again, now piteously. "I know the tale by heart I tell you, then. Do you not hear?"

"Yes, yes. You wonder, perhaps, at the fact of my also knowing of your daughter's escape. The case again is clear enough. The news got wind, as folks say. I heard it—never mind where—and was interested. Do you understand? Your daughter's beauty had struck my fancy, and I remembered her, as I have already said."

How eagerly the Jew now watched his visitor; almost, it seemed, in hawk-like fashion, so fixed and penetrating was the glance.

"It is my turn to speak now," he began, slowly. "It is at least due to my sweet girl that I should give you explanation, though it burns my very lips to utter it. God help me! My child, though actually innocent herself of all intention to enter into any social, or, rather, political wrong, permitted herself, madly, to be associated with those who did so."

"I understand. Others have done the same, and suffered likewise."

The Jew bent his head an instant, then went on.

"The lover of my child was, however, one of the movers on the dangerous and also forbidden ground. My child was, in reality, only a passive and innocent looker-on. But touch pitch, and one must ever be defiled. Suspicion was at last aroused. My child was taken—not yet sixteen years of age; cursed by a legal tribunal to hard labor in the far-away Siberian mines—torn from the hearth and home which she loved best on earth. Say!"—and he broke off suddenly—"does not your heart ache, stranger, at such a recital?"

"I have known many such instances," came steadily, in answer. "They are all alike. One just like the other. And her lover?" came also steadily. "He was captured also? Serve him right, I say, for leading such a handsome girl into mischief."

The Jew's brow darkened now angrily.

"My daughter's story is at least no warrant for this mode of address. The Jewess, no matter what her looks may be, is ever sacred amongst members of her own kith and kin. Heaven has willed it so."

"Forgive what was wholly unintentional on my part," came quickly. "I did not offend willfully. The man to whom she was engaged, then—his fate?"

"He escaped punishment by a mere quibble. The law—unjust as it more often is than not—pronounced him guiltless. But he was brave—brave as any man in this world could be—and craved to go also into exile, so that he might, as far as possible, share our sweet one's suffering. But no; the decision was final."

And then the Jew bent his head again, even as he had done upon the snow-clad moor, and crossed himself three times.

"Supposing I were to ask some special favor at your hands," observed the stranger, who had simply introduced himself as a member of the Kasansky family. "I

A HINDOO WOMAN IN TRINIDAD.— SEE PAGE 550.

wonder if you would grant it?" He spoke with a marked change of manner now; was speaking evidently of that which was fraught with real interest to himself.

"It is impossible to say. How can I divine your meaning?"

"True. My meaning, however, is simple enough. My true object, then, in intruding myself upon your presence to-night, is to ask your daughter's hand in marriage."

The Jew's astonishment could not be told in words.

"You hear me?"

"Ay."

"Your answer, then?"

"But I have told you—only a moment ago, it seems. My daughter is already a promised wife. Have you not understood?"

The stranger nodded carelessly.

"All right," he said. "I heard."

"And yet you ask this?" Michel Michelovitch was puzzled. And then a sudden thought struck him.

"Was their midnight visitor out of his mind?"

"Then you must have heard enough," came quietly. "It is needless, indeed, to pursue the subject. The statement of the case is conclusive."

"Quite the reverse," came in answer. "To-morrow morning I will ask your daughter on my own account. Her answer, I have little doubt, will be all that I can wish. The game rests, I will be bound to say, in my own hands."

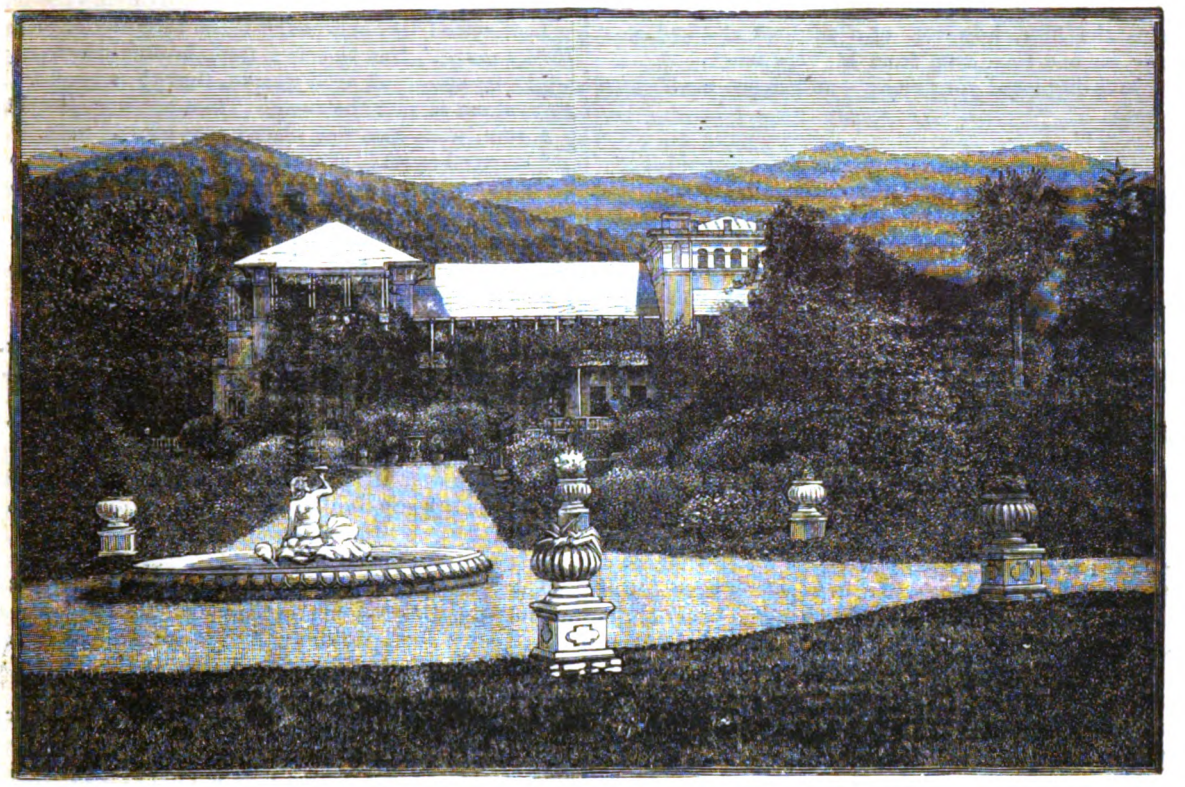
In another moment the Jew had turned fiercely upon his guest, but the latter had already moved toward the door, and was presently descending the staircase.

Chapter III.

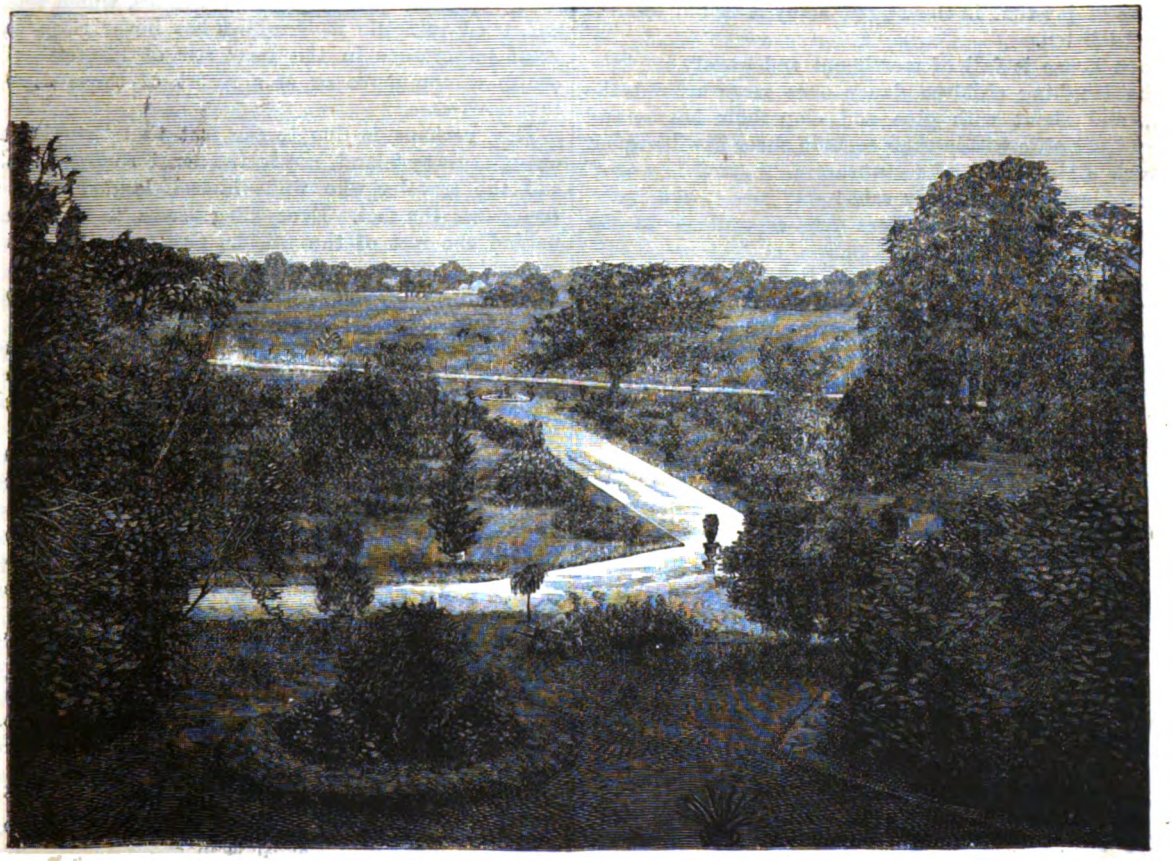
"O God in heaven! you do not ask this in all reality?" urged the wholly panic-stricken voice of Miriam. "O God! again I ask, be merciful, and help me in this hour!"

"Yes, lovely daughter of the rich Jew, Michel Michelovitch, I ask you to become my wife? What, in the name of fortune, is there in such words to make you recoil thus?"—this, seeing that she shrank far away from him, as he went on. "I loved you—admired you, is, perhaps, the most correct way of putting things—even when I branded you. See!" And he advanced

A TRINIDAD HINDOO.



GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, PORT-OF-SPAIN, TRINIDAD.— SEE PAGE 550.



THE GARDEN OF GOVERNOR'S HOUSE, TRINIDAD.

as if to lift the sleeve a moment and expose to view the cruel, deeply burnt-in scar that had served to mark her "Convict!" in that northern settlement.

With the fury, however, of a wild-cat she had now sprung on one side, even from his very touch.

"I have implored your mercy—only spare me!" came piteously.

"Never!"

"Not for the sweet sake of all that you most value?"

"I value none but you. Have I not already told you that?"

"If it were death you offered——" she began, huskily.

"Listen, Miriam—for thus it is my pleasure to call you. Marry me, and, as my wife, you may be happy; the past also remaining a dead secret between ourselves. Refuse my suit, and you know at once the penalty. I am the man authorized by Government to recapture you, and take you back again, alive or dead—it matters not which—to your doubtless well-remembered Siberian quarters. You still remember them, perhaps?"

How dare he goad her on like this? But still he did so.

Too cruel, truly.

"Your answer, then? If you refuse, in two minutes' time you are again my prisoner, even as you were before in the branding-house. I shall not hesitate openly to denounce you to Government, and claim the reward offered for your apprehension. Decide. Results lie in your own hands. As I before said, I leave this city this morning—whether unaccompanied or the reverse remains to be seen."

* * * * * *

And, then, five years have passed away, and it is Christmas Eve again within that grand old Russian city.

The bells are sounding as they sounded in the past; so full of joy that in the ears of many it is too terrible even to listen.

Each house is full of merriment and gayety.

The laughing children dance once more around the tree, and shout with glee and clap their hands, and grasp their gifts within their arms in sheer bewilderment at such a sweet tide of fortune.

Each house, it has been said?

Ah, no. Not quite. There are exceptions to the general rule—as when not?

The house occupied by Michel Michelovitch is one of these. No lights shine through the windows, telling of brilliancy within. No Christmas-tree this year bestows its gifts in royal fashion.

No; times are changed:

"The lights burn dim,
The very walls are gray."

Michel Michelovitch sits there alone, and prays that the days of Christmas-time may be forgotten.

Although a Jew, he has in the past, as has been seen, complied with the general social custom, and duly *fêted* the return of the season in question with tree and gift. He carefully, whilst so doing, excludes from his own mind even the semblance of religion. Why should he not, he considers? His own special tenets are, as a matter of course, wholly adverse to the same; but as an affair of social duty and pleasure, as has been said—why not? But to-night the case is different. He sits there alone, and thoughts are busy in his heart; thoughts that it were better far were absent.

His Miriam. Where is she now?

And then—the thought is terrible—she may be dead. God only knows. The bells ring on, now madly.

He cannot bear it longer, and rushes down into the open air.

"God help me! Am I here again! It is not possible!"

That voice! Oh, heavens, it is too terrible for thought! He knows it. But this is a frail, broken-down—nay, it might be supposed aged woman, that thus speaks. The voice alone is just the same. Time has not altered this.

A thin, worn arm was placed around his neck.

"Escaped again!" she whispered, hoarsely. "I vowed I would. The one year's suffering was nothing compared with that of the last five."

He took her in his trembling arms and held her fast and drew her in; then locked the door and bolted it, and sank upon his knees.

"Dear heart!" he whispered.

"Keep me!" came as if in agony. "My heart is broken. Only my will was strong."

He understood her.

"You vowed that you would be avenged. Let go your vengeance, then. The God of Israel has fought on our behalf, and won. My foe lies stiff beneath the northern sky—slain by my own hand, I tell you. Do you shun me? I had no other chance of freedom."

Her tale was ended.

The bells rang on, telling of holy peace and sweet forgiveness, and crying out for mercy to captives far away.

The moon shone down upon the snow around and stole upon the sweet, fair face of death.

Worn out!

A VISIT TO TRINIDAD.

By Florence Malcolm.

Though discovered by Columbus himself, and long held by Spain, then coveted by France, which captured and tried to settle it, Trinidad has never risen to any great importance in the busy stir of life, either as a centre of commerce or as a resort of those who seek luxurious ease.

This, perhaps, is due to the fact that Trinidad is an out-of-the-way island, not in the usual route of tourists, and the traveler who finds himself landed there soon recognizes the fact. Everything seems to be a century behind the rest of the world. Gas for illumination is something unknown, and even lamps are scarce; candles are in general use, even being used to light public buildings.

As the steamer enters the narrow channel between high cliffs, termed the Ape's Mouth, and skirts the low shores on the east and south, you come in full sight of Port-of-Spain, the capital of the Island.

You land amid gay groups that represent all quarters of the globe, Europe giving English, French and Spanish, Africa her negroes, Asia her Chinese coolies and her Hindoos. As you make your way to the hotel under breezy palms, you see Hindoos in loose white robes, the women in velvet sacques and white skirts, well bangled, but walking in serene state.

Port-of-Spain was built and settled mainly by Spaniards, as the name indicates, and as the peculiar style of the houses still plainly shows. The larger structures are all built round an open courtyard; they are of stone, in the centre of marvelously beautiful gardens, which are surrounded by stone walls. About a mile and a half outside of the City of Port-of-Spain are "The Savannahs," their Fifth Avenue, with the difference that there the display of wealth is in grounds and gardens instead of brownstone and marble. Garden parties are

the rage, and each one tries to surpass his neighbor with beauty of flowers and foliage. It is a little above the town, nestled close to the mountain-side, which rises quite abruptly from there. We made an effort to secure quarters out there during our stay in the place, but the people looked at us as if we had proposed to commit some enormous sacrilege when we asked if there was a hotel or boarding-house in The Savannahs. That is something that no amount of money can succeed in procuring.

The Governor's residence is, of course, one of the best types of the fine style of dwelling to be found on the island. The city and its environs has charming walks and drives, like St. Ann's Road and the Almond Walk, and a visit to San Fernando well repays you for the trouble. But the great curiosity of the island is not its tropical vegetations or its lonely views, its Blue Basin or its Waterworks, but a strange natural formation, more curious than attractive.

Trinidad contains the greatest natural curiosity in the West Indies—a natural phenomenon such as exists nowhere else in the world. It is the Pitch Lake, which lies some forty miles south of Port-of-Spain, and is reached by a steamer, which lands you at the port of La Brea, a port itself surrounded by pitch. The very ship anchors in pitch; the passengers disembark on a pitch wharf; pitch lies heaped up far and wide in the harbor; in whatever direction the eyes turn they light on nothing but pitch; pitch, and the market price, is the one burden of conversation. A more wretched place to live in it would be difficult to imagine, and the few white people condemned to reside here, even for a short time, suffer much from ague; even the negroes failing to become acclimated to the baneful atmosphere of the place. The road from La Brea to the lake, about one and a half miles in length, crosses an utterly desert country, for, though once a forest, all timber has been cut down. At the first glance this sheet looks like any other woodland lake, nor does the traveler at once realize that it contains not water, but pitch. The borders are covered with tufts of grass and rushes, and its surface is studded with several wooded islands. The illusion is soon dispelled, however, by the color and consistency of the fluid. The surface is nearly everywhere strong enough to bear your weight, and looks as if just swept clean. It is broken by clefts and fissures—one might almost say valleys and abysses—where the pitch, evidently oozing up from various centres, has failed to unite into one compact mass. These fissures vary from a few inches to several yards in depth and extent, and when visited by the writer were full of water. In one of the larger pools an ugly-looking fish was seen, weighing about one pound, which, it was fancied, must be a warm-water creature, though how it could live in a fluid so saturated with sulphur and bituminous substances is, indeed, a mystery.

Crossing the clefts first on a negro's back, then on planks, we reached the opposite side to the edge of wood where are the "pitch volcanoes"—little hillocks, generally not much more than half a yard high, with air-opening in the centre about six inches in diameter. In these craters pitch is still in a fluid state, here and there welling up, often overflowing, but generally remaining more than half a yard below the surface. This condition is permanent, and no traces can be detected of greater activity on former occasions. Further on, the traveler came to oil-wells; petroleum, also, having been found in many places in this locality. The odor of these wells, however, necessitated a speedy return to the lake.

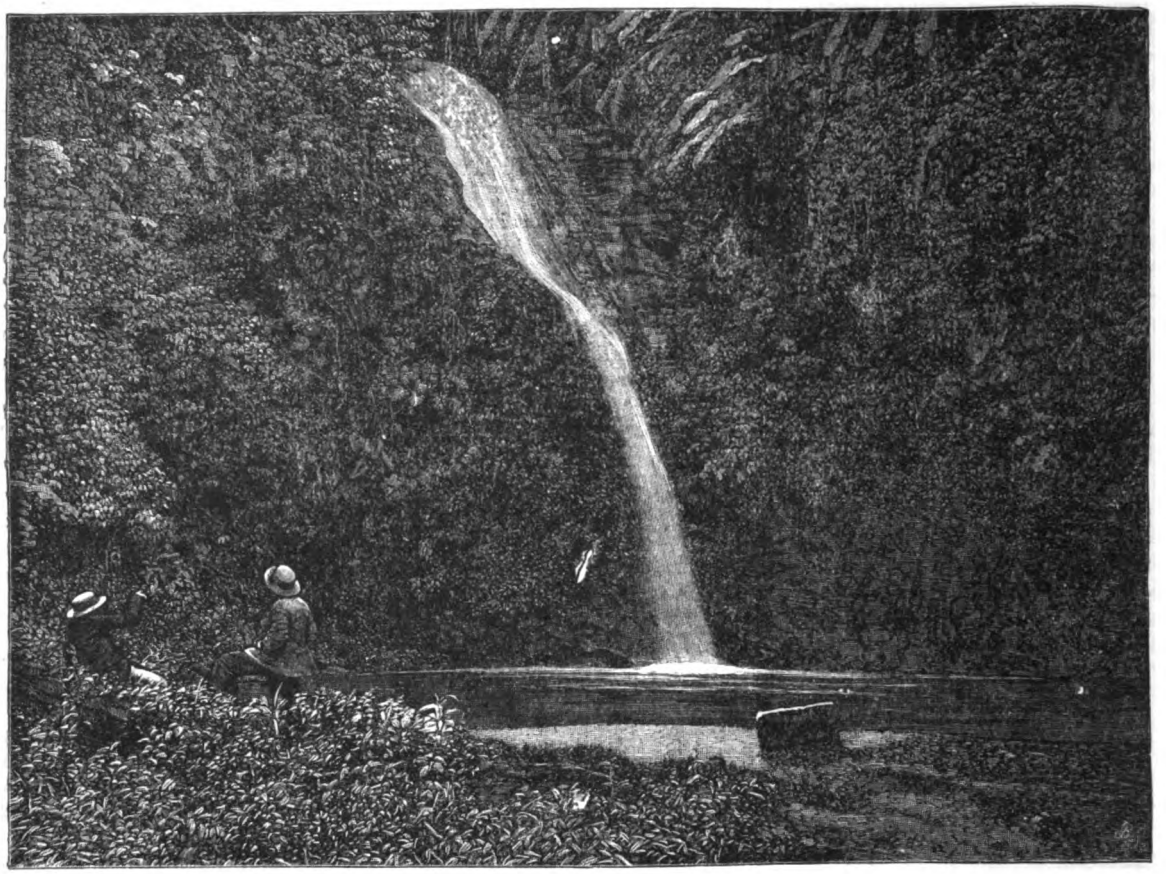
Here, a crowd of negroes were digging a deep hole in the centre, the pitch hitherto extracted, mainly from the surface, not having proved so suitable for preparation of gas as it was hoped might be the case with the masses lying at a lower depth, and so less exposed to the effects of air and water. They had brought a considerable quantity to the surface, looking very clear and pure, and so hard and brittle that it flew about like chips of flint at every stroke of the pickax. The foreman assured us that in about two days the whole space excavated would be again filling up. At one spot alone there were signs of a recent emergence of pitch on a large scale. Here the surface was too soft to be walked upon; being apparently about the consistence of treacle, and of a light-brown color. Slight explosions of gas were constantly taking place, followed by noxious vapors rising from the seething mass, and accompanied by little trickling streams of water and bright air-bubbles.

On the mountains are forests of cacao, feathery bamboo, and immense flowering forest trees, which become vast domes of brilliant colors. And they are so intertwined with parasites, that if one attempts to leave the roads, the way has to be cut through them. The ground is completely covered with ferns; two of the most curious (of both of which I gathered specimens) being the "gold" and "silver" ferns, the under side of whose leaves have the appearance of gold or silver.

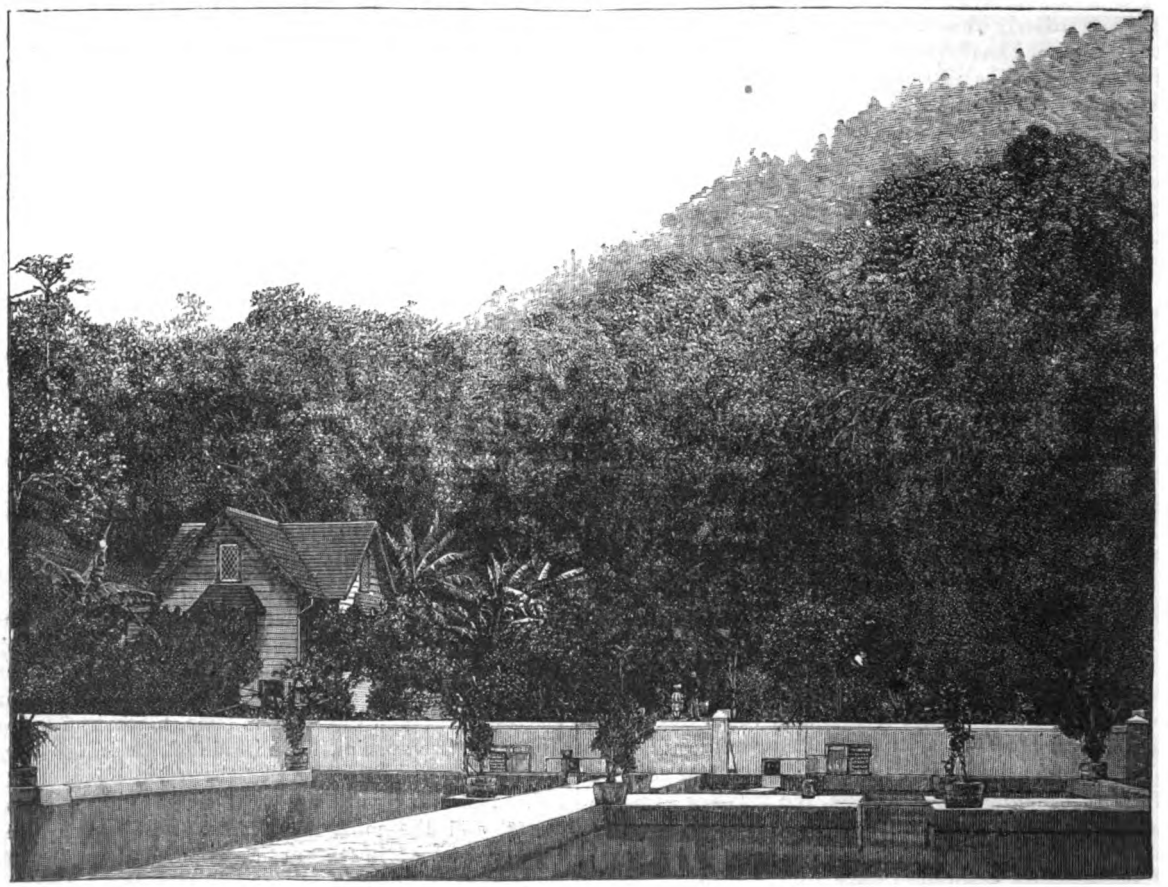
There are any number of palm-trees from which the fans are made; or, rather, one might almost say, on which fans are growing. The leaves are much larger than the fans we use, but they are ragged all around the edges, so it is only the centre, down close around the branch, that is used. There are, too, plenty of the traveler's palm, which spreads like one immense fan from the very ground; its long leaves, which all branch off the central stalk, being beautifully graduated in size, in perfect fan shape. A tree, say twenty feet in height, could be placed between board partitions about a foot apart without their touching its leaves, which are hollow, cup-like, and always filled with cool water; hence its name of traveler's palm.

Here we see, in all stages of growth, the tropical fruits with which we Americans are so familiar. The cacao-trees, from which chocolate is made, are generally about the size of our orchard trees, or perhaps a little larger. The cacao itself is a reddish chocolate in color, containing a pulp, in which are the seeds used in the manufacture of chocolate. They are in size and shape very similar to our watermelon-seeds, though lighter in color, being a decided brown. They taste just like chocolate, and so easily is it prepared, that many families manufacture their own supply. When separated from the husks the seeds are dried, and the creoles prepare an excellent chocolate by pounding them, and working them up, with a little spice and other substances, in long rolls, which are carried about the street for sale. The chocolate made in Trinidad is the best I have ever tasted.

Oranges we have all seen, but not the varieties that Trinidad can boast, varying from the shaddock, or "forbidden fruit," as it is sometimes called, which is as large as a melon, to the sweet lime, which is smaller than a lemon. The outer coat, or skin, of the shaddock is extremely thick and bitterish in taste, more like a lemon. There are two species. The inside of one is like that of a lemon in appearance; that of the other, a beautiful pale red. The latter is the most delicate and delicious in flavor, and the most wholesome. But nothing that I have ever tasted in fruits of any kind can equal the little *sweet limes*. Imagine all the delicacy and sweetness of the best Florida orange you have ever tasted, intensified



BLUE BASIN, TRINIDAD.



WATERWORKS, TRINIDAD.

LA BREA, THE PITCH LAKE.

and compressed a dozen times, and then the improvement that necessarily follows from getting them ripened and fresh from the tree—but no, you can have no idea until you taste them.

The sugar-cane is a gigantic grass, growing from six to twelve feet high. The canes are planted nine or ten inches apart, but by the time they are six or eight months old, so many leaves have spread from each stock as to form a perfect jungle, it being utterly impossible to pass through. It has a large, feathery flower-head, often two feet long.

The breadfruit-tree is rather slender, 40 to 50 feet in height, often rising half as high without a single branch. The fruit is generally oval, or nearly spherical, about the size of a child's head. It is covered with a roughish rind, which is marked with small, square or lozenge-shaped divisions, each having a small elevation in the centre ; is at first green ; when imperfectly ripe, brown ;

A BOILING-HOUSE NEAR PITCH LAKE.

and when fully ripe, is a rich yellow. It is attached to the small branches of the tree by a short, thick stalk, and hangs either singly or in clusters of two or three together. It contains a fibrous pulp, which, when ripe, becomes juicy, but has then an unpleasant taste. At an earlier stage, when the fruit is gathered for use, the pulp is white and mealy, and of a consistence resembling new bread. It is cooked and served like mashed potatoes. It tastes half like potato and half like wheat bread, with a slight, sweetish flavor of its own. It is very nutritious, and agreeable in flavor.

The papaw grows to a height of twenty feet. Its stem is hollow, and supports a head, not of branches, but of large leaves, at the end of very long foot stalks. The fruit is of a dusky orange-yellow color, about the size and shape of a small melon, grows suspended upon the naked trunk, just below the leafy head. The leaves and fruit of the tree, till ripe, abound in an acrid, milky juice. The fruit, when ripe, is eaten with pepper and sugar. Meat is made tender by being rubbed with the milk of the unripe fruit. It grows spontaneously, and begins to bear fruit within ten months, never ceasing when it has once begun; ripe and green fruit and blossoms being seen on the tree at the same time.

The sapadillo is a kind of pear, the skin and inside of which are both russet in color. It is very sweet, more so than any of our fruits, and is luscious.

Each banana-plant produces but one bunch of fruit, which is ripe in about ten months after the sucker has been planted. When that is cut, two come up in its place, taking less time to mature. A cluster of bananas often contains from one hundred and sixty to one hundred and eighty fruits, weighing from seventy to eighty pounds.

I have spoken of the cabbage-trees; cotton, too, grows on trees there, not small ones either, but immense forest trees, like our elms and oaks, though, I believe, the cotton is coarse and of inferior quality.

But a sight worth a journey is to see oysters growing on trees, and this is a reality, for I frequently saw small ones on the mangrove-tree. This tree is of singular structure, for it shoots out fresh roots, or, rather, supports, as it grows; when the tree is at its full age, it may be found raised six or eight feet from the ground, to which the supports gradually tend in regular succession. These legs, if we may call them so, seldom attain more than a foot in diameter, and fifteen or twenty feet in height. As the mangrove grows in wet places, these supports catch the oyster-spawn, and the shellfish grow on the trees. They are obtained chiefly by Chinamen, who go through the streets with them in a kind of bucket on either end of a pole, carried across the shoulders.

Trinidad is the only place where we saw the wonderful fireflies, of which we had all heard so much. They are dark-brown in color, about an inch to an inch and a half in length, something of a beetle shape. From their peculiar construction, they are excellent leapers, bending their bodies in half, and, with loud clicking noise, spring up to a considerable height. They have three lights; two lights in the head (one on either side), which are greenish-white, like phosphorus, and are always visible at night; the third is under the abdomen and wings, and is a reddish-yellow light—a perfect flame color. The latter appears to be set in their bodies, and they cover or open and show it at will. The light in the body is at least three times as large as the others, and of such intensity, that you can easily read by the light from one bug. They are very destructive to sugar-cane, living mainly upon it, though they bury themselves in decayed wood while the daylight lasts, to which they seem to have a great antipathy. The light cannot be seen in the daytime, and the lights in their heads look like little yellow spots, unless you disturb them, when they will flash their lights, which fade away at once. I brought eleven away with me, and they lived about two months. I made great pets of them. They are very active, swim like fish, besides flying and jumping. They had a swim every evening, and then I let them fly about in the room. After my return to New York my bugs became quite famous, people coming from far and near to see them. I brought back a quantity of sugar-cane for them, and kept them in the daytime in a dark closet in a box containing earth, decayed wood, sugar-cane, and very young fresh green leaves. Down in the West Indies the ladies wear them a great deal in their hair, or incased in gauze as a necklace, when going to balls, parties or the theatre, the effect being extremely brilliant.

YESTER-YEAR.

Had I but heard
When yester-year dear Love came near,
And cried and called to me in vain,
And sang sweet songs I would not hear,
Still pleading on—again—again!
Had I but heard! had I but heard

Had I but seen
Love standing by with longing eyes,
And outstretched hands held forth to me!
The joyous face I would not see
Turned slowly back regretfully—
Had I but seen! had I but seen!

Had I but felt
That Love was knocking at my heart!
I could not feel—my heart was stone—
And beats to-day to feel that now
My heart and I are all alone.
Had I but felt! had I but felt!

Had I but known
That I should crave with mad regret
For that dear love of yester-year,
Grown sad with longing to forget,
Through yearning days and nights of tears!
Had I but known! had I but known!

THE EVIL EYE.

By Elizabeth Phipps Train.

It is not often that women have strange adventures and thrilling experiences. It is the sterner sex, whose sphere of action is more enlarged, whose business relations and professional careers bring them in more direct contact with the darker side of life, who are generally the heroes or victims in the dark dramas or tragedies to which our attention is often attracted in the daily papers, and which call from our incredulous notice a careless expression of semi-doubt and horror. It is true that the Frenchman's belief in woman as the *motif* for every crime under the sun has passed into a proverb, but her share is more often that of the passive cause than of the active participator.

In my case I could unquestionably lay claim to the unenviable distinction of being the suffering heroine and victim of a most remarkable episode, whose hero was as surely and innocently done to death by me as if I had plunged a knife into his foul heart. Let me run over in my mind the events of the past four or five years, that I may be quite correct as to dates, and thus vindi-

cate my sex from the charge of inaccuracy which is so often brought against it.

The Summers of '84 and '85 I spent at the mountains—that of '83 I passed at Newport, and the two previous years I was traveling in Europe for the purpose of restoring my nervous system to its usual balance after the event which I am about to describe, so that I may be quite positive in asserting that it was in the Summer of '80 that my brother-in-law, Roger Boardman, who was an ardent yachtsman, invited me to make one of a party to spend three or four weeks on his beautiful *Vagelia*, a schooner-yacht of some one hundred and twenty tons. We were to leave Boston July 7th, and run eastward as far as inclination prompted. My sister and I had, in previous years, proved ourselves good sailors, and with her husband and his friend, Dr. Frederick Lawrence, we formed a *partie carrée*—a sufficient number for comfort and pleasure.

The *Vagelia* was in charge of an excellent sailing-master, and the steward was equally trustworthy in his department. We went on board in time for dinner, intending to start out at daybreak on the following morning. To each of us was assigned a stateroom, whose necessarily small dimensions obliged us to leave our doors open at night in order to obtain a freer circulation of air. Those of my sister and self were on one side—hers being forward of mine—while the gentlemen occupied two on the port side of the yacht.

The first evening we spent in a somewhat desultory chat, mentally shaking ourselves into place, as the doctor, an old college chum of Roger's, having been abroad for three years, was somewhat of a stranger to us all, and to me an entirely new acquaintance. He had traveled widely and with open eyes, and, in the process of hair-brushing, Alice and I congratulated ourselves upon the delightful acquisition which he promised to make to our party. The night passed quietly, but we were awakened early by the bustle and clatter incident to getting under way, and after vain attempts to catch another nap, I rose, dressed myself and went on deck to find Roger and the doctor already there, watching the swabbing of the decks, polishing of brass and various matutinal exercises which have rendered the word "shipshape" a synonym with perfect order and neatness. The decks were wet and gleaming under the first rays of the morning sun; the anchor was weighed, the sails hoisted, and under a fair spread of canvas we were beating down the harbor with a light nor'east breeze. A camp-chair was placed for me on a comparatively dry spot, and with the doctor sharing my enjoyment, I watched the busy sailors in their various occupations.

There were nine men in the crew, irrespective of the sailing-master, cook, steward and cabin-boy, men of all types and nationalities, and we amused ourselves by trying to class them and analyze their characters. We found it a difficult, and, in many cases, unsuccessful task, as proved by the captain, who served as key to the enigma. Cosmopolitism in the nineteenth century is so widespread that it is no easy matter to recognize any distinguishing traits save those the Jews, of all other nations, alone retain. Here, for instance, is a man of dark olive complexion, curly black hair and soft brown eyes, which, we both decide, could never have acquired their tender, melancholy expression under any but ill-fated Italy's skies, and lo! our referee tells us he is an American of Yankee parentage, and probably knows no more of the seven-hilled city than does yonder blue-eyed, flaxen-haired Irishman know of the Teutonic birthplace to which we had assigned him.

Suddenly I start, and involuntarily clutch the doctor's arm, which is resting against the bulwarks, while a strange, inexplicable shiver—a mixture of dread, foreboding and terror—thrills through me. I cannot account for my alarm—that is, satisfactorily. I know what has caused it; but how can I disclose to this strong, somewhat cynical stranger, the fact that the glance of a pair of deep-set eyes, in the face of a common sailor whom I had never seen before, should create in me such a spasm of nervous shrinking! He did not notice my touch, or, if so, attributed it to accident, for, without alluding to it, he took up the broken thread of our discussion by remarking:

"Look, Miss Brainerd! There's a queer, uncouth specimen—of what nationality is that misshapen hulk?"

I followed the direction of his eyes, and found that he, too, was looking at my man. Let the words stand. He *was* my man; at least, judging by after events, my claim on him was as good as any of which he was the object. He was kneeling in front of the binnacle, which he was polishing with a handful of cotton-waste; his tall, huge frame was broad almost to deformity; and on his immense, square shoulders, massive enough for an Atlas, was poised, on a thick, short neck, a head covered with a mass of rather long, curly red hair. The coarse, burned skin of the face was adorned by a crop of sun-bleached whiskers, extending down each cheek and meeting under the chin, leaving it and the mouth exposed to view. The lips were thick and coarse, the nether one being slightly drawn to one side, in such a manner as to produce the effect of a leer. But it was to the eyes particularly that the face owed its repulsiveness and horror. Ah, those eyes! I can close my own even now, and see, as vividly as on that first occasion of my beholding them, their evil, sinister stare. The lids were half closed, imparting a surly, lowering expression to the brow; and beneath the short lashes the cat-like, green iris and contracted pupil shot forth a penetrating, creepy gaze which seemed always fixed upon the person who regarded him. Had the eyes been of the most agreeable description, the very pertinacity of their observation would have been annoying and unpleasant, but, being what they were, a sort of horror seized me whenever I chanced to look in his direction. Should I live to be a hundred years old; should my faculties one by one leave me, yet am I convinced that, even then, I shall preserve fresh and clear the memory of that baleful gaze. So fascinated was I with the uncanny influence which had so affected me, that I paid no heed to the doctor's question; but, surprised at my sudden silence, he turned to repeat it, and, struck by my appearance, substituted another in its place.

"Why, Miss Brainerd, what is the matter? You're as pale as a ghost. You are not ill?"

"No," I replied, somewhat shamefacedly, hesitating whether or no to explain what he would probably consider an absurd cause for the agitation which had driven every drop of blood to my heart. "No, I am not ill, but"—here I burst into a nervous, almost hysterical, laugh—"help me to rise and move with me a little forward, and I'll explain my ghastly appearance."

He rendered me the assistance I really required, and, as we stopped at some distance from the stern, I said:

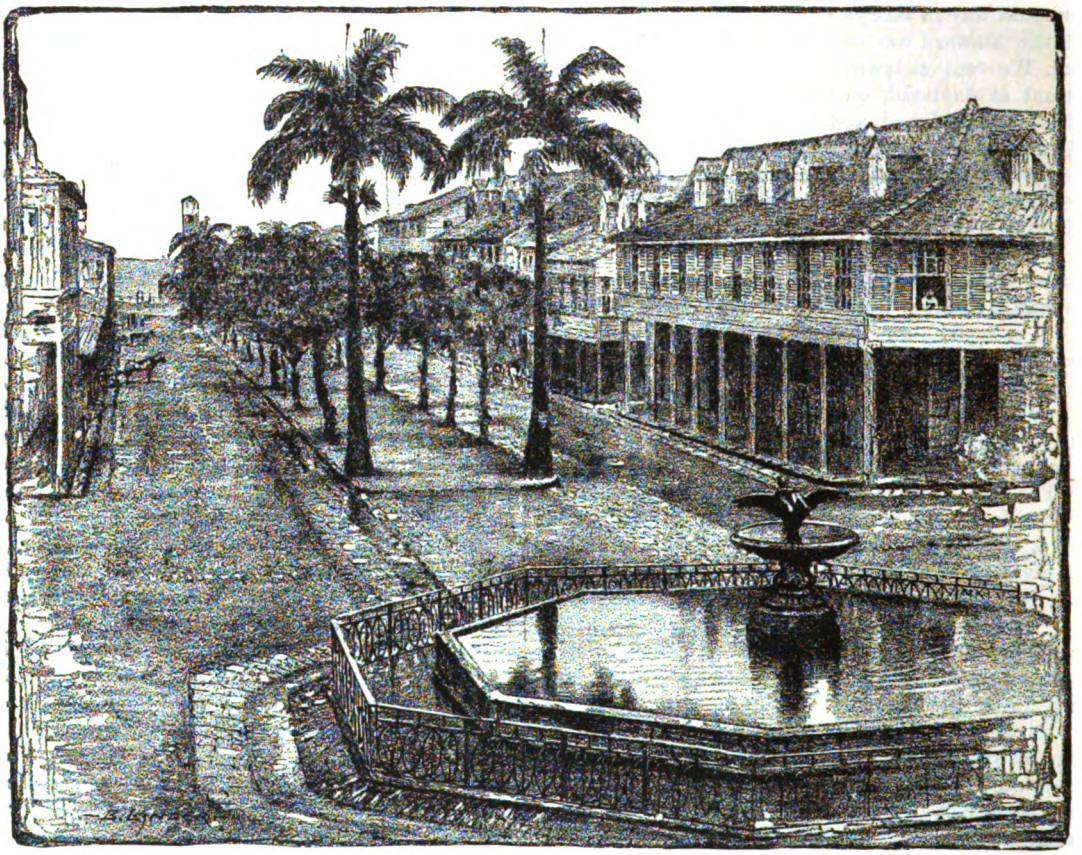
"Promise not to laugh at my folly, but there is something in that sailor's glance which quite unnerved me. Where did he come from, and why did Roger ever engage such an ill-looking creature? He realizes all I ever imagined of the *jettatrice*, and I am sure that my instinctive shrinking was a warning to me that, in some way, my life will be affected by him. Ah, I knew you would

laugh"— seeing a smile stealing over his face —"but I tell you that a woman's organization is a susceptible affair, and contains finer and more sensitive keys than that of a man. I am no psychologist, but mark me, there is more in instinct than rationalists grant, and I believe that no person can become so sensibly affected by the mere glance of an unknown stranger without some hidden reason."

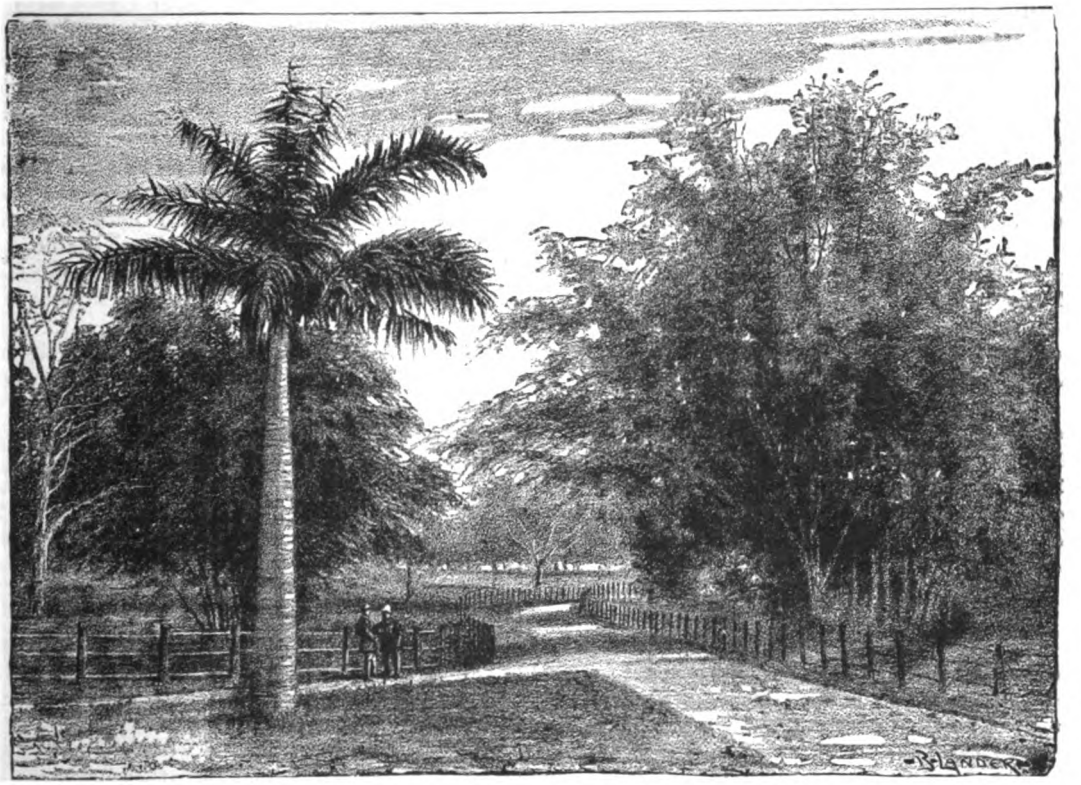
The doctor smiled goodnaturedly, and shrugged his shoulders with the tolerant gesture with which one meets the unreasonable arguments of a child, and turned the conversation into other channels, undoubtedly believing that the only method of dealing with my vagary. I did not recover my usual poise all day. Every time I chanced to glance toward the bows my eyes encountered those others, and each time I shivered as though an icy hand were laid upon me. Twice Roger noticed my tremor, and was urgent in his offers of shawls, ulsters, etc., though at the same time expressing his wonder that I should need anything in addition to my heavy serge dress. I would not explain to him or to my sister the real reason why, at intervals during that hot July day, I felt a cold chill creep over me from head to foot, because, after the doctor's reception of my explanation, I knew that Roger would ridicule me also; and as to Alice, she was of even a more nervous and susceptible temperament than I, and I did not wish to create a like uneasiness in her. However, I resolved at the first opportunity to interrogate the captain regarding the man, and try if there were any means of obtaining his discharge from the yacht. My opportunities during the day for private conversation with Captain Jameson were very few. The weather was so beautiful that we were all tempted to remain on deck, and so my endeavors were thwarted. Neither was I more fortunate the following day, but my annoyance was rendered much less by the kindly efforts of Dr. Lawrence, who, seeing the really wretched effect that the man's fixed gaze had upon me, considerately and unobtrusively interposed the ægis of his person between me and the *mal occhio*.

The morning of the 10th dawned cloudy and with a drizzling rain, which kept us prisoners in the cabin the greater part of the day. As I awoke and heard the soft patter of the rain, my first thought was that it would afford the opportunity for the secret conference which was becoming my chief object in life.

Never did lover more zealously plan a rendezvous, than I an unobserved conversation with the sailing-master of my brother's yacht. My morning efforts were dismal failures, and I was growing heartsick and discouraged, when, after lunch, the gentlemen announced their intention of overcoming the *ennui* consequent upon confinement in the cabin by a trip ashore. With joy I saw the gig lowered, and joined heartily in the Godspeed which Alice waved them from the stern, and warmly I encouraged her determination to avail herself of their absence to gain a little sleep in the cabin. Now was my chance. Wrapping my thick ulster about me, after seeing Alice comfortably bestowed on one of the broad transoms, I stole on deck and entered into a careless conversation with Captain Jameson, who was pacing up and down the fore part of the yacht, puffing away at a short, black "T. D," which had apparently seen good service. With a good-natured sacrifice of his own enjoyment, probably thinking me desirous of relieving the tedium of a rainy day, he shook out the smoking con-



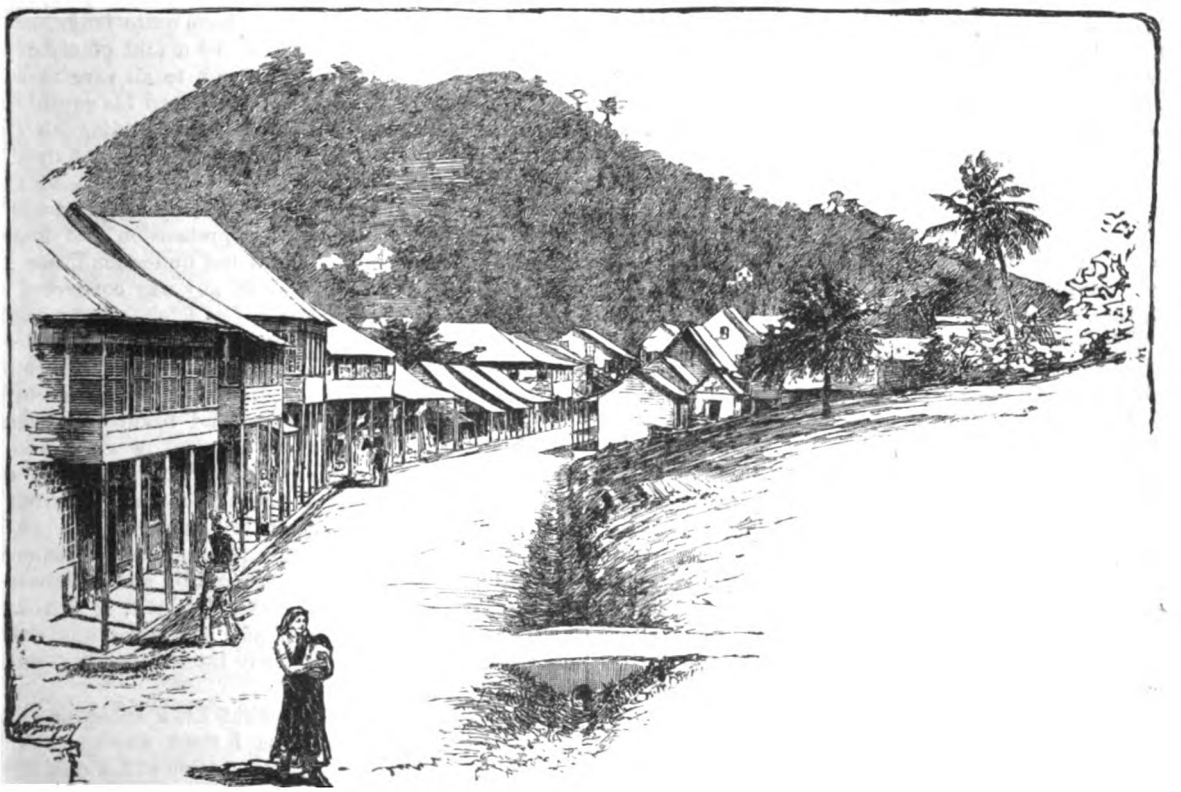
ST. ANN'S ROAD, TRINIDAD.— SEE PAGE 550.



A VISIT TO TRINIDAD.— THE ALMOND WALK.— SEE PAGE 550.

tents of his pipe, stowed it away in his pocket, and came aft to answer the multifarious questions with which, as prefatory remarks, I plied him. After listening to many, and what at another time would have been extremely interesting, relations of his varied experiences, with what patience I could command, I introduced the *Vagelia* as a subject of conversation, and drew from him what he knew regarding the man whose presence on the yacht bade fair to destroy my pleasure.

He was a Russian Finn, Captain Jameson said, his



A VISIT TO TRINIDAD.— SAN FERNANDO.

name, John Johnson, being a translation, I imagined, of Ivan Ivanowitch, and of his previous history he knew but little. He had been hurriedly engaged, just before starting, in order to fill a vacancy caused by the sudden illness of one of the crew; was an excellent seaman; thus far had been perfectly quiet, willing and tractable, anxious to serve, quick and exceedingly handy about his duties and respectful in his demeanor; altogether so satisfactory and desirable a man that I could find no possible hook or crook whereon to hang a request for his dismissal, and miserable and abashed at my total failure, I went below to write letters, finding, in my disappointment, some difficulty in concentrating my attention on my epistolary efforts. At four o'clock the rain ceased, and a magnificent sunset gave promise of a fine morrow.

The two or three succeeding days passed pleasantly enough for the rest of the party in the enjoyment of the beautiful and picturesque scenery of the eastern coast, but I, restless and uncomfortable, was really becoming morbid and miserable from a cause which was unknown to any one but Dr. Lawrence, whose strong, unimpressionable phlegmatism never associated my nervous uneasiness, lack of appetite and loss of sleep with what he had laughed at as a passing feminine whim, and who attributed my ill looks and obvious depression to a far more tangible evil, *mal-de-mer*, and insisted upon offering me various nostrums, until I felt an overpowering desire that he should fall a victim to his own remedies.

One day—it was Sunday, I believe—as we lay at anchor in a pretty little seaport, Alice proposed that we should doff our yachting garb, and donning apparel more suitable to the day and occasion, make a visit of investigation to the lovely town whose exquisite situation we had so admired. Accordingly I put on a white gown of simple texture, but well-fitting and becomingly fashioned, and, instead of the jaunty, rather rakish turban which had served thus far as headgear, covered my "golden fleece," as Roger called my tawny, untidy locks, with a broad-brimmed Gainsborough, whose mass of white ostrich tips rendered it peculiarly unsuitable for the water; and decking my person with some of the trinkets which, during the reign of my severe tailor-made serge had lain neglected in my stateroom, I mounted the companion-way and joined the others, with a little flutter of consciousness in my own fairness, and with a feeling of gratified vanity at the thought that Dr. Fred, as we jokingly called him, should have this opportunity of seeing what a creditable appearance I could make. The day was lovely, and the fair little town which we were about to visit looked so peaceful and smiling under the sunny sky, there was such an air of serenity over everything, together with the prospect of escaping, even for a while, from that haunting gaze, that I felt as though a burden had been lifted from my shoulders, and met the doctor's repartee, for once, in the same spirit and with brilliant success. Alice looked sweet and charming in her soft, dove-like gray, and the men, both good-looking fellows, were equally improved by a little closer attention to appearance than they usually bestowed in our free and easy, unconventional, lazy life 'board ship. The gig was already lowered, and Alice had stepped into it. I was about following, with my head turned in the direction of the doctor, upon whom I was impressing certain strong injunctions as to the care of my parasol, for whose safety in his grasp I was apprehensive, when, as I was about stepping on the gangway, I turned my eyes to guide my steps, and saw, sitting in the boat with uplifted oar, the man, escape from whose surveillance had been my chief motive in going ashore. There he sat, in an attitude of attention, on the thwart nearest the stern, and, though the doctor may sneer at the weakness of women's nerves, I think that my involuntary pressure of his hand, which I had taken to steady myself in the descent, quite convinced him that the *grasp* of our sex can, at least on occasions, be quite as powerful as that of a man; while over me again, from head to foot, stole that long, cold shiver which seemed to presage the chill of death. However, I gained sufficient self-mastery to enable me to take my seat in the little boat, though I nearly shrieked aloud when I found it brought me into close proximity with the object of my horror.

Soon we were gliding, under the powerful strokes of the men, swiftly over the water, and I sat dumb and spellbound, while the doctor, who had received a signal intimation of my disturbance, recalling the previous occasion on which he had seen me thus affected, kindly did all in his power to distract my attention by introducing gay and frivolous topics of conversation. At last, his zeal having suffered many rebuffs from my persistent and unconquerable silence, he, man-like, believing that in admiring a personal adornment he should find my vulnerable point, said:

"Pardon me, Miss Brainerd, but what an exceedingly unique and beautiful chatelaine you wear. Is it quite wise, do you think, to so carelessly expose so valuable a trinket to public cupidity?"

As he spoke, the Russian, whose every movement I noted, lowered, for a moment, that basilisk glance to fasten it upon the dainty watch which hung suspended from a curiously wrought chain at my waist, and as his eyes fell upon it, a dull-gray color spread over his face from brow to chin, his ugly, distorted lips quivered as under the influence of some overpowering emotion, he lost his firm grasp upon his oar, which, in its retrograde motion, struck the water in a manner commonly called "catching a crab," throwing him backward in such a sudden fashion that he would have quite fallen, had he not grasped and saved himself by a fold of my dress.

The mishap was a startling and, to all save myself, a ludicrous one, and, as the man regained his equilibrium, Roger good-humoredly chaffed him regarding his clumsiness; but as I watched the ugly flush which dyed the man's face, and observed the stealthy glances which he cast at my bauble, the absurdity of the *contretemps* was quite lost in the agony of apprehension and loathing which possessed me. I could not understand, nor did I believe, that the trinket was in any way connected with his sudden loss of self-control, but I felt, all of a sudden, an impulse to tell the history of my watch, and observe its effect upon him. Detaching the costly trinket from my belt, I handed it to Dr. Lawrence that he might better examine its quaint design and beautiful workmanship; and, as I did so, those dreadful eyes followed the movements of my hands, and for the first time since leaving home I looked at him without encountering his glance. It was transferred to the glittering article which the doctor now held in his hand, and was a strange concentration of fear, wonder, recognition and covetousness, though so stealthy was its vailed scrutiny, so narrow was the line betwixt the upper and the lower lids, that no one, save myself, a peculiarly intent observer, noticed the earnest inspection.

The ornament was a beautiful little affair, and I was vain of it, pardonably so, as I think any one who had seen it would admit. Both chatelaine and watch were of jade, the former wonderfully carved into the semblance of a serpent, from whose jaws dangled the round, green

ball in which were set the tiny and not very accurate works of a watch. The rare and difficult carving of the stone made it of considerable intrinsic value, which was enhanced by a couple of rubies, of good size, which formed the serpent's eyes. Of course, so odd and singular an ornament attracted much notice, and I had not only been often and enviously congratulated upon its possession, but offers, quadrupling the price I paid for it, had been vainly made to tempt me to part with my curious toy.

The doctor, whose artistic and cultured appreciation of objects of virtu rendered him quite a connoisseur, became very enthusiastic over the exquisite and wonderful engraving of the flint-like stone, and begged me to relate its history.

"I can only partially satisfy your curiosity," I said, while, with a sudden accession of boldness I looked, not at him whom I addressed, but at the sailor, whose eyes, at my first words, wandered back from the watch to my face, and whose intense and eager interest seemed to absorb all his faculties, leaving to his duties as oarsman only the stiff and mechanical action of an automaton. "To whom the trinket originally belonged I cannot say, but I became its owner under the following circumstances: Two years ago I went abroad for a few months with some friends whose uncle was our Minister to Russia. Having done the regulation tour of France, Germany, Italy and Switzerland, in accordance with their wishes we extended our travels to St. Petersburg. Just after we reached the 'Czar's Window,' as the city is called, our maid fell ill and died, leaving us quite forlorn, not knowing where to procure another to fill her place. We bewailed the loss of the poor creature to the various female acquaintances to whom Mr. G——, our Minister and host, introduced us, and finally were fortunate enough to interest a kind-hearted and benevolent Sclav in our woes, who, to our great delight, proposed, as an amelioration to our condition, the services of a Russian maid, whom, however, we must accept without a reference, as her former mistress, a foreigner, had died recently at an hotel in St. Petersburg, leaving this woman, a stranger from a distant part of the country, without money or friends. Rendered quite desperate in our need, we engaged the woman, whose chief recommendation lay in her ability to speak English. On the following day she appeared, and we were much struck by her appearance."

Here the man, whose attention was becoming almost painful in its intensity, quite forgot his position as stroke-oar, and his machine-like regularity of motion quite ceased, until the fellow behind him gave him a by no means gentle reminder with his foot, when the stiff, automatic motions were renewed.

"She was a woman, or, rather, splendidly developed girl, of perhaps nineteen years, with one of the handsomest faces I ever saw. Her features were splendidly regular; her eyes, large and dark, at times soft and melancholy, but under excitement hard and glittering with a repulsively brilliant light; her dusky hair waved luxuriantly back from a low, broad forehead, which bore the only blemish on a beauty which, without it, would have been marvelous. Across the brow, from temple to temple, ran an ugly crimson scar, which was traversed midway by a similar perpendicular line, the two forming a most singular disfigurement in the form of a perfect cross."

"Scarcely had I uttered the last words when a groan, almost a cry, startled all the occupants of the gig, who had been interested auditors of my tale. So sudden and quickly repressed was it, that but for me, perhaps, no one there would have discovered its origin. Really fascinated now by the strange effect of my story, and determined to make an effort to probe the mystery, I leaned forward and addressed the man from whom the spasmodic utterance had proceeded, and who now, with lowered head, was giving all his attention to the long, regular sweep of his oar.

"Are you ill, John?" I asked, with newly acquired boldness. "Was it pain that caused you to utter that groan just now?"

He shook his head sullenly, then suddenly raised it and shot a menacing glance at me from under his half-closed lids, while he nodded his head, quickly muttering, in broken English:

"Pain—'es—sick here—awful!" laying his hand for a moment on his left side, with a horrible contortion of the face to express suffering. Alice murmured a few words of sympathy, but I, feeling that the groan was not called forth by any physical suffering, went on with my story:

"Frederika proved all that could be desired as a maid, and seemed to become really attached to me. I longed to ask her the origin of the dreadful blot on her beauty, but there was a certain dignity and reserve about her which prevented my satisfying my curiosity. One day, I was quite alone, and was quietly reading in my room, when Frederika, after a soft tap at the door, entered, bearing a small, red leather case in her hand. She came forward and held this toward me, saying, in her soft, modulated tones, with a rich accent:

"'Mademoiselle will pardon me; I have are quest to make?' I nodded assent, and she continued: 'Will mademoiselle examine this which I bring with me?' placing in my hands the case, which I opened, finding within the watch and chatelaine which you hold.

"I expressed my admiration in warm tones, and, with tears filling her beautiful eyes, the girl begged me to buy it, naming as a purchase sum the amount of rubles equal to about fifty American dollars, and pathetically entreating me thus to enable her to return to her home in the vicinity of Riga. The girl's nostalgia was so evident, and her words and tones so, winning that even without the covetous desire I felt for its possession I should have felt strongly tempted to buy the ornament. I questioned her as to the manner in which she had become its owner; and she told me so straightforward a tale, as to its having been a love-token from a former sweetheart, that, perhaps not caring very much to investigate the matter, I took the case and its contents, and, unconscious of its real value, gave her the sum she wished. Since learning the greater worth of the chatelaine, whose cutting makes it extremely valuable, I have no doubt that, even if the girl were honest in her method of acquiring it, the sweetheart had obtained it in a less creditable manner."

As I finished, the man, whose head was dropped forward on his breast, shot another scowling, malignant glance at me, under whose influence my short-lived courage oozed out at my finger-tips, and, as the gig drew up alongside the wharf at which we were to land, I drew a sigh of relief at the prospect of a short escape from my *bête-noir*.

Two or three days later we were sitting on deck in the early morning. The men were, some of them, aft, polishing the brasswork, and the conversation had fallen upon insomnia, from which, probably owing to the morbid state of my nerves, I had suffered severely since coming aboard; in fact, the first night being the only one in which I had enjoyed complete, unbroken rest. I

was complaining of this, and jokingly asked the doctor if he had no anæsthetic with him.

"No," he said; "the only thing of that nature I have with me is a small bottle of morphine and a hypodermic syringe. These I always carry in case of accident."

"Why can't you give me a little to-night?" I asked, "Does it hurt? And how do you administer it?"

He replied by giving a careful and elaborate description of the method; so circumstantial, indeed, that when he finished, I said, triumphantly:

"Many thanks. I need not trouble you now, should I desire to aid Nature in summoning sleep. By-the-way, where do you keep this precious apparatus?"

"I believe that it now reposes in the breast-pocket of my overcoat; and that reminds me that the next time I go below I must put it in my stateroom. If you want to use it," laughingly, "you'll have to ask for it."

That night I had fallen into a light doze, and was lying, as is my custom, with both hands clasped above my head, when I felt a little scratch on my arm. Thinking that I had, as sometimes happens, left the point of a pin exposed in one of my crimpers, I drowsily moved my head a trifle in order to avoid a repetition, and fell into a sound sleep, from which I did not wake until morning, when, on rising, I found that I was the prey of a racking headache. Dr. Fred, commiserating my sufferings, and believing that my wretched nerves were the cause, mixed me a composing draught and recommended perfect quiet. While I lay revolving my miserable condition in my mind, I tried to convince myself that the only remedy for my morbid, unhealthy state lay in flight; that I must go to Roger, state the case to him, and express my determination of leaving the yacht. It was a difficult decision to make, as there were certain reasons, which I scarcely dared to confess to myself, which made the unconventional freedom of yachting very pleasant and attractive to me just now; still, if this wearing, sleep-destroying, haunting horror continued much longer, I felt that I should become a fit inmate for a madhouse.

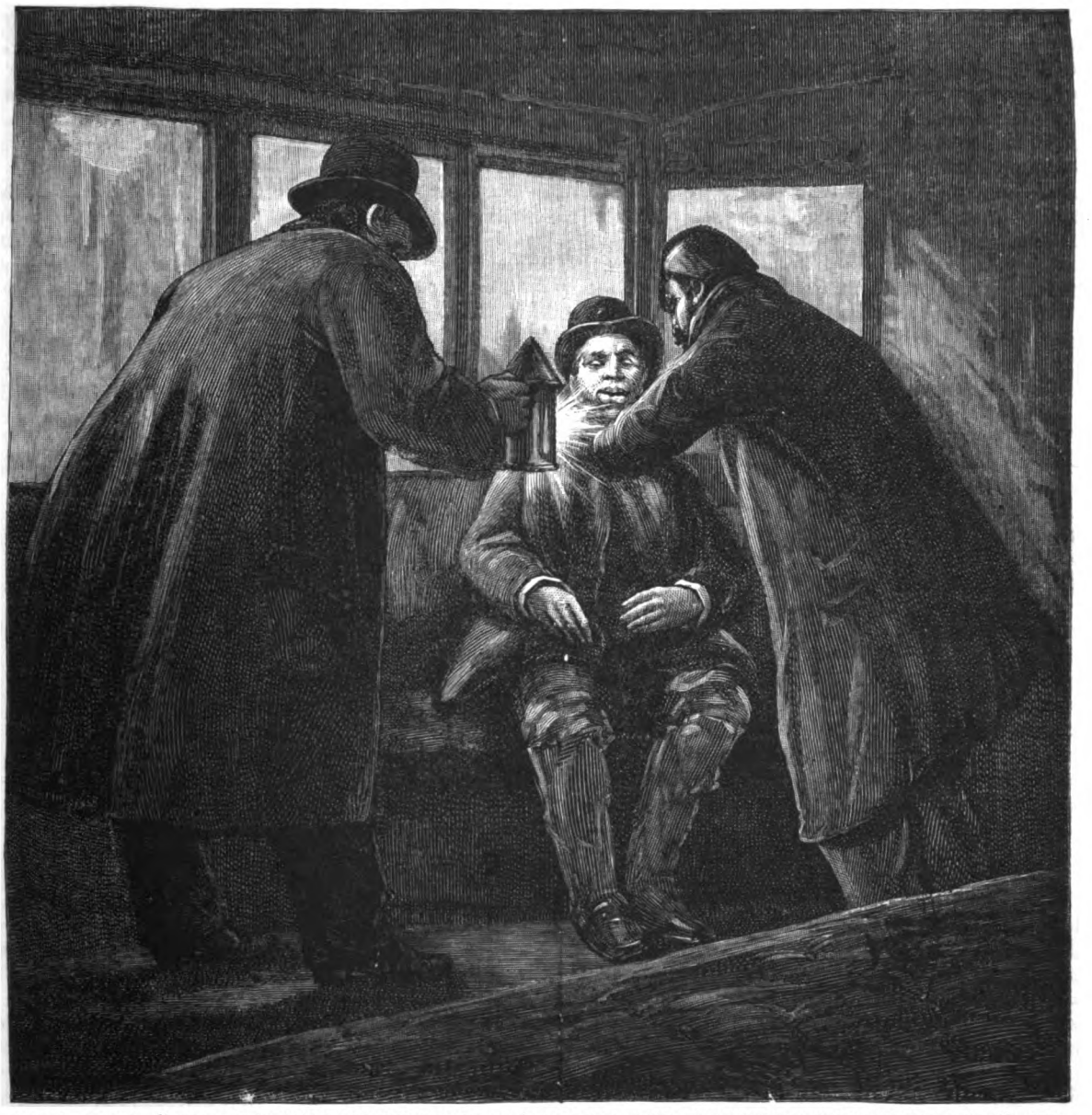
Toward afternoon my headache wore off, and very glad I was, as we expected to reach Halifax that evening, and I wished to be in good trim to enjoy my first visit to that city. I saw but little of my man that day, and dressed for dinner with an unaccountable lightness of heart. We reached Halifax at sunset, and a boat was at once lowered and sent off for letters and provisions. As it was so late we decided to postpone going ashore until the morning, and that evening was the gayest and pleasantest we had yet spent. Whether it was the reaction from my sufferings of the morning or not, I was in a really brilliant mood, and kept the others in constant laughter by my absurd *jeu d'esprits* and ridiculous stories. At ten o'clock the steward served a delicious little supper, and we drank an unwholesome nightcap in a bottle of "Pommery Sec," after which I sat down at the piano and put a

A QUIET EVENING.

musical finish to the evening. As we were saying "good-night," Dr. Fred, who had taken my hand in his, said, teasingly:

"When we go ashore to-morrow I am going to hunt up some patent crimpers for you. It is too bad that such an arm as this," looking admiringly at the white, rounded member which the rather short sleeve of my dress left partially exposed, "should suffer even in so good a cause," with a little nod at my curly fringe. "May I examine it a little closer? By Jove! it's a queer-looking scratch. Looks more like a puncture. By-the-way, I must put my morphine apparatus away now while I think of it. Would you like to see it?"

And he went in search of his coat, which the steward brought him from a locker where it had been stowed. However, I was destined not to examine the little instrument that night, for it was not to be found in either pocket of the light topcoat. Thinking that he must have dropped it out somewhere, we deferred its inspection until another time.



THE EVIL EYE.—"THE DRIVER CALLED TO THE CONSTABLE, 'I SAY BILL, COME IN HERE WITH YER LIGHT, WILL YER?' THE LATTER ENTERED."— SEE PAGE 554.

As I was undressing, I suddenly remembered that, in the pain caused by my headache that morning, I had neglected taking my watch from under my pillow, where I always put it on retiring. Of course the steward or the cabin-boy had removed it on making the berth, and had evidently put it in some secret place for safe-keeping, for nowhere could I find it. I was vexed at my carelessness, for I hated to have it run down; but, not wishing to arouse the steward, I resigned myself to the inevitable. In the morning my first thought was for my watch, and I touched the electric bell which summoned the cabin-boy, and instituted inquiries, all of which were unavailing. No one had seen it. I could not understand it. I distinctly remembered winding it and putting it in its customary place, and was equally sure that I had not removed it. A vigorous search was made in my stateroom, while at the same time the doctor was endeavoring to find his missing morphine-case. As we were occupied in our several endeavors, a conversation between the steward and cabin-boy attracted my notice. The steward was speaking.

"Never liked the fellow's looks myself."

"Don't see what he made off without his pay for."

"There ain't never any accountin' for them furriners."

"D'yer s'pose the cap'n'll pick up some one here?"

"Guess so."

The word foreigner made me think that it was my man who was under discussion, and I asked:

"What's the matter, steward? Anything wrong?"

"Yes'm—leastways one of the crew, a Rooshin chap, made off from the dingy last night and ain't turned up sence."

A sudden thought flashed into my mind, and the mathematical exercise of putting two and two together performed itself with lightning swiftness. The loss of my watch, the man's evident interest in it; the missing morphine-case and our conversation, in the presence of the sailors, regarding the administration of the drug; the scratch on my arm and my subsequent illness; my strange, unreasonable lightness of heart on the previous night, and the man's sudden defection. The thing was clear. The man had, either for its intrinsic value, to

which I had opened his eyes, or for some more subtle reason, desired to gain possession of the trinket. The method of obtaining it had been unconsciously demonstrated by the doctor. It had been an easy matter for him to obtain the instrument, as the doctor had, as we afterward remembered, had it on deck in the afternoon; and in the night—the first part of which had been his watch on deck—he must have dropped over the companion-hatch, the doors of which were always kept locked at night, and so gained my stateroom and administered the drug, after which it was no difficult matter to find the object of his desire.

It was a triumphant vindication of my theory regarding the hyper-sensitiveness of woman's organization, and now that the man had disappeared, I could breathe freely and relate to my wondering sister the true cause for the depression and nervousness which had quite alarmed her. Of course efforts were made for his recapture, but in vain. He had hidden his tracks in a marvelous manner, and loath as I was to lose my precious watch, I scarcely considered it too great a price to pay for the unalloyed enjoyment of the society of a certain person who shall be nameless. The rest of our cruise was as delightful as perfect conditions and surroundings could make it, but as it does not materially affect my story, I leave it to the reader's imagination, and hasten on to the sequel.

Six months after the loss of my watch, I was summoned by telegram to the deathbed of my grandmother, who lived in a little out-of-the-way village some three or four miles from the nearest line of railroad. I had been recently married, and my husband, Dr. Fred Lawrence, was out of town attending an important consultation. The telegram was urgent, so, leaving an explanatory letter, I took a small bag and started at noon, one cold January day, hoping to reach the dear old lady, whose favorite grandchild I was, before she died. I accomplished my dull and tiresome journey without incident, and on reaching the station at B—— at dusk, found, waiting there, the lumbering coach which plied between that town and the little village which was my destination. As I took my seat, I found that I was the sole passenger, but, just as we were about to start, the door opened, and a man entered and took the seat opposite mine.

He was a tall, massive creature, so muffled in the collar of a dirty, rough ulster that I could not see his face, and as my own was covered with a thick, blue vail, my features were as completely hidden from his view. After a while the moisture of my breath made the vail exceedingly uncomfortable, and as the coach was, notwithstanding the cold, somewhat close, I felt that I could dispense with its protection, and took it off. At the same moment the other passenger, evidently from the same motive, turned down his huge, shaggy collar and tilted the soft felt hat back from his brow, revealing—my God! the horror of the recognition thrills me now!—the wretched, distorted visage whose dreadful, snaky gaze had exercised such an influence upon me. The recognition was mutual, for, as my vail fell from my shaking hands, he started up with the same inarticulate noise, half-cry, half-groan, which had escaped his lips once before, and then, clapping his hand to his side, he sank back in a heap on the seat, while still those eyes, under their half-closed lids, gazed steadily and fixedly into mine. What should I do? I dared not make an attempt to attract the driver's notice, lest my dreadful companion should strangle me with the coarse, talon-like fingers whose movements I had so often watched. Never had I encountered anything so terrible as that gaze—it held me as that of a snake holds the quivering, palpitating bird, while my whole spinal system seemed to have been turned to ice which chilled me to the heart.

Finally, finding that I could bear the agony no longer, and that unless I broke the spell which chained me, I should lose my reason, I determined to address him, thinking that an appeal to his cupidity, in the offer of a large bribe, might induce him to leave the coach. Moistening my quivering lips, I essayed once or twice to frame a sentence—in vain. At last I made a desperate effort, and brought out one trembling, scarce audible word, in as gentle a tone as I could command, and I assure you that never was the bleat of a frightened lamb less awful. "John!" No answer; still the immovable gaze. Thinking my feeble enunciation might have been lost in the rumble of the coach-wheels, I tried again, this time being able to utter a whole sentence:

"John, do you remember me?"

Still no response; not even the quiver of an eyelash; not the faintest token that he had heard my words; and yet those intent, ever-watchful eyes must have seen the motion of my lips, even if the ears were deaf to my articulation. Once more I summoned courage, and this time leaned a little forward, and, as I addressed him, the miserable, guttering light of the small kerosene lamp, which was the only illumination of the gloomy vehicle, gave one expiring flicker and went wholly out, leaving us in total darkness, save for a narrow shaft of pale, wintry moonlight, which filtered in through the imperfectly buttoned sides of the conveyance and fell athwart the face of the man opposite me. Great Heavens! Were the powers of evil and darkness leagued together to destroy my senses? Had that penetrating ray fallen upon any other part of that horrible face: upon the coarse, bulbous nose; upon the rough, unshaven cheeks; even upon the distorted, leering mouth, I could have borne it; but, as it lay directly illuminating those evil, horrible eyes, leaving the rest of the man in darkness, causing them to gleam and glitter in their motionless pertinacity with an unholy light, I could no longer bear it. Rising, with a sudden and desperate impulse, I uttered a shriek, which brought the horses to a quick halt and the driver to the door of the coach, though it in no wise disturbed the huge hulk huddled together on the opposite seat.

"What is it, ma'am?" asked the astonished Jehu, as he looked in wonder from me to the quiet figure in the corner. "Was it ye that yelled?"

"Yes, it was," I replied. "Take that man out of this coach instantly. He is a thief and scoundrel. Either he must get out or I!" and, in the reaction of my terror, I burst into an hysterical fit of sobbing.

The driver saw that something must be done to change the existing condition of affairs, and, being unwilling to try to cope with a dangerous character, perhaps on a lonely road, his first attempt was one of the mildest persuasion.

"See here, my good feller," he said, in inviting and conciliatory tones, "this lady's a bit narvous and excited, ye see. S'pose yer humor her a bit an' come outside with me?"

To this there was no reply, and the driver, thinking the man was asleep, addressed himself to me, saying that, if he were a "hard ticket," the wisest plan would be to let him sleep until we reached S——, only half a mile further on, where we could have him properly lodged in safe hands, and, though I insisted that he was wide awake, I willingly accepted the driver's invitation to share the box-seat with him.

The lock-up, which serves for purposes of detention in villages, was situated on the outskirts of S——, and we stopped to deliver our man into custody before entering the village. The driver, to whom I had related the bare details of the loss of my watch, and who was brother-in-law to the constable, succeeded in finding the latter at home, and returned to the coach to wake up his inside passenger. He called loudly to him once or twice, and then entered the vehicle in order to shake the Russian into consciousness. Suddenly he called to the constable, who was standing outside with a lantern.:

"I say, Bill, come in here with yer light, will yer?"

The latter entered, while I, on my elevated perch, began to believe the man was refractory, and that they were experiencing some difficulty in unloading him. My surmises, however, were soon ended. In a few moments both men reappeared, and the driver, coming up to where I sat, said:

"Say, ma'am, that 'ere thief in thar won't trouble you any more; he's dead."

Ay, and it was so. The coroner's inquest which sat the next day upon the body returned a verdict of death from heart-disease, caused, undoubtedly, by the shock of the suddenness of our rencounter. Learning that a letter had been found in the Russian's pocket, my husband, who had become much interested in the strange chain of coincident circumstances, after detailing the curious story to the coroner, obtained possession of the document, which he had translated from the Russian language, in which it was written, into our own. I append a copy of it, as it may serve to throw some light upon the peculiar chain of fate which had linked the life of a delicate, young American girl with that of a rude, criminal Russian sailor. A free and corrected translation of the epistle ran thus:

"My Frederika: The time has been long since thou hast heard from thy Ivan, but now, my little one, thou shalt share the wonderful good fortune which has befallen him, and in a short time thou may'st once more behold him who lovest thee. God! But it has been a weary time since that night when a stroke of ill-luck knocked the wind out of our sails and sent us off on separate tacks! And now, what think you? The green watch, that which thou seized from thy mistress's dead body, after I had done the little job for her, is again in my hands. How came it there? How think'st thou? Ah, cunning one, thou wouldst never guess that the little American to whom thou sold'st it had crossed the path of thy Ivan. Yet, so it was! Canst thou not imagine my surprise upon seeing the ugly thing, which I had last seen dangling from the waist of thy princess, ornamenting the belt of an American? I tell thee, for a moment my cursed heart, which is always jumping into my mouth at the wrong time, gave such a yank that I nearly screamed. I heard the little fool boast of the value of the thing, and, believe me, my pretty one, thy Ivan played as neat a trick on the vain little Yankee as any thou hast ever heard of. Now it is mine again, and as soon as he whom thou lovest gets a good chance to sell the toy, that same day will see him homeward bound with a bit of money which shall keep his Frederika like a lady, away from the infernal place where his beauty is too well known for his safety. It was the devil's own luck that our pretty plan at the princess's should have gone to the bottom.

"Farewell, my little one. Every wind that blows carries to thee the love of thy devoted IVAN."

THE LACQUER-TREE.

Crude lacquer is the juice obtained from the *Rhus vermicifera*, a tree which grows extensively in Japan, bordering the fields, and planted in spaces which cannot be more profitably utilized. It grows to a height of fifteen feet to twenty-five feet, and in the Autumn the numerous pinnately divided leaves assume a brilliant yellow hue, the beauty of which hides the ungainliness of the tree. In the Summer the ends of the branches are laden with the grape-like clusters of a furrowed fruit, the mesocarp of which contains a considerable quantity of what is not inaptly named "vegetable tallow." The tree is propagated by means of cuttings, and is in its best state for the production of lacquer when it is from ten to twenty years old.

SONG.

By J. B. Dalton.

I.

Doubt not this heart, nor seek one answer more;
Doubt not this heart, that trusteth all thy own,
This heart, that trusteth all itself to thee.

II.

Who loves the life which only self can prize?
Who hates not fear that e'en itself suspects?
But this my heart dreads naught but thy delay.

III.

Sweet Faith, whose eye can watch love's beacons sure,
True as the Spring that rears her sister's flowers—
So hides this heart its promised troth for thee.

IV.

Doubt not this heart! Thine not for Spring alone,
Or Summer, but through Winter's bleakest rage,
Though every heart had fled, still near, still thine.

TOBACCO IN CANADA.

Of all the customs of the Indians which Jacques Cartier observed, that which struck him as the most novel and singular was the use of tobacco. In the narrative of his second voyage to Canada, in 1535, occurs the following quaint description: "The Indians have an herb of which, during the Summer, they gather a great quantity for the Winter, and which they prize very highly, and use (the men only) in the following manner: They dry it in the sun and suspend it from their neck, tied up in a little skin instead of in a bag, together with a horn [*cornet*] of stone or wood. Then, at all hours, they make a powder of the said herb, and put it in one end of the horn, and then place a live coal upon it; and through the other end they blow so hard that their body is filled with smoke, so much that it comes out of their mouth and nostrils as out of a chimney. They say that this keeps them healthy and warm, and they never go about without these things. We have tried the said smoke, and having had it in our mouth, it seemed to contain pepper, so great was the heat of it." At that time the use of tobacco was altogether unknown in France, and although the plant had been brought to Spain and Portugal by the early explorers of America, it was only a quarter of a century after Jacques Cartier's second voyage that the French ambassador, Jean Nicot, sent the seed from Lisbon to France.

To "the fragrant weed" one of the Indian nations owed the name by which it was known to the French from the earliest times of the Colony. The Tionontates, who raised and traded in tobacco, were called *les Pétuneux*, or more usually *la nation du Pétun*, from *pétun*, an old French name of tobacco. Their country lay in the woody valleys of the Blue Mountains, south of the Nottawasaga Bay of Lake Huron, thirty-five or forty miles from where the town of St. Mary's now stands. Two days' journey to the east of them were the frontier towns of the Hurons, to whom they were akin, and whom they closely resembled in their mode of life.

RICHARD WAGNER: HIS LIFE AND INFLUENCE.

By Louis C. Elson.

History can rarely be written while events which constitute it are in progress. A battle cannot be adequately judged until not only the smoke of conflict, but the rancorous feelings of the opponents, have passed away. The great conflict in the musical field, in which Wagner was so active a participant—the combat between the German and the Italian, the old and the new schools, the musical impressionists and the purists—has been too recent to allow of any absolutely unimpeachable review of its scope and effect to be written as yet; but it is not too early, since the life of the great master has closed, to speak of many things which he has incontestably accomplished.

RICHARD WAGNER.

That Wagner was a genius may safely be acknowledged, even by those who dissent from his theories and deny their worth. The absolute frenzy with which he threw himself into his musical work, the uncompromising manner in which he defended every innovation which he made, the incredible labor he expended, not only on his works themselves, but upon making them intelligible to the world by pamphlets, essays and explanations, all prove the truth of Carlyle's adage that genius is only a capacity for taking pains. In Wagner's case, because of early trials and neglect, because of subsequent opposition and abuse, genius became almost a monomania.

Wagner was born poor, and in very trying times. May 22d, 1813, the Actuary of the City Police Court was presented by his wife with his ninth child, and named it Wilhelm Richard Wagner; he had not opportunity to do much more, for in October came the terrible battle of Leipsic, which was immediately followed by an epidemic fever among the unfortunate inhabitants, and of this, on November 22d, the father died, leaving the widow, yet young and attractive, with her baby of five months and the rest of her numerous progeny, to provide for.

It was a trying ordeal, only solved two years later by Louis Geyer, a practical actor and painter, who had the courage to take upon himself the charge of the entire family by marrying Madame Wagner.

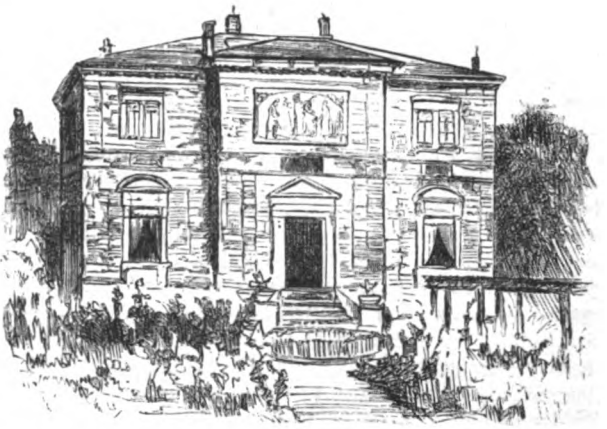
The stepfather seems to have taken the kindliest interest in the boy, and Wagner always had for him the affection of a son. The embryo composer had as yet made no sign of musical ability. He was evidently to be *sui generis*, and did not even imitate Beethoven or Mozart in possessing a musical childhood. The only evidence of talent in this direction he gave to his stepfather as the latter lay on his deathbed, by playing a couple of rather jingly pieces of no difficulty, in his hearing, upon the piano. Geyer, ever full of solicitude for his stepson, spoke to the mother, questioningly, "What if the boy actually had a talent for music?"

But this was entirely forgotten after his death, and Wagner's youthful years show no trace of the power which lay dormant in him. Yet he was not (like Sir Walter Scott) accounted dull, but merely moderately gifted. He early evinced, however, a passion for poetry, and his original works in this direction show a degree of bombast which in later years became grandeur and pomp.

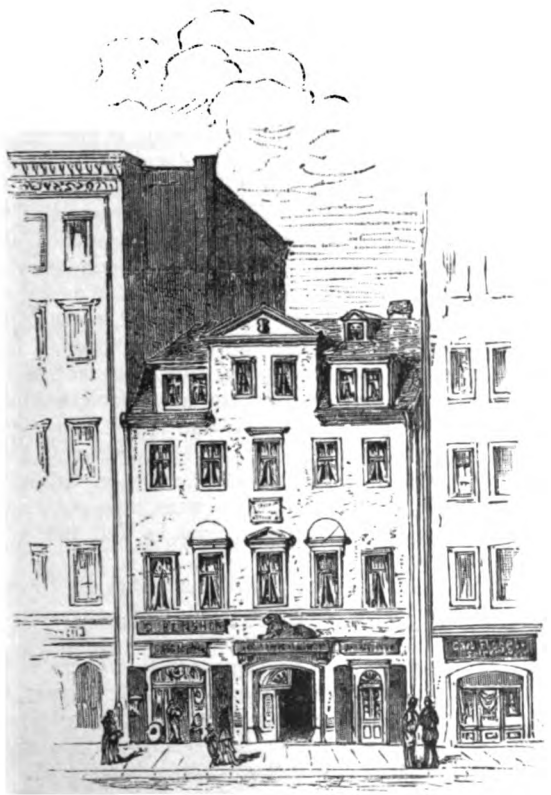
which were always present in his librettos. Shakespeare in literature, Weber in music, were the two founts from which he began to imbibe inspiration, and it only illustrates the power of early impressions when we add that he always regarded the two with reverence even in later years; although he had learned the first only in a translated form, and the second seems utterly foreign to his line of musical thought. His literary endeavors in childhood bore a strong resemblance to those of De Quincy (the English opium-eater), for his first tragedy was a combination of "Hamlet" and "King Lear," and by thus piling Ossa upon Pelion, he killed forty of his characters before the last act, and was obliged to allow them to reappear as ghosts in order that the play might go on.

It was Beethoven's music which at last awoke the slumbering tone-genius in Wagner's breast. Just as it seized upon Schubert with a fierce fascination, and filled his last moments with delirium, so the hearing of Beethoven's Symphonies, given by the Gewandhaus Orchestra at Leipsic, filled the soul of the lad of sixteen years with a wild desire to do something great in the art. A furious course of self-instruction was begun, but at first amounted to little. Subsequent study with Gottlieb Müller did little more, for the teacher could not understand the strange, impetuous nature of the boy, nor would the latter accord respect to what he thought the pedantry (*i.e.*, the conservatism) of his master. A few unimportant compositions resulted from this study, and it is to be noticed that Wagner, with characteristic ambition, leaped at once to the larger forms of composition, and never cared much for the shorter vein of writing in which Schubert was so successful.

It was Theodore Weinlig who at last proved to have the key which was to unlock this vast musical storehouse. Weinlig was Cantor, or Director, of the Thomas-School in Leipsic, a position which the great Bach once held. He evidently recognized the fact that the mountain torrent of Wagner's ideas would never become a placid lake; nevertheless he did much by forcing the young man to study Mozart, and carefully corrected the too radical tendencies which he exhibited. The course was a very short one; and, indeed, Wagner, even as much as Schubert, may be called self-taught, for his greatest impetus came from the constant perusal of the works of Beethoven, which he did with unremitting zeal, memorizing, or copying, almost all of his greatest works.



WAGNER'S HOUSE AT BAYREUTH.



HOUSE AT LEIPSIC WHERE WAGNER WAS BORN.

And now we find the young man of nineteen launched upon his musical career. It began successfully, for, after a futile attempt at Vienna, he succeeded in getting a symphony accepted in Leipsic, and it was actually performed at the Gewandhaus, January 10th, 1833. But in Germany such a success can be attained and yet leave the composer poor, and this was the case with Wagner. At the age of twenty we find him in Würzburg, as chorus-master at the opera, on the slenderest of salaries, and here was written his first opera, "The Fairies." As yet he had evolved no theories in operatic composition, but even in his earliest operas we find a loftiness of ideal, which ennobles even the forms which he afterward strove so earnestly to overthrow. Thus "Rienzi" is greater than most Italian operas, although written on the Italian model, simply because Wagner was a greater musician and a more earnest man than his Italian contemporaries.

From Würzburg to Magdeburg, from Magdeburg to Leipsic, from Leipsic to Riga, the young conductor went, with restless activity, hoping to achieve success somewhere, and continually working at some new opera or libretto. From the very first Wagner was his own poet, and he held that the greatest perfection in the opera form could only be attained by this combination. The early Greeks had combined words and music in an indissoluble marriage, and he felt that such a complete union was indispensable to a high development of both arts in opera. This, then, although not formulated as yet in words, was, by practice, his earliest theory.

Yet beyond this, far from discarding Italian style, he sought to build upon and improve it, as witness his "Liebesverbot" ("Measure for Measure"), in which the vein of both Bellini and Auber is developed. Wagner's first marriage took place just before he received the appointment as Music-director in Riga. His life with his first wife was not a happy one, and many of his enemies have taken advantage of this fact to detract from the

character of the composer. It was certainly not Minna Planer's fault that she did not make Wagner entirely happy. Beautiful in person, charming in manner, and evidently loving the young composer, she made a sacrifice in marrying him, and in the subsequent wanderings and poverty which the match entailed upon her she never complained. What, then, could have led Wagner to the ungrateful act of separating from one so faithful during adversity? She had committed the one unpardonable sin of not comprehending the length and breadth of her husband's genius. Wagner needed some one by him who should be the abject worshiper of his genius; there never was a nature more susceptible to impressions from without than this composer, who seemed to stand at bay and fight the world. In his later years the very surroundings of his study were made to bring their influence upon the work he was composing, and those who laugh at the character which could fret itself into anger about the shade of a dressing-gown, or the trimming of a coat, should understand the fact that the master felt such a shortcoming as keenly as another would a bad pen or a rickety writing-table. Wagner was by nature an autocrat, and demanded all that could be given him, while in return he gave — immortal thoughts. If his first wife could not take these thoughts at their par value, all her sacrifices, all her beauty, all her affection, went for naught.

It may be evident, however, from this, that Wagner the man was not always as estimable as Wagner the musician. "Rienzi," chiefly composed in 1839, was the first grand opera which Wagner had produced. With his characteristic ambition, he decided that none but the greatest operatic stage would fit the work, and at once set out for Paris with the score, his pretty wife, a large Newfoundland dog and a very light purse. The acquaintance of Meyerbeer, which he formed *en route*, seemed to promise success in the French metropolis. It led only to a hope constantly deferred, and finally the bitterest enmity. It is scarcely to be doubted that a personal hatred, bred of envy, led to the attacks which Wagner subsequently made upon Meyerbeer, and which he afterward extended to all of Meyerbeer's race. It is utterly futile for the ultra-Wagnerians to endeavor to prove that Wagner's attacks upon "Judaism in Music" were at all in a "Pickwickian" sense. Wagner detested the man who was all-powerful in the operatic world, while he, the greater composer, was starving in Paris. In the same manner he at first disliked Liszt, whose crime it was to be prosperous while Wagner was poor. Meyerbeer was a small nature, who did not care to take much trouble in elevating possible rivals; Liszt was a noble mind, who passed over the young composer's envy, and, finding him possessed of the "divine spark," did all that could be done to assist him, and finally won his friendship. Had Liszt been only lukewarm in the matter, as Meyerbeer was, there would have resulted attacks upon him, and possibly upon the bad influence of great pianists in music. This branch of Wagner's theories had its root in personal feeling, and the adherents of the musical essayist will yet relegate them to their proper position, instead of trying to excuse them or to distort their actual *animus*. That Wagner had many friends among Jewish musicians does not in the least invalidate our statement, but only redounds to the credit of those who were so careful to discriminate between the composer and the man.

Wagner's Parisian experience was sufficient to embitter a more amiable nature. It was starvation and hackwork; a dancing of attendance, first at the doors of the Opera and the Conservatoire, and then at the lesser playhouses, and finally at the smallest boulevard theatres, with equal failure at each. He was even rejected as a chorister at one of the last named. Then came cheap musical arrangements, even for cornets, articles for the newspapers, short songs offered from publisher to publisher, and every kind of "potboiler" which his active pen could produce. Dark days, indeed; yet in these were produced some of Wagner's most natural and beautiful works. "Rienzi" was completed in 1840 and sent to Dresden. "The Flying Dutchman," a vivid reminiscence of his terrible voyage from Riga to France, was finished the year after, and was one of Wagner's most spontaneous works, being completed in less than fifty days. It is an opera which the composer has endeavored to discard as a youthful indiscretion, but it will none the less continue to be one of the most effective of short operas. "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" also were begun at this time.

And now the tide turned. Wagner was not a man whom circumstances could keep poor, as they did Mozart or Schubert. He was sure, sooner or later, to work out his own deliverance, and this thought sustained him throughout his Parisian poverty. Never once did he lose faith in his own powers and worth, and when word came that the Dresden Opera House had accepted "Rienzi," he was not overcome by the revulsion of affairs, but calmly transferred himself and wife—the dog had been lost—from Paris to the Saxon city, and awaited the public ordeal. But he never forgave the French their lack of appreciation, and years afterward his arrogantly offensive burlesque of "The Siege of Strassburg," in which every Frenchman, from Napoleon to Offenbach, was held up to scorn and derision, proved how long this great musician could bear malice. Just as he had before attacked the Jews because Meyerbeer had underrated him, so he now attacked the entire French nation because the managers of Parisian theatres and music stores had allowed him to go hungry.

"Rienzi" made a great and immediate success, and the struggling artist found himself at once an acknowledged leader in the operatic world; and all this before a single theory had been evolved or a solitary reform accomplished. After this brilliant triumph, it may well be imagined that the managers of the Dresden Opera were only too glad to bring out the "Flying Dutchman"; but there was such a radical difference between the two works, that the public were rather astonished than pleased. Nevertheless, it led to a correspondence between the influential composer Spohr and Wagner, and the former conducted the opera in Cassel a year later, and gave Wagner all possible commendation. It is strange to chronicle that Spohr, the conservative and melodic, the last great musician to recognize Beethoven, should have been the first to acknowledge the genius of Wagner. An appointment as Hof Kapellmeister in Dresden soon followed, and now, at the age of thirty, we find Wagner free from pecuniary care, in a position of some eminence, with influential friends, and the world opening brightly before him.

During the seven years of Wagner's stay in Dresden there is little to say of his career. "Happy are the countries which have no histories," is a proverb that may apply in some cases to men as well. There is but little question that the recuperation which Wagner had in Dresden fitted him for the yet greater work which lay before him. Yet none may suppose that this was a period of inactivity. On the contrary, the work was constant and unremitting, but this was in accord with Wagner's delight. Was he not leader? And a bold,

reforming and active leader he became. His reading of the Beethoven Symphonies in 1846 won him both praise and blame. "He individualized the reading too much," said some. "It only proves that Mr. Wagner values himself more than the composer," said others; but the fact remains that the great Ninth Symphony made its first entire success under his leadership; that Niels W. Gade said that "it was worth the journey from Leipsic if only to hear the contrabasses in the great recitative in the *finale*;" and finally that, in reading Beethoven today, the best conductors are very glad to follow Wagner's ideas. During this epoch, also, "Tannhäuser" was completed, sketches for "Die Meistersinger" begun, and "Lohengrin" composed. "Tannhäuser" was first performed at Dresden, October 19th, 1845—and failed. It was the beginning of the real Augean labors. Wagner had composed a work in a new vein, and was in advance of his age, just as Homer was in singing his poems to barbarians, or Shakespeare in giving forth nineteenth-century thoughts in the sixteenth century.

Naturally there was abuse from many quarters, and Wagner's own imperious nature added fuel to the fire. He had, however, the courage of his conviction, and manfully began the effort, by essays, example and performance, to lead operatic art into a higher channel. It is in this that Wagner's nature stands forth in its finest colors. He was never content with an achievement, but must push beyond it. "Excelsior" could never become the motto of any art life so truly as that of Wagner. It seems strange that, with this palpable fact in their favor, the Wagnerian essayists have for ever harped upon that other string, that their hero was also a model of all the humbler virtues. Not content with picturing him as Jove himself, they proceed to make him a Jupiter without any private failings. Johnson loved a "good hater," and from this era onward Wagner showed himself very thorough in this branch, and if his critics were manifestly unjust, let us be content that he was amply able to repay vituperation with most effective sarcasm.

One effect, however, of the reception of "Tannhäuser" in Dresden was to make him discontented with his position there. Nevertheless, "Tannhäuser" never entirely left the *répertoire* after that first unsatisfactory performance. Liszt soon brought it forward in Weimar, and spite of the ascendency of the Meyerbeer operas, it was performed in many different cities during the next few years, and volumes of criticism followed every performance. Wagner was fairly launched as a radical reformer, and Schumann and Spohr hastened to pay tribute to the powerful thoughts of the new opera even while condemning its departures from rhythm and established form.

With the completion of "Lohengrin" Wagner felt that he had gone yet further from the beaten track, and the management of the opera, too, cordially concurred in the opinion, since only a fragment of it was performed in 1848. This year was important in other ways to Wagner, for now he first thought of making a great opera which should be essentially national, and began reading the "Nibelungen Lied," the great German *saga*, with a view to using it for this purpose. When Wagner's giant mind took up a subject it was impossible to predict how far it would be pursued. Thus "Tannhäuser" led to the "Meistersinger," "Lohengrin" led to "Parsifal," and a study in the "Nibelungen," to set the character of *Siegfried* to music, led to the chain of four operas (of which one is a prologue), called the Trilogy.

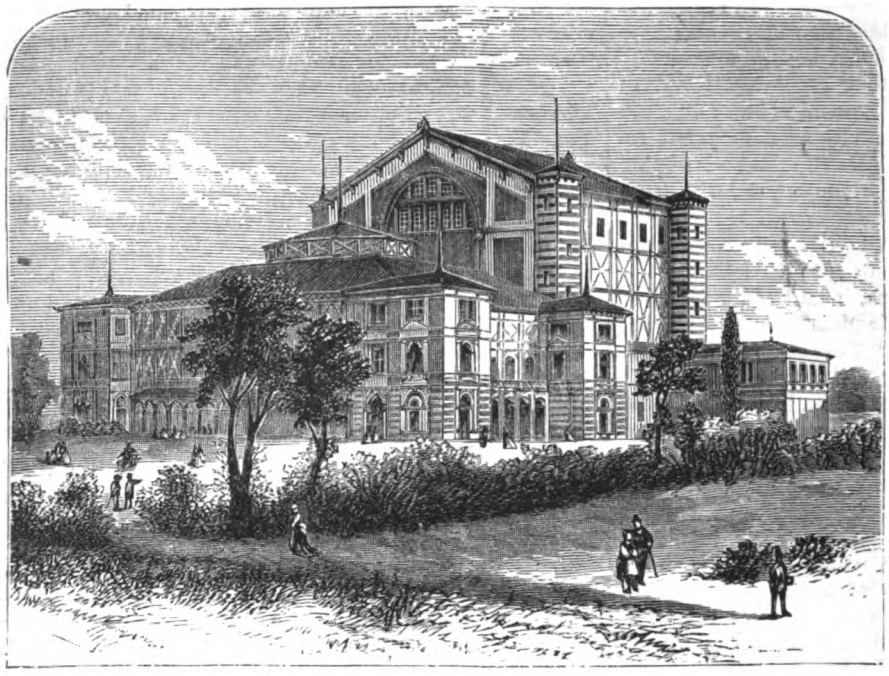
The second great event of the year was his entering into politics and making a speech which, though moderate in tone, yet betrayed a desire for change in the administration of affairs. This led to a reprimand from the police. The next year Wagner was yet more outspoken, and is even said to have marched with the revolutionists. The result was an order for his arrest, which led him to fly to Liszt, at Weimar, for safety, when that great and whole-souled musician managed to smuggle him out of Germany just in the nick of time; and behold our musician again in Paris, this time no longer unknown, but nevertheless a fugitive and an exile. The years from 1849 to 1861, which Wagner spent enforcedly absent from his native land, were the ones which gave to the world his theories in their full significance. Paris again would have none of him, and Wagner went on to Zurich, where his wife and a circle of friends soon joined him. Here he first produced a long series of essays on art, none of which were widely read until he produced the famous attack on Judaism in music. The commotion caused by this work induced the public to search for other essays by such a bold writer. Agitation was always the road to success for Wagner. It was always a combat which forced the eyes of the world upon him, and his own genius could win the day if once the attention of those competent to judge was directed toward him.

And now there came to his aid, with the most practical assistance, the friend to whom, next to Wagner himself, the world is indebted for the great reforms in modern music, Franz Liszt, who, on August 28th, 1850, gave the first performance of "Lohengrin" in Weimar. Wagner had already, during his flight to Paris, heard Liszt conduct "Tannhäuser," and was amazed at the intuition with which all his intentions were understood, and during his saddened sojourn in Paris had sent him the score of "Lohengrin" as a last hope, that it might be heard. The above performance was the noble answer. Liszt also used his pen for the cause, and poured out pamphlets in Germany. The performance was a success. It was the very beginning of the modern school of opera in the world, and Liszt wrote to the exiled composer: "Thus far have we brought the cause. Give us now a new work, that we may bring it yet further." Wagner recognized this deed by a most hearty dedication of the score to Liszt.

Some years afterward Liszt visited Wagner at Luzerne, in Switzerland, and heard part of the "new work" which was to bring modern music "yet further," and speaks of it in a letter as a "glorious new world which I have long desired to know;" and again: "It towers over our whole art epoch like Mount Blanc above the surrounding mountains." This great work was Wagner's *magnum opus*, "The Ring of the Nibelungen," which occupied him at intervals from 1849 until 1874, and was first performed entire in Bayreuth in 1876.

Wagner's exile, of course, had many other events in its course, but it is unquestionable that the residence at Zurich brought him under the influence of Schopenhauer's philosophic views, which were the impelling forces which guided in the construction of this vast work; and, as Schopenhauer drew his philosophy largely from Buddhism, the whirligig of time has brought it about that Paganism has aided greatly in the building of one of the most beloved of modern arts. A trip to London was made during the period of exile (as well as another later); but England practically rejected Wagner, as it did Schumann, and would have no other god beside—Mendelssohn.

In 1857, the work on the "Nibelungen" was broken in upon by a new opera—"Tristan and Isolde"—in which, in a more compact shape, and with far less ambitious



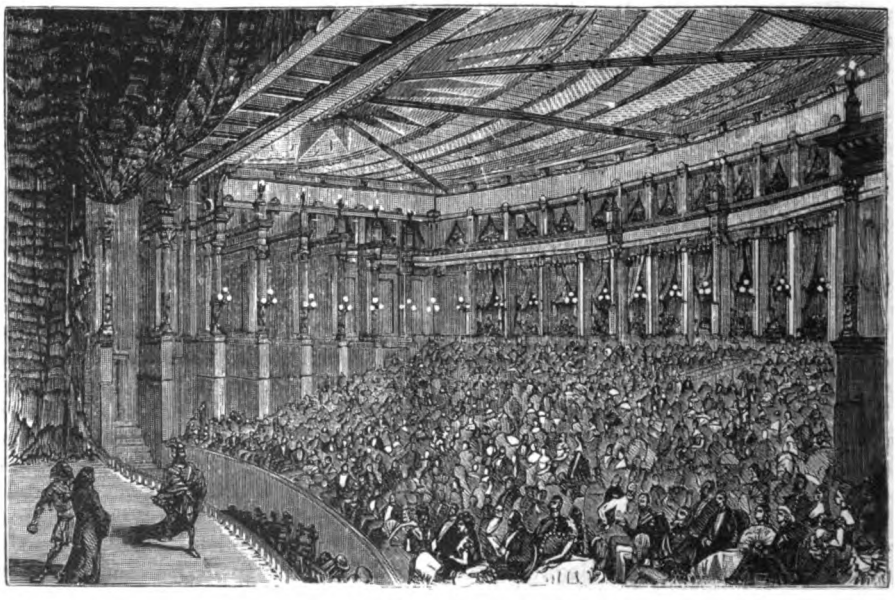
THEATRE AT BAYREUTH—EXTERIOR.

views, Wagner gives forth all the effects which form the basis of his latest operas. Although "Tristan and Isolde" can be produced upon a smaller stage than most Wagnerian operas, it is the first opera which he acknowledges to be representative of his musical views.

Another visit to Paris followed, which finally resulted in the Emperor Napoleon III. giving orders to perform "Tannhäuser" with the utmost splendor. This was due to the scion of a very musical family—the Princess Metternich—but it did not produce the desired result. A cabal was formed, almost a riot ensued, and, after three performances, the opera was withdrawn. But the ardent princess did not stop here. She secured for the "politically dangerous" Wagner a permission to enter all German states except Saxony, and thus ended his banishment. In this, again, the friend and co-worker Liszt co-operated. A year later all reservation was taken off, and the exile was once more a free German. About this time the separation from his wife took place. The marriage had been childless, and not a happy one. The unfortunate Minna Planer Wagner died in 1866.

In May, 1864, there came to the rescue of the still pecuniarily unsuccessful composer another friend, yet more powerful than Liszt—King Louis II. of Bavaria. Nero, Charlemagne, Louis XIII., Henry VIII., have all been musical monarchs, yet all of these together have not had the influence that this king exerted on the cause of music by making Wagner's cause his own.

Thenceforward there was no money care, there was no exile, and no further doubt to harass the great musical reformer; he had but to work out his theories in his own way, assured that the world would, at least, give him a hearing. From happiness to happiness his lot now seemed to proceed. The "Meistersingers" was produced under these pleasant conditions, and it is the master's most genial, most human, most perfect work. In it he grandly satirizes his opponents, very much as Aristophanes in Athens satirized the demagogue Cleon. It is not hilarious wit; it is humor of the purest, clearest and most satisfying type, and it is as fine a picture of mediæval times as Walter Scott or any other novelist or historian ever drew. Wagner was in the zenith of his success; the struggles of earlier years were past; he enjoyed the favor of a ruler, who entered enthusiastically into his musical views, and was ready to make any sacrifice for him. But his home was solitary. In 1870 he married a woman who more thoroughly understood him than any one else on earth; a woman who had seemed unattainable to him in former years, for was she not the wife of Von Bülow, and he the husband of Minna Planer? Death and the divorce court put even these barriers aside, and August 25th, 1870, he married Cosima von Bülow, the daughter of his friend Franz Liszt. A stranger marriage was never more happily crowned. No poetry can be too transcendent, no thought too imaginative, to portray the absolute unity of this pair. It can only be voiced by Wagner himself, in a poem which he attached to the "Siegfried Idyll" (an



THEATRE AT BAYREUTH—INTERIOR.

SCENE FROM WAGNER'S OPERA OF "LOHENGRIN."

orchestral work written for, and performed on, Madame Wagner's birthday, in honor of their only son Siegfried), which we have thus translated:

"Thy sacrifices have shed blessings o'er me,
And to my work have given noble aim;
And in the hour of conflict have upborne me,
Until my labor reached a sturdy frame.

"Oft in the land of legends we were dreaming -
Those legends which contain the German's fame,
Until a son upon our lives was beaming,
And Siegfried was our youthful hero's name.

"For him and thee I in these tones am praising:
What thanks for gifts of love could better be?
Within our souls the grateful song upraising,
Which in this music I have now set free.

"And in the cadence I have held united
Siegfried, our dearly cherished son, and thee.
The harmonies which here to thee I'm bringing
But speak the thoughts which in my heart are springing."

Madame Wagner lives—like the great Clara Schumann—happiest in working for the advancement of the fame of her dead husband.

A further culmination to the happiness of the composer came in 1876, when the Bayreuth Theatre, built expressly for Wagner, was opened with his "Trilogy" entire. He had scarcely expected to live to see this enormous work (requiring four nights for its representation) performed. Yet not only did Providence accord him this, but yet another work—his last—the glorious "Parsifal," was added to the list before he passed away. It was a peculiar coincidence that the last work he directed was the symphony spoken of at the beginning of this article, which had been lost, and after nearly fifty years rediscovered and presented to him by his loving wife. It was in Venice, also, on the birthday of his wife. And as the old man stood directing the work which the ambitious youth had completed a half-century before, he said, sadly:

"I shall never direct again. I shall never write more. Soon I must die. To-day I feel this more than ever."

Some two months later—February 13th, 1883—Wagner was in his study, in the palace he had rented in Venice, writing, as was his custom. It was a rainy and dismal day. Wagner had felt depressed by the weather, and his wife had stationed the trusty servant Betty Bürckel at the door of his room to notify her if her husband should require anything. Several times the wife had come back to ask the servant if Wagner had asked for her. Each time the reply was, "No, madame. He has been walking up and down the study, as he usually does."

The wife was too devoted ever to interrupt her husband when at his work, and therefore turned away. At one o'clock Wagner called the maid, asked if his gondola had been ordered for the afternoon, and then ordered soup to be served in his study. This was often his custom when in a "gray" mood, when he would lunch or dine alone. Soon after the soup had been served, the maid heard Wagner hastily walk to and fro, and finally burst into a prolonged fit of coughing. She approached the door, but although the coughing had turned to groaning, had such reverence for her master's orders, that she dared not cross the threshold. She was about to turn and call her mistress, when she heard Wagner call her name. Rushing to him, she found him lying on his sofa, with a frightfully strange look on his face.

"Call my wife—and—the doctor," were Wagner's last words. Madame Wagner was instantly beside him. Pillowing his head against her breast, she sent the affrighted servant for Dr. Keppler, the family physician. Wagner groaned and seemed racked by throes of intense anguish, but could not speak. At last he sank, as his wife thought, to sleep. It was the sleep of death. Thus Wagner died in the arms of the one whom he held dearest of all on earth.

We have said that it is too early as yet to estimate the worth of all of Wagner's works. It is as yet doubtful if all his theories will be accepted. His repression of rhythmic melody, his very complex orchestration, his constant use of guiding motives as clews to dramatic events, may be partially accepted by all coming composers; yet the abolishing of time seems to us an unlikely eventuality in music. It is far more probable that with his theories will be combined something of the Italian melody in operatic form. The dramatic unity which he has given to his works will certainly be held as a model for all time. His influence has extended over all civilized countries. Verdi in Italy, Saint-Saëns and Gounod in France, Tschäikowsky in Russia, and a hundred besides, all write differently to-day from what they would have done had there never been a Wagner. The smiling *prima donna* who comes down to the footlights in an Italian opera hand in hand with the smirking baritone who has just vowed vengeance upon her seems more utterly inane than before because of Wagner. The rank formalism of such an opera, the suspension of the action after each duet, aria, or chorus, seems absurd and unnatural because of Wagner. The pretty little accompaniment of flute and harp in a mad scene, full of soprano fireworks, seems outrageous to common sense because of Wagner. It needed a tempest, such as this man was, to clear the musical atmosphere. If in judging of his work and in speaking of his life we have not glossed over the evil features, it is because we feel that it is doing an ill service to the great man to place him in a false light before the reader. He was not forgiving, he was not unselfish, he was not liberal, he was not sweet-tempered, nor even always fair-minded, but he had some noble qualities, nevertheless. He was as firm a friend as he was a bitter foe, and we may judge him as we judge Socrates or Shakespeare, whose private lives may not in all ways meet with preconceived ideas, because he was, like them, a great genius who has elevated our world by living in it.

Longevity of Fish.—Professor Baird says that there is nothing to prevent a fish from living indefinitely, as it has no period of maturity, but grows with each year. He is authority, likewise, for saying that carp have attained an age of two hundred years. He also says that within fifty years a pike was living in Russia whose age, according to tradition, dated back to the fifteenth century. Probably some persons will doubt what is said by Professor Baird about the age a fish can attain. If they do, they are simply doubting the best-known authority on fish. The Russian Minister says that in the Royal Aquarium in St. Petersburg there are fish to-day that have been known by the records to have been in it one hundred and forty years. Some of them are, he says, over five times as large as when they were captured, while others have not grown an inch in length. An *attaché* of the Chinese Legation corroborates this statement. He says there are sacred fish kept in some of the palaces in China that are even older than any of those in Russia. Goldfishes have been known to have belonged to one family for over fifty years.

IN SWITZERLAND.

By Amy Levy.

Above my head the sky is blue,
Matching the rippling lake in hue.
All round about the mountains rise,
A green delight to weary eyes.
Here, where the place is warm and fair,
Where soft moss grows, where all the air
Is sweet with pungent scent of pine,
Stretched, prone and passive, I recline.
Around me lie the bags and rugs,
The basket, boiler, teapot, mugs,
And all the other things that we
Have carried up for work and tea.
Walled round with tomes of ponderous size,
Her pen the busy Ellen plies.
Kit Marlow is her theme. Enough
I've had of all your dead man's stuff.
Kit Marlow's dead since long ago,
And I'm alive to-day, I know.
Heigho! I kick my heels i' the sun!
What matter if the work's undone?
Give me the warm, sweet air, the sound
That Nature whispers soft around,
The lights and shadows in the trees,
And let them write their books that please.

"GULLIVER'S TRAVELS" AND A SIMILAR BOOK IN JAPAN.

In 1774 there were published anonymously in Japan, under the title "Wasobiyoë," four small volumes of fabulous voyages, portions of which bear a marvelous likeness to some of the adventures of Captain Lemuel Gulliver, of Redriff and Newark, which were printed forty-seven years earlier.

The odd coincidences which group themselves round Swift's masterpiece are of a suit with its own extraordinary contents, as to which the Irish bishop said that the book was full of improbable lies, and that for his part he scarcely believed a word of it. Shortly after its appearance, a Jonathan Gulliver, combining the Dean's name and his hero's, turned up as a member of the New England Parliament; and a Lemuel Gulliver in the flesh lost his cause in some English assize court "on his ill reputation of being a liar." For the voyage to Laputa, Swift is considered to have taken hints from "The Man in the Moon," by Domingo Gonzales, 1638, written by Dr. F. Godwin, Bishop of Llandaff; and the fifth chapter of that voyage was clearly suggested by the twenty-second of Rabelais's fifth book. It has been pointed out, too, that there are in that remarkable little book "Furetiriana" (Lyons: m.dc.xevi.) some spurious missionary's letters from Madagascar and Siam, which, without any manner of doubt, must have been familiar to and used by Swift. Swift's mind ran much upon Japan, not an unnatural consequence of his political duties with Sir W. Temple in William III.'s reign, when the Dutch were the only traders with Dai Nippon. Gulliver had lived long in Holland, pursuing his studies at Leyden, and spoke Dutch well. He was taken by Japanese and Dutch pirates in the Laputan journey, and subsequently gave himself out for a Hollander in Luggnagg, whose king sent ambassadors to Japan; and from Luggnagg—the country of the Struldbrugs—Gulliver actually went to Japan, and thence got home in a Dutch ship.

"There, is, indeed, a perpetual commerce between this kingdom (Luggnagg)"—writes Gulliver—"and the great Empire of Japan, and it is very probable that the Japanese authors may have given some account of the Struldbrugs; but my stay in Japan was so short, and I was so entirely a stranger to the language, that I was not qualified to make any inquiries. But I hope the Dutch, upon this notice, will be curious and able enough to supply my defects."

This is, perhaps, one of the strangest examples of the second-sight of human genius ever traced, and brings us straight back to Shikaiya Wasobiyoë, one of whose imaginary voyages is to the Land of Perennial Life, where there were neither deaths nor births. "One death might, indeed, occur once in every thousand or couple of thousand years, and would be compensated by one birth; but this was only a rare exception among the myriads of inhabitants. But some few volumes of the Buddhist Scriptures, brought to this Land in ancient times from India and China, described heaven in such glowing terms that these immortals were filled with quite a desperate admiration for death and a distaste for their own never-ending existence. Those who occasionally died were the envy of the nation, and numbers retired into the mountains and remote valleys to study the art of Death, as though it were an art magical, and there they starved and poisoned themselves all to no purpose. If a visitor said of a child, "The little thing does not look as if it would live long," he gave the parents the greatest pleasure, and they would reply, "Ah, if only what you say may come true!" Wasobiyoë, who at first laughs this mania to scorn, at last finds that the prospect of never-ending life year after year and century after century begins to pall on him, and, after a stay of three hundred years or so, becomes slowly converted to the native notions on the subject of death.

Now let us listen to Swift:

"In this Island of Luggnagg the appetite for living was not so eager, from the continual example of the Struldbrugs before their eyes. . . These commonly acted like mortals till about thirty years old; after which, by degrees, they grew melancholy and dejected, increasing in both till they came to fourscore, when they had not only all the follies and infirmities of other old men, but many more, which arose from the dreadful prospect of never dying. . . . From what I had heard and seen, my keen appetite for perpetuity of life was much abated. I grew heartily ashamed of the pleasing visions I had formed, and thought no tyrant could invent a death into which I would not run with pleasure from such a life."

In this spirit Wasobiyoë attempts his own life several times without the least success, and finally mounts one of the riding-storks of the country, and, at the rate of a thousand leagues a day, flies all over the world and the universe, and at length arrives at the Land of Giants. Gulliver, it will be recollected, is rapt from Brobdingnag in his box-house by a gigantic eagle—the rukh of the East—which travelled a hundred leagues in two hours. On alighting in Giant-land the Japanese Gulliver espies a broad road running through a large bamboo thicket, which soon turns out to be merely a footpath through a cornfield, where every stalk was as tall as one of the largest Japanese bamboos. The English Gulliver says:

"That which at first surprised me was the length of the grass, which, in those grounds that seemed to be kept for hay, was about twenty feet high. I fell into a high road, for so I took it to be, though it served to the inhabitants only as a footpath through a field of barley; the corn rising at least forty feet."

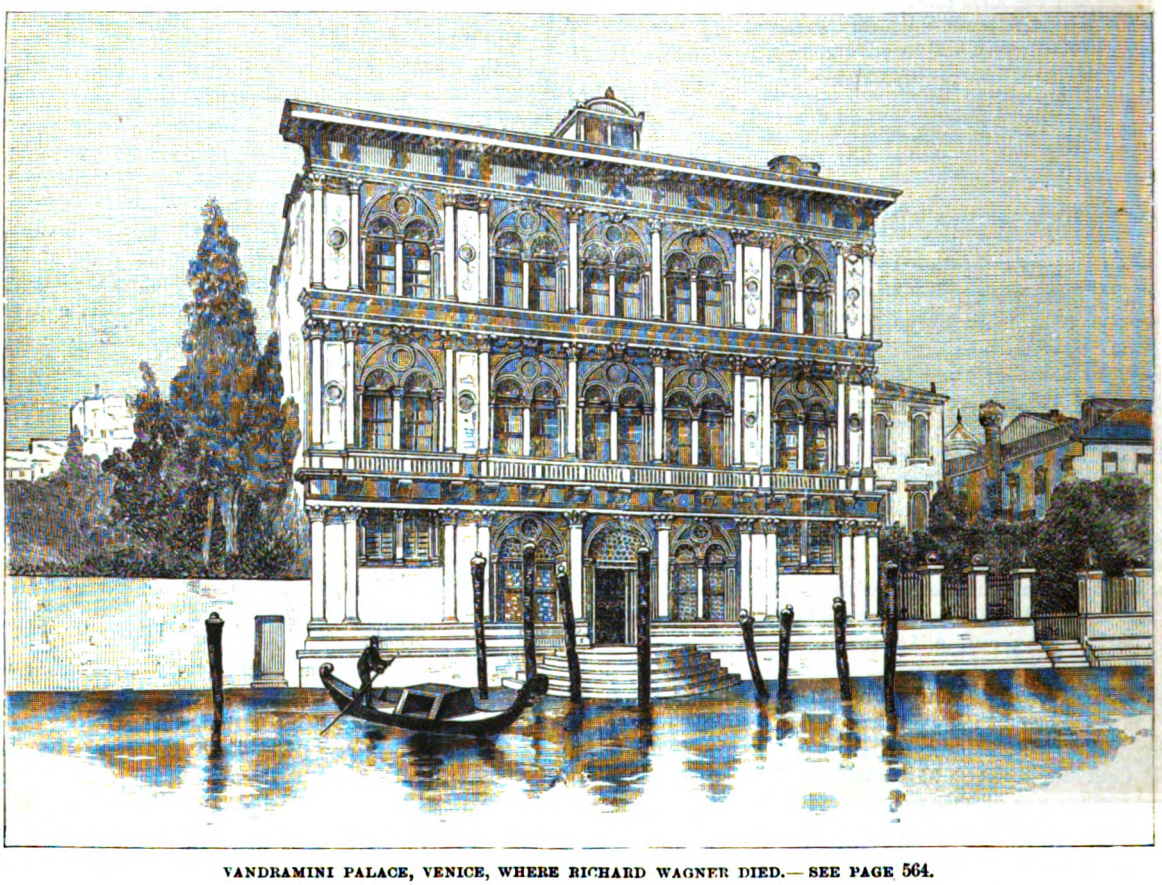
In Giantland

"Even the most ordinary little trees would be, some 150, some 190 feet, in circumference, and the dandelions and horse-tails by the roadside were nearly the height of a native of Japan. . . . The gutters under the eaves of the houses were deeper than the River Yodo, while were there dust-heaps the height of Mount Higashi. . . . After a while, there came out of the houses a crowd of people, none of them, whether men or women, less than 50 or 60 feet high, while some of the tallest men reached the height of 70 feet, and even the young urchins of nine or ten were at least 20 or 30 feet.

. . . The crowd gathered round and viewed Wasobiyoë with wonder and amaze. 'What an extraordinarily tiny creature!' they cried, as they picked him up between finger and thumb, and made him stand upon their hands. 'Where do you come from? Are you a human being, or an elf?" To which Wasobiyoë, stretching his legs wide apart, as he stood on the palm of one of them, and, bawling at the top of his voice, made answer."

"At length," wrote Swift, "he ventured to take me behind by the middle between his forefinger and thumb, and brought me within three yards of his eyes, that he might behold my shape more perfectly. . . . I answered as loud as I could in several languages, and he often laid his ear within two yards of me; but all in vain." The King took Gulliver at first sight to be a splacnuck, "an animal in that country very finely shaped, about six feet long." The farmer who finds him takes out his handkerchief, doubles and spreads it on his left hand, "which he placed flat on the ground. I laid myself at full length upon the handkerchief, with the remainder of which he lapped me up, and in this manner carried me home." A sixty-five foot man, a *savant*, picks up Wasobiyoë, "and putting him in his left hand, and covering him up carefully with his right, as a child does who has caught a firefly, carried him off to his house." When Gulliver is exhibited he draws out his hanger and flourishes with it after the manner of fencers in England; and his nurse gives him part of a straw, which he exercises as a pike, having learnt the art in his youth. "If you despise me for my small stature," says the Japanese traveler to the giants, "I will show you what feats can be performed by a fighting man brought up in the school of Yoshitsune!"

This very strange and attractive Japanese work of imagination is perhaps the most interesting of the modern productions of Japan from a literary point of view, and we are indebted for our first knowledge of it to Mr. Basil Hall Chamberlain, who, although he missed the Struldbrug coincidences, has given an admirable version of part of it in Vol. VII. of the "Transactions" of the very praisworthy Asiatic Society of Japan. That it is well known may be concluded from the fact that the modern novelist, Bakin, "the Inimitable," of Japan, has produced a somewhat similar book, in which he mimicked the title, calling his "Musobiyoë." As may be divined from the extracts here given, the book is satire—and without Swift's savagery—from beginning to end; and the philosophical reflections, for which there is little space here, are novel and striking, nay, mark the genius of a true master; for they are human and world-wide, and anything but Buddhist, or Confucian, or purely Japanese. Whoever the author was—and surely he could be run down—he had a fine invention and a practiced pen.



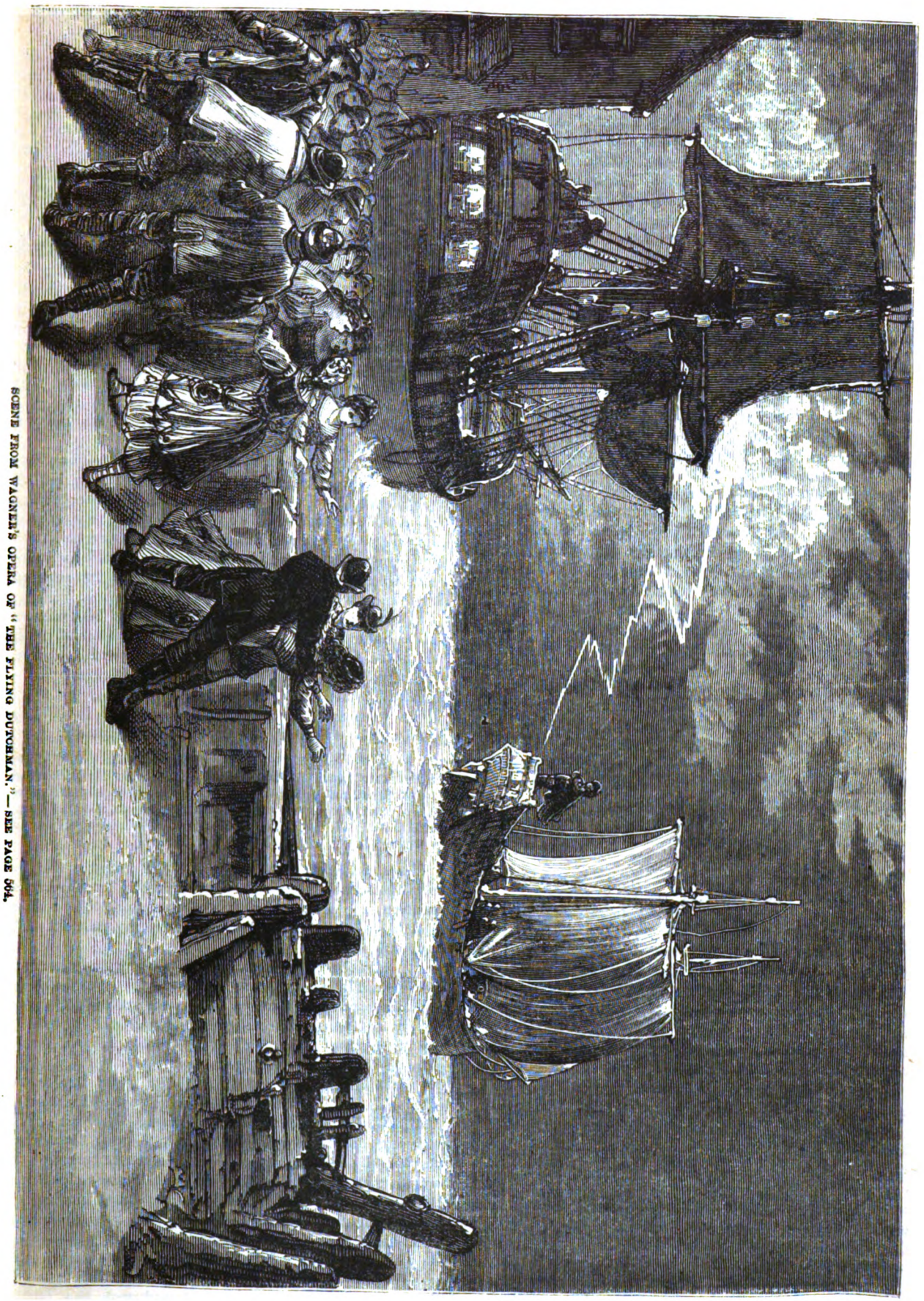
VANDRAMINI PALACE, VENICE, WHERE RICHARD WAGNER DIED.—SEE PAGE 564.

Gulliver's political and philosophical discussions with the King of Brobdingnag are familiar to most of us. They were received with good-humored disregard; and, finding this so, Gulliver

"one day took the freedom to tell His Majesty that the contempt he discovered toward Europe and the rest of the world did not seem answerable to those excellent qualities of mind that he was master of; that reason did not extend itself with the bulk of the body—on the contrary, we observed in our country that the tallest persons were usually the least provided with."

In an identical frame of mind, Wasobiyoë fell a-thinking to himself.

"It would seem as if this foolish country were superior to the rest in nothing but size, tenanted as it is by such empty-headed folk. It is nothing more than a great overgrown asparagus of a



SCENE FROM WAGNER'S OPERA OF "THE FLYING DUTCHMAN."—SEE PAGE 564.

country! Diminutive as I am, why should I not, with my knowledge of the doctrine of the sages, aspire to the glory of becoming a guide to this nation?"

So he undertakes a course of lectures; but, for all his explanations, they would only talk of him as people do of a pet bird, smiling and saying to each other, "What a queer little creature it is! It performs better than a lapdog, and is more amusing than a parrot, saying such a lot of sentences without being taught them. Mind you take care of it, and don't kill it by overfeeding." His master, the scholar, at last sits upon him quietly, prefacing his very freethinking remarks by saying: "It is not generally discreet or wise to tell little creatures like you the whole truth; yet, as you seem likely to understand me, I will tell you all about it. Listen to me attentively." Gulliver's king, taking him into his hands, and stroking him gently, also shut him up; delivering himself in these words, "My little friend Grildrig," and so forth.

Wasobiyoë's travels also include the Lands of Endless Plenty, of Shams, of Antiquarians and of Paradoxes. We could wish that some scholar would translate and publish the whole work, with notes, giving some account of its author and his labors, and tracking out—there must be native *literati* who could do so—any translation of "Gulliver's Travels" which may have been made into Japanese through the Dutch before its appearance. It is just faintly possible—though we by no means support the theory—that we are in presence of an imitation, but an imitation so independent as to justify once more the paradoxical definition of originality as a transcendent power of assimilation. In that case, "Wasobiyoë" is, in more senses than one, the very antipodes of the impossible stuff in the unreadable performance of the Abbé Desfontaines. Perhaps the author knew Dutch himself; at all events, he makes his hero, who was a native of Nagasaki, and carried on a brisk trade in foreign merchandise, familiar with both Dutch and Chinese. To meet this case, the complete translation for which we are asking should be accompanied by a bibliography of the Dutch editions of "Gulliver's Travels" before, say 1772, which could no doubt be supplied by some learned Leyden doctor.

GRAYFRIARS CHURCHYARD AND ITS STRANGE TENANT.

By Mary Titcomb.

Old Grayfriars Churchyard, so identified with the history of the Scottish martyrs of the seventeenth century, is one of the notable sights of Edinburgh. The *route* thither from Princes Street—where cluster the principal hotels—is so full of places of interest, that, although we started at an early hour, the bright August morning had changed to a smoky afternoon, when we turned from the south end of George IV. Bridge and entered the sombre churchyard. We had taken but a few steps within, when a respectable-looking Scotchman appeared with a huge key in his hand. Supposing him to be the warden of the church, we asked if he would show it to us. He was only the warden of the churchyard, he said; the church was not open except during services. But he courteously told us about the old and the new Grayfriars Churches; how the one was built in 1612, nearly destroyed by fire within the last half-century and restored; how the other was built in 1722, to give more room for worshipers; and that now both formed, as it were, one building.

Walking slowly onward while talking, he asked if we would like to see the old prison of the Covenanters; and then we knew why he carried the ponderous key. This old churchyard, we learned from our guide, was originally the garden of a Franciscan convent, founded about 1436. The convent was burned in 1547, and not being restored, some twenty years later the garden was appropriated by the magistrates of Edinburgh as a burying-ground. Within this inclosure, in 1679, several hundred Covenanters, who had been taken prisoners at the battle of Bothwell Bridge, were confined for five months, without shelter from the weather and supplied only with meagre food.

Having reached the southwest corner of the churchyard, the warden applied his key to a broad, high iron gate, and we entered the walled, but roofless, prison, which witnessed so much misery a little more than two hundred years ago. The old city walls formed the barricade on one side, and ancient tombstones, with almost illegible inscriptions, were planted everywhere in confusing irregularity. Our guide here took a book from his pocket, and, opening to a paragraph, said:

"That will tell you better than I can about the poor prisoners."

It seems such was the rigor with which they were watched, that if one rose from the ground during the night, he was shot at by the guard. Those who survived the merciless treatment of their captors were finally shipped to Barbadoes, but the vessel was wrecked near the Orkney Islands, and, as the captain would not allow them to attempt to reach shore, only a few escaped drowning.

"You will be wanting to see the Martyrs' Monument," said the warden, as he locked behind us the rusty gate. "It is on the other side of the churchyard." Thither we turned, noting on the way many quaint memorials of the dead.

The monument, which was one erected in 1771, in place of the original slab, bore this inscription:

"From May 27th, 1661, that the most noble Marquis of Argyll was beheaded, to the 17th of February, 1688, that Mr. James Renwick suffered, were one way or other murdered about eighteen thousand, of whom were executed at Edinburgh, about one hundred of noblemen, gentlemen, ministers and others, noble martyrs for Jesus Christ. Most of them lie here."

While walking up the long, pebbled pathway that led from the burial-place of these victims of a barbarous persecution to the exit of the churchyard, the warden pointed out a scarcely discernible mound, unmarked by any stone, saying:

"That's the grave of poor Bobby's master—the *dog* is buried just by the gate; *he* died about five years ago."

There was manifestly a story connected with poor Bobby, and our sociable guide needed only a word of encouragement to give all details with an interest that showed his personal feeling.

It was about the year 1859, that a poor man named Gray, who had lived in some obscure part of Edinburgh, died, and was buried in old Grayfriars Churchyard. The morning after the funeral, James Brown, the former curator of the churchyard, found a Scotch terrier lying on the new-made mound. He remembered the dog as having belonged to the dead man, and had noticed his presence during the burial services. But dogs were not allowed in the churchyard, and accordingly Bobby—as he was called—was driven out. The next morning he was there again, and again sent away. But when, on the third morning, which was cold and wet, the faithful animal was found shivering on the grave, old James was

touched with pity, and gave him some food. The terrier seemed to regard this kindly recognition of his devotion as a license to make the churchyard his home, and from that time he never spent a night away from his master's grave. Attempts were often made to keep him within doors in bad weather, but by dismal howls he intimated that he was unhappy, and soon was allowed his own way. No matter how rough the night, nothing could induce him to forsake the spot where his master lay.

Bobby's constant presence in the graveyard attracted much attention, and many inquiries were made about him, and many efforts made to get possession of him; but no coaxing could keep him long away from his chosen home. He won many friends, however, and for several years was regularly fed at a restaurant in Grayfriars Place. No sooner did the dog hear the sound of the castle time-gun at noon than he punctually went for his dinner. From this circumstance the keeper of the restaurant was summoned, after a while, to pay a tax on the terrier. This he expressed himself most willing to do if he could claim the dog; but so long as Bobby refused to attach himself to any one no one could be held responsible for the tax, which the old curator himself would gladly have paid rather than have the faithful creature forcibly ejected from the spot to which he was so devotedly attached. The circumstances were so peculiar that the tax-gatherers concluded that Grayfriars Bobby was exempt from tax.

"Step inside," said the warden, as we neared the gate, "and I will show you Bobby's photograph. He was old and feeble when he died, about five years ago, and I buried him myself."

We purchased the photograph, and left in the warden's hand a substantial recognition of the hour he had spent in entertaining us.

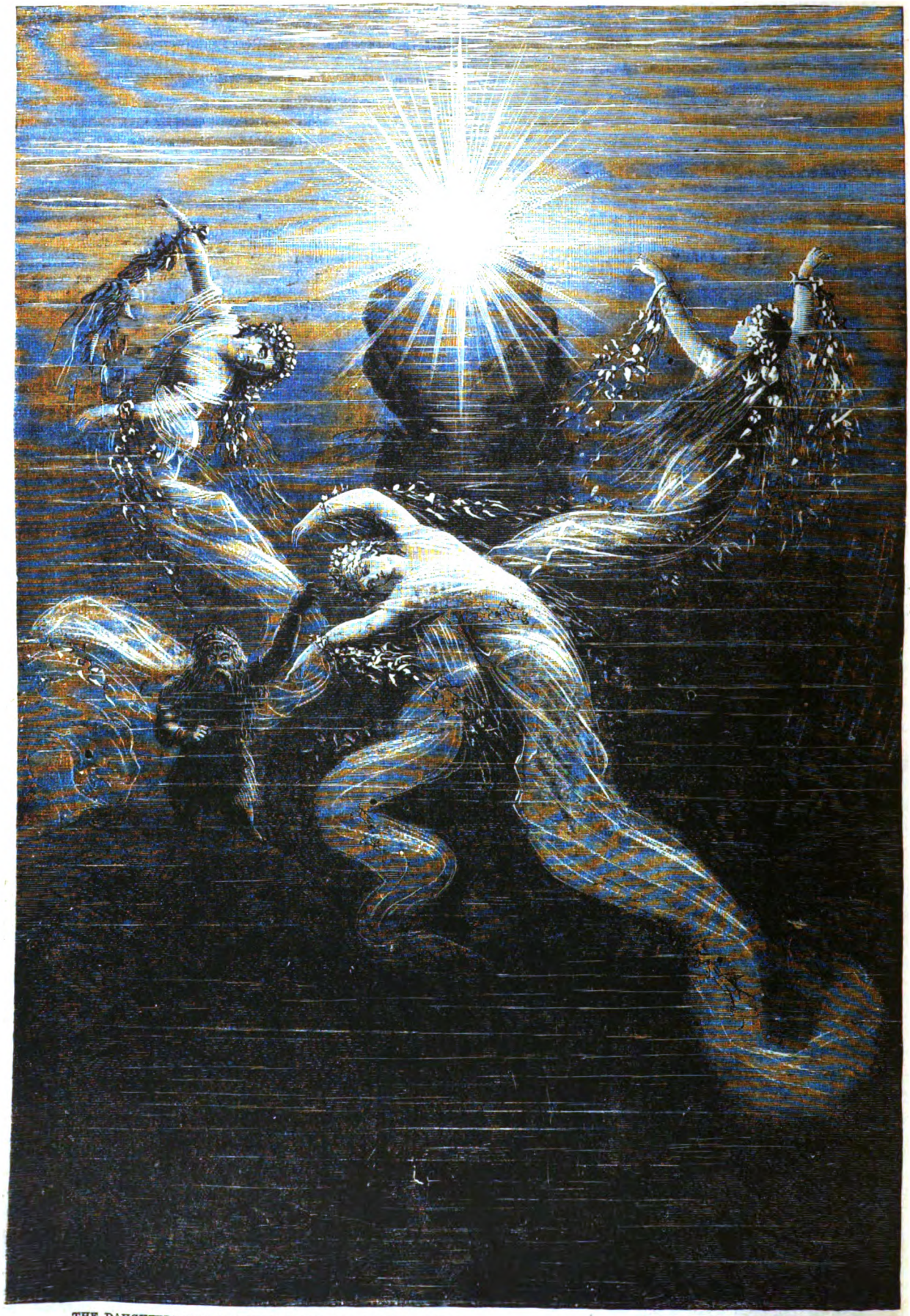
"Just outside," he said, giving us a farewell salute, "you will see the monument that was erected to Bobby's memory by the Baroness Burdett-Coutts."

There it was, a few steps from the gate, a stone fountain, with the clear water running freely within reach of a child's hand, and above, as if still keeping guard near the churchyard, where reposed his master's dust, a life-size figure of Grayfriar's Bobby.

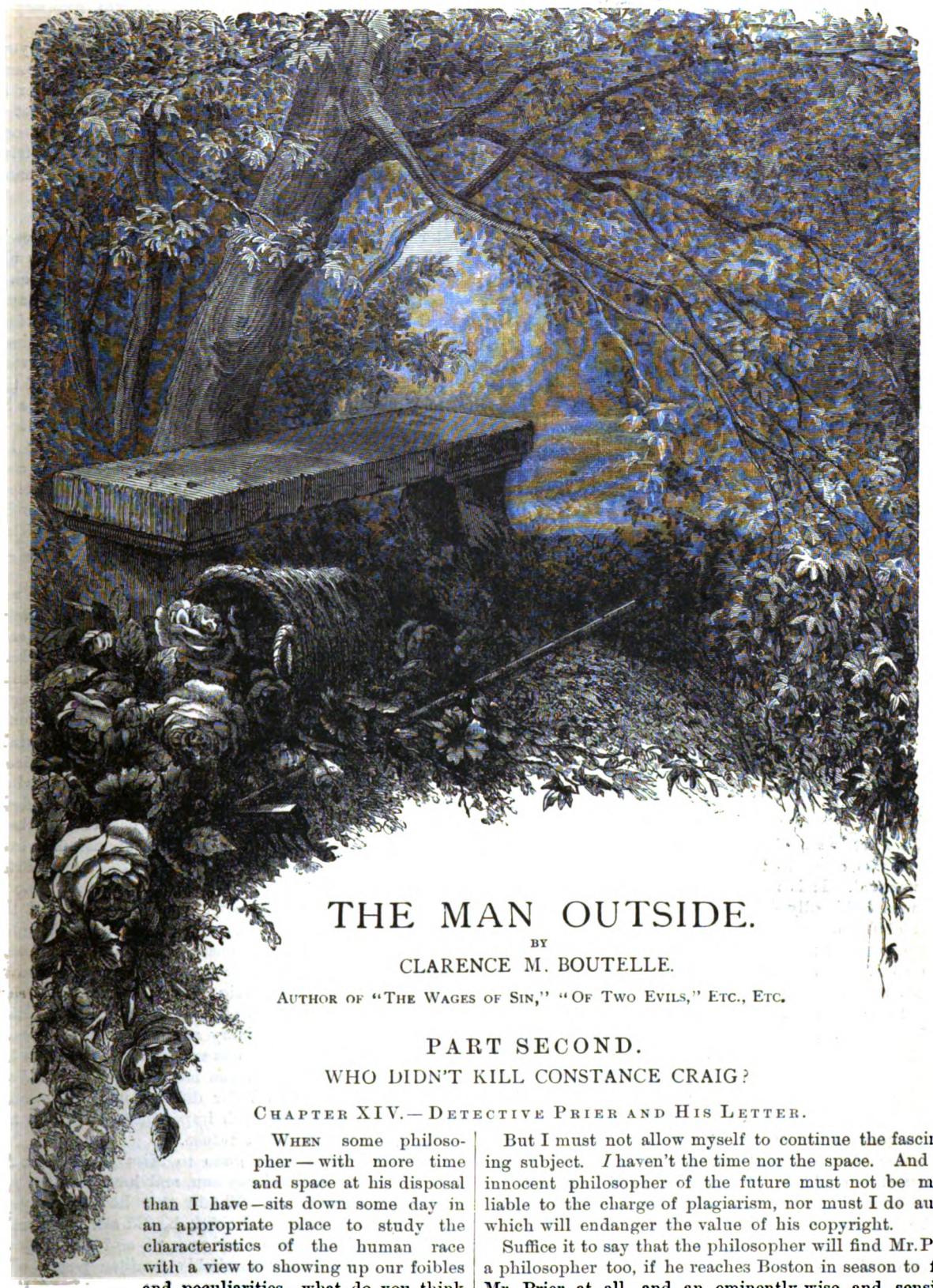
THE MOHURRUM AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

"I WENT yesterday," says an American tourist, "to see one of the most ghastly ceremonials it has ever been my lot to witness. If any one had described it to me, I should have taken the liberty of doubting his word to a pretty considerable extent. I could not have believed that so barbarous a custom would have been tolerated in this nineteenth century of ours. What I saw was the Persian festival, which is held once a year, in two or three places in the world, to celebrate the anniversary of the murder of Hassan and Hussein, the sons of Ali. My friend and I, with two *hamals* in attendance, went over about half-past six in the evening to a square in Stamboul, and arrived just in time for the commencement of the orgies. They began with a procession of children, dressed in black gowns, singing hymns in praise of Hassan and Hussein to the sound of weird music. The square was guarded all round by Turkish soldiers, who kept a clear space in the centre; the crowd stood behind, and the windows of the square were filled with spectators. The place was all draped in black, thousands of lanterns were hung about, and burning brasiers were stationed at intervals of a few yards. In about ten minutes after our arrival a fearful din of tom-toms arose, and a number of men entered the square, those in the foremost rank carrying brasiers, while those in the centre supported a large canopy, formed of Persian flags and ensigns. Two white horses were next led in. These carried *howdahs* with a child tied on each, to represent the two brothers. Then came other horses, decked out with embroidery stained with blood, and dead bodies lying across their backs. A procession of priests and people then entered, chanting songs of mourning, and these were followed by men, with their bodies bare to their waists, beating themselves with great chains, which they swung over their heads, first on their backs and then on their chests, sobbing and singing the while, the clang of the chains as they all swung together against the flesh being something horrible to hear. Then came the awful part of the whole thing, which made one shudder, and turns my blood cold as I write it. About a hundred men entered the square with their heads shaved, and dressed entirely in white; these formed a huge circle arm-in-arm, all with their faces to the centre of the ring, those on one side shouting 'Hassan!' those on the other 'Hussein!' They gradually worked themselves up into a screaming frenzy, and then, brandishing the huge sabres they carried, they commenced hacking at their bodies and heads till the blood poured down them, and pieces of flesh came off the poor wretches, who, as they became more excited, inflicted ghastly scalp wounds on each other. I never saw such an awful sight, and never wish to again. They went twice round the square, shouting, screaming, and brandishing their sabres, after which such of them as were still able to walk retired from the scene, and the men with chains took their places, with their chests and backs black and bleeding. These marched twice round the square, followed by children singing and chanting. A few prayers were now offered up by the priests, more shouts of 'Hassan!' and 'Hussein!' and then there was a pause, and the people looked as if they were about to disperse. Sickened and horrified by the scene we had witnessed, my friend and I quitted our window-seat, and began a rapid walk to our hotel; but suddenly there were loud shouts from the people, and we saw the entire throng returning. We were the unwilling spectators of a renewal of this fearful carnage, which was only terminated by the death of many of the actors in it, while those who yet lived sank exhausted to the ground, their features in many instances undistinguishable, their white dresses soaked with blood, and yet even in their dying agonies sustained by a mysterious fanaticism which teaches them that through these self-inflicted tortures they go straight to heaven. This account may seem to you exaggerated, but I can assure you it is impossible to convey to you in writing the ghastly realities of the scene I have just described."

THE COMMONEST NAMES.—The most prevalent surnames in Scotland are Smith—the name of one person in every sixty-nine; MacDonald, one in seventy-eight; Brown, one in eighty-nine; Robertson, one in ninety-one; Campbell, one in ninety-two; Thomson, one in ninety-five; and Stewart, one in ninety-eight. One person in every twelve in Scotland will answer to one or other of these seven names. The Smiths in England and Wales are calculated to be about one in every seventy-three of the population. If we take the three common names of Smith, Jones, and Williams, one person in every twenty-eight will answer to one or other of them.



THE DAUGHTERS OF THE RHINE AND THEIR GOLDEN TREASURE.—SCENE FROM "THE RHEINGOLD," THE PROLOGUE TO WAGNER'S OPERA OF "THE RING OF THE NIBELUNGEN."—SEE PAGE 564.



THE MAN OUTSIDE.

BY

CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

AUTHOR OF "THE WAGES OF SIN," "OF TWO EVILS," ETC., ETC.

PART SECOND.

WHO DIDN'T KILL CONSTANCE CRAIG?

CHAPTER XIV.—DETECTIVE PRIER AND HIS LETTER.

WHEN some philosopher—with more time and space at his disposal than I have—sits down some day in an appropriate place to study the characteristics of the human race with a view to showing up our foibles and peculiarities—what do you think he will select as an appropriate place for his work of observation? Where do you think he will go?

To Church? To Congress? To Wall Street? To Sing Sing? To the Skating Rink?

I don't think he will.

I think he will take up his position in some convenient post-office. I think that he will observe——

But I must not allow myself to continue the fascinating subject. *I* haven't the time nor the space. And the innocent philosopher of the future must not be made liable to the charge of plagiarism, nor must I do aught which will endanger the value of his copyright.

Suffice it to say that the philosopher will find Mr. Prier a philosopher too, if he reaches Boston in season to find Mr. Prier at all, and an eminently wise and sensible philosopher too—a statement which I regret to say cannot be truthfully made of all philosophers. Observing Mr. Prier, he will see that when he gets a letter he opens it and reads it—instead of carrying it home unopened; he will see him look within to find out where it came from—instead of wasting some minutes of his short life in studying an illegible postmark; he will notice that

he looks at the signature to see who wrote it, instead of spending his nervous force on a critical analysis of the characteristics of the address; he will not fail to note the fact that Prier *reads* to find out what his correspondent has to say, instead of squandering breath in wondering "What on earth can he have written about?" Should the pleased philosopher find Prier so different from the average person that he follows him home to study him more at his leisure, he will find that he *keeps his letters* instead of destroying them. So much for Prier and the possible philosopher.

Now for the story—and for facts.

Prier went home to Boston the day after Senn's acquittal. Prier wanted to think. Envious outsiders say that the Bostonians claim that their very atmosphere stimulates thought. Perhaps it does. At any rate, Prier went home *to think!*

He had an idea that he had something to think about. His mail next morning gave him something more about which to exercise his thought!

A letter?

Yes, a letter that he opened and read—and then took home to read again.

A letter that set him half wild with a hopeless study over a postmark which was, if possible, less clear than usual—the study being caused by the fact that the letter had neither date nor heading.

A letter which almost maddened him as he tried to decide what manner of individual had written it—for it had no signature.

A letter which he read and re-read.

Let us read it as well:

"DEER SUB: i want you to ask 4 questions which were sugested to me by the trial at boomville. Pleese ask some good preecher if he ever knew a man to help another out of a awful scrape because he was himself a wicked Sinner with Remorse. ask mister aldrich where he spent the sunday before the Murder. ask miss web how long she was away from Home. ask the man you see in your mirror whether he ever saw a Grate Detective who was a Grate Fool."

I have already stated enough to make it evident that Mr. Prier was compelled to treat this letter in a manner quite unusual. It is needless to remind the reader that many men habitually destroy their letters. Still other men—and not a few—would destroy letters which were uncomplimentary; and they would be particularly swift to do so if the allusions were aimed at those things in which they felt they ought to have won compliments; picture to yourself the state of mind of the lawyer whose legal lore is called in question—the physician whose skill in medicine is doubted—the clergyman whose devoted goodness is held up to scorn. Prier's letter was cruel, but Prier was wise. From duns to comic valentines, letters, like fruit, are best when preserved. If one man thinks another a "Grate Fool," the second man goes far toward establishing the truth of the statement if he destroys the evidence of the first man's opinion. I take pleasure in saying that Mr. Prier kept that letter.

If he hadn't—if——

But he did.

After which——

Prier went back to Boomville again—intent on taking a look at the friends he had there, and other individuals—intent on taking a little trip down to Blankford, with possibly a ride into the country for three or four miles from there—intent on asking a few persons a few questions. It may be that Prier found the conditions unfavorable—"the environment inauspicious"—in highly cultured Boston, and had determined to go back to the smaller, duller, quieter and more humdrum little city in Maine—*to think!*

What kind of a man was Prier? I want to assure you, once for all, that he was a remarkably good and honest man, a foe of wickedness, a hater of shams, a worker in earnest for right and justice. But he believed that it was sometimes expedient to use fire in fighting a certain individual—or any of his adherents—and he tried to make his efforts in that direction natural and unassuming.

So he took a pleasure trip to Boomville.

That is, he tooks pains to assure his acquaintances in Boomville that it was a pleasure trip. He felt, undoubtedly, that there might be some wonder at such a course on his part, for early Winter was not the usual harvest time for those Boomvillians who took boarders for a living. But to those who inquired he explained very fully; he was worn out with business; his nervous system had been severely shocked by the results of the trial; he must have rest and quiet, and a place where he could have fresh air—plain food—and opportunity to—to—(he always finished by expressively touching his forehead)—so I presume "*to think*" is the proper conclusion. The somewhat prevalent idea that detectives do nothing but hunt desperate criminals, revolver-in-hand, much as they would hunt wild animals, is either incorrect or else Mr. Prier was an exception to the usual sort of men in that profession.

Mr. Prier did not tell the gentlemen by whom he was employed in Boston that he was going on a pleasure trip, however, nor did he ask for a vacation; he simply said two words to them in the office—"Boomville," which meant his post-office address, and "Business," which meant *business.* As he continued to draw his salary regularly, and as he didn't hesitate to render his expense account quite frequently, there is good reason for thinking that he told the truth in Boston, but used "fire" against the unpleasant individual afore-mentioned, when once in Boomville. The Detective Agency was satisfied; Prier was one of their best men; he had earned them much more money than his salary and expenses had ever amounted to; the men at its head *sent* other men—Prier usually simply *went;* if the men in control took time to think of the probable character of Prier's work and the possible results which might come from it, their thoughts went out to a certain ten thousand dollars reward which had been privately offered for the conviction of the murderer of Mrs. Constance Craig; they would recall Prier, of course, if other business elsewhere required the attention of more than an ordinary man; as I have already said, the Detective Agency was satisfied; we ought to be.

Dear reader, what would *you* have done if you had received such a letter as Prier did? Some men would have refused to act on such impertinent advice at all. Would you? Prier didn't refuse.

Some men would have gone to Miss Webb, Mr. Aldrich and the nearest clergyman, and have bluntly put the questions suggested. Would that have been your plan? It wasn't Prier's. I think he did ask the gentleman in his mirror some very prompt and direct questions, but he was on remarkably familiar terms with *him.* As for the rest, he took the work in hand with leisure care. Poor Prier! How he chafed and fretted under the enforced slowness of his work! And yet—Constance Craig had been in her grave for ten years; it was time for him to have learned patience.

Prier's first hard work after he had established himself in the hotel at Boomville had been the making of his presence there seem natural; that took time; he

devoted some weeks to it; he called here, conversed there, attended church regularly, developed a deep interest in social affairs, kept the early hours which his character as a wornout man in search of rest made fitting, and was, in short, as "mild a mannered man" as had ever agreed to incur his own blame if he failed to hang somebody.

The second hard job which the detective undertook was the study of his letter. He wished to know more than appeared on the surface; he wished to "read between the lines"; he desired to penetrate the writer's motive, to ascertain what the writer knew or suspected, and to find out who had written and sent the letter. He resolved to make an analysis of the letter, a careful and critical study of it. So, one morning, he sat down in his well-warmed room at the hotel, drew paper and pen and ink across the table to him, and wrote as follows:

"ANALYSIS OF A CERTAIN LETTER, RECEIVED AT BOSTON, MASS., NOVEMBER 26TH, 1870. (SATURDAY.)

"*I. Copy of the letter:*

"DEER SUR: i want you to ask 4 questions which were suggested to me by the trial at boomville. Pleese ask some good preecher if he ever knew a man to help another out of a awful scrape because he was himself a wicked Sinner with Remorse. ask mister aldrich where he spent the sunday before the Murder. ask miss web how long she was away from Home. ask the man you see in'your mirror whether he ever saw a Great Detective who was a Grate Fool.'

"*II. When was the letter written?* (No date; postmark illegible.)

"The trial of Gilbert Senn for the murder of Constance Craig took place on Thursday, November 24th. I reached Boston on Friday. I received the letter on Saturday morning.

"1. The letter was not written earlier than Thursday evening.

"2. It was not written later than Saturday morning.

"3. If it was written Thursday evening, it was written in Boomville.

"4. If it was written Saturday morning, it was written in Boston.

"5. The exact *time* depends upon the *place*.

"*III. Where was the letter written?* (Postmark illegible.)

"1. It was written where the result of the trial was known.

"2. The telegraph carried the news everywhere. But——

"3. It was written by some one who knew the details of the evidence.

"4. There is no daily paper published in Boomville.

"5. The details of the trial were known, outside of Boomville, only through information carried by some one from Boomville.

"6. The letter was *probably* written *in Boomville*.

"7. It was *probably* written Friday morning.

"*IV. Who wrote the letter?*

"1. It has no signature.

"2. The handwriting is probably disguised.

"3. There is no certainty as to the sex of the writer.

"4. The *motive* may help determine the person who wrote the letter.

"*V. Why was the letter written?*

"1. Aldrich saved Senn.

"(*a*) Is he the sinner who is troubled with remorse?

"(*b*) He went down to Blankford on Saturday and came back on Monday; *where did he spend Sunday?*

"2. Miss Webb *got home* Tuesday morning.

"(*a*) It was supposed she went away Monday.

"(*b*) Her evidence nowhere says that she did.

"(*c*) She never told me that she went away on Monday.

"(*d*) *When did she leave home?*

"3. The inference to be drawn is that Miss Webb and Mr. Aldrich can tell more than they have told.

"(*a*) Suppose Miss Webb was absent two nights. And—

"(*b*) Suppose Aldrich cannot account for Sunday.

"(*c*) It may mean Senn's guilt. Or—

"(*d*) It may mean Aldrich's.

"4. I followed the evidence toward Senn's guilt well enough and skilfully enough to deserve much credit.

"(*a*) No person wrote such a letter under the influence of a vague suspicion.

"(*b*) No one wrote the letter with intention that I should pause in doubt between the two.

"(*c*) Therefore, if the letter means anything, it means Aldrich.

"(*d*) And if it is Aldrich who is guilty, I cheerfully agree with the kind friend who has called me a great fool.

"5. Is any particular clergyman meant by the reference to 'some good preecher'?

"(*a*) Where would the man be found who would be most likely to know something of interest—in Boomville, or in Boston? Where the letter was written, or elsewhere?

"*VI. Did an ignorant person or an educated one write the letter?*

"1. The handwriting:

"(*a*) It is probably disguised.

"(*b*) The sex of the writer cannot be determined.

"2. The spelling:

"(*a*) The following words are incorrectly spelled: 'Dear,' 'sir,' 'suggested,' 'please,' 'preacher,' 'Webb,' 'great.'

"(*b*) Of these, there are three in which the error is exactly the same; *ee* for *ea*. A person who had incorrectly written that combination once, *purposely*, would be likely to do so again.

"(*c*) The following words, which are spelled correctly, might give trouble to an actual poor speller: 'Questions,' 'which,' 'some,' 'knew,' 'another,' 'awful,' 'because,' 'wicked,' 'sinner,' 'remorse,' 'Sunday,' 'mirror,' 'whether,' 'detective.'

"3. The use of capital letters:

"(*a*) Capital letters are incorrectly omitted from all places *but one* in which they should have been used. This does not seem a natural result, but rather the fruit of care and effort.

"(*b*) Every instance in which a capital letter is incorrectly used shows it at the *beginning of an important word*. An ignorant person might have commenced *any word* with a capital letter.

"4. The letter is quite well punctuated.

"(*a*) An educated person may punctuate poorly, either intentionally or through carelessness. But—

"(*b*) An ignorant person rarely punctuates well.

"5. The letter is brief, definite, pointed.

"*VII. Conclusion:*

"1. The letter was probably written in Boomville;

"2. On Thursday evening, November 24th, 1870, or early the next morning;

"3. By a well-educated person;

"4. Who desired to appear ignorant;

"5. With the intention of turning my attention and suspicion from Gilbert Senn to Walter Aldrich;

"6. Because the writer hates, or fears, or distrusts, or desires to obtain power over him."

A crude analysis, no doubt, for Prier was liable to be mistaken and illogical, smart and shrewd though he was. But I feel almost certain that had the writer known the sort of treatment the letter would receive at Prier's hands—had Prier's character, his many-sided character, been fully understood—the letter would have been somewhat different. It is a risky experiment to attempt—this using of a man's professional tools and methods by a mere amateur.

A crude analysis, no doubt, but when a man has done his earnest, honest *best*, he is entitled to the feeling of satisfaction which is so natural and usual.

Prier was well satisfied with his morning's work.

He wrote in his diary: "December 30th, 1870. Analyzed letter; a long step toward solution of mystery."

Then he smoked a cigar or two, leisurely and reflectively.

Afterward he walked.

Later he dined.

And after dinner he read the news which appeared in the *Boomville Weekly News-Express*.

Weekly! Prier sat down lazily, pencil-in-hand, and thoughtlessly made it Weakly—in name!

News! It was most of it some days old. The detective had read almost all of it, in substance, in the *Journal*, the *Herald*, and the *Transcript*, papers which were sent him regularly from Boston.

Express! A slow one surely.

Then Prier nodded over the locals, and, finally, went to sleep with one of them half read:

"Mrs. Gilbert Senn, daughter of our late fellow-townsman, Donald Barron Esq., has shown great energy and ability in her management and settlement of the somewhat involved affairs of the estate of her deceased father. The sudden death of the old gentleman, followed by the trial of her husband and the exposure of certain facts in his past history which will render it inadvisable for her to live with him, have seriously undermined her once vigorous health. She has decided upon a somewhat extended trip through Europe, and will go there at once; she sails on Monday next. She will——"

And just here Prier shut his eyes and actually snored. So he didn't read the remainder of the bit of news in the *News-Express:*

"——be accompanied by the young lady who has so long been her nearest and best friend, the popular musician and artist, Miss Lurline Bannottie."

Prier slept a long time. It was quite dark when he awoke. The fire was out. The room was very cold—as was also the detective.

He lighted the gas.

He put fuel in his stove.

"So *my enemy* is going to Europe, is she?" he said to himself, picking up the paper and remembering what he had read; "that may possibly make my work here easier."

He crushed the paper into a shapeless wad. He laid it beneath the kindling wood in his stove. He lighted a match, and touched to it.

Looking up, he caught sight of his reflection in the looking-glass.

He shook his finger solemnly at his counterfeit, while the fire climbed higher and higher over the fuel he had placed for it.

"*Did you ever know a great detective who was a great fool?*" he asked.

CHAPTER XV.

PRIER CONSULTS REV. JOHN KANE.

THERE had been a heavy fall of snow during the night. Mr. Prier was out very early in the morning, earlier than most of the residents of Boomville, much earlier than those who would shovel off the walks and make pedestrianism easier a couple of hours or so later. Mr. Prier pushed his way energetically through the snow. He enjoyed it. The slight physical exercise required, slight to one so full of vigor as he was, stimulated his brain to activity. Out in the open air, pushing his way through the deep-piled drifts, filling his lungs with the rich air—cold, dense, and full of the spicy strength of the pine woods through which it had roared and raved the whole night long—he could think, think, think. And you will not forget that this gentleman had come up from Boston to Boomville on purpose to think; you will remember that Mrs. Constance Craig was his half-sister—that he had loved her—and that for ten years her death had been the one unexplained mystery of all the puzzles and problems to which he had given his time and his energies.

He had made up his mind to call upon Rev. John Kane, and have a conversation with him. He had not yet made up his mind what he meant to say, or what he desired to have the clergyman say; he had not determined just what he hoped to find out—indeed he was not certain that he had any hopes at all in the matter; he did not know why he had selected Rev. John Kane rather than some other of the several spiritual teachers in charge of the several churches in Boomville. He had resolved to see a clergyman, and ask him some questions of a general nature—because the most insulting letter he had ever received had suggested it; he was going to let circumstances determine just what should be said and done, just what sought and found—because he was in the dark, decidedly in the dark, and this was to be an experiment in the direction of light; he was going to see Rev. John Kane—because his impulses led him in that direction—such impulses as had led him to walk up and down in front of Donald Barron's house the night the old man died.

He had reasoned about the matter, of course. How could he help it? Knowing, as he did, that there are times when reason is a delusion and a snare, times when one will find that way best down which blind instinct silently and persistently points, times when air and woods and waters—and the stars in the sky—all seem whispering a hint of a lesson of unreasoning and supernatural directness, a hint of a lesson which can never go beyond a hint while man is hindered and hampered by the possession of an instrumentality so gross as the human body for the execution of his desires and purposes, and so material as a brain for the knowledge of them—knowing all this, he had, nevertheless, reasoned about the matter.

On the one hand was the fact that Rev. John Kane had married Elsie Barron to Gilbert Senn, and that so far as that event was connected—nearly or remotely—with the solution of the problem so near his heart, Rev. John Kane was the man who must be meant by the letter, if any particular Boomville clergyman was meant at all. Rev. John Kane had buried Donald Barron, too, so Mr. Prier had learned. (You will remember that the relations existing between the detective and the daughter of Donald Barron had rendered it inexpedient for the former gentleman to attend the funeral of the latter.) Walter Aldrich was a regular attendant at the church in charge of Rev. John Kane.

And so far, of course, the argument was clearly in favor of an application to Mr. Kane—a request that he would give his opinion on the subject of aid, difficulties, sinners and remorse.

On the other side of the question was the fact that Gilbert Senn had been a regular attendant at another church; the fact that Rev. John Kane had been a resident of Boomville for less than a year; and the fact that the clergyman who had confirmed Elsie Barron in her young girlhood—who had baptized her in her infancy—who had performed the last rites over her mother—who had officiated when Donald Barron had taken upon himself the solemn vows and obligations of matrimony—was lying under the snows and sods, not far from the dead Barrons, and that his lips of wisdom and experience were closed for ever.

John Kane, young and more thoroughly versed in the theories of theology than in the practical experiences of life, had taken the place of the old, gray-haired wise and experienced man who had laid his burden down to go to his reward. John Kane had lived in Boomville less than a year. Why should Prier consult John Kane? Why had the writer of the anonymous letter put it into the mind of the detective to do so, unless, indeed, it was his purpose to still more puzzle and annoy him, and to throw Justice further from the track leading knowledge-ward? What did John Kane know which was worth Prier's time to learn?

And yet—Prier's impulses led him toward Mr. Kane, and he had determined to follow his impulses.

Mr. J. B. Prier would, in the humble opinion of the

"HERMES."—FROM THE PAINTING BY W. B. RICHMOND IN THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

writer, have made an excellent general. His foes would likely have found his fortifications good, and his defense vigorous—if they ever found him other than the aggressive attacking party. In a charge, I can fancy his actions almost sublime; the men he led would never have been led in retreat—and I think they would scarcely have left Prier, to engage in retreat themselves—so that there is no doubt in my mind that he would have made an excellent leader—that a forlorn hope, under his direction, would have ceased to be forlorn, and that the hope would have blossomed under the sun of courage, reddened and ripened under the rain of blood, and have enriched him with the glorious fruition of victory.

That snowy morning, Mr. Prier manifested one of the important qualifications of a soldier and a leader—the virtue of caution. It is undoubtedly true that the *reconnaissance* is a necessity—though it be a disagreeable one to the man who likes action and conflict. And Mr. Prier was about to walk by Rev. John Kane's house, in order to look over the belongings and surroundings of the man he intended to see, hoping to read something of his personality from the appearance of the dwelling in which he lived. Do you know that a man's temperament and character can be read in his front yard as well as in his face—or better? The fence behind which he intrenches himself from the outside world; the gate which he opens when he goes to work, or shuts when he goes in to rest; the door he passes, whether out for his part in the world's battle, or in to the domesticity which is unknown outside the family circle; the scars his feet, slow or hurrying, have left on walk, on piazza, and on threshold; all these speak louder than words—and more truthfully—to one who has the key to the tales they tell. The expression of a window may be a smile—or a sullen glare; a sneer—or an invitation. The windows of a house are not less expressive than the windows of the soul—looking out from the human face—and, unlike the latter, they cannot lie. Did you know all this? Do you understand me? Prier knew and understood.

And Prier was going to take a look at the house in which Kane lived.

Rev. John Kane was an instance of "muscular Christianity." His chest was broad; his muscles were firm; his hand and eyes were steady. He was a man who could row, and shoot, and drive, and who enjoyed exercising his powers. He had a smile on his face, and kind words on his lips, almost always. His calling and his duty had not made him morose and sour. The message he had to give regarding another and a better world had not blinded his eyes to the brightness of this one. Strong, cheerful, happy, he was a grand example in his life—his deeds speaking louder than his words of the goodness of right living. Rev. John Kane was a bachelor; there were those who said it was not the fault of the young ladies of his congregation; I am inclined to think that those who said it were right.

Mr. Prier found Mr. Kane clearing off his walks. He was cutting down the densely packed drifts with a definite mathematical exactness which charmed the detective. He was throwing the snow away with long, vigorous swings of the arms which were good to see. There was no need to give more than a glance at such a man's house and windows, gate and fences; a Man lived there, an open-hearted, loyal, earnest *Man*.

"I wish you'd let me help you," said Prier, heartily.

Mr. Kane laughed.

"I couldn't think of that," he said. "I suppose I am a very selfish fellow, but I enjoy this too well to give up any of it to another."

And Mr. Prier, perhaps carried away by the fresh and breezy joyousness of the other, laughed with him.

"Come in and take breakfast with me," said Mr. Kane, cordially. "My housekeeper has gone away for a week on a visit to her daughter, and I am all alone, and keeping bachelor's hall in very fact. You shall see how well I can cook a steak, how well I can make a cup of coffee, and some of the lightest and whitest bread you ever ate. It will be a great improvement over the hotel, I can assure you."

"I should hope so," said Mr. Prier, opening the gate and walking briskly into the yard; "I should hope so. The hotel is well enough, of course, considering the character of their custom and the wide variety of tastes which they are called upon to serve. I cannot complain of the quality, the quantity, the variety, or the way in which the food is served; but the cooking, good though it is, has a terrible sameness about it; the cook is evidently a person of age and experience—a person who learned his work so thoroughly in his young days as to have forgotten that progress and improvement have a place in every calling in life. His cooking has no individuality, no personality. He does not cook because he loves it, nor yet because he loves those for whom he cooks. No dishes come to me which are delicate compliments to my taste, not one which is an expression of a genuine and honest pride on the part of its inventor. I studied cookery once, before I became a detective, and, of course, I am deeply interested in it. Thank you, Mr. Kane, I will breakfast with you."

It may justly be a question, and a matter for wonder, whether Mr. Prier had forgotten his usual caution that morning, or whether he was showing himself the sort of "talkative detective" which some others had found him.

"You are still studying the case of Constance Craig from a Boomville standpoint, I suppose?" asked the clergyman, suddenly, as they sat down to breakfast.

Mr. Prier was taken by surprise, and almost thrown off his guard. He answered pleasantly, though, and promptly enough to satisfy any one not remarkably acute and observing—perhaps any one not actually suspicious.

"I thought it was understood that I came up here for rest and pleasure," he said.

"It is so understood," replied John Kane, quietly; "but of course you cannot help thinking more or less about this matter."

Prier smiled.

"Certainly not. No more than you could help pondering over sin and its remedy—goodness and the means of increasing it—though you were enjoying a vacation-time of rest and freedom."

"So I thought. But *I* never take any vacations; I never need any; I am so strong and robust and hearty that——"

"You are very fortunate," interrupted Prier; "very fortunate indeed. I should think you would find your duties taxing to even your powers. I cannot help comparing your calling with mine. It is important enough to find where stolen property has gone, and to restore it to its rightful owners; how much more important to find sinners who are lost and bring them back to Him to whom they should belong in every sense of the word. To hunt out crime, and to punish it, is important enough; but who can compare it with the work of convincing crime of its iniquity and humanity of its needs, and pointing out the way of escaping the penalties. My calling is necessary, but a few years will show that my successes and my failures have alike amounted to little;

while you—you build for Eternity, or fail everlastingly." Kane bowed gravely.

"I do my best. Great as is the responsibility, I do not allow it to wreck my pleasant life or crush me with worry. But really, Mr. Prier, have you not mistaken your calling?"

Prier shook his head.

"I think not. It is too late to change now, even if I had. While Constance Craig's death remains a mystery I shall give no work in any other direction than the study of criminals and their ways, and of crime and its conditions. I shall give my work to other cases than that of my half-sister only because I must have the money I earn in studying them in order that I may adequately and successfully (God grant it!) study hers. I shall accept only such cases as seem to give promise of helping me to learn that which will be an aid in that one direction later. But—to answer your question in a way you probably did not expect, I will tell you something I seldom mention: I *did* think of your calling as my possible employment once; I took a very thorough course in theology once, some time before I became a detective, and——"

"Why didn't you make use of your education? Why did you go so fully to the other extreme of work?" asked Mr. Kane, in undisguised astonishment.

"Well, to tell the truth, I was almost too liberal in my views. I didn't believe all that seemed necessary. I had an idea that mankind was better than it is. But did I go to the other extreme of the work of the world?"

"Pardon me," said Mr. Kane; "I did not intend to hurt your feelings. But you certainly undertook a work which was well calculated to impress you with the depravity of man, did you not?"

"Indeed I did—God knows I did," said Prier.

"And have, perhaps, changed your views?"

"Indeed I have—radically."

"I remember what you said to me when Elsie Barron became Gilbert Senn's wife. I did not understand it then, for I little guessed the crime you were so soon to lay at his door."

"No," said the detective; "you little guessed that. One little guesses a detective's purposes until he reveals them. We go, in the most natural manner imaginable, and often on the personal invitation of those with whom it is to our interest to talk, wherever and—usually—whenever we please. We talk much—and tell little. We listen little—and learn much. But what was it I said which so impressed you, though I have myself forgotten it?"

"That you believed in eternal punishment! You meant it, did you not? You believe it, I presume?"

"I meant it. I believe it," said Prier, solemnly.

"And when did you first come to believe it?" queried Kane.

Prier bowed his head upon his hands, leaning heavily with his elbows on the breakfast-table.

"Oh, my God!" he cried, in agony of voice, while the tears ran through his fingers, and he shook with his emotion as an ague-cursed man might have done; "I—I learned that when I looked down upon the dead face of Constance, the sweet face of the sister I had loved so since her earliest babyhood, slain in her youth by the coward hands of secrecy; murdered—*murdered*—MURDERED!"

"Ah," said the clergyman, in a strangely hushed voice.

And then there was silence, silence save as it was broken by the sobs and groans of Prier, for many minutes.

Prier looked up at last. His tears were gone. His eyes looked as though they had never known what tears were, nor would ever know. His lips smiled, actually smiled, but I pity the one who ever has to face that smile when Prier's hand has found the way to Prier's purpose.

"I—I—you needn't tell me again that you are in Boomville for pleasure," said Mr. Kane, quietly, after he had looked Mr. Prier in the face for a half-dozen seconds; "for it wouldn't be true. You are here on business, and——"

"And you needn't tell any one else," answered Prier, pointedly.

"Certainly not," said John Kane, reaching his hand across the table, and grasping that of the detective; "certainly not. By-the-way, where is Gilbert Senn?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know?"

"No. He left town during my absence in Boston, I think, and I have not learned where he went."

"Cannot you find out?"

"I haven't tried."

"Are you not afraid of losing him if you delay?"

"It makes no difference to me where he goes. I am done with him."

"Are you? Of course you are done with him so far as the law goes, but do you intend to let that be the end with a man as guilty as he is? True, the jury acquitted him. True, the lawyer cleared him. True, the judge gave a charge which rendered only one verdict possible. True, under our laws, he cannot again be tried upon this charge. True, he cannot be hanged, but——"

"I'll be blamed if I don't hang some one," interrupted Prier.

Kane smiled.

"I think you will hang no one for this. But I cannot understand how you can let Senn go in peace. I should suppose you would follow him wherever he went, keeping those about him fully informed of his past, guarding innocence and virtue against his wiles and wickedness, making another murder impossible, and——"

"And making his life one long torture! Driving him down when he should be helped and elevated. Making crime a necessity to him. Making his place outside the fields of usefulness and honest labor, outside the circle of trust, outside the pale of faith and hope, in the world—in the flesh—but beyond the power of the Providence of God. Rev. John Kane, I am a detective—you are a clergyman; it is my business to bring crime to justice—yours to temper justice with hope and point the path to mercy. Why are you so much harder on this man than I am?"

"Perhaps I am not, for——"

"I beg your pardon then," said Prior. "Perhaps I did speak hastily."

"My pardon is granted. You undoubtedly spoke justly. I was trying to put myself in your place, to speak as I fancied you must think, to look upon the matter from the standpoint of an average humanity—an unregenerated humanity, if you please."

"Ah! I see. And I beg your pardon again."

"There is nothing to pardon. But let me go back to where I was when you interrupted me. Gilbert Senn has gone?"

"Yes."

"You do not know where?"

"No."

"And yet you are his enemy?"

"No, I am not. I am his friend. Read that. It is a copy of a paper I gave him—not personally, but by mail

—between the time of the verdict and my going to Boston."

The clergyman opened the paper, and read the lines it contained, while the look of amazement deepened and deepened on his face.

I think we are entitled to read the lines also, and I transcribe them here:

"BOOMVILLE, MAINE, *November 24th*, 1870.

"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: I take pleasure in saying that I am well acquainted with Mr. Gilbert Senn, the bearer of this document, and that I believe him to be energetic, able and honest. I have seen him in danger, and I know him to be brave. I have seen him in difficulty, and I know him to be alert and self-reliant. I believe he would be loyal to every trust, silent, discreet and self-sacrificing beyond the needs of ordinary honor.

"I take the greater pleasure in making these statements because of the relations which have recently existed between us, and which might make my present attitude toward him, and my present opinion of him, misunderstood. Very truly and sincerely,

"J. B. PRIER."

"That is astounding," said Mr. Kane, as he handed back the paper.

"I think so," said Mr. Prier.

"Unprecedented."

"I suppose so."

"No one else in all Boomville would have given him such a paper."

"I fear that is true."

"And if he finds work anywhere, he will obtain it on the strength of that document."

"I hope he will."

"But, Mr. Prier, Gilbert Senn is guilty."

"No, Gilbert Senn is innocent. I think he knows something about the horrible fate of Mrs. Craig, something which he has never told, possibly something which he may never tell, but——"

"But you arrested him and brought him to trial for the crime."

"Certainly. But only to try and frighten him into telling the truth. I did not expect him to say he killed Constance Craig; I did expect him to tell who did. Perhaps he doesn't know; for his own sake, I hope he does not; for my own sake, I hope so, too; for while I am sure that he knows much more than he has told, I don't know how much it is—I cannot guess how much it is. *And I am sure others know more than they have told*, and I feel certain that there is no one in all the world from whom it will be more difficult to get information regarding that horrible event than from Gilbert Senn."

"I presume not," said the clergyman.

"Others will volunteer information; others will aid me in every way in their power."

"I should think so," said the clergyman, earnestly, raising his mild eyes to look squarely and calmly into the stormy ones of the detective.

"And so I didn't expect the evidence to prove Senn guilty," continued Prier; "and——"

"And were astonished when it did?"

"But it didn't! Have you never heard that time-honored statement that a chain is no stronger than the weakest link in it? Have you ever examined into the strange characteristics of circumstantial evidence?"

"*Gilbert Senn was guilty*, I have no doubt of that," reiterated the clergyman.

"But the evidence of Aldrich cleared him."

"True; but what is easier than for a man to forget some little circumstance which would leave the evidence against Senn unshaken. Ten years is a long time."

"It is. But I believe Aldrich spoke the truth."

"I believe he meant to. *But did you never know a man to help another out of an awful scrape because he was himself a wicked sinner, and full of remorse?*"

Prier almost gasped. Those were almost the very words of the anonymous letter he had received. He had come to John Kane, and had used his arts freely to make the reverend gentleman unsuspicious of his errand; the talk regarding the murder and the trial had come about gradually and naturally; he had appeared to make Mr. Kane his confidant in regard to his business in Boomville; he had talked freely, and with the greatest apparent frankness; was it possible that all his efforts had been thrown away? Was it possible that the gentleman opposite him had understood him all the time? Was it possible that he, clear-eyed, open, frank, outspoken, had stooped to the use of an anonymous letter?

Prier gasped for breath. Perhaps it was as well he did. Had John Kane written the anonymous letter, or had he not? If the detective had not had to wait a little before he could speak at all, I think he would have asked him.

Prier got his breath and his wits at about the same time. Fortunate Prier! Sometimes we have to regret the ease with which we can speak when astonished, do we not, my friend?

"I—I do not understand you," said Mr. Prier, slowly and deliberately; "please explain yourself."

"I don't think you need any explanation. I suppose you knew all about your half-sister's affairs?"

Prier's face clouded.

"I don't understand the reason for your question," he said, guardedly; "nor do I grant that you had the right to ask it. But you have asked it, and I will answer it. I did not know all about my half-sister's affairs."

"You knew of the circumstances of her marriage?"

"No. I never met the man she married. I only know that she married in January, that he was drowned in June, and——"

"I wonder you did not go to the funeral."

"I could not. I was in San Francisco at the time, and busy in hunting out the details of a very curious crime. I'd like to tell you about it some time, for it was——"

"It was certainly no stranger than the facts clustering about your half-sister's life at that time. I'd like to hear it, though, when we've leisure. But now, I think, we have something more important to consider."

"I agree with you. And now tell me: what do *you* know of Constance Craig?"

"I know very little, and that only incidentally and by hearsay. I presume you knew that her marriage was sudden?"

"I did."

"And that she broke her engagement with another man in order to marry Mr. Craig?"

"No, I did not know that."

"Then I presume you did not know that she had made up the quarrel with the man she had formerly been engaged to marry, and that a year after Craig's death, if she had lived, she would have been a wife again?"

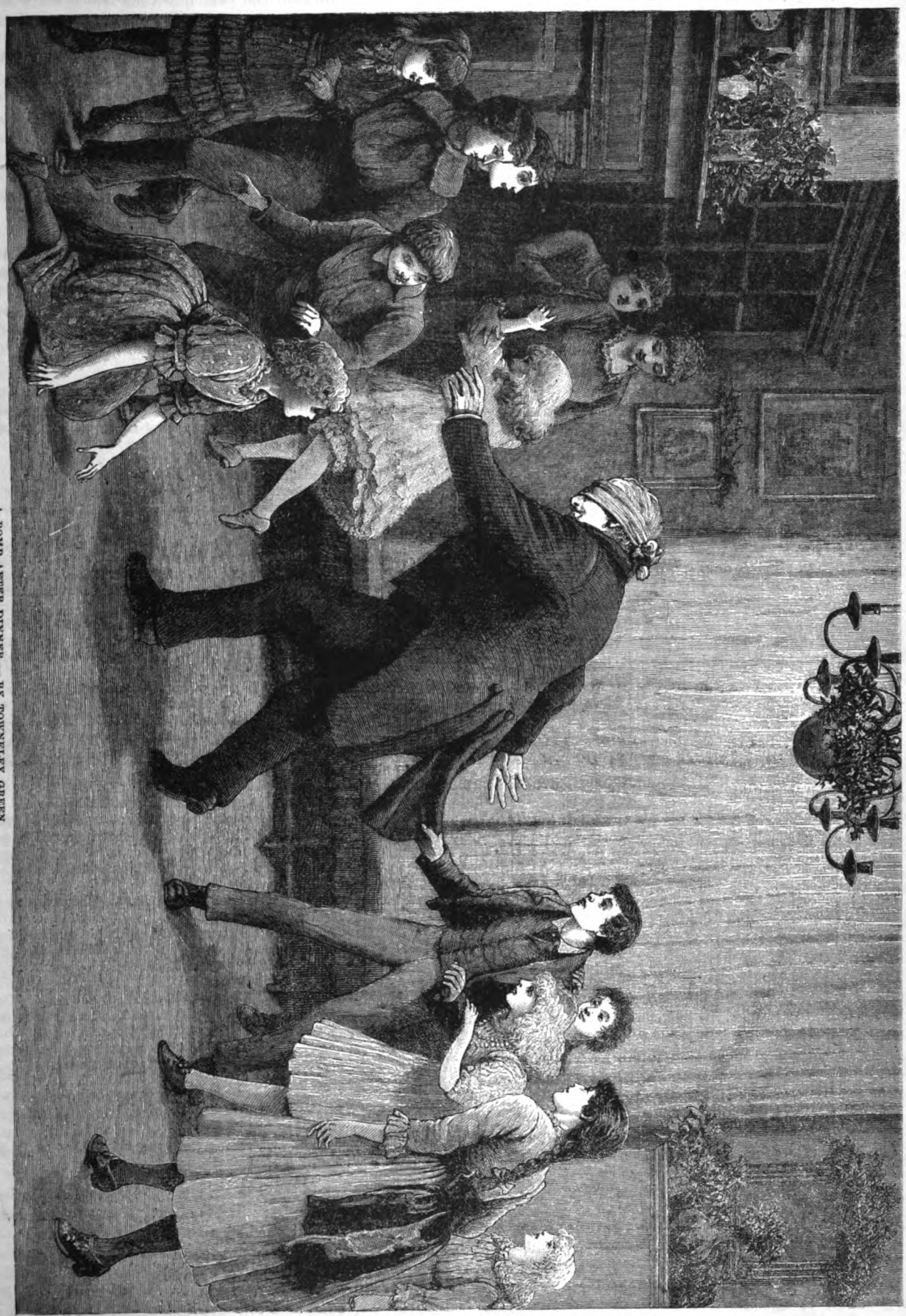
"No, I certainly did not know that. Who was the man?"

"A man who had not forgotten the woman he had loved—in less than a year—and with her still alive, whatever he may have done with his heart and memory in the years which have come since."

"Well, who was he?"

"He was at her funeral. So were you. *Who* was he?"

"I cannot tell. There were many there. The people of the country neighborhood—was it one of them?"



A ROMP AFTER DINNER.—BY TOWNELEY GREEN.

John Kane shook his head.

"The citizens of Blankford—there were many, and I——"

The clergyman shook his head again.

"And—her—legal—adviser——"

"Well, who was he?"

"*Walter Aldrich.*"

"And you've named her lover! Can you see now the responsibility of indirect guilt he must feel? He had quarreled with the lady. It is more than possible that she had quarreled with others in making up with him again. *Ask Mr. Aldrich where he spent the Sunday before the murder——*"

Again the words of the anonymous letter. Again the clear, calm eyes of the bright young clergyman looking level into his own. Prier said nothing. He waited.

"*Ask Miss Webb how long she was away from home——*"

Are there unexplainable coincidences in mental action which no law can cover? Do the same causes bring about the same results in the world of mind as well as in the world of matter? Does the same knowledge express itself in the same words, again and again and again? These were the questions Prier was asking himself—these and the question as to who knew as much or more than Kane—in the eloquent pause the latter made.

"And then," continued Kane, "tell me that Senn is innocent—if you can—*if you dare.* I have no doubt Aldrich believes he is. But I—I have no doubt he is as guilty a man as ever went unhung."

Prier rose. He must go home. He must get away by himself to think.

"I thank you——" he began.

"There was a sudden ring at the door-bell.

"Excuse me a moment," said Mr. Kane; "you remember I must be my own servant. You may find something to interest you in the album yonder. There are few Boomville faces, for I have been here but a short time, but——"

And the rest was lost in the opening and closing of the door.

Prier picked up the album. You have all seen albums much like it. Weak faces—so weak that one wonders whether they are really the pictures of actual sane human beings; strong faces—denoting all the virtues and powers and aspirations which need only opportunity to be generals — statesmen — poets; baby faces; aged faces; the faces of those strong and vigorous still; the faces of those whose shadows lie in the sunshine on earthly hills no longer; the faces of the homely; the faces of the beautiful; the faces of the good; the——

"*The devil!*" said Mr. Prier, suddenly, as he turned over the pages of Mr. Kane's album. I regret having to write it. But he said it. Falling from the lips of one who had studied for the ministry, and who was possibly half regretful that he had found his work in life elsewhere, it could not but sound unpleasant and inconsistent. And inconsistent, too, it seemed, when connected with that which had certainly prompted it—the photograph of a woman—of a very beautiful woman—of a woman with a smile upon her lips—and with a face so finely copied by the sun that it seemed almost ready to speak—*the picture of Lurline Bannottie!*

CHAPTER XVI.

PRIER GETS ANOTHER LETTER.

PRIER bade Mr. Kane "Good-morning," and went to the hotel to think. You have not forgotten that he came to Boomville on purpose to think. For some reason, possibly on the principle that one usually finds that of which he earnestly goes in search, this gentleman was finding plenty of things to think about.

He went to the hotel. He shut himself up in his room. He took a little book from his pocket. He took his pen. He drew his ink toward him.

"One may as well write the results of such an interview as that while his memory is fresh," he said, reflectively, "and change or modify his opinions afterward if the necessity arises."

He bent over his book. He headed a page as follows:

"RESULTS OF MY INTERVIEW WITH REV. JOHN KANE, BEING THE QUESTIONS I ASK MYSELF AND THE ANSWERS I GIVE."

And then, slowly, thoughtfully, laboriously, he wrote his opinions down:

"Did John Kane have any guilty knowledge of the death of Constance Craig? No, I am sure he did not. Did he learn of Aldrich's engagement in any strange and mysterious way? Probably not; it is more than likely, considering the distance from here to Blankford, considering the retired life Constance led, considering the naturally secretive habits of a lawyer, considering everything, that only a limited number knew of his engagement, and that it was never a subject for general gossip and discussion. But I cannot think that it was ever a secret—ever after any one knew of it besides themselves—in the sense in which we usually use the word '*secret*'; I cannot think that his visits to her were concealed and private. And so, I suppose Mr. Kane learned of this engagement in some perfectly natural and legitimate manner.

"Was John Kane the only one, besides the two most interested, who knew of the fact that the lovers had made up their quarrel? I think not. Everything considered, it was, perhaps, marvelous that they had made up their misunderstanding, but I know of no reason why it may not have been known that they had—known to several, possibly to many.

"Has John Kane been perfectly frank and honest with me? I think he has.

"Has John Kane kept back anything I should know? I think he has not.

"Has his information been correct and accurate? *Unless he has been misled himself*, I think it has.

"Is John Kane my friend and well-wisher? I think so.

"Has he a firm opinion that Gilbert Senn is guilty?

"I believe he has—an opinion which it will be almost impossible to shake.

"Has he any personal reason for wishing Gilbert Senn punished? I think not. What possible reason could he have?

"What is his reason for thinking that Senn is guilty?

"His opinion that Matilda Webb was absent two nights, undoubtedly. And I confess that if she were so absent it would make the case against Senn about as black as ever circumstantial evidence made a case yet.

"Was she absent two nights? I don't know. I must ask her. I will.

"Did Kane write the anonymous letter? I think not. I fear it would destroy all my remaining faith in human nature if I found he did. But I will examine. I will satisfy myself. I will know.

"If he didn't write it—why was his language as it was? Were the expressions and questions so natural that one could not help using them? When I find another and another and another—if I ever do—who know something of the horrible event I am trying to trace to its guilty author, shall I hear this same series of questions again and again and again?

"I do not know; I cannot answer; I shall not try to answer. All this is beyond my powers. It lies so far outside the beaten tracks of the domain of Psychology, so far under the dark clouds which vail the unknown, so far from the natural, so near the supernatural, that I shall not attempt to even guess."

Mr. Prier closed his book. He put it in his pocket. He leaned wearily back in his chair. Short as had been what he had written, it had taken long to write it. Weak, illogical, poorly arranged—full of groundless opinions and baseless beliefs—tainted with doubt that, once fully expressed, would have been doubt of man and his honesty, of God and His providence—shadowed with a superstition which would close certain avenues to know-

ledge with the command "*Ask not!*"—he had yet done his best.

His best, God help him, and all of us! His best! Man's best! Our best! The summary of life; the record of ruin; the confession of confusion; the *finale* of failure!

"There is one thing I'd like to know," said Mr. Prier, as he closed his ink-bottle and put away his pen.

(Yes, Mr. Prier, I think there is.)

"Though, of course, it hasn't anything to do with this case."

(Hasn't it? Has any event, anywhere, nothing in common with any other which one can mention? Does not the stone, thrown into the shimmering waters of the tropic sea, under the vertical rays of the burning sun, stir the icy flood which rolls restlessly to and fro, fretting its crystal walls and barriers, in the frozen night where the pole star shines in the zenith for ever? Nothing to do with this case? Nothing? Ah, Prier, Prier! Would you limit the range of human passion? Would you bound the omnipotence of God?)

"I'd like to know where John Kane met that female fiend, Lurline Bannottie."

(Yes, I think you would.)

"It would be as well to know how much or how little such a woman as she is to such a man as he."

(Yes, it would. Yes, Mr. J. B. Prier, you are right.)

"I'd like to know where she has been these many, many years since she slipped away from justice and disappeared utterly."

(Would you? How long is it since you walked by her side up the path, side by side with her, to see Elsie Senn the sorrowing made from the sweetness of Elsie Barron? How long is it since she lived here, where you passed her vailed figure every day? How long is it since you burned the announcement of her contemplated trip abroad with Mrs. Senn—an announcement read by every man and woman in Boomville? Ponder on all this, if you ever know it all, and then bow your head in wonder that any mystery ever becomes plain under your hands.)

* * * * * *

Mr. Prier took out the anonymous letter. He examined it with care. He looked at every word, at every letter, at every stroke and curve. Was it disguised? He had thought so. He had felt almost sure of it. But he did not quite know. There was a lurking doubt in his mind—a haunting suspicion—that when he found the handwriting of the one who had written it, found it somewhere else, found it under common and everyday sort of circumstances, he would find it a perfect match for this.

What of it? Just this. Mr. Prier had searched his memory for some hint of writing looking like this, and had found nothing to help him. He had no doubt that when he compared it with another specimen written by the same hand he should be sure of that fact; no matter how much care had been given to the production of this letter, no matter how much art had been used in the effort to make its authorship an impenetrable secret, he never feared for a moment that the problem would be too great for his powers. He had only to take a carelessly and thoughtlessly written specimen, produced by the one who had sent him this letter, put the two side by side, give them a thorough study, taking more or less time according to the skill the author had expended upon the letter warning him of the questions it would be well to ask Aldrich, and Miss Webb, and—shall we say?—Kane, and he would be able to go to the one who had written this letter, saying: "Some one knows more of the tragedy of Constance Craig than he has told. Anonymous letters hint, but tell nothing. Whoever knows must tell. And—'*thou art the man!*'" It might be difficult; it might take long study; the similarities to be considered, and to be referred to accident, coincidence, or to undoubted and valid evidence, as the case might be, might be slight—very slight—and not visible to one less acute and less experienced than he. But he could solve this question; he knew he could. And so—if the handwriting *were* disguised, it might be that any one of those most closely connected with his Boomville experience had written it. While, if it were free, and the usual handwriting of his unknown correspondent, he had to find some one whose writing he had never seen.

It was not the ordinary writing of Aldrich, or Senn, or Mrs. Senn, or John Kane, that he was certain of. For he had seen the writing of all these persons, and the general characteristics of a person's penmanship was something he never forgot.

Prier's first work was an endeavor to find who had written the anonymous letter. Don't ask me why. I do not know. I doubt whether Prier did. He had not been a tenth part so anxious before his interview with John Kane. Up to that interview he had had the asking of the questions suggested by that letter uppermost in his mind as the most important work to be performed in his immediate future. But now—with the mystery of the letter deepened and intensified by that breakfast-hour spent with the clergyman—he put aside the question he meant to ask Aldrich—the question he meant to ask Miss Webb—everything—to the end that he might know who wrote the letter, *if he could!*

It was not a difficult matter to obtain specimens of the writing of the different individuals who naturally suggested themselves to the mind of the detective. He did it without exciting question or comment or suspicion. He examined the work he obtained—examined it carefully and exhaustively—comparing it at every step with the unscholarly insult he so much treasured.

He began with the writing of John Kane. I don't know why. I hope Prier didn't. When a man has said that knowledge of a certain possibility *as a fact* would destroy his faith in human nature, it must be a terrible thing to sit down in deliberation to determine whether it is a fact or not. Of course, prudence made it necessary to examine Kane's writing. I grant that. And, equally of course, there is a great gulf fixed between honest prudence and wild and breathless suspicion. But I don't know why Prier began with Kane, and I say again that I hope he didn't know. I hope it was accident.

I scarcely know whether you would call the result of Prier's investigation by the name of success—or by that of failure. Perhaps it would depend on the standpoint from which the result was viewed.

One night he knew that Rev. John Kane was not the writer of the letter which so puzzled and annoyed him. The next night he knew that Walter Aldrich had not stooped to anonymous writing. The night following he was sure that Mrs. Elsie Senn was equally innocent. One more day of work, and he was certain it was not Senn.

He couldn't have said clearly, I fear, why he had examined into the penmanship of any of these persons. Kane had been frank and candid. It would have been strange, indeed, had Aldrich been so foolish as to turn suspicion so directly toward himself. He doubted whether Elsie Senn would have communicated with him at any time or under any circumstances—no matter how great her need. And had not Senn denied him any aid

toward the solution of the mystery of the murder of Constance Craig—the mystery which overshadowed his life?

He could have given no more definite reason for looking upon one of them as the possible author of whom he was in search than the fact that some one must have written the letter.

"And I know no one else who is closely enough connected with the matter to be naturally suggested," he said, musingly, as he finished his examination.

And I suppose *he* didn't.

Do *you?*

* * * * * *

Prier retired early the night after he had determined the fact that the letter was more mysterious and baffling than he had hoped—or feared.

He rose late the next morning.

He looked old. He was very weary. He was somewhat dispirited. He had had a bad night. He awakened vaguely wondering whether he should live long enough to bring the murderer of Constance Craig to justice, and if not, to whom he should leave the legacy of his hate and his determination when he died.

What would he do?

He would do something very quickly. He would procrastinate no longer.

He breakfasted hurriedly. In an hour after leaving his bed he was in the office of Walter Aldrich.

"Good-morning," said the latter gentleman, looking up as the detective entered. I doubt whether he was glad to see Mr. Prier. His coming to Boomville was too closely connected with his own severe disappointment to make his presence pleasing.

Mr. Prier drew a chair close to the desk of the lawyer, and seated himself, without waiting for an invitation.

"I have come to ask you a few very plain questions," he said, abruptly.

Aldrich looked up quickly, but with no trace of agitation in his face.

"Very well," he replied; "I am ready to listen."

"They relate to the Craig case."

Aldrich smiled.

"I suppose so," he said quietly; "no one at all versed in the ways of the world would believe for a moment that you came back to Boomville for pleasure."

"No? Really I think you underrate the charms of Boomville. I believe it is generally understood that I reside here for pleasure."

Aldrich shrugged his shoulders.

"Perhaps so," he said; "at any rate you may have your own way. You wish to ask me some questions regarding the matter of the murder of your half-sister?"

"I do."

"I have already told all I know, in court, and under oath."

"Have you?"

"I have."

"Will you kindly tell me where you spent the Sunday before the murder?"

Aldrich flushed, but he looked the detective in the eyes as he answered, and his voice did not tremble or falter.

"I understand the motive of your question. I know the sort of reckless statements which have undoubtedly reached your ears. I wonder you have not been here with that question long before this. And now—I will tell you. I spent Sunday ten miles from Blankford, in the opposite direction from that in which Mrs. Craig lived."

"But——"

"I can prove it, if you desire," said the lawyer, quietly.

"You were Mrs. Craig's lawyer, were you not?"

"Certainly."

"When did you last see her?"

"I was at her funeral. Do you not remember me? I remember you well."

"I didn't mean that. When did you last see her alive?"

"*About* one week before her death."

"When—when——"

"The afternoon of the Monday of the week before the one when she was killed."

"And why—why——"

"On business," was the curt interruption.

"That was not my question. I had not finished. Why did you say '*about* one week before her death'?"

"Because I am not at all satisfied that she died Monday night."

"Do you—do you—*know*——"

"I *know* nothing about it. I never suspected that Mrs. Craig died other than a natural death until after the arrest of Gil—of Mr. Senn. But now, I doubt. *Ask Miss Webb how long she was away from home?*"

The same advice again. A third time. Once in the letter. Once from Rev. John Kane. And now from Walter Aldrich.

"Thank you, I will," said Prier, gravely.

"And that will prove whether—whether——" began Aldrich, and then paused.

"Well?"

"Whether I was a fool or a knave when I cleared Mr. Senn."

"A fool or a knave? I do not understand."

"Why, you know Senn must have been guilty if—if the discrepancy in the time can possibly be accounted for. There was never so strong a case of circumstantial evidence in the world before. Was I a fool in not asking this woman that simple question, or only a knave in trying to clear such a rascal as I feel Senn must be?"

"You think Senn is guilty, then?"

"Guilty beyond a doubt."

"And you hate him for that, I presume, quite as much as you do for his act in marrying Elsie Barron?"

"Certainly not."

"I am astonished at that. I should not have taken you to be a fickle man."

"I do not understand you, Mr. Prier."

"Don't you? Were you not engaged to Mrs. Craig at the time of her death?"

"No, sir."

"Had you and she not recently made up a quarrel—a lovers' quarrel?"

"No, sir."

"Were you not engaged to her before she married Mr. Craig?"

"No, sir. Those stories were all lies, wicked and malicious lies."

"Indeed!" said Mr. Prier.

"Wicked and malicious lies," repeated the lawyer.

"Good-morning," said Mr. Prier, as he hurried from the room.

"I studied law once, some years before I became a detective," he growled, as he ran down the stairs, "and I'll thank God every night and morning as long as I live that He saved me from being a lawyer."

"Lies!" he muttered, as he reached the street; "lies! I should think so."

But, Prier, in all seriousness, why did you fly into a

THE QUEEN OF THE BALL.— FROM A PAINTING BY H. SCHMIECHEN.

passion? Would not any man's story be better than his silence? Why didn't you ask him who invented the malicious lies? And when? And where? And why? Oh, Prier, Prier, foolish Prier!"

* * * * * *

Mr. Prier went to the Post-office immediately after his interview with Mr. Aldrich. There was a registered letter for him—a bulky letter. He opened it.

"More anonymous mystery?" he questioned himself, as he tore the end off the envelope.

It was not an anonymous letter which he drew out. It was a letter dated at Jahnway Park—a place he had never heard of, and signed by Jasper Jahnway—a name he had never known. No matter. It came from a place—and from a man:

"MR. J. B. PRIER: I have been much interested in reading of the recent remarkable trial and triumphant acquittal of Mr. Gilbert Senn, in the matter of the murder of Constance Craig, as related in the *News-Express* of your city—or, rather, of Boomville, since your residence there is only temporary—and *'for pleasure'!*

"My interest is the greater, because of the inclosed document, recently picked up by myself on my grounds. A fragment, without date or name or signature, there is still a similarity between the story it tells and the theory of Mrs. Craig's death as developed at the trial, which I cannot believe is a mere accidental coincidence.

"I accordingly send you this bit of evidence, sincerely hoping it may be useful to you. In conclusion, I beg that you will not annoy me with either questions or gratitude. Your thanks I will take for granted: I assure you you are welcome. I have nothing to tell. I don't know who wrote it; I don't know to whom it was written; I know nothing about it but what I have told.

"I might, in truth, add that I don't care who wrote or who received it. I send the document as a matter of duty. I like excitement, but I warn you I will not submit to being bored about this matter.

"Hoping that you will understand, and insisting that you shall respect my bluntness, I remain, Very truly, your well wisher,

"JASPER JAHNWAY."

Prier hurriedly read the document thus strangely sent him—the same one we read long ago.

And then—

He ran to the hotel as though suddenly insane.

He dashed up the stairs. He sprang into his room. He took the anonymous letter from the place where he kept it. He laid it and the document Jasper Jahnway had sent him side by side.

No need to search longer. No need to ask whether the writing was disguised or not. He had the mate to his anonymous letter. But who—who of all the world—wrote it? Must it be anonymous still—this letter, and this more horrible production—anonymous for ever?

He sank upon his knees. The tears ran down his cheeks as he turned his eyes toward heaven and his heart toward Omnipotence.

"Just God," he cried, "help me to find him! Deliver him into my power! *The one who dared write me this wicked, wretched letter of warning killed Constance Craig with his own hands!*"

CHAPTER XVII.

MATILDA WEBB AND MR. JAHNWAY.

WHERE did Matilda Webb live? That was the question Mr. Prier asked himself as soon as he had recovered a little from the surprise and emotion caused by his letter from Mr. Jahnway and the astounding discovery which had followed it.

It was easy enough to find out. Miss Webb had sprung into sudden prominence because of her connection with Mrs. Constance Craig in the days that were gone. Whatever might have been the difficulty of tracing her, after the lapse of the more than ten years which had intervened between the death of her once mistress and the trial of Gilbert Senn, there was no such difficulty now. Almost any one in Boomville could have directed you to the home of the gentleman in whose household Matilda Webb was employed.

"Twenty miles due west," said the keeper of the livery stable to whom Mr. Prier went that afternoon.

"And you can send a good driver—a fast team—and insure me quick time?"

"Certainly. You will start in the morning?"

"No; to-night."

The owner of the livery stable looked curiously at Mr. Prier.

"This isn't going to be a night for pleasure," he said; "the cold will be intense; the wind will cut like a knife; the——"

"The occasion is one of necessity," interrupted Prier. "Can you have the team at the hotel immediately after tea?"

"Certainly."

"Do so, then, without any delay or failure."

The night was a glorious one—to one who enjoyed Nature in her Winter garb, and did not dread the cold. The snow was deep, but the road was well packed and smooth. The cold was intense; the wind was keen and searching, but Prier and the driver were well protected from the wintry blasts, and had the vigor and courage to enjoy it all.

Sometimes the road lay along a high ridge, with slopes of virgin white reaching down into the valleys on either hand—down to the glassy surface of a frozen river on the left—away to the dark forest of evergreens on the right.

Sometimes they swept through narrow valleys, huge drifts of snow frowning down upon them with a weird and spectral menace in their white shapelessness and vague unreality.

Sometimes their way lay through the heart of pine forests, and the trees, tossing and groaning in the wintry blast, threw down their burdens of powdered snow upon the hurrying traveler.

And before them, ever before them, thrown down by the full moon which rode in beauty and majesty in the blue sky far, far away to the east, stretched the shadows they themselves cast—the shadows they carried with them.

Shadows on Prier's path! Emblems of the shadow which has lain before him for ten long years! In every life which does not face the light, they must fall. But as the moon mounts higher, as the night grows deeper and darker and more silent, as the day that is gone drops further and further into memory, and the glories of the day to be begin to whisper to hope, the shadows shorten—*shorten—shorten!* Let us thank God for that.

Five miles. Prier is anxious and nervous. He has never been in so great a hurry before. He could not tell why.

Some calamity seemed impending. He could not tell what.

Perhaps he had allowed the events of the last few days—and more especially of the last few hours—to shake his powers—his convictions—his faith.

Ten miles!

"Hurry," whispered Prier.

The driver bowed. He did not understand the need of hurry, though he did not doubt that Prier did. He knew that they were on their way to see Matilda Webb. He knew that she had testified at the trial of Gilbert

Senn. He knew that J. B. Prier was a detective—the "great detective" he had heard him admiringly called—and it probably never entered his brain to attribute such a commonplace quality as doubt to him. His mind had not conceived it possible that God had endowed this wonderful man with less than a mysterious and unexplainable infallibility. So he bowed his head, and they hurried.

Fifteen miles! Prier drew out his watch. He nodded his head approvingly.

"You've done well in the last five miles," he said; "I have five dollars for you if you do the next five in less time."

The horses were beginning to show signs of weariness. The road was becoming rougher. Clouds were darkening the sky.

But the driver bowed again. He spoke cheerfully, but commandingly, to his well-trained team. The speed increased.

For Prier had closed his driver's mouth with the one final and unanswerable argument which has survived all the forgotten nations of antiquity, and is spoken in all the languages which have existed since Babel. The argument which gives energy to weariness—the argument which makes the rough smooth—the argument which lightens darkness—the argument by which ugliness conquers beauty, ambition overcomes right, and craft coerces honor—the argument of MONEY!

On and on and on. Swifter and swifter, though the road grew rougher and the night darker. On, until——

They dashed round a curve in the road, and up a hill from out the valley in which the last two miles or more of their ride had been.

"We shall see Brown's house in a minute——" began the driver.

And then they saw it!

A pillar of smoke-capped flame swayed and swung in the gale of night to a height of twenty feet above its roof. Every window had a fiery banner, shaking defiantly in the icy wind. And even as they looked, the roof went down, the walls crumbled into a fantastic shapelessness, and a torrent of sparks and brands rose heavenward as though exulting in the triumph of ruin over man.

The sleigh dashed into the grounds, and up to a group who stood in frantic inactivity not far from the fierce fire dancing devilishly over that which had been a happy home less than a half-hour before.

"Has any one——" began Prier.

Mr. Brown hurried to meet him, and grasped his hand.

"It was so sudden," he said, "that one of the children was forgotten. The mother supposed I had him; I supposed he was with her; the girl discovered the truth first, and——"

"Who? Miss Webb?"

"Miss Webb; and she brought him out in safety. But I guess she has given her own life for him. If we only had a doctor——"

Prier sprang out of the sleigh.

"Here," he cried to the driver; "you go for the nearest physician, and go quickly. I'll pay for the horses if necessary; "don't you spare them."

The driver, well acquainted all through the country thereabouts, and happily a man who had learned to obey orders without stopping to question them, drove rapidly away.

Prier ran to the weeping group not far away.

"I studied medicine once," he said; "several years before I became a detective, and I guess I would find myself a pretty fair physician to-day."

He knelt down in the snow, close beside the quilt on which they had laid the faithful woman.

He raised her hands, burned and blackened, and groaned as he tenderly laid them down again. He looked at her face—a face that one would have been keeneyed indeed to have recognized as that of Matilda Webb, and his eyes filled with the manly flood he could not restrain. He bent over her, and listened long to the laboring lungs fighting for her the battle between life and death. He raised his head.

"She is a martyr to duty," he whispered, solemnly, to Mr. Brown, as the latter bent nearer to him to listen. "There is no hope."

Low as he had spoken, the woman heard him. She rolled her head a little to one side, to face him, and the shriveled eyelids were raised a little from the eyes which would never see again.

"Are—are you Mr. Prier?" she said, in a whisper.

"I am."

"I—I—must die, must I not?"

"You must die," said Prier, frankly but tenderly.

"I—I have one load on my mind which I must share with you," she whispered. "I shall die easier if you know it. I—I went away on Sunday. I was gone two nights. I had permission to be gone but one. But—Sunday night was so stormy—so stormy—and I thought it would not be necessary to return through the mud and rain of Monday. And yet — and yet — if I had gone home on Monday—Mrs. Craig would not have been alone—she would not have been killed. You loved her, Mr. Prier. Can you say to me, as I die here, that you forgive me?"

"There is nothing to forgive. But I will say it if you wish. In the name of Constance Craig, I forgive you."

"I thank you so much, Mr. Prier, for now I can die happy."

"There has never been anything to reproach yourself for, my dear woman; for I have no doubt you would have found your mistress dead on Monday if you had returned on that day. I feel certain that she was killed on Sunday night."

"Do you? Then my absence the second night could have made no difference. But—but——"

She paused, tired and worn with the effort she had made, but she could not give up yet—she could not surrender herself to the power of death yet. She spoke again.

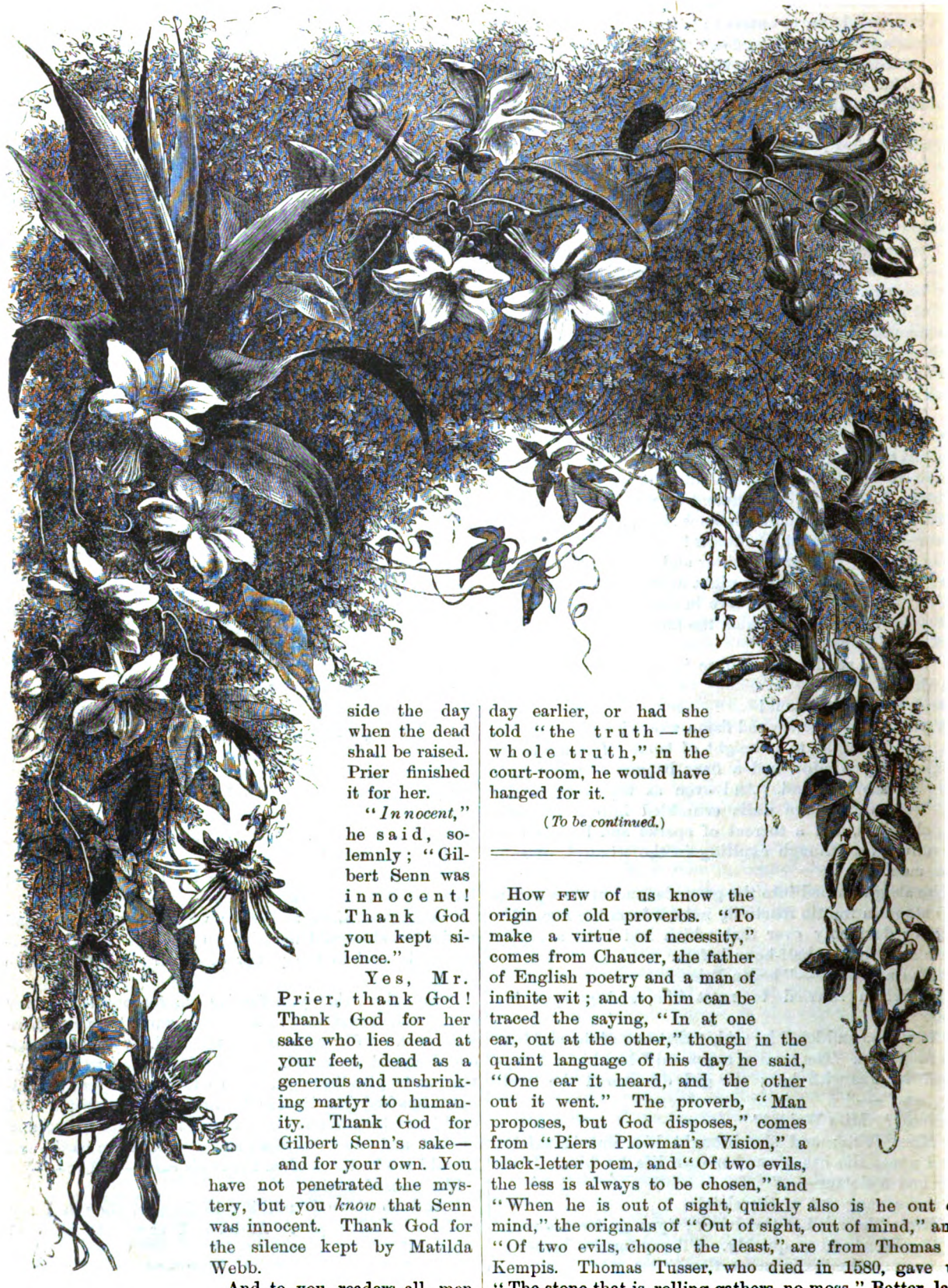
"Say, then, that you forgive me for not telling my story in the court-room. I did not guess the need there was for it. I did not suspect the trick by which the accused would be saved. I—I"—her voice was full of passionate pleading now, but so low that Prier's ear almost touched her lips as he bent down to listen—"I could not bear to tell the story of my disobedience and neglect, and—and—my head ached *so* hard—*so* hard—and I could not be there when the crisis came—and so——"

She paused again.

"And so there is nothing to forgive, though I say again, I forgive you. And so—I say I thank God that——"

"I—I don't understand you," whispered the lips which death was touching with the seal of silence; "I do not understand you, though you have given it to me to die happy. *For—surely—Gilbert—Senn—was*——"

She spoke no more. Prier crossed her burned hands reverently over her noble heart. He rose to his feet. Her sentence would never be finished by her lips this



side the day when the dead shall be raised. Prier finished it for her.

"*Innocent*," he said, solemnly; "Gilbert Senn was innocent! Thank God you kept silence."

Yes, Mr. Prier, thank God! Thank God for her sake who lies dead at your feet, dead as a generous and unshrinking martyr to humanity. Thank God for Gilbert Senn's sake—and for your own. You have not penetrated the mystery, but you *know* that Senn was innocent. Thank God for the silence kept by Matilda Webb.

And to you, readers all, men and women with such a hatred for crime and criminals that you count accusation scarcely less than conviction, and call circumstantial evidence *proof*—remember, that though Gilbert Senn was innocent of the murder of Constance Craig, had Matilda Webb gone home one day earlier, or had she told "the truth—the whole truth," in the court-room, he would have hanged for it.

(*To be continued.*)

How few of us know the origin of old proverbs. "To make a virtue of necessity," comes from Chaucer, the father of English poetry and a man of infinite wit; and to him can be traced the saying, "In at one ear, out at the other," though in the quaint language of his day he said, "One ear it heard, and the other out it went." The proverb, "Man proposes, but God disposes," comes from "Piers Plowman's Vision," a black-letter poem, and "Of two evils, the less is always to be chosen," and "When he is out of sight, quickly also is he out of mind," the originals of "Out of sight, out of mind," and "Of two evils, choose the least," are from Thomas à Kempis. Thomas Tusser, who died in 1580, gave us "The stone that is rolling gathers no moss," Better late than never," "It is an ill wind that turns none to good," "Christmas comes but once a year," "Safe bind, safe find," "Look ere you leap, see ere thou go," and "Such master, such man." Shakespeare also uses many of our most common proverbs.

SIMPLE REUBEN.—"HE SEATED HIMSELF AT HER SIDE. 'REUBEN,' SHE BEGAN—FOR HE INSISTED SHE SHOULD CALL HIM THAT—'THIS WILL BE OUR LAST VISIT TO THIS LOVELY SPOT.'"—SEE NEXT PAGE.

PAINTED BY WATTEAU.

By D. M.

"Painted by Watteau"—so the legend runs
About the quaint gilt frame. "And painted well,"
I murmur; for the tenderest of suns
Shines softly in upon a forest dell,
Where, robed in silken sheen and satin floss,
Ladies of fashion tread the golden moss,

While gentlemen, our great-grandfathers, trip
With crook in hand beside a crystal stream.
Sure never sweeter smile moved human lip.
The poet says, "Things are not what they seem."
Perhaps they *were* not, then. Perhaps that grace
Was only in the figure and the face,

Leaving the heart a false and foolish void.
Perhaps they felt not that the grass was green,
And that the flower, wherewith the white hand toyed,
Shone with the silent speech of the Unseen.
Perhaps that woman's heart was hard and cold;
Perhaps the man that wooed her wooed her gold.

Past painter's name and picture, I look out
Through the lawn window, where the shadows pass
So swiftly, and each shadow with a shout
Of sweet girl laughter from the trampled grass.
Ah, Watteau, thou art dim for all thy sun;
The world is wiser, and thy day is done.

Look at her there, the daughter of the house,
Slim as a lily, fair as flowers are fair.
And look at him, the lord of leagues of grouse,
Stalwart as Galahad, and as debonair.
No rouge or powder, wreath or ribboned crook
Mock the glad morning light by lawn and brook.

Come, paint them as they stand—her tumbled hair,
Flushed cheek, and laughing eyes of clearest blue;
He bronzed and bearded. Hang the picture there,
And say which is the nobler of the two—
Those old-world maidens with their shepherds gay,
Or these, the man and woman of our day.

SIMPLE REUBEN.

By Carlin Gray.

Chapter I.

A certain little Minnesota town, which may as well be called Redwood as anything else, was, not many years since, the scene of one of those horrible railway disasters that now and then occur to terrify the traveling public. Among the badly wounded was a certain Mr. Delamayn, of New York, who, in company with his lovely daughter Fanny and a prim maiden sister, was homeward bound from a month's sojourn at the Lake of the Woods. His injuries were so severe that it was thought he could not be removed to the town—a mile or so distant—by the wrecking-train dispatched to the scene of disaster, and the two ladies were bending over him in an agony of despair, when the younger felt a hand laid upon her arm, while a kindly voice said:

"Can I be of any sarvice to ye, ma'am?"

Raising her tearful eyes, she beheld at her side a man attired in rough garments, which, however, did not conceal the shapeliness of his tall and powerful frame.

He was regarding her with eyes brimful of pity, and his comely face wore an air of simple good-nature that won her confidence at once.

"Oh, sir," she cried, "is there not some dwelling near at hand to which my father may be removed?"

"Oh, yes," he cheerfully replied. "I live 'bout a mile back, and you're welcome to come thar with him."

"Thank you," she said, gratefully, rising, while her aunt continued to support the wounded man. "But I see that you have no conveyance at hand," she continued, glancing rather hopelessly about her.

"We sha'n't need any," he replied. "I can carry the poor gentleman handy enough, and you and your mother——"

"My aunt—Miss Delamayn," she said, correcting him, while that lady raised her eyes rebukingly to him, bowing somewhat more coldly than the occasion justified.

"Oh, jest so. How d'ye do, ma'am? Glad to see ye!" he said, with great volubility, bowing and touching his hat with rustic grace. "That is to say," he continued, in doubt of the propriety of the remark, "I'm right sorry to find ye in such a diffikility. As I was saying, however, my home is only a mile back, and I can carry the poor creetur' thar in no time. So come along, ladies, and be sure you'll find a welcome there."

Saying this, he lifted the insensible man from the ground, and, turning into a road that led northward through the forest, struck out with long, easy strides that the ladies found it difficult to keep pace with.

Notwithstanding his heavy burden, he talked incessantly on the way, anathematizing at times the managers of railways in general, and at others entertaining them with genealogical sketches of the Todd family, of which he, Reuben—he informed them—was a member.

His remarks were so humorous and unique that, in spite of her anxiety, the younger Miss Delamayn was really forced to smile now and then.

"My mother," he remarked, as they neared their journey's end, "is the gentlest creetur' anywhar in Minnesota, and you ladies'll take to her right off. We ain't got much to offer ye in the way of shelter, but mother's mighty tidy in her work; besides that, we're honest people, and them's virtues enough to make a shanty endurable, I'm a-thinking."

Thus he rattled on until they reached a small clearing in the forest, in the centre of which stood an humble dwelling, near which coursed a pretty stream, its clear waters shimmering in the sunlight of the glade, and growing dark and cool in the shadows of the umbrageous forest.

Before the open door was seated a mild-featured woman of some fifty years, who, engaged in spinning, arose from her work at the appearance of the little party, courtesying to the ladies.

"Why, Reuben, whatever has happened?" she exclaimed.

"A smash-up on the road, mother," he replied, "and this poor gentleman is nigh done for. These ladies are his sister and daughter, and we must take care of 'em somehow until he comes round."

"Certainly—certainly!" said the good woman, in tones of pity. "Come right into the house, ladies, and make yourself at home; and you, Reuben, carry the poor gentleman into your room."

She led the way into a small room, whose solitary window admitted the balsamic airs of the forest, and whose scrupulous neatness authenticated Reuben's assertion of her love of cleanliness.

The coverings of the humble bed were spotlessly white, and it was with a sense of thankfulness that these aristocratic ladies saw their unfortunate kinsman resting on so inviting a couch.

"Now, Reuben," said the widow, whilst assisting the ladies in the care of the wounded man, "do you hurry off to town and bring Dr. Jones as quick as possible."

Reuben started off in quest of the rural Esculapius, but, owing to the many injured, he found some difficulty in securing that person's services.

However, upon the arrival of several surgeons from a neighboring city, Dr. Jones was relieved, and hastened at once to the bedside of Mr. Delamayn.

He found the patient suffering from internal injuries, which, after a critical examination, he pronounced curable. Then he proceeded to dress the external wounds in a manner that gave proof that he knew something of the science of surgery, notwithstanding his coarse garb and homely phraseology.

It became now the joint duty of Reuben and his mother to care for their guests, and never once did they relax their kindly attentions.

As for Reuben, he scoured the forest for game, and took unlimited quantities of trout from the near-by stream, which, with the purest of milk, the sweetest of butter and the whitest of bread, brought strength to the invalid, and caused the younger Miss Delamayn to recall with something like contempt the "swell" dinners of higher society.

At once her father began to mend, she began the habit of accompanying Reuben in his piscatorial excursions, generally to a point in the stream where it formed into rapids. Here the speckled beauties abounded, and through his instructions she was soon able to cast the fly with almost certain success.

One golden day, some weeks after her compulsory introduction to the simple foresters, as the first tints of Autumn were touching the maple-leaves, they repaired as usual to the rapids, and Reuben began to make ready the fishing tackle.

Miss Delamayn had seated herself on a moss-grown rock, and, observing him about to cast the line into the stream, said:

"Don't let us tempt the fish to-day, but come rather and sit with me, and we'll talk instead."

Flinging the rod aside, he came to her and seated himself at her side.

She was a pretty girl, in perfect health, with warm cheeks glowing with the hues of the rose, and soft brown eyes radiant with the light of happiness.

"Reuben," she began—for he had insisted she should call him that—"this will be our last visit to this lovely spot, and to-morrow you and your good mother will be relieved of the burden of our care. I shall never forget your many kindnesses, my friend, nor will I soon forget this beautiful wood and stream."

She waited silently for her companion to speak, but he said nothing.

Suddenly she felt something fall lightly on her hand that was idling with the soft mosses at her side, and looking, she beheld what appeared a teardrop there. She blushed crimson, but was still courageous enough to turn her questioning eyes upon him.

That individual was pulling his brown mustache with unnecessary vigor, and gazing intently at the patch of blue sky showing through the rift in the russet canopy overhead.

"Reuben!" she exclaimed, betraying both surprise and emotion in the tone.

But he apparently heard her not, for he made no answer, but continued steadfastly to survey the regions above.

"Reuben!" she again said, laying her hand on his arm; "tell me what it is that troubles you."

"Nothing at all," he answered, in husky tones—"at least nothing that would interest you."

"Now, Reuben," she said, reprovingly, "that implies your belief in my ingratitude. You ought to know that anything concerning your welfare and happiness would interest me. Then tell me the cause of your apparent unhappiness."

"Well, Miss Fanny," he began, in a hesitating way, "I'm sorry—that is to say, I'm right glad we've been of service to you, but somehow I'm sorry you came here."

"Sorry we came here! What do you mean, Reuben?" she asked, perfectly ignorant of the cause of his dejection.

"Miss Fanny," he said, rising and standing before her in an attitude of contrition, "I thought I could let you go away and never tell you what's in my heart of late—but I can't. Hear me, then, and forgive me if you can. I'm only a rough lumberman, but I'm an honest man, ain't I?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, nervously, wondering what he would say next.

"Well, then, when you came here with your poor father, I says to myself, 'Reub, do your best for 'em, and keep clear o' the young lady.' But I couldn't keep clear of her; or, when I did, I was sure to see her sweet face framed in the bright leaves of the woods, or looking up at me from the water there, and, though I tried to run away from it, it followed me everywhar. I never knew how fast you was a-holding me until one night when I stood out here and watched you as you sat by your window; for, by-and-by, when you went away, and I couldn't see you any longer, it seemed as if something had gone out of my life and left it empty-like, and since that time I've been an unhappy man."

He turned from her now, as if in shame of his confession.

"I am very sorry for you," she managed to say.

"I have no doubt of it," he meekly returned; but there was just a tinge of bitterness in the tones.

"Do not misunderstand me, Reuben," she gently said. "I do not despise your love, for I know it comes from an honest heart. It is because I so much esteem you that I do not encourage you in this. Think what the future would be should I do otherwise. I could not live here, you know, and you could scarcely begin life in a city."

"You're right, Miss Fanny," he returned, with a sigh. "I never thought of that, but only of you. It wouldn't be kind to ask you to live in a wilderness, and, of course, I could not make a living in a city. I hope you'll forgive me this time, and I'll never speak on the subject again."

And, to assure her he was wholly resigned to her view of the matter, the poor fellow indulged in a sickly smile.

"But we shall ever be friends—shall we not?" she queried.

"Oh, yes," he answered. "You may always count on that."

"And you will let me write you when I am home?" she asked.

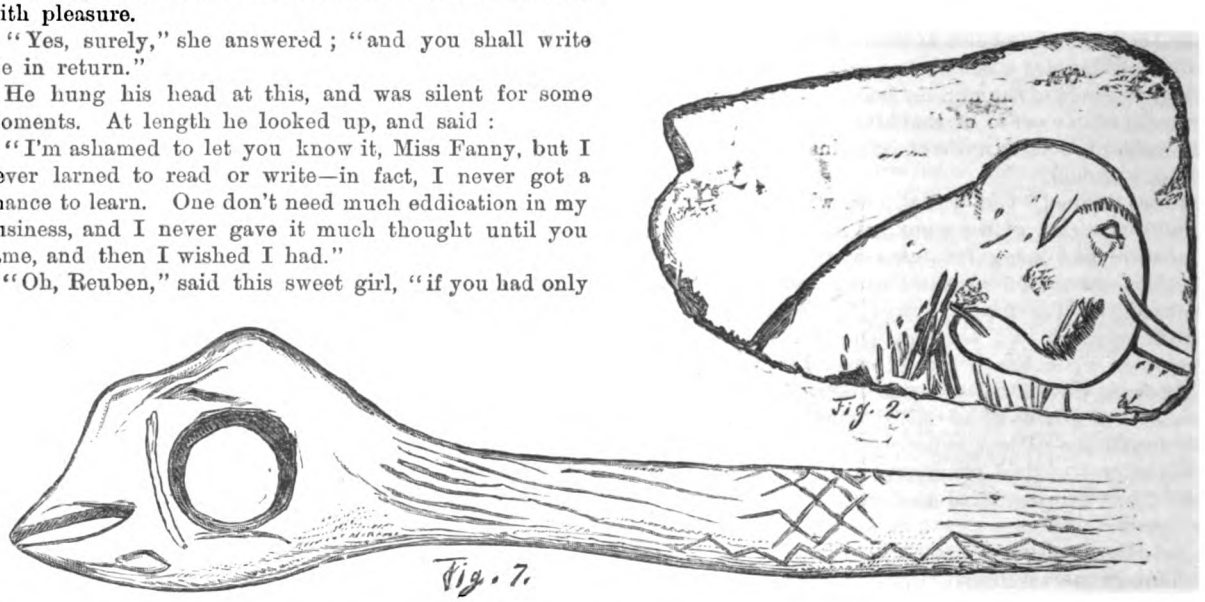
"Will you do that?" he cried, his fine face flushing with pleasure.

"Yes, surely," she answered; "and you shall write me in return."

He hung his head at this, and was silent for some moments. At length he looked up, and said:

"I'm ashamed to let you know it, Miss Fanny, but I never larned to read or write—in fact, I never got a chance to learn. One don't need much eddication in my business, and I never gave it much thought until you came, and then I wished I had."

"Oh, Reuben," said this sweet girl, "if you had only



WHAT OUR MODERN BOOK GREW FROM.—PREHISTORIC MAN'S FIRST ATTEMPT AT BOOKMAKING.—SEE PAGE 603.

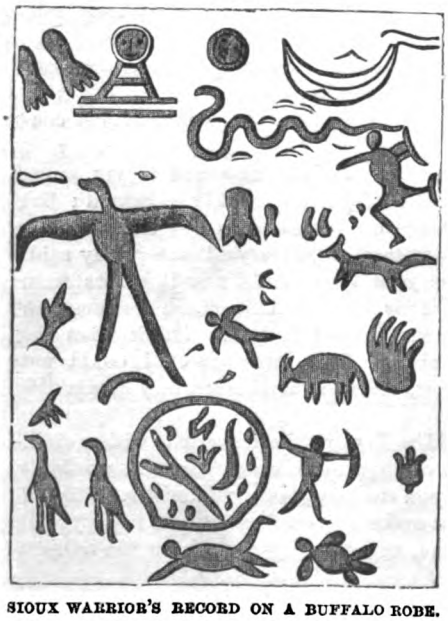
told me this in the beginning of our acquaintance, I could have taught you to do both!"

"I was ashamed to let you know it, and now it is too late," he returned, with a bitter sigh.

"And to think I cannot write you, after all!" she said, in tones of disappointment.

"Oh, yes, you can," he cried, in alarm. "You just send the letter along, an' I'll get old Uncle Cale Peters to read it for me. He lives about a mile back, and makes baskets for a livin'; but he's eddicated, for all that."

"Very well, then; in a month from to-day you may expect a letter from me. But, Reuben," she said, brightening up, as with some happy idea, "why don't you ask this old gentleman to teach you how to read and write!"



SIOUX WARRIOR'S RECORD ON A BUFFALO ROBE.

"I'll do it!" he cried, with energy. "I never thought of it afore, but I'll commence right away after you leave us, and jest as soon as I've larned how I'll write you a letter."

"That will be splendid," she said. And she wrote on a card a list of such books as she thought were suitable for a beginner, after which they both went slowly, and she somewhat sadly, from the place.

The next morning found the Delamayns safely on board an eastward-bound railway express-train, and as the signal sounded to start, Reuben bent down and whispered to the fair girl:

"Good-by, Miss Fanny; we may never meet again, but I want you always to remember me as your friend, one that'll come to you at your bidding, no matter whar you be, and, if you're in need, stand between you and the world."

"I believe you, dear friend," she murmured, her soft eyes filling with tears, "and I will not forget you. Good-by—and, Reuben, you'll some time come and visit us, will you not?"

"Would you like to hev me?" he asked, eagerly.

"Yes, surely," she replied.

"Then I'll come, if God lets me live. Somethin' tells me we'll meet agin; so don't forget me, and I'll come."

Then he was gone, and the noisy train swept out of the little station, and Miss Delamayn's tears gathered thick and thicker as she was borne swiftly from the place that had become dear to her through its many happy associations.

Chapter II.

Slowly and sadly went Reuben back to his now desolate hearth. The strength that had supported him in the presence of the woman he adored was gone now, and he sat wearily down with a sigh that caused the

SIOUX WARRIOR'S RECORD ON A BUFFALO ROBE.

wi low to regard him with anxious eyes, for she had read his heart weeks before.

By-and-by his eye fell upon the little sketch that *she* had given him a month gone, and the sight of this, *her* handiwork, added to the desolation that reigned in his heart.

Sighing again, he rose from his chair, and donning his old and tattered coat and hat, which for long had been discarded, hurried off to the woods.

There was a moss-covered rock which had been her favorite seat, and near by it was the birch-tree on whose polished bole she had carved her name.

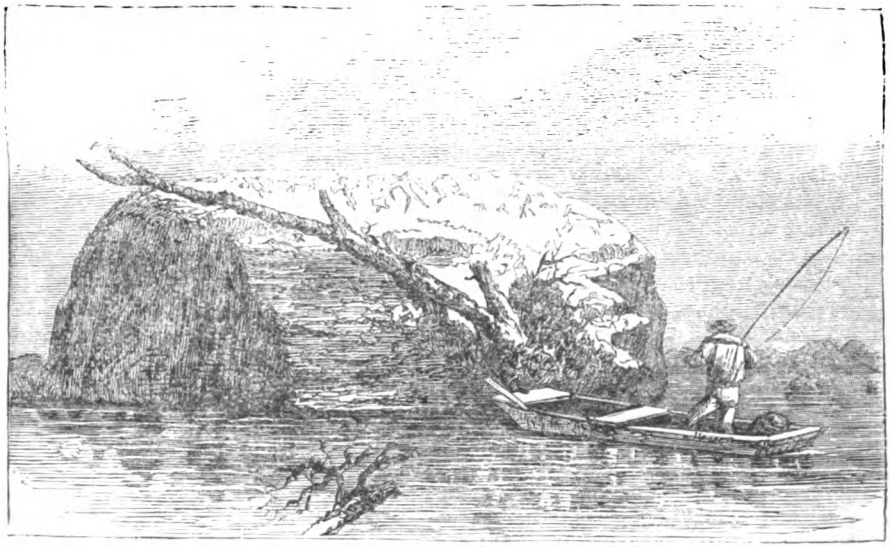
The dying leaves came drifting downward one by one, and laid their bright colors on the sober mosses; the soft southern winds sighed among the half-clothed branches overhead, as though mourning nature's universal decay; and as he heard and saw, a thousand memories of the brief and happy past rose up before him, and he was fain to turn from the scenes that awoke them and seek forgetfulness elsewhere.

He had no heart for labor this day, and remembering that he must purchase the books which she had named, he started off to the village in quest of them.

There was but one place in the town where they might be obtained, which was kept by two spinster sisters of the respectable name of Spriggins, one of whom was tall, thin and sober, while the other was short, broad and merry. They were said to be twins, but this was denied by either speaking of the other as her *elder* sister.

Thither Reuben repaired, somewhat ashamed to ask for the primers and much tempted to bribe a small boy, idling at the door, to make the purchase for him.

"Going to teach, Reuben?" facetiously inquired the merry one, who had long wished to be called Mrs. Todd.



WHAT OUR MODERN BOOK GREW FROM.— INDIAN ROCK INSCRIPTION.
SEE PAGE 603.

"You've hit it exactly, Miss Spriggins," he answered, dryly; "I'm a-goin' to teach Reuben."

"That's beautiful writing," she remarked, referring to the names of the books written by Miss Delamayn. "I s'pose it's that lady's that's been a-staying at your place since the accident?" she ventured.

"It ain't onlikely; but I s'pose you'll sell me the books all the same, won't you?" he said, a little coldly, not liking the question.

"Oh, certainly," she answered, with much dignity; and she ceased to quiz him.

Reuben paid for the books and departed. Then the vials of virtuous wrath were opened.

"Aristocracy in a flannel shirt!" snickered the merry one.

"Odorous wretch!" exclaimed the sober one, misquoting the adjective.

But the object of this mutual outburst was speeding homeward, there to begin his lesson of love.

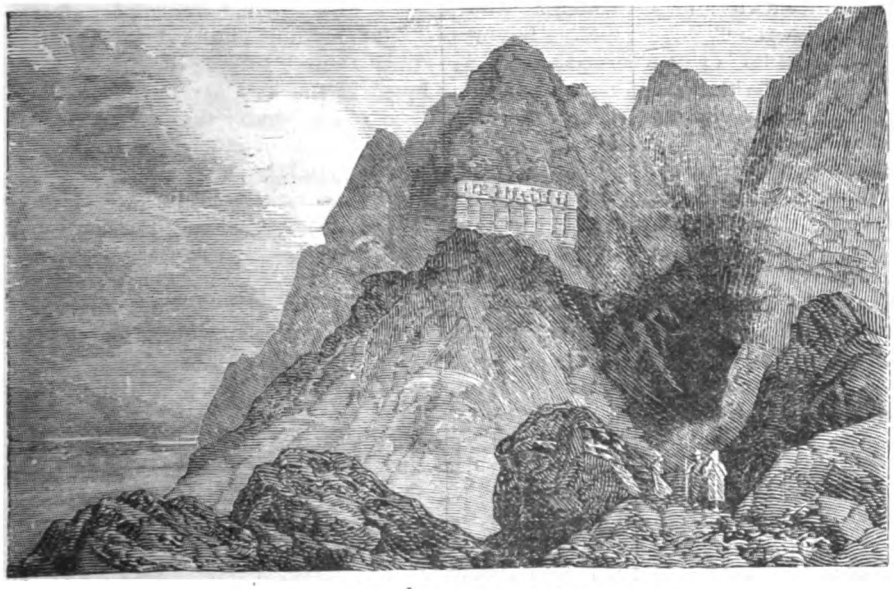
Day and night he pored over the simple lessons set him by the old basket-maker, and when the time for Miss Delamayn's promised letter came round, he was able to read most of the lessons contained in his first primer.

Early in the day that would bring the promised letter he set out for the post-office, which, much to his annoyance, occupied a corner of the Spriggins establishment, and after a brisk skirmish with his now sworn foes, secured the treasure.

Hurrying home, he held it forth in view, exclaiming with childish delight:

"I've got the letter, mother, I've got the letter!" and he handed it to her that she might examine the beautiful calligraphy that adorned the creamy envelope.

Next Uncle Caleb was called



ASSYRIAN ROCK TABLET NEAR KERMANSHAH.

in to read the precious missive, which was done with much dignity—Uncle Caleb being somewhat proud of his scholarship.

Miss Delamayn stated that she had arrived at her home in safety, though somewhat wearied with the journey. Her father was fully recovered, and wished to be kindly remembered to them.

As for herself, she would never, never forget them; and if she could only know that some time in the future she might revisit those grand old woods, and listen again to the murmurings of the beautiful river, it would make her very, very happy.

She expressed the hope that Reuben would persevere in his studies, and that he would some time pay her a visit, as he had promised to do.

After a kind message to the widow, she concluded her letter with an equal expression of gratitude to both for the many kindnesses herself and dear ones had received at their hands.

"A very proper young lady," observed Uncle Caleb, after he had read the letter a second time.

"She ain't nothing else," affirmed Reuben. "She's jest perfect. Not a bit proud, with all her money; and you can always depend on what she says."

Reuben slept but little that night, but spent the long hours in dwelling upon the contents of the letter, and with the first flush of the morning light he was up and poring over his now doubly precious books.

All that Winter and the Summer following it he toiled like a slave in the forest, and each brief respite snatched from his labors was devoted to study.

August came—the anniversary of that event which had so influenced his life—and it found him ready to pen his first letter. Heretofore Miss Delamayn's letters to him had been answered by Uncle Caleb; but now he, Reuben, was able to do this, and as he sat down to his task his great, honest heart beat high with joy and pride.

At once it was finished, Reuben read it aloud to his mother, who pronounced it fully equal to poetry.

Referring to his books, and finding that he had spelled all the words correctly save one, "very," which was written with two "r's," and which he concluded to pass, saying facetiously that the superfluous letter would show her he wasn't stingy with the ink, he placed a geranium-leaf inside it and sent it on its way—a phenomenon of erudition to its proud author.

In due time an answer came, complimenting him so prettily that he was wellnigh demented thereby.

Hope began whispering to him so importunately that, ere he had fully weighed the advisability of the thing, he had made up his mind to pay Miss Delamayn a visit; so one day he came to his mother, and said:

"Mother, I've worked pretty hard the past year, and we've saved a good bit of money. It is a-going to be a hard Winter, and I sha'n't be able to do much work in the woods; so I have made up my mind, if you'll have no objection, to go and visit Miss Fanny."

"None at all, Reuben; go right along. The trip will do you good," said the widow; and so it was settled between them.

Accordingly, he ordered a new suit of clothes throughout, which, if not of the most fashionable fabric, fitted his fine form to perfection, lending grace to his erect, stately carriage.

"I reckon Miss Fanny will feel right proud when she sees me in these clothes," he remarked, as he stood before his mother in the garments.

"That she will," proudly returned the widow, gazing on her idol with adoring eyes. "Reuben," she continued, "I want to show Miss Delamayn that she's well thought of by us, so I've concluded to send her something by you that will be of use to her. Now, I might send her a nice story-book, but she's got a plenty of 'em, no doubt; so I'll jest send her some of them wine-apples she was so fond of, along with some nice fresh herbs, in case she's took with chills at any time. Now, here's two bundles—one of 'em pennyroyal, and the other boneset. They ain't nothing equals boneset tea for headache, and pennyroyal, as you know, is death agin chills and fever. You'll take 'em along with you, I s'pose?" she added.

"Of course I will, mother; but how will I carry the apples?" he queried.

"Well, I've thought of one of Uncle Caleb's willer baskets, but I'm afraid it would be unhandy, and a bag ain't good enough; so I think I'd better fill one of my best pillar-cases with them."

"The very thing!" cried Reuben. "It'll show our regard for her."

So the widow brought forth from the quaint old bureau one of the finest of her fine cambric pillow-cases, which she filled with the choicest of the wine-apples.

When all things were complete for the journey, Reuben gave his mother a good-by kiss and went proudly across the clearing, the well-filled pillow-case under his arm and a plethoric satchel in his hand, in which was carefully stored the invaluable pennyroyal and boneset.

By making a *détour* of some extent, he managed to avoid the Spriggins establishment and gain the station unseen by his fair foes.

Stepping proudly aboard the train, he secured a seat, and was soon speeding toward the home of his idol.

Chapter III.

Miss Delamayn was seated in a voluptuous easy-chair in one of the elegant drawing-rooms of her father's mansion, entertaining the two Miss Croftons, who had just called, when a servant announced a visitor.

"Who is it, Thomas?" she asked.

"It's a man, Miss Delamayn, and he looks a low person," said Thomas, with somewhat of contempt in his tones.

"Had he no card?" she inquired.

"No, miss; but he said that his name was Todd."

"Oh!" cried she, in delight. "Show him in at once, Thomas."

Thomas favored his mistress with a brief stare of amazement, and then retired. In another moment a cheery voice was heard in the hall, saying:

"Put it down kind o' easy, bub; that ere pillar-case is rather thin, and it won't stand much bangin'."

Miss Delamayn blushed slightly on observing that her visitors were regarding her rather curiously, but there was no time for explanations, as already Reuben stood in the door, wreathed in smiles, and she arose and advanced toward him with extended hands, her soft eyes beaming with delight.

"This is indeed a pleasure," she said, as he clasped her hand.

"I've kept my word, haven't I, Miss Fanny?" was his first remark.

"Yes," she answered, "and I knew that you would. How is your dear mother's health?"

"First-rate, thank you. She sent along some things for your comfort, so's you'd know she hadn't forgotten you. That boy of yours wasn't a-going to let me bring 'em into the house, but I told him they was expressly for you, and he gave over then. I'll go and fetch 'em

in to you afore he changes his mind and flings 'em out into the back yard."

And ere she could stop him he was out into the hall, whence he soon returned with the cherished herbs and the pillow-case—now sadly discolored by coal-cinders—containing the wine-apples.

For a moment or two Miss Delamayn was much embarrassed, nor was she at all relieved on turning to the ladies and finding them convulsed with laughter.

She gave them a quick, appealing glance, which, being well-bred ladies, they were not slow in acting upon; one of them taking up a portfolio of sketches, with which they were soon, to all appearance, deeply engrossed.

Much relieved, and deeply grateful to her friends, she turned to Reuben, who continued:

"Them bundles, Miss Fanny, is boneset and penny-royal. They can't be beat for chills and headache. Mother thought you might need something of the kind, so she sent 'em along with a few of the wine-apples you was so fond of. That pillar-case was as white as your hand when I started, and I had no idee they was so much dirt on a train of cars."

"It was very kind of your mother to remember me thus," she returned, with perfect gravity, "and I shall enjoy eating the apples, I know. I will have them removed at once beyond the reach of Thomas, as I should not like them to be thrown away."

And she rang for a servant, whom she requested to remove the articles to a place of safety.

"And now," she continued, "let me present you to my friends;" and she led him forward to the now demure ladies.

"Mr. Todd, of Minnesota, ladies—the Misses Crofton, Mr. Todd."

"How d'ye do, ladies?" said he, warmly, extending his hand, which each in turn was courteous enough to accept. "I'm glad to meet you, and I hope we'll come to know each other right well."

For these expressions of goodwill the ladies thanked him gracefully, and, after a few general remarks were exchanged, Miss Delamayn begged him to tell them of the occurrences at his home since her departure therefrom.

Thereupon he proceeded to relate those incidents with which the reader is already familiar, dwelling at some length on his studies and the pleasure they had afforded him.

During his simple recital, his handsome, honest face grew so eloquent, and his language so suggestive of the gentleness of his nature, that the Misses Crofton were fain to acknowledge him a most charming person. And when, a little later, they took leave of Miss Delamayn, both gave him a cordial invitation to visit them at their home, which, of course, the delighted fellow readily accepted.

These ladies had long been on terms of intimacy with Miss Delamayn, and the fair trio were constantly getting their pretty heads together in the planning of such social events as might furnish a fund of innocent enjoyment to all concerned therein.

Now it happened that Miss Delamayn had announced a reception to take place on the evening following Reuben's unexpected advent, and she was therefore very naturally not a little puzzled as to how she was to present him to her many friends, albeit she was resolved that no slight should be given the man to whom she owed so much. She knew he had no dress suit, but she would present him as he was, and intrust the issue to the courtesy of her other guests.

Well, the eventful evening came, and with it a train of beauty and elegance that fairly dazed the simple fellow to behold. The great *salon* was resplendent with rich toilets, the heavy atmosphere was freighted with exquisite perfume, the music was bewitching, and the dance quite eclipsed anything of the sort ever dreamed of by him.

By dint of coaxing he was inveigled into a quadrille by one of the Misses Crofton, and, somewhat to her surprise, he went through the changes with considerable grace.

This achievement was so gratifying to him that he at once sought and won Miss Delamayn's hand for the next similar dance, which was gotten through with quite as smoothly as the first.

The guests seemed intuitively to understand his position among them, and were equally lavish with their good-natured attention to him.

Now, these civilities, together with his terpsichorean success, quite captured his senses, and led him presently into an imprudence.

One of Strauss's loveliest waltzes was being rendered, and the rhythmic evolutions of the dancers so stirred his simple soul that he resolved at all hazards to participate in the seductive maze.

Neither of his friends was to be had for a partner, being already engaged in the dance, so he set about to find one for himself.

At some distance from him, in a pretty alcove, was a group of three ladies. These he approached, and selecting one whose cold, proud face would have been a warning to a more experienced man, he bowed low to her and blandly remarked:

"Good-evening, ma'am, and excuse me if I am over bold; but wouldn't you like to try the waltz?"

The haughty beauty raised her scornful eyes to him in a little rage, while a low titter broke from the lips of her fair companions. Reuben was somewhat abashed at this display of high-bred superciliousness, and sought to remedy his error with a remark which, intended to be reassuring, only increased her wrath:

"You needn't be at all afraid, ma'am. I'm a little rough in my ways, but I won't harm you in the least."

This produced the threatened climax. The haughty beauty grew white with rage, and, arising and motioning her companions to follow her, she swept scornfully past him, leaving him almost stupefied with amazement and concern.

"Well," he exclaimed, following her with wondering eyes, "that's just a little queer! What's the matter with her, anyhow? I didn't say anything unreasonable, I'm sure."

Just at this moment a faultlessly attired, fiercely mustached little man approached him, and said:

"Ef monsieur please, he sall come into ze library wiz me?"

"Sartinly," said Reuben.

As he followed his diminutive guide, he reflected in this vein:

"I s'pose he seen I was kinder put out, and he's a doing this to relieve me. Kind of him, anyhow."

Arrived at the library, he was considerably surprised by the little gentleman turning upon him and saying, in a voice trembling with anger:

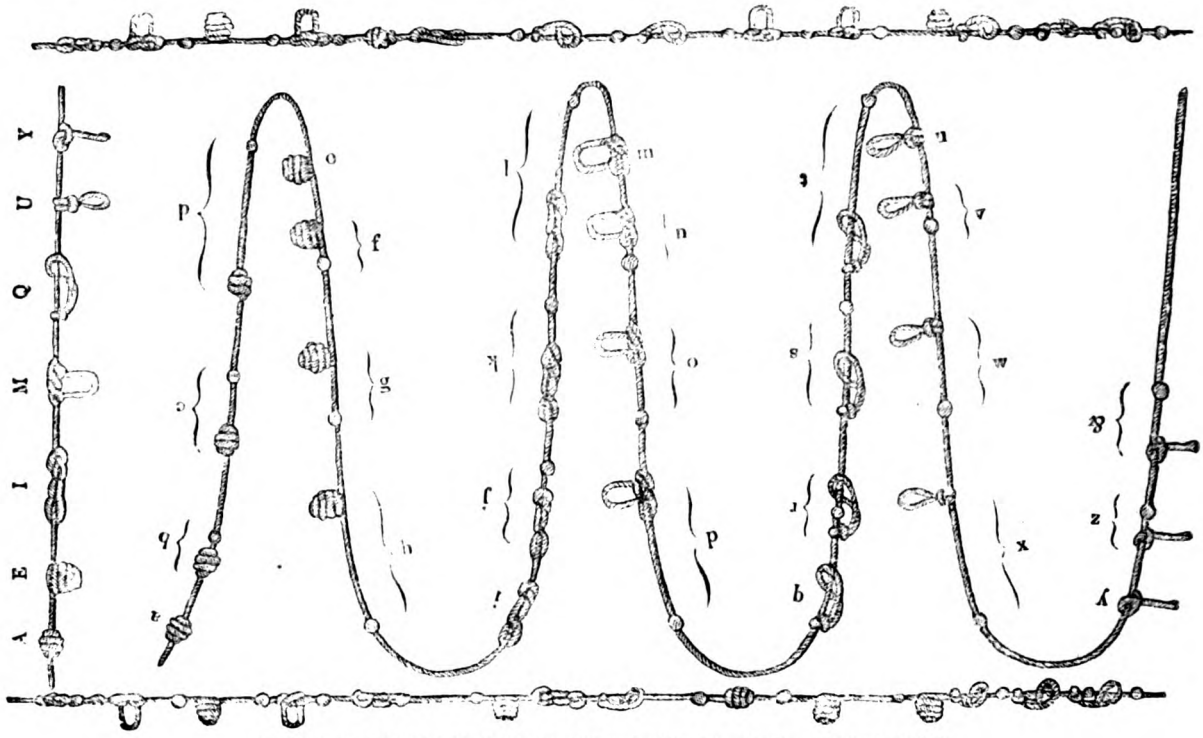
"Monsieur, I am ze Count Figary."

"Oh! be you?" said Reuben. "Well, I am Reuben Todd, of Minnesota, and I am glad to meet you."

He extended his hand to the angry count.

"Monsieur, you haf insult milady," said he, taking no notice of the proffered hand.

"Guess not; guess you're mistaken," replied Reuben, in surprise.



WHAT OUR MODERN BOOK GREW FROM.—PERUVIAN QUIPOS.—SEE PAGE 603.

"I haf wis my own eyes see you, monsieur, so I demande one satisfaczione!" cried the irate little Frenchman, stamping the floor in his rage.

"Oh, you do—eh? What do you want me to do?" asked Reuben.

"You shall go on your knee and make one apologee."

"Look-a-here, bub," said Reuben, gravely. "If I have hurt the lady's feelings, I'm right sorry, and am willing to say so to her. That's about all I can do in the way of a 'pology."

CLAY TABLET FROM NINEVEH.

"You sall go one time down on your knee," persisted the little man.

"Guess not — guess not," returned Reuben. "You're a little wild, bub, but you'll git over it presently."

And, saying this, he turned on his heel and walked away.

With a howl of rage, the irate Figary leaped upon him, striking him fiercely several times in rapid succession.

Reuben shook him off as he would have done a child, and, grasping his collar, lifted him free of the floor and bore him, struggling and kicking, to the open window, out of which he carefully dropped him upon the lawn below.

"There, you little varmint!" he cried. "Stay out there till you cool off. I could a-smashed you all up or pinned you on my shirt-front, but I've let you off easy on account of your size; so jest sit down on the grass and cool off, will you?"

And he closed the window and latched it, leaving his antagonist to glower in at him in a paroxysm of rage. He then sauntered leisurely into the *salon* in search of Miss Delamayn.

But Reuben was destined to further trouble with Count Figary, for presently there was heard a wild commotion at the entrance to the *salon*, and a voice crying loudly and excitedly:

"Where he iss? I sall go not nevaire from zis place ontil I haf hees life!"

And the little fellow popped into the *salon* with the suddenness of a Jack out of its box.

"Aha!" he cried, as his scintillating orbs fell upon his foe. "Now I haf find you I will one satisfaction haf."

And he leaped at him with the fury of an enraged cat.

"What is the trouble, count?" inquired Mr. Delamayn,

TABLET IN CLAY AND INSCRIBED CLAY LUMP.

who had hastened forward at once that personage made his furious entrance into the *salon*.

"He haf insult me ver mooch," said the count, pointing to Reuben.

And he proceeded, in an incoherent manner, to relate his wrongs.

Mr. Delamayn heard him through, and, turning to Reuben, coldly said:

"Leave my house, sir!"

"Why, I didn't hurt him!" he exclaimed, in amaze.

"Will you leave my house, or must I summon my servants?"

Reuben turned awkwardly to Miss Delamayn, who,

with many of the guests, had been drawn to the spot, and she gave him a swift, imploring glance, which he could not but understand.

"Sartinly!" he said, in a low voice, and bowing gracefully to her, he turned away and hurried from the room.

Hastening to his hotel, he sat down and wrote Miss Delamayn a full explanation of the affair, which occupied him until the morning to finish.

This he posted at an early hour, waiting that day and the next for an answer.

But none came. Then, in despair, he started for his far-off home, which, with heart full of grief, he reached in due time.

"Mother," he said, after he had donned his old and toil-worn garments once more, and given her his holiday attire, "put them clothes out of sight—I've got no further use for 'em!"

Then he went into the woods, and, in spite of the deep snow, toiled as he had never done before.

THE PAPYRUS.

Chapter IV.

By the advice of Count Figary, Mr. Delamayn had invested large sums of money in certain foreign concerns which, according to the count, were sure to return huge profits.

They did another thing, however—collapsed very suddenly, and left Mr. Delamayn a penniless man.

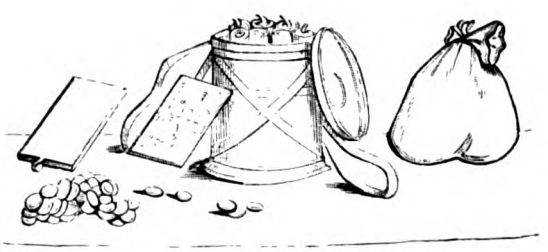
It was an awful blow to him, and, being a coward, he succumbed to it with the help of a deadly narcotic.

These things happened soon after the taking place of the events recorded in the last chapter, and they quite broke the heart of the maiden sister, and when she was laid to rest by the side of her unfortunate brother, it was then that poor Miss Fannie Delamayn found herself alone and friendless in the world. Her wardrobe and jewels were all that remained to her, and, finding a room in another part of the city, she took up her abode there, and set out to teach music for her livelihood. But she soon learned the fact that there were better teachers than herself in the field, who found it a matter of difficulty to obtain pupils; and, after waiting in vain for some time for the pupils that never came, she gave it up and turned her thoughts to painting. But when, in quest of materials for the work, she paused before the plate windows of an "art store," and saw fine pictures sold at auction at prices below the frames in which they were hung, her heart sickened, and she went back to her lodging utterly disheartened.

CINGALESE WRITING ON LEAF OF TALIPOT PALM.

A whole month was spent by her in trying unsuccessfully to obtain a clerkship, and finally, in sheer despair, she engaged herself to make vests for Messrs. Isaacs & Schwart. Very bravely she began her task, but her poor little fingers grew sore and her soft eyes dim, and then her employers, by a species of juggling known only to their fraternity, caused numberless gaps to appear in the seams of the garments, and quite broke her little heart by magnanimously withholding half the price promised for the work.

Then she *was* disheartened, and remained shut up in her little room until hunger drove her to the pawn-



TABLETS AND ROLLS IN CASE.

broker, who, being nationally related to her late employer, displayed quite as little liberality in his loans on the costly articles tendered to him as they were in rewarding her toil.

Why didn't she appeal to her friends, the Misses Crofton? will be asked. Well, they were in Europe; besides Miss Delamayn was proud, and already she had met with some coldness from not a few of those who had been her friends in the past.

One by one did her personal effects disappear, and the pawnbroker rubbed his fat hands gleefully as he counted the profits on each, and Miss Delamayn sighed often and wearily as she beheld her only means of support vanishing from her sight.

At length her wardrobe was reduced to two dresses, and her jewels to a not very costly solitaire ring. This latter she took to the human leech, somewhat thankful that it would be her last visit to him.

It was quite dark when she left the den, and she hurried homeward as fast as her limbs would carry her. She had not gone far, however, ere she grew conscious of the fact that she was being followed by a man. This discovery lent her wings of terror, and she almost ran along the dimly lighted walk. But her pursuer, too, quickened his pace, and, just as she reached her lodging-place, he overtook her, and grasped her arm as she entered the hallway.

With a cry of dismay she turned upon him and beheld the leering face of Count Figary. He was flushed with wine, but endeavored to hide the fact, and to allay her fears with some maudlin offer of protection.

But she broke away from him, and fled like a frightened fawn to her room. There she fell upon her humble couch and cried out aloud, in the bitterness of her despair:

"Oh, merciful Heaven! has it come to this? Reuben, Reuben, you are the only *man* I have ever known!"

For many hours she lay sobbing there; but when her grief had finally spent its force, she arose and, bathing her throbbing temples, sat down to think how she might best escape her seemingly evil destiny.

"Let me see," she murmured. "I have yet a few dollars. They will provide me with food and lodging a few weeks only. After that I may lie down by the side of my dear ones and sleep with them. But, no; there is something better for me. I will go to Reuben. He will never refuse me shelter, I know."

Thus it happened, one Autumn day, when the leaves were falling, that Miss Delamayn alighted from the dusty train in the little station where she had bid him Good-by two years before, and turned her pale face toward his humble home.

She was weary and worn, and hungry, too; for, poor child, her stinted means had barely paid the price of the ticket, and left her nothing wherewith to purchase food on the way. She was barely able to shape her footsteps toward the distant cottage where she hoped to find shelter.

It was three miles there, and evening was fast coming; but for the sake of the sweet rest she knew would be hers at the end, she thought she would be able to perform the journey in spite of the darkness.

She went slowly along the old, familiar path with joy in her heart and the light of hope in her tender orbs.

She soon found, however, that she had overrated her strength, for, ere she had gone far upon the way, she was obliged to halt and rest her wearied frame.

Then the night came, and the deep wood grew dark and lonely, while grim shadows rose up before her at every step, frightening her with their weird shapes.

But onward she toiled, and when at length she reached the friendly clearing the great moon burst through the clouds, dispersing the ugly shadows, and lighting up the gloomy forest aisles suddenly and softly, as God's pardon ofttimes lights up a sin-sick soul.

There stood the dear old cottage, and the lamp-lit windows told her its inmates had not yet retired.

She grew weaker still at sight of it, finding it difficult to maintain strength enough to enable her to cross the narrow clearing. But, somehow, she gained the house, and, halting before a window, she peered within, and beheld that which gladdened her weary heart. Seated by the table, with book in hand, was Reuben—dear old Reuben! He was much changed in appearance, though, and was evidently suffering in mind.

The sight of his pale and careworn face brought a pang to her heart.

"Reuben!" she called, in a low, hoarse whisper.

He started at the sound of her voice and glanced nervously about him; but, thinking it only fancy, he resumed his studies.

"Reuben!" she again called, this time with all her strength, which was little enough.

He sprang to his feet as if shot. His quick eye met the white face at the window, and, with a great cry of joy, he darted out of the door and caught her up in his arms.

He saw that she was suffering, and bore her quickly into the house, where, still holding her, he fell on his knees and began smoothing her damp tresses and uttering words of endearment to her.

"Reuben," she murmured, faintly, "you are all that is left me now."

"Oh, my poor little one!" he answered, still stroking her hair. "Mother! mother!" he cried; "Fanny has come back to us! Come and welcome her."

Soon the widow made her appearance, she having been a-bed, and immediately took the weary one in charge.

"Build a fire at once, Reuben," she said, "and fetch some of the alderberry wine from the cellar along with some fresh eggs. Make haste, for the poor child is starvin'—I can see it in her baby face."

Very soon there were tea and toast and eggs, and other good things, in abundance, ready for the half-famished girl, and when she had partaken freely of them, she felt her strength return.

Then she told her story, and from it Reuben gathered that she had never received his letter of explanation.

But little remains to tell. Reuben has married his darling, and both are supremely happy.

He has erected a great sawmill over the site of the rapids, and a new railroad has increased the population and business of the little town to that extent that his mill is kept running both day and night to supply the demand for lumber.

He is making a fortune rapidly, and has risen somewhat socially, for only recently he was elected town supervisor, and the good citizens thereof are much elated over their choice of candidate.

THE GREAT SPHINX.

THE *Times* prints an account of the excavations made, under the direction of M. Grébaut, with the object of clearing the sand which a year ago had buried the Great Sphinx almost to the throat. The last occasion on which the Sphinx was cleared down to the level on which the paws rest was in honor of the opening of the Suez Canal in 1869. The work of excavating is at the present time in active progress. Already the entire fore part of the great stone monster is laid bare, and the huge chest, the paws, the space between the paws, the altar in front of them, and the platform upon which they rest, are once more open to the light of day. Nor is this all. Between the Sphinx and the edge of the Pyramid Plateau a vast space has been cleared, thus bringing to view a fine flight of steps some 40 feet in width. These steps, which are described by Pliny, were uncovered by Caviglia in 1817, but have since been entirely lost to sight. From the level of the area below the great flight of steps (which lead down and go up to the Sphinx) one now measures the whole height of the huge human-headed monster,

whose battered countenance stands out against the cloudless sky 100 feet above. The space between the paws is 35 feet long and 10 feet wide. This space was anciently converted into a small sanctuary lined with votive tablets, only one of which—the famous stela of Thothmes IV.—yet remains *in situ*. The tablet stands 14 feet high, and is cut from a block of the same red granite of Assouan whereof the neighboring Temple of Khafra is built. The granite altar between the paws is of the same syenite, and most probably came from the same convenient quarry. This last, however, is of Roman work, very roughly executed. The paws of the Sphinx, as they now appear, are a restoration of Roman date, being cased in comparatively small slabs, and to some extent hollow underneath. The breast of the Sphinx has likewise been faced with slabs, apparently in Roman times, and these slabs have again been repaired by cutting away the weathered surface and inserting a fresh facing.

Like the legs of the Colossi of the Plain, and those of the statues at Aboo Simbel, the paws of the Sphinx are covered with the Greek scrawls of early travelers.

WHAT OUR MODERN BOOK GREW FROM.

ITS ANCESTORS OF STONE, BRICK AND PAPYRUS THE FIRST SQUARE BOOK.

A SMOOTH, flat bone, a bit of rude flint—these were the writing materials with which prehistoric man made the books that adorned his cavern home in the rocks or clay banks; rude drawings of the chase, far inferior in correctness of outline to the symbols and pictures painted on skins in red and ochre by North American savages. The most diligent explorers have rarely come upon human beings so low in intelligence as not to be able to record ideas of number by means of marks or notches. True, in a very limited way, scarcely above the mental effort of a two-year-old child, but sufficient to prove that man almost from the very first was a sort of automatic recording machine.

This instinctive desire to set his mark upon things developed rapidly into an intelligence. From the smooth surface of a bone, a bit of bark, a piece of hide, his picture writings extended, so to speak, to the broad pages of stone and clay which nature opened in his presence. Probably one of the first pages of stone written upon by man was the slab or tablet set up to mark the resting-place of a dead chief, with its rude symbols of his strength and prowess.

The first literature of a people is its laws. The page upon which they are written must be enduring, itself a symbol of the weight and lasting character of the statutes. Hence the stone tablet, in ancient times, served as the only book necessary for the people. To carry records of the past, ingenuity led to more portable plans, like the Quipos of Peru. But with the growth of the priesthood and a consequent necessity for a more readily manipulated writing material to set forth the mysteries of the cults, man turned his thoughts to the ever-present and impressionable clay. He saw that his own and the footprints of animals on this material, when hardened by the sun, were almost indestructible. He also discovered that he could fashion this plastic material into plates or tablets of any size and weight that might please him. The clay book may be aptly termed the great progenitor of our modern book. Three thousand years before our era, men learned in natural history and astronomy wrote down their thoughts in these clay books. In clearing away the ruins of ancient Nineveh extensive libraries of clay books were brought to light, composed of oblong tablets covered with a writing so close and fine as to require a glass to decipher their outlines. The cuneiform, that is, "wedge-shaped" or "arrow-headed," characters of the ancient Chaldeans, were written or impressed upon soft clay tablets, which were then baked in the heat of the sun. When a book consisted of a number of tablets, the last line on the tablet was repeated on the next tablet. Each tablet or book was numbered, and had a place assigned it in the library, marked by the same number as the book itself, so that the librarian might readily lay his hand upon it. The entire literature of the Assyrians and Babylonians was contained in these clay books. India used, as she uses to this day, the leaves of the talipot palm as writing material, furnished by Nature's hand, with no necessity of human adaptation. Upon entering ancient Egypt the descent of the book was ennobled by the substitution of vegetable paper, or papyrus, for the heavy and unwieldy leaves of clay.

Henceforth the book will be lifted from earth, so to speak, upward to man's head and heart, to be for ever a comfort and a consolation to him. The most ancient monuments of the Egyptians bear witness to the use of this wonderful vegetable film as a writing material. Glued together and rolled upon itself, it was destined for ages to receive the thoughts of the learned men of Egypt and then pass still onward and westward, entering Europe through Greece, and reaching Rome in time to be wrought into the Sibylline Books, and later to have inscribed upon its surface the glowing periods of a Cicero and the soft measures of a Virgil and a Horace.

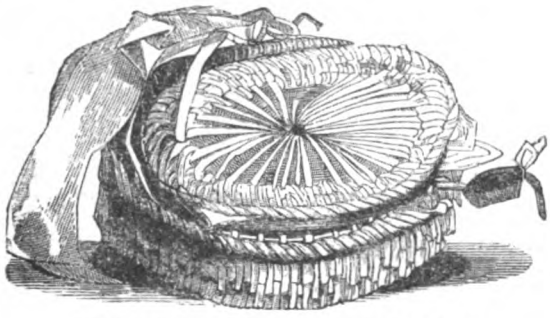
To Alexander the Great is due the honor of recognizing the wonderful utility of this paper, and encouraging its general importation into Greece, and not until the twelfth century did it finally disappear from the book-rooms of monasteries and shops of transcribers, supplanted by its great rival, parchment, which had entered the field as a book material as early as 200 B.C., and been a favorite with authors and bookmen on account of its great strength and durability.

Greece and Rome preserved the book in its roll form, about as they received it from the Orient. But they beautified its exterior to a wonderful degree, ornamenting the ends of the stick upon which it was rolled with ivory. The title was either suspended like a ticket by a silken cord or pasted on the outside. Gold, vermilion, blue, green and yellow were the colors used to paint initials, signatures, margins and end pieces on these rolls, more especially when the bookmaker was working upon parchment. The ancient book-room, which the architects took delight in ornamenting with marble, gold, ivory and glass, somewhat resembled our modern "map-room," for the ends of the rolls alone were visible.

The question which now arises is: How, in the further descent of the book, will the wonderful transformation, from the continuous roll of papyrus or parchment, varying from one to thirty feet, to the present square shape with leaves and covers, be effected? Looking back now to those distant ages, it seems as if nothing short of a miracle could have brought about this change, and yet

it came about so easily and naturally that for several centuries the roll form and square form continued to exist alongside of each other in perfect peace and good understanding.

The roll form continued in use during the Middle



SKIPPET USED IN ENGLAND TO HOLD ROLLS.

Ages, for certain kinds of books, especially charters, constitutions, statutes, etc.

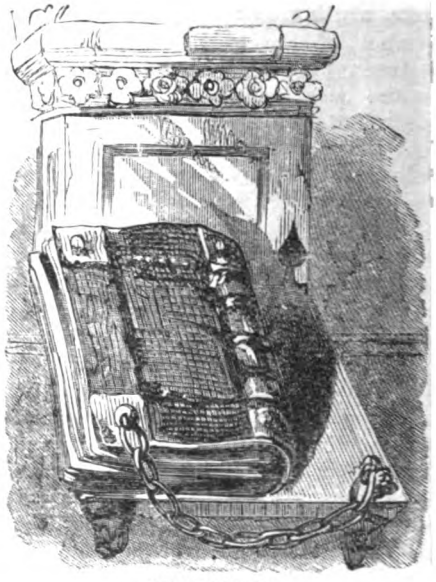
But to resume: It had been the custom of the early Romans to put their treaties on wax tablets, which were bordered with silver. Sometimes whole books were written upon ivory tablets; but the most usual form of the tablet was the diptych or two-leaved tablet. The consuls, upon assuming office, were wont to send these diptychs, containing their names and portraits, to their friends. Lovers also made use of them to write their letters. Ordinary diptychs were made of boxwood or maple, while the wealthy demanded richer materials, such as ivory or silver, even gold.

When necessary another leaf was added, forming a triptych. It will be seen now that a marriage is drawing

A HEBREW SCROLL IN CASE.

OLD-FASHIONED HORN BOOK.

near. The roll is about to be wedded to the triptych, and the issue of this union will be a veritable book! Very naturally, the addition of several *metal* leaves would so increase the weight of the tablet book as to render it unfit for the very uses for which it was designed. Hence the substitution of papyrus and parchment leaves for metal ones. The outer pages of the tablets, which had always been ornamented with carvings, mosaics, etc., became the *covers* of the young book, to protect its delicate pages, and lo! the metamorphosis is complete! The early Christians took up this form for registers, annuals, etc., ornamenting their covers so richly that they were laid upon the altars as sacred objects.



CHAINED BOOK.

Here we find the origin of those rich bindings wrought by the monks in later centuries, termed "monastic bindings," in which gold, silver, ivory and precious stones were combined to decorate the *upper cover*—for it must be kept in mind that, although *born*, the book was yet not able to stand upright upon

its edges. It will be centuries yet ere this comes to pass.

During the seventh century, our old friend papyrus begins to yield its place entirely to parchment, which was

A TRIPTYCH.

now written upon both sides, and at the beginning of the tenth century we find an entirely new substance between the heavy covers of monastic books. It was at first made from cotton fibre, but after the lapse of 200 years more, linen was substituted, and the genuine paper of

to-day made its appearance. Its coming marks an impor ant epoch in the descent of the book. But still one mo propitious event is still lacking—to wit, the invention printing, and then the perfect book will shed its hea

covers and stand upright like a ning of light and li But before this happy day dawned, several attempts we made to supplant, or, rather, supplement, the writt book. It was the awakening of that sublime idea whi was destined to change the whole face of the globe.

This was the appearance of the block book, so called because it was printed from a block, or blocks, upon which rude pictures—generally of a devotional character—were cut, together with the descriptive text. This kind of "book-making" was undoubtedly of Chinese origin, and was introduced into Europe by Venetian traders.

In the twelfth and thirteenth centuries "block books" were very common in Italy, Germany and the Netherlands. One of the most famous of them, the "Poor Man's Bible," contained about fifty pages, filled with Biblical scenes and incidents. About 1450, Gutenberg completed the printing of his first book—a Bible—from movable type, and the occupation of the transcriber was gone for ever. But many years must elapse ere books become so plentiful that it will not be necessary to chain them to the reading-desk. This custom, which dates as far back as the fifth century, continued in existence down to the last century, although, of course, in rare cases only.

In the fifteenth century whole libraries were thus secured. Books so chained were termed *catenati*. The volume was attached by chain and padlock. The chained directory of our day is a survival of this custom. The covers of manuscript books, when not decorated, were usually in plain oak, sometimes covered with hog's hide, with corners strengthened by metal plates, while branching hinges and bosses covered the entire book. The weight of such a volume may be imagined. Petrarch, who was accustomed to rest the "Epistles of Cicero" upon his leg while reading, so injured it that the necessity of amputation was actually threatened.

But with the advent of printing, the huge manuscript books, with their ponderous covers of oak, soon ceased to make their appearance. The strong, tough "pasteboard," covered with calfskin or morocco, took their place, and, even now books thus covered, which were printed and ornamented three centuries ago, are still fresh and beautiful. The descent of the book was complete; ennobled and refined by the skill of man, it has reached perfection. There is no necessity, there is no possibility, of further development.

But the book beautiful of the sixteenth century, in the wildest dreams of its makers, was never thought capable of increasing and multiplying to such an extent as to reach the masses of the people. And hence the various makeshifts of the early printers to supply this want.

They took the form of broadsides, almanacs and chap books. The broadside, which has long since ceased to exist, save in the form of "posters," was, in the good old days of Queen Bess, a thing of light and life, varying in its contents from a ballad, a prayer, the dying confession of a criminal, to the proclamation of a new king. Of course it was always printed on one side only, but on so large a sheet, and so closely printed, as to hold quite a bookful.

The almanac is likewise a very ancient style of book, dating back to 1491. It was not only a calendar, but a genuine booklet for the people, telling them what to eat, drink and wear; how to guard against the plague; how to educate children, and predict storms; together with the names of saints, dates of festivals, etc. The "chap book," so-called from being sold by "chapmen," or peddlers, made its appearance early in the seventeenth century. It was an attempt, and a successful one, to make books for the people. These small volumes, in pamphlet shape, treated of a vast number of subjects, from the lives and deeds of martyrs, heroes, giants and witches, to the art of fortune-telling, weather-forecasting, proverbs, wit and wisdom, discomforts of married life, national eccentricities and absurdities. Wandering peddlers and hawkers frequented markets, wakes and fairs, and disposed of vast numbers of these chap books. The last quaint type of booklet for the people that requires a word of mention at our hands is the "horn book," a curious contrivance, consisting of a sheet of printed matter fastened to a piece of board, with a handle, and covered with mica or horn, hence its name of "horn book." It was a sort of primer for the people, and first made its appearance in the fifteenth century. Block books, chap books and horn books all served their purpose well, but thanks to the invention of the steam printing press and paper-making machine, books have been so cheapened that the most glorious productions of human genius now gladden the humblest homes.

OUR KNOWLEDGE OF THE DEEP SEA.

Professor Angelo Heilprin says that while oceanography is an old science, our present accurate knowledge dates from the present generation. Four hundred years ago nothing was known of the Pacific Ocean, and one hundred years ago we, for the first time, had an approximate appreciation of the relations of land and water. The proportion of land to water was considered to be as six to one, and in 1810 calculations were made to show that the earth could not be more than as one to two as compared with water. The process of measurement, however, is very slow, and it is only over a limited portion of the earth's surface that it has been carried. Present knowledge on the subject, however, places the absolute proportions as 1 to 2.76.

Next, considering the question as to the nature of the trough of the sea, Professor Heilprin referred to Von Humboldt's theory that the water had made its own excavation as one that was untenable; and as to the remarkable theory that the mass of the moon represents the substance taken away from the earth, and thus forming the trough of the sea, he said that there was not a particle of evidence in geology to confirm it. He believed that the folds formed by the trough of the sea were due to the shrinkage of the earth's crust. The lecturer went on to say that there is not a single portion of the ocean bed having an extent (excepting in a few instances in the cases of volcanic islands) of precipitate shore cliffs where the rise and fall exceeds a gradient of one in five. Our knowledge as to the depth of the ocean, also, is quite recent; the soundings showing an average depth of 12,000 feet, and 27,000 feet as the greatest depth.

Three peculiarities of the ocean bed which were pointed out were the regularity of the plateaus, the absence of abrupt promontories and the enormous elevation to which some of the promontories raise. The level character of the ocean plateaus, Professor Heilprin said, is due to the absence of those carving processes which are at work upon the land, the gradual leveling down resulting, not from the currents, but from the gradual accumulation of organic and inorganic material which has succeeded in finding a level. The remarkable character of the prominences on the ocean bed was pointed out, one of the peaks in the Sandwich Island rising to a height of over 30,000 feet from the ocean bed, a greater elevation than any in the Himalayas. The configuration of the ocean bed and the gradual descent to the greatest depths were briefly described.

The depth to which solar light penetrates into the ocean has been found to be only about 400 meters, or about four times as great as in the clear lakes of Switzer-

land. However, it is not impossible that a peculiar kind of illumination may penetrate to greater depths, and it is not the case that absolute darkness reigns in the deep sea. Phosphorescent light is found to be given forth by fishes, as well as from the lower forms of life. Professor Heilprin next touched upon the color of the ocean and of lake waters. He said that Professor Tyndall's researches show that the black tint that is the characteristic of some water is due to the absorption of all rays of light; the blue tint is due to the absorption of some rays and the reflection of others, and the green and yellow tints indicate the presence of sediment in the water. The ocean water has a color of its own—a light blue, and the green effect is due to the reflection of yellow light-rays mixing with the blue; a yellow color shows considerable quantities of sediment, which overcomes the blue and green or blue alone. Until fifteen years ago it was the idea that the sediment from the earth was deposited all over the ocean's surface, but this is found not to be the case, the deposit being distributed along a very narrow line of from 200 to 300 miles.

The oceanic fauna is divided into three classes, the Littoral, the Pelagic and the Deep Sea. Theories as to animal life at great depth were disbelieved thirty years ago, experience having shown that along the coast line there was a rapid decrease of life from the surface, and the calculation was made that the zero point would be reached at about 1,200 feet below the surface. The rupture of the Mediterranean telegraph cable, however, settled the question, the ruptured ends showing that at a depth of 7,000 or 8,000 feet there were incrustations of coral life and living shells of various kinds. Now we know that animal forms are found at 17,000 feet, including nearly all the principal types, sponges, corals, worms, crustaceans and fishes—the greater number of them being merely modifications of the forms found on the surface. A distinctive feature is found in the looseness of the tissues, due probably to the amount of pressure to which they are subjected, it having been computed that at a depth of 12,000 feet, or less than the depth at which fish have been found, a man's body would be subject to a pressure equal to that exerted by twenty locomotives each drawing a train of cars loaded with iron.

In order to explain how these delicate forms exist under such pressure, Professor Heilprin compared the pressure to that of the atmosphere, it being exerted in all directions and from what is practically an equilibrium. In conclusion, the lecturer referred to the calcareous deposits which cover the ocean bed over a greater part of its surface, representing the accumulation of tens of thousands of centuries, and to the red-clay deposits found at 17,000 feet and below, the shell deposits disappearing within a distance of about a thousand feet. As to the theory of the alternation of the land and sea, he said there was no doubt that the land was covered by the sea, but that there was ever land where there is now the sea there is no evidence up to this time.

THE HOUSE OF HOHENZOLLERN.

The royal house of Hohenzollern springs from Count Thassilo, of Zollern, one of the generals of Charlemagne. His successor, Count Friedrich I., built the family castle of Hohenzollern, near the Danube, in the year 980. In 1415, the head of the family obtained possession of the Province of Brandenburg, and two years later was recognized as an Elector of the Empire. A century later, the Province of Prussia came into the possession of the family, through the election of Albrecht, a younger son, to the post of Grand Master of the Province. This, together with the additions to the family possessions made by Friedrich Wilhelm in the seventeenth century, encouraged the son of the "Great Elector," to crown himself king at Königsberg, January 18th, 1701, under the title of Friedrich I. From this time forward the dominions of the kings of Prussia steadily increased, until, after the war of 1866, the kingdom covered 137,066 square miles, with a population of nearly 23,000,000. With this growth in power came the natural rivalry with Austria. As far back as 1833 Prussia had formed the Zollverein, or Customs Union, of the German Powers, excluding Austria. This was small loss, financially, to the great empire of Austro-Hungary, but it constituted a tie between Prussian and other German states, and threatened Austria's position as head of the German Confederation. This led to numberless jealousies and bickerings, until finally, in 1866, Prussia determined to exclude Austria from the Confederation. The victory at Sadowa, July 3d, settled this question, and Prussian influence became supreme in Germany; so that during the Franco-German War of 1870 King Wilhelm became Emperor Wilhelm I. of a newly organized German Empire.

THE SMALLEST KINGDOM.

There is a little European kingdom named Tavolara, the King of which, Paul I., died only a few months ago, full of years and honors.

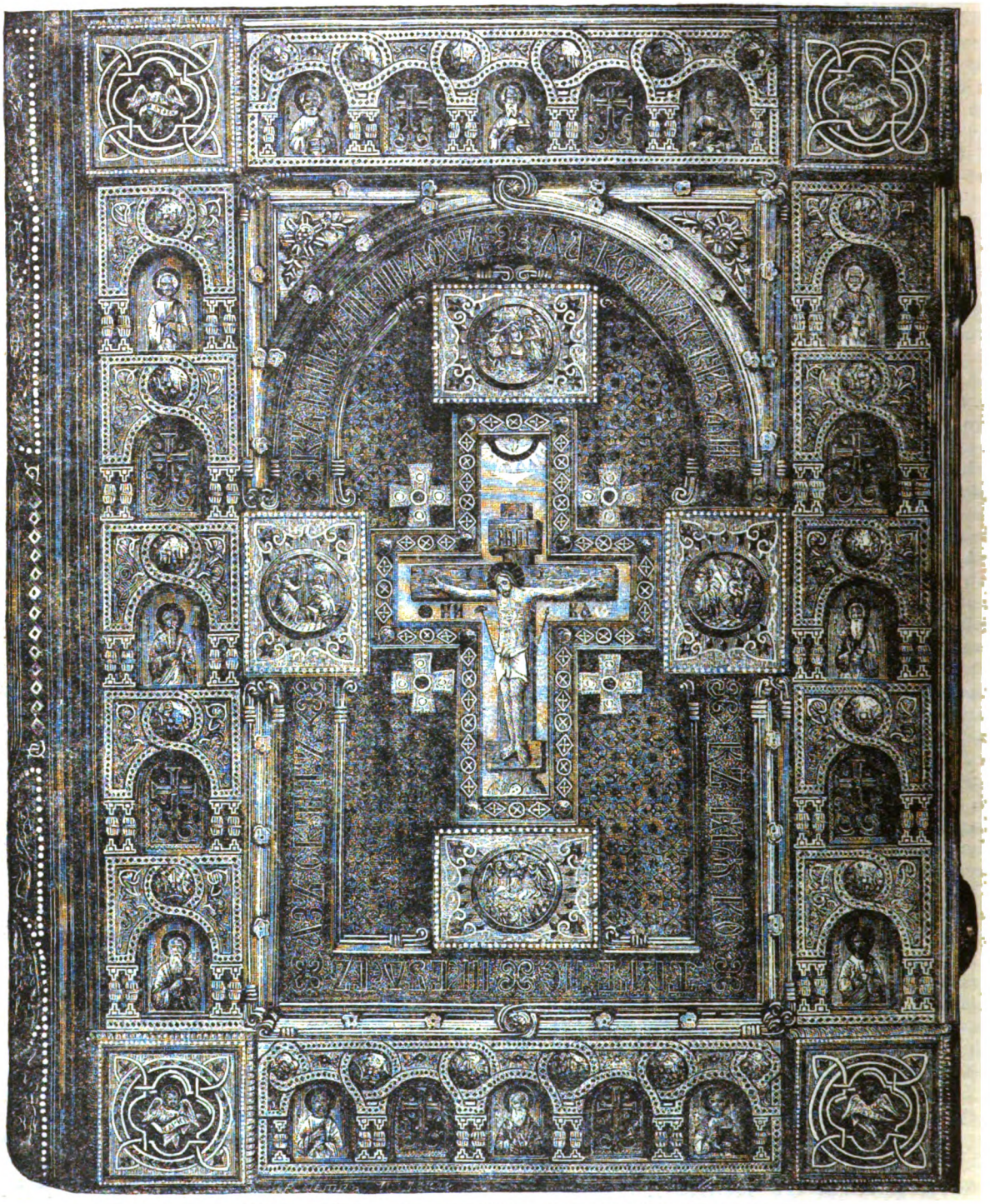
Off the northeast coast of the Island of Sardinia lies the much smaller Island of Tavolara, five miles long and one broad. Its possession and absolute sovereignty were formally granted by King Charles Albert of Sardinia to the Bartoleoni family, and for more than half a century Paul I., King of Tavolara, reigned over it in peace. On the 30th of May last King Paul was compelled to go to the mainland to seek treatment for heart-disease. Finding that science was powerless in his case, the King returned to his island to die in the midst of his subjects, who are forty in number. He died sitting in his chair, like the Emperor Vespasian, vainly endeavoring to write a will.

He was seventy-eight years old. The forty subjects of Re Paolo, as they called him, lost in him a benevolent and industrious monarch; his family lost a kind father; and the wild goats of the island, more numerous than his subjects, lost—we will not say they mourn the loss of—an intrepid hunter.

A CHARMING CARLYLE LETTER.

Among the newly published Carlyle letters is this altogether delightful note from him, in his twenty-sixth year, to his sister of eleven: "Dear Little Jane: Thou never wrotest me any kind of letter, yet I would be glad to see one from thy hand. There is in that little body of thine as much wisdom as ever inhabited so small a space; besides, thou art a true character, steel to the back, never told a lie, never flinched from telling truth; and, for all these things, I love thee, my little Jane, and wish thee many blithe New Years, from the bottom of my heart. Does the little creature ever make any rhymes now? Can she write any? Is she at any school? Has she read the book we sent her? Tell me all this—if thou hast power even to form strokes—that is, to go through the first elements of writing. I am living here in a great monster of a place, with towers and steeples, and grand

houses all in rows, and coaches and cars and men and women by thousands—all very grand; but I never forget the good people at Mainhill—nor thee, among the least in stature, though not the least in worth. Write then, if thou canst. I am very tired, but always thy affectionate brother, TH. CARLYLE.—Give my compliments to Nimble, that worthiest of curs. Is Jamie Aitken with you still? I reckon him to be a worthy boy."



WHAT OUR MODERN BOOK GREW FROM.—RICH BOOK-COVER IN MEDIÆVAL STYLE.—SEE PAGE 603.

A PHILADELPHIA genealogist, in tracing some early Pennsylvania families, contributes a bit of history interesting to New Yorkers. He finds among the early dwellers in the Delaware Valley the Murrays of Swatara, who were of Scotch descent, and appear first in 1732. They were Presbyterians, and active in the Revolutionary War; but Robert, a grandson of the emigrant, after going to North Carolina about 1750, came back, settled in New York, prospered as a merchant, became a Quaker, and, purchasing the tract of land known as "Murray Hill," gave his name to the fashionable centre on Fifth Avenue. It was his son, Lindley Murray, the Quaker, who wrote the grammar, prepared the spelling-book, and compiled the "English Reader."

"A QUARTER OF A MILE AWAY LAY THE POOL—DEEP, DARK, CALM. AT ITS EDGE STOOD OLIVETTE."

"THE RACE TO THE SWIFT."

THE great fair at Belleville was proving itself a success. The week, thus far, had been one of perfect weather. The farmers had come in full force, and had been greatly pleased with the show of live-stock and machinery, while their wives and daughters had been delighted with the exhibition in "Floral Hall." The races had been spirited and exciting, and if they had not been perfectly square and honest, so few knew the truth that there was no lack of interest.

Thursday was almost done; Thursday, which had been designed to be the best day of the fair; Thursday, the day

which had brought the largest crowd; Thursday, the day when the sky was fairest; the day when the temperature was perfect; the day when the track was fastest. All seemed happy—all but the reporter.

He was the reporter for the great daily in the great city. He had written glowing accounts of what there was to be seen on the grounds. His paper had grown in popularity. He knew that he had something to do with that fact. There was every reason, so far as one could guess from appearances, why he should be pleased.

But he wasn't. There was a frown on his face. He was captious and critical. He was inclined to find fault with everything.

I don't know what ailed the reporter. Perhaps the fact that he had been reporting country fairs for six weeks had something to do with it. Possibly his dinner had not been to his notion. It may be he had bet—— But it may be I had better not say that, even though I am sure that the reporter was only human.

The last race was a foot-race between two strong young men. One won, by a foot or so. I don't know which one. I don't know what their names were; who does know or care for those things, unless it is his business to do so?

The crowd cheered the winner. They looked scornfully at the man who had been a fraction of a heart-beat behind his fortunate rival; but they would have cheered him just as loudly and just as blindly if he had won. So goes the world.

The crowd rose to leave the grand stand. All had bright faces—all except the reporter.

"Why will men degrade themselves so?" he said, asking the question in a general way, which might mean that he was simply thinking aloud, or that any disgusted and sympathetic hearer might speak his feelings in return.

A tall, stout, grave-faced man took it upon himself to answer. His answer was a question:

"How have these men degraded themselves? Was not the race fair?"

"Perhaps so. In fact, I believe so. But what of it? Why will men spend time in training themselves to do what is so thoroughly useless?"

"Is it useless?" was the quick question.

"Isn't it?" returned the reporter.

"No, sir; it is not."

The answer was firm and the tone deep and strong; then leaning toward his antagonist in this wordy war, he asked:

"Did you ever hear of Tom Colleon?"

The professional instinct of the reporter flashed up into his eyes and face in an instant; it is the business of the newspaper man to know almost everything. And the reporter *did*, or thought so.

"Tom Colleon," he said—"of course I have heard of him. It was—eight—nine—let me see—no, it was ten years ago this Fall that he ran on this very track; made the best time any man ever made, too."

"Your memory is good——" commenced the tall, stout gentleman.

"Why shouldn't it be? I was here myself," interrupted the reporter.

"Sometimes," was the one word with which the gentleman finished his sentence. Then, after a pause, "Have you any idea what became of Colleon?"

"Not the slightest. I believe he never ran again in public."

"He never did. That was his first and only trial of speed for money."

"Then he went the to bad? Drank? Broke down under his training? Died of delirium tremens?"

"No, sir. None of those things. He is alive to-day. He is strong and healthy. He is rich and prosperous and happy."

"I'm glad to know that. I believe I had a very warm corner in my heart for Tom Colleon. I was younger, then. Besides that, how he could run! But haven't you rather overshot your mark? You started out to prove that such training as these men have undergone is not useless. Now you've admitted that Colleon only ran once in public."

"I didn't advocate racing. I advocated the training. I spoke in favor of a man being strong and swift; ready and able to do great things, and to do them promptly and quickly."

"All right. We'll discuss it from that standpoint. Colleon is alive and well and rich and happy. Why? Is it because he could run fast?"

"Yes, sir; it is because he could run fast," said the tall, stout gentleman.

I think the reporter started to ask whether Colleon had been in a war somewhere, and I know there was a twinkle of mischief in his eye, but something in the face of the other made him pause.

"Will you explain yourself?" he asked.

"Yes, I will," said the gentleman, with some emotion; "there is nothing that Tom Colleon valued that he did not save by means of his training, and the power it gave him. There was nothing which he could have risked on any chance or in any venture which he did not risk once upon a time on his speed. And he won, too."

"Nothing?" said the reporter, with a quizzical smile. "I am a great admirer of some of the heroes of the Revolution. Suppose I ask whether he ever ventured his life, his fortune and his sacred honor."

And the reporter laughed.

The tall, stout gentleman looked very grave and very serious. He laid the forefinger of his right hand very impressively on his left palm, and slowly tapped off the several points of his answer.

"His life, yes! His fortune, yes! His honor, yes!"

The reporter raised his eyebrows and looked incredulous. Something in the face of the other seemed to convince him.

"Will you take supper with me to-night, and tell me the story of Tom Colleon?" he asked.

The gentleman consented. This is the story he told:

"Tom Colleon was left an orphan at an early age. He was left poor—very poor. He had two uncles—brothers of his father, who were very rich. One was a bachelor; the other was a widower with two children, a boy of about Tom's age and a girl two years younger. The bachelor sent Tom to school, and later paid his expenses through college.

"One month after Tom's graduation, his uncle died suddenly; in the morning he was as strong and well as ever, so far as one could guess; at noon he was slightly indisposed; at nightfall he was under the care of two physicians; at midnight he was dead, and Tom had lost the best and wisest friend he had ever known, for his own father and mother had died when he was an infant.

"Every one had supposed that Tom would be his uncle's heir. Tom had expected it. He knew that his uncle had intended it. But the old gentleman's will read differently from anything Tom or his friends had guessed. Tom was given five hundred dollars a year, while the two cousins, Olivette and Jack, had just as much given them. But the great bulk of his fortune

went to a distant relative who had never been seen nor known by any of them. It is true that the will was an old one; true that it was dated when Tom was a little fellow almost unknown to his uncle; true that every one who knew anything about the matter knew perfectly well that there had been the fullest intention to make another will. Death had come; he had come suddenly; and the silent lips could never speak the love Tom knew had been his own; the pulseless hand could never write the words which would do Tom justice.

"Tom began life on his five hundred dollars a year. It was hard enough, for his uncle had allowed him to form expensive tastes—tastes for travel and books and pictures—tastes for elegant garments—tastes for pleasant leisure, and had always seen them gratified. And now Rupert Carlisle came to take possession of the old homestead, and Tom was cast out.

"I suppose Rupert Carlisle loved justice. I believe he thought the will which gave him the property he came to enjoy was a just one. I have little doubt that he might have asked Tom to share the old home with him, and to help him spend the income from the great estate. But an unfortunate thing happened—unfortunate if such an invitation were desirable—Rupert Carlisle's daughter fell in love with Tom.

"Ruth Carlisle was a handsome and showy girl. She was well educated, a good talker, a clear thinker, a deep, cool and crafty schemer, and as thoroughly unscrupulous a woman as ever the sky bent over. She believed in her personal power so fully that she never doubted that she would win the admiration and love of Tom Colleon, and, as sentimental modesty was entirely foreign to her nature, she did not hesitate to show just what *her* feelings were. She was astounded when she found that she had failed to kindle a responsive flame in the heart of the man she loved. Then she was angry. She never felt shame for having given her love unasked. Her determination to win never faltered. I fear that she swore a very bitter oath that she would succeed, and that she never hesitated at doing anything which promised to lead to success.

"Having failed to win Tom, she tried to buy him. She tried to secure him by the golden bribe of the property which should have been his. Her desperation got the better of her prudence one June evening, and she offered herself to him. Had she only been so unmaidenly as to offer herself, he would have pitied her; she was so brazen as to offer herself and her father's wealth, and he despised her.

"As gently as possible, but perhaps too gravely and positively, he refused her.

"She stood there, the pure, June moonlight falling around her, and making her beauty still more beautiful. The breeze was soft and balmy, and it had the perfume of flowers in its breath.

"Ruth Carlisle had chosen the best time possible for her venture. I shall not say that Tom was not tempted. Wealth, beauty, a slavish love—it would have bought the very soul of a false man. But Tom refused her. He thanked God that he had the strength to do that. He refused her.

"Then she cursed him, No more evil words ever fell from woman's lips. She called down all sorts of disaster upon him and the woman he might win. She told him that no other woman should ever be his wife. She bade him always remember that if he ever loved another she would keep them apart, and wreck the lives of both.

"When Tom left her that night, he thought he heard her weeping as only the utterly despairing can weep. If he heard aright, her tears brought her no good; there is nothing to show that she ever relaxed her determination to have vengeance.

"If Ruth Carlisle had not spoken, I presume that Tom would not have guessed at the love which was growing up in his heart until months had gone by.

"Her words showed him all. He was impulsive. He acted on his impulse.

"The evening after his stormy scene with her, he asked his sweet cousin Olivette to be his wife, and went to his happy dreams with the fond kiss of their betrothal on his lips. He did not tell Olivette what Ruth Carlisle had said. He believed it would not be necessary; he feared it would not be honorable.

"If Ruth Carlisle suspected the secret which the two cousins so carefully treasured, she certainly took a strange way to get her revenge. She suddenly became the warmest friend of Olivette Colleon.

"Tom necessarily saw her often. There was nothing in her calm manner to indicate what a storm had raged across her face so lately—nothing to show what a hell might be raging in her heart even then. No word that was not friendly ever passed her lips in those days. But there was a look in her eyes, sometimes, which should have been a lesson to Tom.

"How she read character as she did is a puzzle to all who knew her, or who knew the story of her and Tom Colleon. It seems almost as though she must have had supernatural powers to have decided so accurately just what Jack and Olivette would do under given circumstances. But she failed to count correctly on some things.

"Perhaps I cannot sum it up better than by saying that she failed in her estimate of just what Tom Colleon would do.

"She laid the foundations of her plans with fiendish ingenuity. She did nothing in a hurry. Your accomplished wicked man or woman never does.

"The weeks and months rolled on. Tom Colleon lived in a very fool's paradise. Why he was content that his promised wife should be an almost constant visitor at the home of the Carlisles is so puzzling a thing that I will not attempt to explain it. How it could be that he could bring himself to sit, as the honored guest of the house, opposite the man who had usurped his rightful place in the world, I cannot pretend to say. Why he was so blind as to allow a woman to swear vengeance on him in June, and be her friend in July, her intimate friend in August, her very intimate friend in September, and so on, I do not know. Tom Colleon does not know. But so it was. They cultivate vines on volcanoes, and scoffers at the cyclone's power live in sight of the ruin it has wrought.

"Tom never guessed the life of wretchedness that Ruth Carlisle made Olivette Colleon live. Poor little Olivette! When she was with Tom she was trusting and happy; when she was away from him she was doubting and miserable. And all because her false friend had made her believe that Tom had wanted *her*, in the first place, and had asked Olivette for her love only after Ruth had refused him.

"Some girls would have gone to Tom and insisted on an explanation; some would have broken with him without even giving him an opportunity to explain. Olivette loved too well to do the latter; her belief in her own sweet self and in her own powers was too little to allow her to dare do the former. So the two lovers met with smiles, genuine and thoughtless on his part, forced and sorrowful on hers, and helped their bitter enemy to sow

the wind in their lives for the fateful harvest of the whirlwind by-and-by.

"All were at the Carlisles' one Autumn day. The bright skies of October shone over them. The hopes of Springtime were things of the past; the heat and passion of Summer had burned itself out. It seemed to Tom that the unholy passion of Ruth Carlisle for himself had faded with the year. He forgot that the fever of the lava fires blazes on under the eternal ice of the north. He forgot that humanity is human. He forgot that the wayward heart is false and cruel. He forgot that sin watches while innocence sleeps, and that the greatest might which mere man has ever manifested is the might of wickedness.

"This October day was the time for one lesson to Tom. Perhaps Fate was disposed to be kinder than usual to him. Fate, did I say? Let us rather call it Providence.

"Dinner was over. Ruth walked away with Jack down into the garden. Tom was left with Olivette. It was not often that so strong and keen a mind as Ruth Carlisle's would allow matters to so shape themselves. Tom did not say to himself that there was a purpose in it. But he felt uneasy. Without knowing why, he made some trivial excuse to Olivette—an excuse which left her in tears as soon as the door was closed behind him—and followed Ruth and Jack.

AND SHE BOXED HIS EARS.

Wife of his Bosom (who doesn't hunt)—"POOR LITTLE FOX!—TO BE TURNED OUT OF HIS COVER THIS COLD MORNING."
John Peel, Jr.—"AH! BUT THINK OF THE FARMYARDS HE HAS RAVAGED IN THE NIGHT."
W. O. H. B.—"AND IS THERE ANY SPECIAL REASON WHY YOU SHOULD SET UP AS THE CHAMPION OF THE POULTRY?"
J. P. J.—"WELL, I'M CERTAINLY RATHER INTERESTED IN ONE LITTLE GOOSE."

"He found them in the garden. He was about to join them, when he heard words spoken which showed that he was the subject of their conversation. He turned to retrace his steps to the house, when something in what was said arrested his retreat. He remained and listened.

"'I would not trust him,' said Ruth Carlisle.

"'Why?' asked honest Jack.

"'Well, I happen to know that Olivette loves him. Did you know that?'

"'Oh, no, I never guessed it,' said Jack, 'but I don't see why she shouldn't. He's a grand, good fellow!"

"'Yes—perhaps—so,' said Ruth, slowly, and somewhat bitterly; 'but why don't he tell you and her father of their engagement?'

"'Their engagement?'

"'Yes, sir, their engagement. It is no recent thing, Jack. They drove over to Beechmere Pool one night. It was June then, Jack. It is October now. But since that night she has been his promised wife. Did you not wonder, you blind fellow, why Olivette took such a sentimental interest in Beechmere Pool? You know how many picnics and drives and expeditions have gone there, and always at her request?'

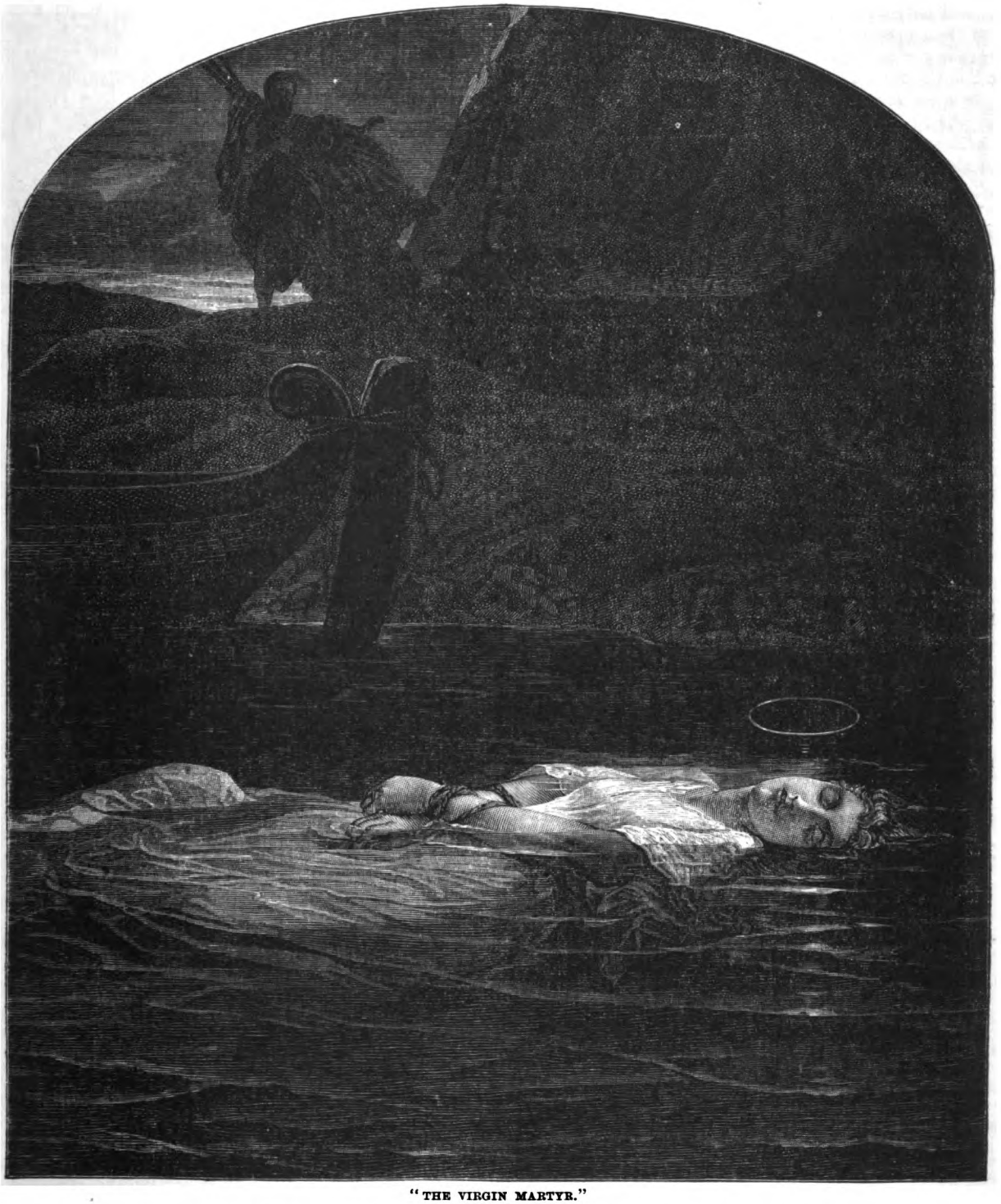
"'Well, what of it?' asked good-natured Jack.

"'What of it?' repeated Ruth, fiercely. 'Do you ask what of it? Is it just the thing to have been as silent as the grave about their engagement?'

"'Have they been that? You know it. I suppose Olivette has told you? I don't know why she chose you for her confidant rather than her father or myself; but I have no quarrel with her for having done so. It is only natural, I should think, though I've never been in love you will understand? I refused Tom Colleon last June myself. Why did he woo and win his cousin afterward?'

"'Because—perhaps—I—I think——'

"He paused. He could not tell this woman that his sister was so greatly her superior that Tom might have



"THE VIRGIN MARTYR."

myself, for them to want their secret to be a secret. They mean no harm, I am sure of that.'

"'They mean no harm! She does not. Your sister is a noble woman,' said Ruth, purposely bringing her attack upon Jack's most vulnerable point. 'But I cannot say as much for him. Must I tell you everything before done what she said he did and still be blameless. Possibly his face showed his thought.

"At any rate, the wicked heart of the desperate woman boldly invented a plan to convince him.

"'Have you ever heard of his exploits in the college town where he was educated?' she asked.

"'No. What are they?'

"'I cannot tell you. But I ask you to take my word that more than one person has had reason to regret having known Tom Colleon.'

"'I don't believe it,' said true-hearted Jack, earnestly, his appreciation of Tom speaking in every tone.

"He did not guess the depravity of Ruth Carlisle. He was only sure of Tom.

"'You needn't,' said Ruth, sententiously; 'but you must never say I guessed the end of this summer-time and did not warn you.'

"'Warn me?'

"'Yes. Tom Colleon may not prove false to Olivette. I believe he will. Do you know what will happen if I am right?'

"'No.'

"Ruth leaned forward until her face almost touched his own.

"'She will kill herself! I am sure of it. What will you do, Jack Colleon, if your sister should be found dead in Beechmere Pool some day?'

"'If that happens,' said brave and chivalrous Jack, as his brow darkened and grew hot—'if that happens, I will kill Tom Colleon with my own hand.'

"Tom waited to hear no more, but crept away to the house.

"He knew Ruth Carlisle now for what she really was; but he was so true in his heart and soul to Olivette that he could afford to smile at Jack's vindictive earnestness. At New Year's he hoped to have Olivette for his wife.

"In a few days, now, he would go through the form of asking her father for her. It would be only a form, for he knew his uncle loved him almost as well as he did his own children.

"When Olivette became his wife he would break up the intimacy between her and Ruth Carlisle; but he reasoned that it was not best to trouble her about it now.

"For himself, he resolved never to go to the home of the Carlisles again, unless necessity called him there.

"October drifted by. Early November reigned over earth and air. Olivette was spending a week at the Carlisle mansion, and Tom saw little of her.

"'Never mind,' he said to himself, 'she will be all my own some time.'

"In the middle of the forenoon a letter came to Tom. He opened it hurriedly, for the address was in the handwriting of the woman he loved. It was the most wonderful letter he had ever read:

"'My Darling, Darling Tom: I have found it! In one of the strangest places in this strange house; you would never guess where. It is the will! You are really your uncle's heir. I am so glad—so very glad—for your sake. No one else knows this—no one even guesses it. I have read the will, and I know enough of business to be sure it is all right. But I have put it back where it was hidden. Your dear hand shall be the one to take it out from where your uncle placed it. Come over this afternoon. Mr. Carlisle is away with the horses and carriage, and the only saddle horse is lame—a sudden attack of some kind—so that you won't be forced to go on any expeditions. We can have a pleasant time alone together. Of course I have not told Ruth. I am not sure I could trust her. I am sorry she must lose the home which has been hers so long, although I have always felt that it is justly yours, and, besides, I have never quite liked her.

"'Your loving little OLIVETTE.'

"It was a wonderful letter. It was a very plain and outspoken letter. Worst of all, there was no question that a letter which came from the Carlisle mansion, when Mr. Carlisle was absent, must have passed through Ruth's hands, and this letter had certainly been tampered with.

"Tom settled several points in his own mind. First, that the letter was genuine; he was sure it was no forgery. Second, that some one had opened and read it; probably Ruth. Third, that it was extremely lucky that the will was not in Olivette's possession, and that no one but herself knew where it was to be found.

"The one thing which he could not settle to his satisfaction was just what Ruth Carlisle meant to do about it. The fact that she had allowed the letter to reach him at all was proof to him now, since he had heard her warn Jack against him, that she had some desperate scheme ready for use against them all.

"It was only a little after noon when Tom was set down at the gates of the Carlisle grounds—no, *his* grounds, now!—and had sent the carriage in which he had come from his uncle's house back home again.

"He took a shorter path than the usual one toward the house. Why did he? He believed that Olivette would expect him to do so, and would come to meet him. He did not dream that Ruth might come also.

"Half way to the house the path made a sudden turn. Tall hedges stood on either side. As Tom turned the corner, there stood Ruth.

"'Oh, Tom! Tom!' she cried, in well-feigned amazement, and with a ring of passion in her tones that grated on his ear.

"Then she tottered for a moment, and was sinking down in what seemed to Tom a deathly faint, when he did what any man would have done under the circumstances.

"He sprang forward and caught her. Her eyes were closed, and Tom believed she was entirely unconscious, despite the color in her cheek, as she sank a mere dead weight in his arms, and threw her own arms around his neck.

"It was an embarrassing position for a man to find himself in, and would have been more so if he had known that Olivette was just in sight at that moment.

"There was a very genuine sob from an agonized mouth up the slope a hundred feet away. There was a sudden rain of tears from sorrowful eyes. Then Olivette turned back. Her lover had come in the hour of his triumph, not to her, but to her rival. Rich now, he could be careless of what others said or felt. 'False! false! false to the core!'

"Those were the words she muttered to herself as she hurried toward the house. Olivette felt all the despair and angry determination which Ruth had so deftly prepared for her. Ruth was resting, half standing, half reclining, in the arms of the man who had been her lover. What had life left for her now? Nothing! Nothing!

"Tom wondered whether women are apt to clasp their plump and dainty arms about the necks of men when they faint, and whether it is usual for their faces to rest on the shoulders of those who support them, and whether their long hair often floats in a mass of tangled beauty over beard and breast. *We* know that when women really faint these things *never* happen.

"Ruth's fraud and pretense needed not to last long.

"For ten seconds, perhaps, after she saw Olivette hurry away, she lay with her head on Tom's breast.

"Then she opened her eyes with a long, shuddering breath which would have done her infinite credit had she been an actress.

"It was certainly very real. To Tom, who never guessed that the whole scene had been cleverly planned by Ruth for Olivette's benefit, it was so real that it almost disarmed suspicion.

"He offered his arm to Ruth, as they turned toward the house, with a feeling of genuine pity.

"He did not know that Olivette had been waiting near the house for him for two long hours, nor that Ruth had kept a long and weary vigil, with the grim patience of a fiend, hidden where she might meet him first, and meet him where Olivette would see what took place.

"It was a long walk to the house. Ruth forced Tom to move slowly.

"Arrived there, he was informed that Olivette was somewhere in the grounds. Search there took nearly an hour. She was nowhere to be found.

"Tom came back to the house. Ruth met him with a placid face. She had seen nothing of Olivette. Her tones were quiet. Her smile was friendly. Her eyes were kind. The pity for her rose up in Tom's heart again. He turned to leave her. He would search the grounds again.

"Something in her eye caught his attention. Like the fitful gleam of a hidden fire it shone out for an instant, and then was seen no more.

"But the instant was enough. His resolve was taken.

"'I will go up to Olivette's room,' he remarked.

"'You will not,' was the firm reply. 'I do not allow my gentleman friends to intrude in the private rooms of my lady guests. You will not go to Miss Colleon's room.'

"'I will,' he said.

"He stood opposite Ruth for more than a minute, their eyes fixed upon one another. Hers drooped first.

"He was stronger. He pushed her aside. He ran up the stairs. She came close behind him.

"He laid his hand upon the knob. The door was locked.

"'I could have told you that,' she said.

"'You have tried the door, then?' he inquired.

"She bowed her head in silence. A strange look passed over her face. She felt that the man before her was learning her character very rapidly.

"She let her mask fall. The demon heart shone out of her eyes.

"Tom trembled. He half believed that his murdered love lay just beyond the door.

"'I am going in here,' said he, firmly.

"'Certainly,' said she, 'when we can get a man to properly open the door.'

"'I shall break the door down.'

"'Not in my father's house.'

"'In *this house*, at any rate,' he retorted, quickly.

"One glance told him the truth. She understood his meaning. She had opened Olivette's letter and read it.

"He made a dash at the door, burst the fastenings and entered the room. No signs of disorder anywhere.

"The room seemed as peaceful as any room could be.

"Ruth had followed him. Both looked eagerly about the room.

"A little note lay upon the dressing-case. Both saw it at once. Tom reached it first. It was addressed, in Olivette's handwriting, to Ruth Carlisle.

"'Mine,' said that young lady, extending her hand.

"'Yes, yours,' said Tom; 'but I will read it first.'

"He tore it open.

"'Coward!' she said.

"But he read it, in spite of her word, or look, or act:

"'Since your meeting with Tom Colleon to-day, he is nothing more to me. Keep the false man. May Heaven judge us all. You will find me among the lilies in Beechmere Pool.'

"In Beechmere Pool! Tom thought of what Jack had said. He thought of the missing will. He thought of how his innocent meeting with Ruth must have appeared to an onlooker. He thought of the engagement which had been kept a secret so long.

"Were not his life and his fortune and his sacred honor all at stake?

"I should say so," said the reporter.

"He thought quickly. There was no horse he could ride. There was no neighbor near enough to make it an economy of time to go there for help.

"It was four miles to Beechmere Pool, and she had not less than one hour the start. Possibly she had a half-hour more.

"He hurried down-stairs, the mocking laugh of Ruth Carlisle ringing behind him. At the outer door he paused.

"The air was cold and damp, with a hint of coming snow in it. The lazy breeze was pushing a heavy mass of clouds up toward the sun.

"The last leaves of the dying year were floating drearily down. It was a sad day in itself, and across it lay the shadow of possible ruin.

"Believe me, the life of sweet, pure, gentle, loving Olivette was dearer to Tom Colleon than all else in the world.

"But Ruth Carlisle had so arranged that it was not that alone which was at stake—it was *everything*.

"Do you know what it is to run four miles over a rough country road? Do you guess how long it seems, when fear is tugging at your heart-strings?

"Can you imagine how a man feels as he dashes up a long, steep hill, while his veins seem bursting and his brain feels on fire? Can you think how it must seem to him as his heart and lungs struggle under the work he forces upon them?

"Tom Colleon did all that. Two months before you saw him make the best time ever made in a foot-race on the track in this town. Will you believe me when I tell you that he ran much faster that day? I honestly believe he did.

"Down by the woods, up the long, rough, rugged hill road, across the meadows. How he ran! How he ran!

"A man without training would have fallen dead. There were times when Tom believed he would never reach Beechmere Pool. He risked his life. He would have risked his very soul if he could have gained time by it.

"Up the last long slope. There, just ahead, and a quarter of a mile away, lay the pool, deep, dark, calm.

"Just at its edge stood Olivette, her feet upon the cold, sharp stones, her hands raised toward heaven in silent supplication.

"One moment she remained thus. Then she sprang far out from the bank, and the waters closed over her.

"How long will it take a woman to drown? How long will it take a very tired man to run a quarter of a mile?

"Tom wondered which would take the longer as he dashed down the hill.

"He saw her come to the surface. It was a terribly long road to the pond yet. She went down again. How quickly she was gone! Then she rose once more; then she disappeared. He was working now as runner never worked before.

"A half-dozen rods more, and he had leaped for the place where she went down—down—down!

"Well, he won. He found her in the deep—dragged her out.

"When he brought her out he feared she was dead; but vigorous work saved her. He had convinced her of

his truth and honor by the time the sun was setting and gilding the surface of Beechmere Pool.

* * * * * *

"His life has been happy, and he has made hers equally so. Have I proved my case?"

"Yes," said the reporter. "But what became of Ruth?"

"God only knows. Tom went that night and obtained the will. He hired men to watch the premises to see that no mischief was done. He feared that she would burn the house. The men were not told to keep her from going away. She left the house that night. She never came back. It has been said that she was in Paris, a painted actress in one of the lowest theatres. But——"

"Well?" asked the reporter, at the end of a long pause.

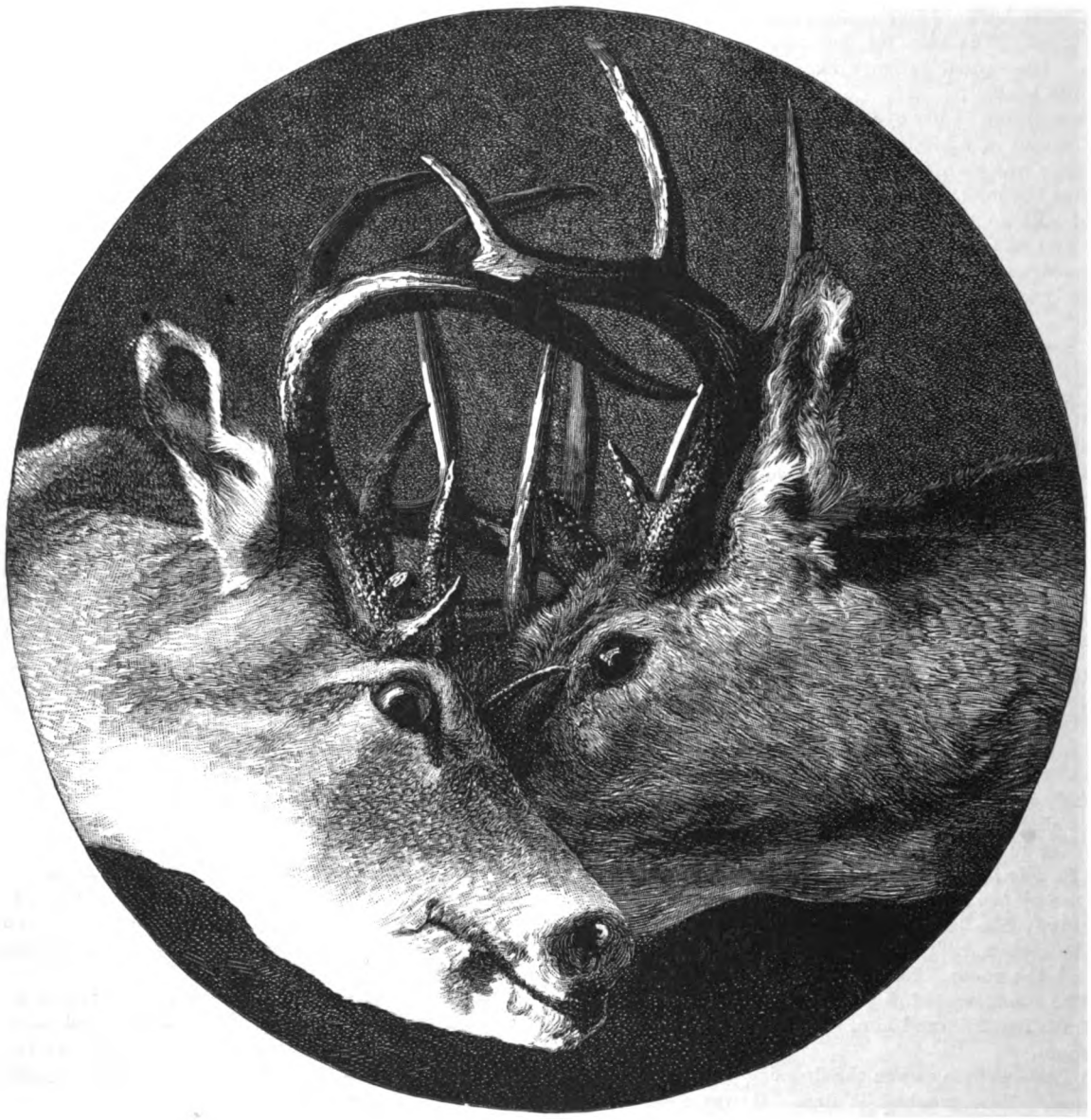
"But I think that Beechmere Pool holds the secret of her going away. I would not pass it at midnight for a mint of money."

The tall, stout gentleman rose. The reporter followed his example.

"May I publish this story in my paper?" asked the reporter.

"Why not? Truth is stranger than fiction."

"And whom shall I credit with the story, and thank for a pleasant evening?"



LOCKED IN DEATH.

"A happy man; a strong man; and a quick man yet, despite his years."

He handed the reporter his card.

It bore the name of Thomas Colleon.

SUPINENESS and effeminacy have ruined more constitutions than were ever destroyed by excessive labor. Moderate exercise and toil, so far from prejudicing, strengthen and consolidate the body.

TWO ROCKY MOUNTAIN NOBLES.

THE BLACK-TAIL DEER AND THE MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

By W. H. B.

The deer of our Eastern forests (*Cariacus Virginianus*) is found in the Far West at many localities, but the deer *par excellence* of the mountains is the Black-tail deer (*Cariacus macrobis*).

Physically, they show decided differences, and the habits of the two animals vary quite as much. As the name indicates, the Western animal has a black tail; short, rather scantily haired, while the Virginian deer has a long, somewhat bushy tail, white on the under side. The antlers differ also; those of the Black-tail are heavier, spread wider apart (like elk-horns) near the points of the prongs, whereas those of the White-tail contract and curve inward near the extremities.

In character and habit, the Black-tail may be described as the bold, courageous deer, the White-tail as timid. The former occupies all altitudes, up to the timber-line, and, in Summer-time, frequently even beyond this. While the weather is hot, it is generally quite useless to hunt Black-tail in shady nooks when in the mountains; they are then high up, near the apex of some bald peak, where the breeze affords relief from gnats, musquitoes and similar pests.

Toward Autumn they seek less exposed points, and the bucks are partial to standing timber through which the fire has run. When they begin to shed the velvet from their horns, they utilize the hard tree-trunks as rubbing-posts for their antlers. In Winter the game is driven down still lower, for shelter partly, partly for food. In the mountains they are then best hunted on snow-shoes, and great slaughter is often occasioned if a band of deer can be surprised while the snow is deep and soft, or with but a thin crust on top, through which the fleeing animals break at every step. It is a pitiful sight to see a dozen or more of the handsome, plucky creatures struggling against certain death, cutting their legs in the icy crust in their frantic efforts to escape, staining the snow crimson with their lifeblood, and, finally, dying under the bullets of some man who butchers them as he would beef.

For resting, the Black-tail usually selects a place that affords him opportunity for a good lookout. When bucks and does run together in herds, the latter submit entirely to the judgment of their lords. A young buck or two are stationed as guards while the herd feeds, sleeps or rests. In case of an alarm, which is given by a shrill snort and stamping of the feet on the part of the guard, some buck promptly takes the lead, throws back his head and crashes through the timber at breakneck speed, with all the members of the band following in his wake. When running thus in herds, the game is rather easily surprised by a careful hunter, but after it is once stampeded, it rarely stops before a great deal of ground has been covered. Individual deer, or small bands of three and four, often show much curiosity, and sometimes a tendency to linger even while under fire. If started suddenly and running hard, a slight whistling by the hunter will frequently bring them to a stand, and offer him a chance for a shot. If the deer can be turned up a steep hill, it is all the better for the sportsman, for the animal is short-winded in high altitudes, much more so than antelope, elk and other game. When wounded, the poor thing soon becomes "sick" and must lie down to rest or get water; so that a deer, once hit, rarely gets away from its pursuer. A mountain sheep will run for miles, or until it drops dead, with a bullet clean through its body; an antelope will hobble off on three legs with amazing speed, and an elk seems to be stimulated for exertion by a bullet or two; but a deer wants rest and quiet and water as soon as it can get it.

THE BLACK-TAIL DEER.

If cornered, and especially if wounded, a buck will fight, particularly if hunted with dogs, but he will not hesitate to attack a man. We witnessed a ludicrous incident one day. Two hunters were riding ahead of us, through rather dense and high brush, nearly abreast but about forty yards apart. One of them started up two large bucks. There was no chance for a shot, as the brush almost immediately hid the game, so he shouted to his comrade. We had started up four grizzlies that morning, so our friend was somewhat doubtful as to the meaning of the shouts and the commotion in the brush, and stopped in a very small clearing he had reached. The bucks took a course which brought them directly upon him, and he suddenly found his flank menaced by

the two animals, who were nearly frantic with terror. As they broke from the brush, almost jumping upon him and his horse, they hesitated for the fraction of a second, then lowered their heads, and both abreast, with blazing eyes, they made a gallant dash. The situation was too much for horseflesh, as well as for the man, and, with a yell that would have done credit to a Comanche, he drove spurs into his horse and leaped forward. The action was prompt, perhaps the promptest of his life, but barely cleared the viciously sharp horns of his assailants. It is not often that game will be found to run horse and hunter into the ground.

The most agreeable form of hunting deer in the Rocky Mountains is stalking them. It is best to start on a horse or mule and take only such portions on foot as furnish reasonable promise of game. Sometimes both game and hunter may be surprised, and a shot from the saddle must answer but this is the exception.

As we were riding along one day, my companion espied the antlers of a buck projecting above the brush about one hundred and fifty yards distant. He was facing us, and could, probably, observe our movements from his point of observation. A shot from the saddle was the only chance. With the shot the antlers dropped out of sight. The hunter threw down his reins and ran for the game as rapidly as possible. Unless the game is seen to lie dead on the ground no time should ever be lost in securing it. I waited patiently for about ten minutes for the signal that all was right, then tied our saddle animals and started after my friend.

I found him in a very peculiar and unenviable position. He was holding on with both hands to a hind foot of the buck, which was down on the ground, but kicking, turning, twisting and struggling with tremendous strength. The hunter was almost purple in the face, and was receiving a steady volley of the most vicious kicks, not all of which he could dodge. A suitable application of the knife shortly ended this performance. The bullet had struck the base of the horn and had stunned the buck. Just as the hunter reached him he was scrambling up, preparatory to making off. Catching hold where best he might, the latter hung on to the hind hoof of his victim with grim determination, and succeeded in flooring and holding his game until my arrival. It was fortunate that he wore thick buckskin gloves, for the sharp hoof of the deer would have cut his hands to pieces, as it did a considerable portion of his clothing.

Large herds of deer are getting very scarce now, except in the Winter, when driven to some sheltered point or locality by stress of weather or in search of food. North Park and Middle Park, in Colorado, used to contain great numbers, but they have been sadly reduced. In the Wind River Mountains and further north, deer are still rather plentiful, but they are shy until very late in the Autumn. For quiet, steady-going enjoyment few things can exceed the pleasure which stalking affords. I can see less sport in going to some given spot or over oft-trodden ground in a preserve, even with the certainty of getting a deer each time, than I do in entering an entirely new, wild country, studying its lay and the run of its game, and pitting your sagacity, knowledge and skill against the instinct and speed of your quarry.

One day we had found the deer tracks and trails all converging toward the summit of a rather high hill in the main mountain chain of Colorado, and decided to investigate the matter. There was no question as to the proximity of the game, so we moved along cautiously in the timber. When nearly half way up the mountain we saw an almost level, grassy clearing before us, one of the numerous little "parks" which afford such delightful retreats for game. It was a bright, sunny day, and the picture that was shown us, when we first obtained a glimpse of the park, was one never to be forgotten. Hidden in the timber and underbrush, we looked forth upon a green meadow, bathed in sunlight, with a sparkling brook from the mountain-side cutting across it. Every here and there small, graceful clumps of evergreens studded the grassy slopes and lent variety of form and color to the scene. Off to one side, a gigantic pine grew on some gently rising ground, sending its mighty boughs far into the air. Under the spreading shelter of this survivor of ages gone by was a band of about thirty black-tail deer. Two stalwart bucks were keeping watch over those intrusted to their care, while several more were lazily reclining on the soft turf. Fawns, with their dainty white spots still visible, were playing about the grass; does, young bucks and one grand old one, with great, wide-spreading antlers, were either feeding or resting, all unconscious of impending danger. Fringing this small paradise was the dark, dense timber of the forest, with the glimmering peaks of a mighty mountain chain in the distance; a fitting frame, truly, for such a noble picture of beauty and innocence.

Our object, unfortunately, was meat. So we shifted our position with great care until we had a good shot, and then laid low one of the young bucks. Quick as thought the oldest buck, after a hasty survey of the ground, had placed himself at the head of the band, and all dashed off into the near timber, the sound of cracking twigs and breaking boughs marking their course.

The terrific fights of bucks in the Autumn are too well known to require mention, and not rarely are skeletons found which show firmly interlocked horns that forced their unhappy owners to die of starvation.

The Indian has a great affection for the deer, inasmuch as it represents dollars and cents to him when in the form of buckskin. He will hunt and kill the game at any season of the year, and, as he is a patient, painstaking hunter, to whom time is of no value, he is really the most deadly enemy of this game. Carrying the hide to his camp, his squaws scrape and tan it for him. Smoked or unsmoked, he then converts it into cash or supplies at the nearest trading-post, or he will ride many miles to escape the confines of his reservation and "swap" the buckskin to some frontier peddler for that desire of his red soul—fire-water. I have seen Indians burn down square miles of timber at a time in order to drive out and kill one or two deer. They persistently and relentlessly find and kill the deer where no white man would get a shot at them; and they kill, indiscriminately, bucks, does and fawns—whatever has a skin on it.

If the Indians could be estopped from this reckless slaughter, and if the killing of large numbers (often useless) during severe Winters could be checked, we might hope to retain our black-tail deer in reasonably large numbers for many years to come. The boundless forests of our mountain regions offer them ample shelter under all ordinary circumstances, and, if not killed for the sake of a few paltry dollars, or butchered without reason or judgment, they are hardy enough to take care of themselves.

It is appalling to think what a great portion of our Western territory would be without game. Think of regions where neither the pick nor the plow can find encouragement or sustain its owner! Think of these vast areas doomed to be absolutely dead wastes (bar

their timber), their game, their life taken from them, and nothing given to supply its place.

The European Alps have their *chamois* and their *steinbock*. Our great Western mountains have their mountain goat and their mountain sheep.

High above the realms of ordinary game the mountain sheep finds its home, in the region of perpetual snows, beyond the growth of timber. A dwarfish willow forms the only vegetation besides grass and the countless flowers of our high altitudes. If game may be prized according to the difficulties its chase and capture present, then, truly, the graceful ruler of our loftiest mountain regions can rank high indeed.

During the Winter months, when deep snow covers every vestige of nourishment, the sheep come down into the timbered belt, but only low enough to gain sustenance, and with the first signs of approaching Spring they return to the highest available points.

The Rocky Mountain Sheep, or Bighorn, is of the size of a large deer, of about the same color, and has a pair of tremendous curved horns, resembling those of a ram. Short, slightly curved horns, somewhat like those of a young goat, adorn the head of the female. Both are yellow-brown, the same color as ram's horns. Its hair, in Summer, is very much like that of a deer, only denser and somewhat coarser ; in the Winter it has a coat of exceedingly fine wool, light gray in color, in addition to the hairy coat. In days gone by the question was often asked, whether the Bighorn was covered with wool. As its haunts are wellnigh inaccessible until midsummer, the answer was not given for a long time. Some years ago we struck a herd of about one hundred sheep, which presented a very peculiar appearance. The sheep were of a dead, very light gray color, and looked unusually rough. We shot one of the animals, and found that it was just shedding a coat of remarkably silky wool. With the keen, cutting winds and low temperatures of the mountains the creatures certainly require the warmest kind of covering.

When the mild weather brings out the young grass, and the brilliantly colored flowers, and the delicate bluebells of our high mountains, then the sheep begin to separate into small bands, and feed along given ranges. As they rarely descend into the lowlands, and then only when driven by necessity or an enemy, they occupy the same ground very persistently. Small bands, from three to twenty head, may be found peaceably browsing or playfully gamboling at elevations ranging from 11,500 to 14,000 feet. Unless they have been previously disturbed, or scent an unusual danger, they are not, ordinarily, shy ; but if they have once made acquaintance with that arch-intruder, man, they flee him often long before he has even seen them. Many a time, as we were ascending a mountain-slope, we could hear the sliding of shingle or the rush of loose bowlders far above us, and in most cases we would find that a band of Bighorns was seeking safety in rapid flight. Where white (or red) man has not trod before they were far less timid, particularly if the wind was against them, even though they saw the advancing enemy. If the wind was in their favor, however, nothing would stop them in their mad flight.

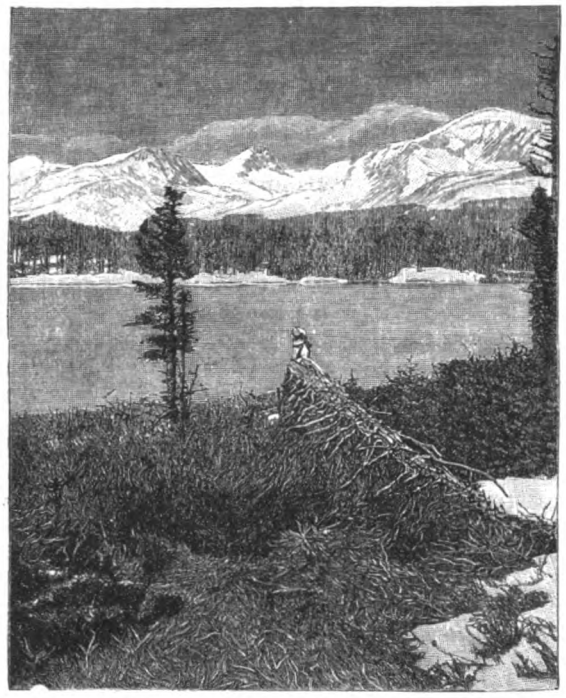
We often noticed that grazing bands put out sentinels, one if their number was small, more if it was larger. These guards were young bucks, and they were placed to *leeward*. On the windward side the browsing or sleeping animals could protect themselves and note threatening danger quickly enough ; on their lee they relied upon the keen scent and watchful eyes of their sentinels. It was a beautiful sight to watch six or eight of the graceful animals peacefully feeding with great enjoyment, or little lambs playing together like kittens, while a handsome, stately young buck, fully alive to the responsibility placed upon him, was slowly marching along to leeward, forward and back, head aloft, while sharply watching all approaches and never so much as touching the tempting grass at his feet.

If danger appeared, as revealed by scent or sight, a sharp, shrill whistle from the guard would instantly alarm and collect the entire band. In an incredibly short time a leader would turn up, and the whole troop would be scampering off with a rapidity that rendered shooting a very uncertain performance. In this particular characteristic—that the band will generally try to remain together and follow its self-appointed leader—the Bighorn somewhat resembles its domestic cousin, the sheep.

In the Autumn of the year the bucks have terrific fights among themselves. Often their heavy horns can be seen cracked, seamed and furrowed, sometimes as if mashed with a sledgehammer. Every now and then resounding blows can be heard high up in the mountains, carried far and wide by a repeating echo. It is the Bighorn bucks who are dealing and receiving frightful blows in their fierce fights for conquest. Popular superstition accounted for the cracked and scarred horns by the fable that the animals, when hard pressed, threw themselves headlong from the highest peaks and crags, alighted on their horns by some special understanding with a beneficent Providence, picked themselves up and walked off with a smiling countenance. The sheep will make terrific leaps, get over difficult, rocky ground in the most astounding manner, with a sureness of foot that is equaled only by the chamois. They never alight on the horns by choice or design. One day we found the complete skeletons of two huge bucks, horns interlocked, facing each other even in death, lying in the shadow of a great, rocky wall, over which the heat of their deadly combat had hurled them. Was it imagination, or did the eyeless sockets still glare defiance at each other ?

Hunting Bighorns is not so easy a matter as it might be. The ascent of mountain-slopes, over loose bowlders and sliding, slipping shingle, is always accompanied by more or less noise, and the cautious animals quickly become alarmed. I spent an entire forenoon, one day, trying to get a couple of very fine bucks within good shooting distance. Emerging from a lot of "scrub-wood" at timber-line, I saw a rocky face with alkaline efflorescence some distance ahead. Reconnoitring the ground before advancing any further, I discovered two bucks about a mile distant, heading for the alkali, which I rightly judged to be a salt lick. No trees grew higher up, and the scant willow-brush was not sufficient to conceal me unless I crawled snake fashion. This I did, though I failed to enjoy it, for it was rather early in the morning. Small puddles of water had their crusts of ice over them, and the peculiarly startling contact with half-frozen mud was not much to my taste.

To my surprise, I found that the two bucks, when within about four hundred yards of the lick, began making a detour, walking sedately all around it, of course, on the far side from my post of observation, and finally retired some distance up the mountain-side, seemingly for consultation. By that time I had crawled within about three hundred yards of the lick, and could advance no further for the want of sheltering brush. There was but very little breeze, and yet the animals must have found the vicinity of the lick unsafe.



THE HOME OF THE MOUNTAIN SHEEP.

They passed and repassed it a number of times, stood and gazed longingly at it for minutes at a time, but always remained at a quite safe distance. This behavior they kept up for the better part of two hours. Meanwhile, the half frozen mud upon which I was reclining gradually thawed under me, and my position became one of pronounced discomfort.

I concluded to risk a shot. Estimating the distance at four hundred yards, I fell short, striking directly under one of the animals (shooting up-hill in the Far West is decidedly deceptive). Both were standing almost side by side; they leaped high into the air as the bullet scattered the ground near their feet, and then gazed about them nervously to see what had happened. Evidently they had never heard a rifle-shot before. While they exhibited no especial fear in their movements, the equanimity of their minds was disturbed; they were a little uneasy, and gradually they moved away from the lick, very slowly, apparently under protest, and yet as if thinking that prudence might be the better part of valor. As soon as they had disappeared in a neighboring ravine, I renounced my moist, uncomfortable couch and followed them. I took to the timber, so as to be out of sight, and, finally, emerged from the latter into the willow-brush again. As I carefully crawled along, I turned a corner and saw my game quietly feeding not more than two hundred yards off. The two bucks were magnificent specimens of their kind, sleek and fat, with large, beautifully curved horns. I decided to take matters easy and make very sure of my game. So I arranged my anatomy conveniently, and began, slowly, to get my rifle into position. I had everything in good form, a careful bead drawn on the larger animal of the two, was quietly chuckling to myself at the prospective happy termination of my morning's work, mud-bath included, and was merely waiting for my chosen victim to show his flank a little more, so as to make the shot sure beyond doubt, when, suddenly, a couple of ptarmigan (mountain quail) rose with a loud *whirrrr* not a dozen feet from the muzzle of my rifle. Like a flash of lightning the two bucks turned toward the noise—probably saw something of me or the rifle—and then disappeared with marvelous speed. They turned a corner so quickly that I never even got a chance to put in a flying shot. Possibly it was some consolation that I bagged the ptarmigan, but, at the time, I concluded that the English language lacked words and force to do the case justice.

It is best to take plenty of time, whenever possible, and make sure of your aim, when shooting at mountain sheep, for the wounded animal will run at the top of its speed for miles, or until it drops dead. I had been climbing up a snow-clad peak one Summer's afternoon and was getting tired, when I reached a flat rock which projected several feet above its surroundings, and from which the snow had blown off. I stretched myself at full length on my back and came near dozing off. Confusedly I heard some sounds that resembled the advance of a troop of cavalry. Lazily I opened my eyes and partly turned my head, only to find a band of about eight mountain sheep trotting toward me over the hard snow. I decided to shoot Creedmoor style (from the back) if the game should come in line, although my rifle carried only a twenty-eight-inch barrel. The game ran into line. I hit my animal a little too far back, and could only tell from the blood-trail that one had been struck at all. Nothing in its gait or speed would have indicated that my shot had told. For nearly four miles did I follow this bloody trail before I came upon the dead Bighorn. In its sorely wounded condition the creature had, up to within a hundred yards of where I found it, kept up with the others, had jumped from rock to rock off crags and steep walls as high as eighteen feet, and had passed over places at breakneck speed where I found it eminently useful to employ both hands and feet.

There is, to my taste, no game which equals mountain sheep, especially if one has shot it himself. If very fat, then the meat has a faint, very delicate flavor of mutton; otherwise it more nearly resembles venison, although it is more juicy and tender.

It is a matter of congratulation that this beautiful animal abides in the most inaccessible places, and it is to be hoped that this fact may preserve it in numbers for years to come. The herds do not, in their natural course, increase rapidly, and they have to contend with attacks from eagles and other animals of prey, as well as against the climatal severities their life exposes them to.

Unless well acquainted with the existence of hunters, the animal shows a good deal of curiosity, and many a one falls a victim to this trait. In the Rocky Mountains the size of the bands has greatly diminished within the last twenty years, and the graceful animals, with their proud bearing, have disappeared altogether from many localities where, formerly, they were numerous. The encroachments of prospectors and miners, who dig and blast for wealth even far above timber-line, have driven this noblest mountain game from places where I still saw it in herds of twenty and more but a dozen years ago.

Far in the North, in the Range of the Great Tetons, near Fremont's Peak, and in those mountainous regions where nuggets of gold and veins which bear silver do not reward the adventurous pioneer, there the mountain sheep still roams in goodly herds.

TO UNDERSTAND the world is wiser than to condemn it. To study the world is better than to shun it. To use the world is nobler than to abuse it. To make the world better, lovelier and happier is the noblest work of man or woman.

ARTIFICIAL MEMORY AND THE HISTORY OF MNEMONICS.

By Walter Edgar McCann.

The science of mnemonics is founded on the linking together of thoughts that are naturally related. Dr. Andrew Wilson is of opinion that the brain-cells which are connected with the work of thinking form a connected series in the gray matter of the brain. The Egyptian system of hieroglyphics was intended simply as a support to the memory. The Romans, as Cicero and others have testified, considered mnemonics among the greatest of the sciences, and it was cultivated to an extraordinary extent. Indeed, it is a little difficult to credit some of the accounts of the perfection to which it was brought. The plan or scheme, as Quintilian relates, consisted of nothing more than choosing a spacious place, such, for example, as a large house, divided into many apartments. When a discourse was to be spoken, each division of it was assigned to some portion of the building—the ideas of the opening passage to the threshold, those of the next paragraph to the hall, the mind then ranging to the parlors, bedrooms and the like, observing always a certain order. Cicero says, speaking of this: "We ought to make use of a great number of places, all full in view, very remarkable and of a moderate distance from each other; and of images having life and motion, strong, well specified, and such as may easily present themselves to the mind and strike it in a moment." This seems crude enough, and yet long orations were retained in the mind in this way.

With the decline of public speaking and of literature generally, mechanical memory went out of fashion, and there is no trace of any work on the subject until near the fourteenth century, when Raymond Lully referred to it in a treatise which is said to be still in existence. There is one also at Oxford in manuscript, by Roger Bacon. Here the Roman method is still preserved, all the clews to the different branches of a subject, or to facts of any kind, being founded on mental places, signs and pictures. As before, the apartments of a house are chosen, and when this mansion is occupied another is taken, and so a whole imaginary village may be constructed. It is directed that the images should always be of an attractive or novel character. To register simple facts, such as the dates of an historical event, some such device as this was employed: The universal deluge is calculated to have taken place B.C. 2348, and to remember this an ark would be placed in the second house of the street, on the third floor and in the forty-eighth room. But with a multitude of such facts to deal with, it may be conceived that none but an extraordinary natural memory could retain them without confusion.

About 1492 there were two quite noted professors of the art, a German named Conrad Celtes, and Petrus de Ravenna, the latter a teacher of law at Padua. He introduced some changes in the old system, among other things representing the letters of the alphabet by beautiful maidens and producing various combinations. He wrote a work explaining his ideas, and also traveled through Italy delivering lectures and performing astonishing feats.

Next we hear of John Romberich de Krypse, who figured about 1533, and his plan was to divide the walls of a room and the ceiling and floor into squares, in each of which he placed his facts, dates, and other matters. Then came Gulielmus Gratavolus, who flourished in 1586, and wrote a volume entitled "The Castel of Memorie." This black-letter is still in existence, and also a French translation of it made at Lyons by Etienne Cape.

The greatest sensation, however, was created by a German scholar named Lembert Schenekel, who appeared at the end of the sixteenth century. He was a profound student, and wrote many works on prosody, grammar, rhetoric and like subjects. He traveled all through France, Italy and Germany lecturing upon his mnemonic doctrines, and giving the most surprising illustrations of the value of his system, Crowds came to listen to him, and the authorities were called upon to take him up and punish him as a magician. There was really nothing very remarkable, however, in what he taught, as his method was simply that of Simonides, with some improvements and amplifications. He published a tractate called "De Memoria." His pupil, Martin Sommer, a Silesian, about nine years later published another volume with still further enlargements and useful changes.

Other books continued to be written by different exponents of the art, but nothing striking was developed until about 1730, when Dr. Richard Grey, Rector of Hinton, in Northamptonshire, England, took up the subject. He had read a great deal about mnemonics, and was impressed by the fact that the local or topical systems of Simonides and others were particularly defective in the resources provided for remembering dates. He was one day reading a book by Bishop Beveridge, in which it was stated that the Hebrews, whose alphabet contained no vowels, were accustomed to abridge phrases or sentences containing many words, by forming, from the initial letters of the different words of the phrase, an artificial word, which enabled them to recall the entire sentence. In addition they also formed, with the

A ROCKY MOUNTAIN SHEEP, OR BIGHORN.—SEE PAGE 617.

letters which they used as numerical figures, words which they could more easily retain in their memories than the figures forming certain numbers, so that to find the number sought for it was only necessary to recall the artificial word committed to memory; and so also to recollect a desired sentence it was only necessary to recall the word composed of the initial letters of each word of the sentence.

He immediately proceeded to make the following system of numerical signs and equivalents:

1,	2,	3,	4,	5,	6,	7,	8,	9,	0.
B,	D,	T,	P,	L,	S,	P,	K,	N,	Z.
A,	E,	I,	O,	U,	AU,	OI,	EI,	OU,	Y.

Thus, to remember the date of the foundation of Rome, 752, he formed the word Rome-pud. This is clumsy enough, but still there was a certain originality about it, and the idea was eventually developed by others to a remarkable extent.

The first to follow Dr. Grey was the celebrated monk, Feinagle, who appeared about 1806. He lectured in Paris and then in England, and created an extraordinary sensation, unparalleled since the time of Schenekel; but, unlike that worthy scholar, he was not taken for a conjurer. He greatly improved Grey's ideas, and went back again to Simonides, borrowing the ancient device of localities. He combined the two with some ingenuity; but the result was a complication which none but a very fine natural memory could make use of.

Then, about 1820, came another ecclesiastic, Aime Paris, who took up Feinagle's doctrines, and gave to the world the system which is used by all who make use of mnemonics at all at the present day. He lectured with great success, and various persons added different modifications and improvements. For instance, a Polish scholar named Jacwinsky combined with it a new picture method; and a German named Kothe, as well as an Englishman named Pick, developed some further ideas connected with the laws of association.

About 1840 a Frenchman named François Fauvel-Gouraud came to the United States and began the delivery of lectures on artificial memory in all the large cities, claiming that himself and Aime Paris had made simultaneously the same discoveries. Certainly the two systems were precisely alike, and so much so that by many persons, and by some of the newspapers, M. Fauvel-Gouraud was denounced in terms far from complimentary to his literary honesty. Indeed, there was so much feeling against him in some places that serious disturbances occurred. On the whole, however, he was very successful and made a great deal of money. He published several books explaining his system, which was absolutely that of Paris.

It will now, perhaps, be of interest to give an outline of mnemonics as the art is at present taught, with the latest improvements. "Picturing" has been already explained. Dr. Mortimer Granville in his "Secret of a Good Memory," suggests that "everything be pictured in the mind, both in receiving and remembering subjects. What is heard must be written or, still better, sketched. Particular facts may be associated with special forms, constituting a system of mental hieroglyphics. Persons possessing this instinct should sketch or write everything, and may freely employ every or any system of memory which consists in *placing* the signs denoting ideas in particular squares or pictorial relations." Here, as Professor Proctor, the astronomer, believes, is the secret of the phenomenal "calculating boys" and chess-players. These persons have the special faculty of picturing groups of objects, figures, chessmen, and the like, at will. And yet even ordinary minds may cultivate this faculty. Professor Proctor speaks of a Chinaman he saw in 1875, who gave exhibitions of his skill as a computer. Among other tests, about thirty numbers of four digits each were named to him as fast as a quick writer could take them down. When all had been given he was told to add them, mentally, while a practiced arithmetician added them on paper. "It is unnecessary for me to add them," he said, "because I did that as you gave them to me. The total is—so-and-so." It presently appeared that this was correct. The calculator said hundreds in China were trained to equal readiness in arithmetical processes. Morphy, Blackburn, Zukertort and others play their twenty games of chess blindfolded upon the same principle, seeing the board as vividly through the mind's eye as they might with the real one.

A single illustration will show the value of the associative principle. Suppose we write down rapidly twenty words at random, such as boy, hat, flower, book, card, pencil, road, knife, keys, tree, apple, pence, wagon, church, sparrow, gun, woman, farmer, doctor, knife. After one reading it will be found difficult to repeat these words as they stand, or to recall more than half of them in any order. But if we proceed to establish a connection between them, the whole list may be retained in the mind without effort. Thus we might picture the boy, and upon his head the hat, in one hand the flower and in the other the book, in the book a card and between his lips the pencil. He is passing along a road and finds a knife and a bunch of keys under a tree. He climbs a tree and plucks an apple, and, then, standing on the fence, sees a wagon approaching, on its return from the distant church. A sparrow flies by and the report of a gun is heard. A woman is thrown from the wagon by the frightened horses; a farmer appears, who runs for a doctor, who comes with his knife. By establishing some association between naturally disconnected words it is possible to remember hundreds of them after a single perusal.

Figures and dates, however, are the most difficult things to retain in the mind and to recall at will; but by the simple and ingenious processes of Aime Paris, Fauvel-Gouraud and others who have applied themselves to the development of the crude ideas of Feinagle, it is possible to store the brain with a mass of the most complicated figures in history, biography, geography, astronomy, physics, chess, whist, and innumerable other studies and subjects.

The fundamental basis comprises the following articulations, comprising the consonants of the English language, and omitting the vowels and silent letters:

Se,	Te,	Ne,	Me,	Re,	Le,	Che,	Ke,	Fe,	Pe
Ze,	De,					Je,	Que,	Va,	Be
						She,	Ghe,		
0,	1,	2,	3,	4,	5,	6,	7,	8,	9.

The vowel E is placed after each consonant for the sake of uniformity of pronunciation, and the above formula is readily remembered by noting the following: That S, corresponding with O, sounds like the beginning of the word zero; T, formed with one upright mark, resembles the stroke 1; N, formed with two marks (the small n), stands for 2; m, with three marks, for 3; R is the fourth letter of the word four; L in Roman notation is 50, and without the cipher suggests 5; J is like a reversed 6; K is the first letter of Key, which inverted it resembles, and a key is somewhat like the figure 7; a small f in writing resembles the figure 8; P is like a reversed 9, for which it stands.

All short words, such as "and," "if" and "the," are omitted, and so is the syllable "ing," which, in such words as ring, lung, song and the like, is sounded like the hard ghe, and comes under the figure 7. All spelling is by sound or upon the principle of shorthand writing.

The translation of words is simplicity itself, thus:

Map—mp—39.	Strap—strp—0149.
Bite—bt—91.	Match—mch—36.
Leaf—lf—58.	Measure—msher—364.

As already stated, we know from experience that words and sentences are far easier to remember than figures. To fix in the mind the date of any historical or other occurrence, we therefore first choose a word representing that date.

For example, the death of Abraham is supposed to have occurred B. C. 1821. Those numbers will give us D-v-n-t, or the word Divinity. We therefore construct the following formula:

"After his death Abraham went to repose in the bosom of *Divinity*."

The formula or sentence must always be framed to have a close connection with the event to be memorized, and the last word articulated gives the date.

The next principle is rhymes, or, as Paris calls them, Homophonic Analogies. This consists simply in changing the name of the fact to be mnemonized into a word having a similar sound, but so nearly similar as to recur immediately to the mind whenever the name of the fact shall be pronounced. Without this aid from the sound of words it would be impossible to remember the thousands of formulas a student who relies upon this system needs to construct.

Persons "cramming" for a Civil Service examination will find it of particular value, for instance, as respects the latitude and longitude of places.

Alexandria in Egypt is associated with the name of Alexander the Great, and we construct the following sentence:

"Alexander the Great, so bold, is nevertheless said to have been afraid of *Mice*."

Translating the last words, we find they give 31-30, or latitude 31°, longitude 30°.

"For Paris we may say, a pear is as sweet as *Ripe Honey*."

This shows latitude 49°, longitude 2°.

The same principle may be applied to distances, length of rivers, height of mountains, specific gravities, populations, deaths and ages of great men, etc.

The terms of office of the Presidents of the United States are difficult to remember, but if we turn the name of each into a homophonic formula a single reading of the phrase is sufficient.

When did Taylor take his seat? In 1849. The formula may be arranged:

"A *tailor* can easily make a handsome *Robe*."

The word robe gives 49, which is sufficient, the 18 being understood. The natural memory supplies the fact that Washington and Adams were the only two who were inaugurated in the previous century.

For Madison:

"A *madstone* applied to a bite will draw out the poisonous *Sap*."

Se-pe gives 09, or 1809.

In biographical chronology it is usual to put two figures to the end of the date of the death, representing the duration of life. At the same time the figure 1, indicating the thousand, may be cut off from any date when desirable on account of the mnemotechnic word, as it is impossible to mistake a thousand years in this instance, and thus a single word be made with these two facts.

Example:

"Napoleon has often been styled by his admirers the *Divine Italian*."

These words give 1821-52. If we substract 52 from 1821 we shall find that he was born in 1769. Thus in one simple sentence we have the years of his birth and death and his age.

These illustrations give an idea only of the basis of this system. The development, which is quite ingenious, and, in some respects, a little complicated, would require more space than is available. It may be applied, however, to the histories of the sovereigns and dynasties of different countries, to a vast mass of astronomical facts, to problems in chess, such as the noted one of conducting the knight all over the board from the first or any other square back again to the point whence he started, without his having visited twice the same spot, and to a great variety of mathematical uses. In short, wherever figures are to be employed this artificial aid to the memory may be considered invaluable.

By something of the same means, with additions of his own, the Abbé Morgino contrived to learn, unassisted by a teacher or practical experience in conversation, thirteen foreign languages. Some of them he does not speak very well, but he reads all with facility. One of his rules was to memorize a certain number of words in the dictionary every day, which, sustained by his mnemonic devices, he did with great facility. His acquirements in nearly all the sciences were of extraordinary character. Like Littré, the author of the dictionary, he was, or, it should probably be said, is—for no notice that he is not still living has been published in this country—a walking encyclopædia.

The abbé is, indeed, in many other ways a man by himself. He said, a few years ago: "I was when younger one of the most extraordinary personalities of my time, and François Arago sometimes used to threaten to have me burned at the stake as a sorcerer." He has published nearly two hundred volumes, on all sorts of topics—history, mathematics, philology, astronomy and general literature—besides endless articles and reviews. To accomplish this prodigious amount of labor he is obliged to keep at his desk all day long, and he therefore writes and studies from eight o'clock in the morning until nine at night. He has never accustomed himself to taking a particle of exercise of any kind, not even an ordinary walk, and yet he has never had a headache or experienced the nervous prostration which almost inevitably follows close application. The secret is in the frugality of his habits, than which nothing could be more simple. Of his memory he is particularly proud, finding it now, at more than eighty-three, as clear and useful as it was in his youth; much of which he attributes to the manner in which he has exercised it—the exact and yet gentle discipline by which it has been governed. He gives an illustration of how this faculty may be injured by the injudicious use of tobacco. At one time, while in Munich, he fell into the custom of smoking three or four cigars every day, besides taking a great deal of snuff. Suddenly, one day, while writing at table, he could not recall certain dates with which, by his mnemonic process, he was familiar, or translate a passage he had met with in a book he was reviewing. In vain he thumped his forehead. He felt that the failure was due to the abuse of tobacco, and immediately he made the resolution not to

touch it in any form again, in which he has since persevered. In a short while his memory returned and became as efficient as before. Not the least of the surprising characteristics which mark this industrious old ecclesiastic is the capacity spoken of for incessant mental labor, in which there was probably never any one else like him except Littré. But the latter even exceeded the abbé in his ability to apply himself to labor with no exercise and but little sleep. For twenty years, it is said, Littré wrote daily from eight o'clock in the morning until three the next morning. His digestion remained unimpaired almost to the last, notwithstanding this strange mode of life; but it was probably owing to the circumstance that he subsisted chiefly upon fish and coarse bread.

It is undeniable that there are objections to mnemonics, and some of them are well founded. For one thing, mental picturing is with some minds by no means easy, and, in truth, requires a vivid imagination in almost all cases where practiced successfully. It has been urged that dreams are mental pictures of the most striking character, and yet the memory of them soon passes away, often with the vision itself. Then, too, the machinery of artificial systems is necessarily cumbersome, and the student, instead of being required to retain one thing, must remember two—the subject itself and the association. In the history of any country, for instance, there is the multitude of facts, and then the equally great multitude of links leading to them. But still, it is as with a man who has a heavy load to remove of a great variety of articles. Attached to his person, they would prove more than he could manage; but by placing them in a hand-cart or wheelbarrow, although he adds to the weight he must handle, yet the convenience and facility afforded by the vehicle more than compensate for the additional burden.

SAMPSON'S ROCK.

A FEW Summers ago, while on a vacation-tour through the valley of the Housatonic, particularly in that section between Sandy Hook and Brookfield, I was led by a curious circumstance to deviate from my intended course and make a day's visit to a quaint little town a few miles to the westward, known in olden times as Judea, but in modern geographies called Washington.

I was taking a morning drive along the shores of the Housatonic, through a most charming road, overhung with beeches and elms; and as I stopped to give my little horse a drink from a trickling moss-grown grotto in the bank, he suddenly turned and looked backward.

Without a moment's warning, and before I could even discern the cause of his fear, he was off in a mad gallop. It proved to be a short fit, however, and I soon succeeded in subduing him. And, having much curiosity to learn the cause of this strange freak, I ran him under a horse-shed by the roadside and hitched him securely.

It was with considerable interest that I walked back on the road on which I had sped so unceremoniously a few minutes previous. I did not have to walk far before my curiosity was satisfied, for a most strange sight met my eyes. The distance seemed filled with the hum of voices and motion of wheels, and as I looked toward the summit of a slight ascent in the road, I was greeted with the appearance of a noble span of donkeys attached to a cart, in which were half a dozen boys, each one testing the strength of a hickory stick on the back of the "critter" nearest him. The animals seemed to enjoy the sport as much as the boys, and were evidently of the opinion that the youngsters were doing their utmost toward keeping off the flies.

SAMPSON'S ROCK.

Before my astonishment was fairly over, a single team came on, carrying two individuals of a species which was new to me. They afterward turned out to be ladies in bloomer costume.

"Oh," I thought, "I see now; it's a first-class circus. The horse is all safe and I'll just sit on the rock and see the animals. Hallo, here comes a regular old 'ship of the prairie.'"

A huge circular, canvas-covered wagon appeared, drawn by four horses, and full of kettles, pans, bedding, and a grand miscellany of all sorts of utensils—in short, a peripatetic junk-shop. Another and another, and then a couple of chaps with blue shirts and two-foot straw hats on their heads.

"What *is* all this caravan, *anyhow?*" I asked.

They looked at me with the utmost amazement.

"Why," one answered, "don't you know? We are pilgrims from the Gunnery," and passed on.

The "Gunnery"? Well, that was *news*, and while I was trying to scare up my latent geography, I was again edified by the approach of a brace of buxom girls in red-and-blue bloomer costumes.

"Ah, there are the bareback riders that jump through the rings!" I thought.

Two more covered wagons and a troop of young men and boys in every kind of costume, bearing fish-poles,

THE BISHOP'S DIFFICULTY.—"VERY ANGRY WORDS PASSED BETWEEN MRS. BOWERBANK AND LADY CARMINE."
SEE NEXT PAGE.

boxes, guns, and all sorts of queer things, and, directly behind them, a stalwart, venerable-looking gentleman, with a Scotch cap and portly figure. His very bearing indicated that he was the manager of the procession, and I accosted him.

"I say, my good sir, are you the boss of this caravan?"

"I am, sir," he replied, with a smile which revealed his kindly disposition. "I am the great Mogul of this extensive and motley pilgrimage."

"What's it all about?" I queried, seeing that he was disposed to be pleasant and communicative.

"Why," said he, "didn't you ever hear of the 'Pilgrims from the Gunnery'?" and before he had scarcely finished his reply, a little curly-haired youngster, in a blue flannel shirt, had run to his side and clasped his hand.

"Well, my little man, are you getting tired?" he asked.

"Kinder," responded the little fellow.

Whereupon he was lifted by the strong arms, and greeted with an affectionate kiss. With his arms around the neck of his guardian, he rested his head on his shoulder, and seemed ready to drop off to sleep.

"Your son?" I inquired.

"Oh, no, sir. This is a little Brooklyn boy, but I love him just as much as if he were my own," he said, and, with a turn, he was about to proceed with his curly-haired burden.

My curiosity had now reached a climax, and I pressed my questions thick and fast. While we were thus talking, we were continually passed by carriages and wagons, and dozens of young men on foot, and it was several minutes before the end of the procession reached us. My conversation developed facts of great interest connected with this quaint procession. The "Pilgrims from the Gunnery" were the members of a boarding-school up in Washington, Conn., kept by a loving and lovable old gentleman by the name of Gunn, and he it was whom I had recognized.

Every year it was his custom to make a trip to the seaside, generally at Milford, Conn., taking with him his entire establishment and many friends. He was now on his return, and expected to arrive home by evening, a distance of about fifteen miles.

The entire experience was so novel, and the people so interesting, and, above all, the good old gentleman so genial, so magnetically lovable, that I was instinctively drawn to him and resolved to follow in the wake of that caravan to the end, and see what sort of a place they came from. I followed, and as eventide fell upon us, we were winding up a hillside road leading to the little hamlet of Judea, now called Washington.

Here was the home of the "Pilgrims," and in the heart of the village a quaint structure was pointed out to me as "The Gunnery." I remained in that lovely town for one day, and its memories will linger long in my heart. Such a peaceful, charming spot it has never been my fortune to visit since, and I long to renew its associations.

I called upon Mr. Gunn the following morning, and he treated me with that kind courtesy for which he is proverbial, answering all my questions and giving me an insight into the most beautiful system of school government which it is possible to conceive, and which afterward formed the theme of a well-known story by the title of "Arthur Bonnicastle."

In the afternoon he harnessed up "Old White" and feasted my eyes on the matchless New England scenery in which the village is set. The town is situated on a hill about four hundred feet in height, and at its feet we beheld the quiet valley and the winding stream known as the Shepang. The country abounds in geological phenomena, which have been viewed with considerable interest by several prominent scientific men. Among these steep rocks a precipitous cliff, 600 feet in height, and Sampson's Rock, are the most worthy of especial note. The latter forms the subject of our illustration, and is considered as an excellent example of glacial action. The rock is about fifteen feet in height, and is of an oval shape. By some strange action in nature, presumably by the melting of a glacier, it has been deposited on the summit of a smooth rock and is there poised, as seen in the illustration. Many were the speculations in which these schoolboys were wont to indulge, of the probable result of precipitating that rock into the valley below, and, from my recollection of its slight bearing, a stout line would easily accomplish that result.

There it still stands, however, and is viewed by hundreds every year.

It is the favorite resort of picnic parties and moonlight excursions, and the view of the valley from its summit defies description. I shall long remember my short sojourn at Washington. W. HAMILTON GIBSON.

THE BISHOP'S DIFFICULTY.

By DUTTON COOK.

CHAPTER I.

THE Mausoleum Club is a grave, an august institution, distinguished, moreover, by its esoteric inclinings. Strangers are not admitted within its gates much beyond the door-mat upon the threshold; the uninitiated visitor is required, indeed, to wait with grooms and porters in the hall.

The members are personages—bishops, judges, counselors, royal academicians, professors, *savans*, and learned authors of solemn tomes, which many respect, if few read.

That these exalted creatures enjoy each other's society, and assemble and meet together at the Mausoleum with that view, is, perhaps, rather a matter of hope than of general belief or of fact.

It is not to be understood that the Mausoleum is a club of a particularly festive or congenial sort; it lays more stress upon its library than upon its kitchen. Nevertheless, its dinners have always been commendable, and it owns an excellent cellar of wines.

Of late years, notwithstanding the strenuous opposition of the bishops and the more solemn supporters of the club, a small smoking-room has been added to the building for the greater accommodation of the younger members; for the Mausoleum was originally erected in what may be called the pre-cigar period, when society held snuff-taking to be a delicate and polite proceeding, the while it condemned smoking as odious and vulgar.

In the coffee-room the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Babbicombe was dining plainly but plentifully. The fare was simple, the dishes were few; yet the meal was ample, substantial—perhaps even a trifle heavy.

In the course of his repast his lordship refreshed himself with brown sherry. The dinner removed, he sipped his way through a pint of the famous Mausoleum tawny port. He had always been a drinker of port—in moderation, of course.

The afterglow that waits upon a perhaps too solid dinner flushed his cheeks a little. Upon his brow there certainly rested the shadow of sadness or of mental discontent—almost, indeed, of distress. Dyspepsia might

be present; but there was also disorder of a less physical sort.

Presently his face brightened a little. There had entered the coffee-room Mr. Sunderby, Q. C. Now, the bishop and Sunderby were upon very good terms. They had been schoolboys together, comrades at the university, and friends in after life.

Nor had their amity suffered—perhaps it had rather benefited—by the fact that, for some years past, they had seen but little of each other. There are so many old friends in the world who remain old friends simply because they seldom meet. Uninterrupted intimacy is particularly trying to the affection that is founded rather upon traditions of the past than upon present emotions.

"My dear bishop, this is an unexpected pleasure," said Mr. Sunderby, cordially.

"I am not often here," explained the bishop. "I am very glad to see you, Sunderby. I may say, indeed, that I was anxious to see you."

Mr. Sunderby was a stout gentleman, with a bald head and large, iron-gray whiskers. He was short-sighted, and a concave glass was invariably fixed in front of his right eye. He owned a rich, deep voice, and his heartiness of manner was said to have obtained for him many verdicts.

He practiced especially in the Divorce or Matrimonial Causes Court, and he had, without doubt, earned a large fortune by his skillful dealing with the conjugal difficulties of his fellow-creatures.

Sunderby was a man who attached considerable importance to his dinner, and when employed upon it did not care to have his attention directed toward other matters.

"I mentioned that I was anxious to see you, Sunderby," said the bishop, after an interval of silence.

"Just so, bishop," observed the barrister, indifferently, and with his mouth full.

"The fact is," the bishop continued, a little disconcerted by his old friend's apathy, and troubled with other thoughts, perhaps, "I want to speak to you for a few minutes privately—quite privately. I know how valuable your time is. I promise to trespass upon it but for a little while. Where can I find you alone, quite alone, and at liberty—and when?"

"Well, say the smoking-room in half an hour," said Mr. Sunderby, promptly. "I have no doubt we shall have it all to ourselves."

The bishop winced. He was not a smoker; it was many years since a cigar had been held between his lips. And then he had been active among the members who had opposed the addition of a smoking-room to the Mausoleum.

"Be it so," he said, however, with the air of a man swallowing a disagreeable pill. "I am in some difficulty; I may say, indeed, that I am in a state of very considerable distress, owing, in point of fact, to peculiar circumstances, which for the moment are entirely beyond my power to control. I cannot express myself more concisely or clearly just now. I stand much in need of your advice and assistance, Sunderby."

"I shall be happy, indeed, my dear bishop, if I can help you in any way," answered Mr. Sunderby, with alacrity, as he emptied his glass—for he was drinking champagne.

And then he turned to contemplate his friend. For the first time he observed the shadow upon the bishop's brow, and noted that a certain ruddy plumpness had departed from the bishop's comely countenance, leaving lines and hollows and pallor in its place.

"He must have lost many pounds' weight," mused Mr. Sunderby.

The prelate had been famed for his grand portliness of form; but it might be said that the ecclesiastical apron had now receded some inches, and forfeited much of its old noble amplitude of curve.

The bishop's figure had owned architecturally what Americans describe as a "swell front."

Chapter II.

The bishop's nose twitched and wrinkled as he entered the smoking-room. It was a confined apartment, contrived apparently by appropriation of space in the attics of the club-house, originally destined for servants' bedrooms.

The air was heavy with the fumes of dead cigars and exhausted pipes.

The arrangements for ventilation were on an imperfect scale.

"What a place, and what a smell!" murmured the bishop, with an expression of disgust.

He seated himself near an open window. His sense of the discomfort of his situation urged him at once to commence his converse with his friend, the Queen's Counsel; yet he felt acutely the difficulty of saying what he had expressly ascended to the smoking-room to say.

He found himself gazing silently and steadily at Sunderby, the while that advocate carefully lighted a large cigar, and, having ordered a whisky-and-soda, ensconced himself in an easy-chair and assumed a listening attitude.

"Domestic trouble," the bishop began, sententiously, a certain tremor affecting his tones and his voice suffering from huskiness—"domestic trouble invades alike the cottage and the palace—even the palace of the prelate. That is my experience."

Mr. Sunderby closed his eyes with the air of one in church.

"I married for love."

Mr. Sunderby nodded; it was as though the story was familiar to him.

"And I can state with perfect confidence," the bishop continued, "that, until of late, great happiness has attended my union with Mrs. Bowerbank."

"You have much to be thankful for," observed the barrister.

"And I trust that I have been—that I am truly and unfeignedly thankful."

"There's a family, I think?"

"Three sons and five daughters," explained the bishop.

"And then, I apprehend," said Mr. Sunderby, with a levity of manner the bishop could not but disapprove, "a change came o'er the spirit of your dream?"

"Well, yes, if you like to state the case in that way. A change *has* come o'er the spirit of my dream, Sunderby; or, rather, I should say simply, I find a great, a deplorable, change in Mrs. Bowerbank."

"Women do change. They will, they can't help it; it's a way they have—*La Donna è mobile*, you know."

The bishop waved his hand, as though putting from him alike Mr. Sunderby's remarks and the smoke of his cigar.

"Mrs. Bowerbank's conduct has given me much uneasiness. My home is no longer the peaceful, happy, undivided home it once was. I must confess, indeed, that between my wife and myself there exists a great and

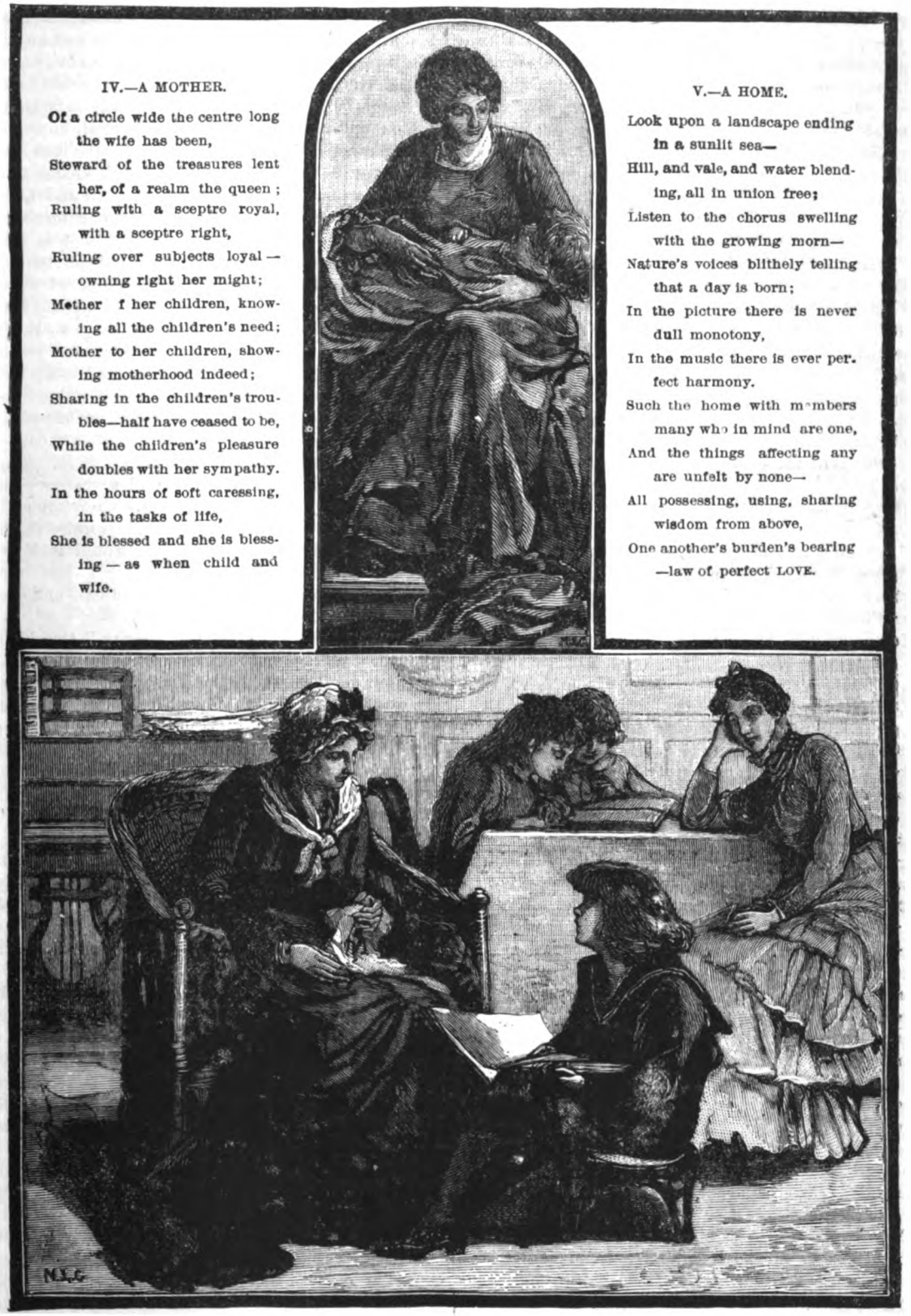
grave difference of opinion. We have quarreled desperately—that is the plain truth. How sad this is, how painful, how it troubles me even to speak of the subject, I need not say. But the question now arises, What am I to do? How is it to end? My wife and I are at strife—there is no prospect of peace being re-established between us. Which of us is to yield?"

"The married have often t- ask themselves that question," said Mr. Sunderby.

"But mine is no ordinary case," urged the bishop. "Consider my office — my position! Think how desirable it is to avoid a scandal in the matter. In these times there is so much publicity—everything becomes in turn the subject of discussion and chatter and ridicule in

the newspapers. It would be very hard, Sunderby, to have my domestic troubles and afflictions advertised, so to say, in the public journals; made the subject of comment, of caricature, of chaff—I believe that is the current term—by the writers of leading articles, by the sharpshooters and jesters of the Press. I don't think I should survive such an outrage. And yet, surely, I am entitled to some remedy. My present condition of suffering is not to be borne. Your learning and experience, Sunderby, should enable you to point me a way out of my difficulties. You have had much to do with what are called Matrimonial Causes. You practice in the court which deals exclusively with such matters."

"Just so. The court opens wide its doors; who will



may enter. The Judge Ordinary affords what relief he can to one and all, under virtue of the Divorce Act of the 20th and 21st Victoria."

"That dreadful Divorce Act!" mused the bishop. "I opposed it strenuously, though I was only a country vicar at the time; I held it in absolute abhorrence. Yet now I seem to be taking counsel how I may avail myself of its provisions. Not that I really think I can ever persuade myself to enter as a petitioner the detestable court in which you have earned your fame, Sunderby."

"Just so, bishop," repeated the barrister. "But may one inquire for a few more particulars? I am sure you will understand that the question is not prompted by idle curiosity, or anything like it. But at present the case upon which you desire me to advise is scarcely before me. I must really be put in possession of further facts. What, for instance, is your exact complaint against Mrs. Bowerbank? What has she really done to offend you? May I ask so much?"

"Certainly. I will inform you as briefly as possible," said the bishop. He paused a moment, then cleared his voice, and began: "It has so happened that for some months past Mrs. Bowerbank has been resident in London. She has formed what I hold to be most unfortunate and undesirable friendships. I do not pretend to deny that these new friends of hers occupy good positions in society. They are, indeed, persons of rank, of wealth, of fashion and consideration; they are received, of course, everywhere, looked up to and respected by many. But they constitute a set, a clique, whose proceedings, whose tastes, whose opinions, I hold in great aversion. In plain terms, they are devoted to amateur theatrical exhibitions, and they are persuading my unfortunate wife to go upon the stage."

"To go upon the stage!" echoed Mr. Sunderby. "Why, Mrs. Bowerbank must be fifty, if she is a day!"

"No, Sunderby, she is not fifty," calmly explained the bishop, who desired that every justice should be rendered to his wife, her faults notwithstanding—"she is not fifty; indeed, she is not forty-five. And she is a well-preserved woman—she is still very beautiful. She was at one time quite famed for her beauty."

"But her figure?"

"Her figure," admitted the bishop, as though desirous of promptly closing the inquiry in that respect—"I admit that her figure, in its present state, is not suited to the part she has decided to assume at the Frolic."

"She is going to appear at the Frolic?" asked the barrister, in tones of amazement.

"There is to be a morning performance, as I learn, and she has decided to play *Juliet*."

A barrister struck dumb must be a rare spectacle. For the moment Mr. Sunderby appeared to be struck dumb. He found words at length—some words.

"Good Heaven!" he cried. "A bishop's wife playing *Juliet* at the Frolic! What next?"

"What next? You may well ask, Sunderby."

"We shall have a bishop playing *Romeo*."

"Please don't jest, Sunderby. Indeed, indeed, it is no subject for jesting."

"I beg your pardon, bishop. I spoke without thought. I did not mean to offend or pain you in the slightest degree. As you say, it is no subject for jesting. It is, of course, a very serious business."

"It is distressing to me beyond measure. For, you know, I have always been opposed to the stage. I have even preached against it; I may say that I have lashed it from the pulpit. But the question now is, What am I to do?"

Chapter III.

"You have reasoned with Mrs. Bowerbank?" inquired Mr. Sunderby.

"Is it any good reasoning with a woman?" the bishop demanded, bitterly. "Is it any good for a husband to reason with his wife? Is he likely to get anything for his pains, beyond tart and silly speeches, perverse answers, contradictions, ridiculous arguments, abuse and ill usage? But I *have* reasoned with Mrs. Bowerbank. I have reasoned, exhorted, expostulated, entreated, conjured, commanded, prohibited—I have exhausted my powers of speech, I have talked myself hoarse in addressing her upon this disgraceful subject—and all in vain. She is bent upon the thing. She is so mixed up with that dreadful theatrical set she first met at Lady Carmine's. They are all what is called stage-struck. They are all intent upon public exhibition of themselves. They are eager to sing, recite, act in public; anything so that they may appear upon the stage in the glare of the gas. They assume strange dresses, and put on wigs, and make up their faces—I believe that is the term they use. They are hand-in-glove with the strangest persons—professionals, they are termed—vulgar men and dubious women. They live in a theatrical atmosphere, the slang of the stage echoes all about them. The whole thing is to me a most dreadful and revolting shame and scandal. I sicken as I think of it. They are all mad, as it seems to me, and Mrs. Bowerbank is quite the maddest of them all. If I had the power I would lock her up in Bedlam to-morrow."

"The performances are public, then, and money is taken at the doors?"

"They pretend to act for charity," the bishop explained. "They make charity the excuse and the cloak for their vanity and their folly. Yet, the performances are professedly for the benefit of the poor, who are always with us, you know, and are especially remembered when the rich desire to amuse themselves."

"Twistleton's case would apply, I think," said Mr. Sunderby, after a minute's reflection.

"May I ask the nature of Twistleton's case?"

"It was heard in the House of Lords some years since. The Act of the 20th and 21st Victoria had not yet become law. It was the case of a wife afflicted with an unconquerable desire to embrace the stage as a profession, her husband being a clergyman. A separation by agreement had ensued. There were afterward very grievous charges of misconduct brought against the wife. It was held that the petitioner was not debarred of his remedy because of the separation, which was pronounced, indeed, to be justifiable under the circumstances, and accordingly judgment was given for the divorce. I doubt, however, whether it would be a sufficient answer to a wife's suit for the restitution of conjugal rights, the husband being a clergyman, to say that the complainant was passionately devoted to the stage."

"I do not think," said the bishop, "I could really bear to have Mrs. Bowerbank's conduct made the subject of discussion before a legal tribunal."

"I apprehend," said Mr. Sunderby, meditatively, "that there is no other charge against Mrs. Bowerbank except in relation to this passion of hers for the stage?"

"But surely that is a sufficient charge against her, Sunderby?" urged the bishop.

"Just so. But one hears so much, in the court I practice in, of more serious charges against wives."

"I think I understand," said the bishop, his face reddening, "and I would have you know, Sunderby, that

Mrs. Bowerbank is virtue itself; and, apart from this unfortunate failing or predilection of hers, call it which you will, she has borne herself exemplarily in all the relations of life. I have not a fault to find with her—she has been to me a faithful and affectionate wife, she has been to her numerous offspring a most admirable mother. When she married me I was but a curate. We have lived happily together for many, many years. It is indeed deplorable that this wretched cause of disagreement should now have arisen between us."

The bishop's eyes filled with tears.

"But surely," said Mr. Sunderby, genuinely sympathetic—"surely we can find some way out of this difficulty without going into court, or thinking of going into court, supposing a remedy were obtainable in that way. My dear bishop, you will excuse the warmth and the freedom of an old friend; but some *modus vivendi* must be discoverable between Mrs. Bowerbank and yourself in the present condition of affairs. The possibilities of approach and reconciliation cannot be wholly out of the question."

"Very violent and angry words have passed between us," confessed the bishop. "It is with deep pain I make this statement, Sunderby; but I feel it to be necessary. I have wholly failed to shake Mrs. Bowerbank's resolution. I have said and done all I could; but in vain. I have even tried bribery—I own it with shame. I offered her a valuable diamond bracelet—the handsomest money could buy. But she was not to be moved. She is determined to play *Juliet* at the Frolic, and play *Juliet* she will. Mrs. Bowerbank has all the obstinacy of her sex, and something more. She will appear as *Juliet* at the Frolic, and, as it seems, I cannot prevent her."

"There is one thing you might do," said Mr. Sunderby, after some moments' reflection.

"And what is that, pray?"

"Well, Mrs. Bowerbank may appear as *Juliet* upon one occasion, but it will be your own fault if she repeats the experiment."

"I don't think I quite follow you, Sunderby."

"When Mrs. Bowerbank plays *Juliet*, you go in the pit and help to hiss her off the stage."

"Hiss my own wife?"

"Why not? She is appearing on the stage contrary to your wishes and express injunctions. You pay your money at the door and form one of the public. You disapprove of the exhibition, and you signify your opinion in the usual manner. It is lawful to hiss in a theatre. Of course, you must take care to avoid the appearance of a conspiracy to interrupt the performance—you must not be guilty of what the law would call a riot. I would not advise, therefore, your arming yourself with a cat-call, a gong, a bell, a horn, a rattle, or any noisy instrument of that kind; that might look like a predetermination to condemn in any case. But you can hiss freely, and, of course, you may have friends in the house who may be of your way of thinking, and who may join you in hissing Mrs. Bowerbank. A sort of church party might be formed against the performance, for no doubt your friends would be, in many cases, of your own profession. It would certainly have a curious effect," continued Mr. Sunderby, with the manner of one attentively studying some very strange picture of the mind, "if a certain portion of the Frolic were to be occupied by a crowd of ecclesiasts—bishops, priests and deacons—all hotly engaged in hissing Mrs. Bowerbank. I take upon myself to say that it would be quite the most startling *matinée* of the season."

The bishop was silent; he was, perhaps, too perplexed to speak.

The picture conjured up by Mr. Sunderby of the most startling *matinée* of the season was, to him, repellent and distressing; and it may have also occurred to him that possibly his friend was too much inclined to laugh at him.

"I think," Mr. Sunderby resumed, presently, "I would confine myself to hissing the *Juliet*. It might be awkward if you hissed other members of the company. Actors nowadays make speeches from the stage, and denounce the audience if they venture to disapprove the performance. By-the-way, who is to play *Romeo?*"

"As I understand, *Romeo* is to be played by a colonel of militia; the son of a Cabinet Minister appears as *Mercutio;* the *Friar* is to be represented by a County Court judge; and the starved *Apothecary*, by a member of the Junior Bar. It is quite what they call a strong cast. Only ladies and gentlemen of fashion and social position are to take part in the performance. Where is this absurdity to end, Sunderby? And yet, I own, I am in some measure to blame. It was I who first praised Mrs. Bowerbank's elocutionary powers—she had really a delightful voice, she was an admirable reader; I have sometimes wished that she could have read the lessons in Babbicombe Cathedral. Her manner, too, was most impressive—there was nothing of the theatre about it then. Little did I think that my approval of her efforts would have been viewed as an encouragement to her to go upon the stage! But how seldom it occurs to us to consider the possible consequences of our simplest words—our humblest actions!"

Mr. Sunderby checked himself; he was on the verge of saying Amen.

Chapter IV.

There was the sound of a footstep upon the stairs.

"Some one comes," said the bishop. "I will leave you now, Sunderby. I would not be thought a frequenter of this room. I am obliged to you for listening to me. I will not say that I have derived much comfort from your counsels, but that is not to be imputed to you as a fault. Some relief I have gained in giving words to my sorrows. In certain conditions of the mind there is advantage, I think, in mounting to the housetops—we are very near the roof, by-the-by—and confiding one's sorrows to the winds and the skies and even the chimney-pots. There is comfort sometimes in speech, even to deaf or unsympathetic ears, or even to inanimate objects. Good-by. God bless you, Sunderby."

And the bishop hurriedly quitted the smoking-room.

"Was there sarcasm in his last utterance?" Sunderby asked himself.

But he had little time to consider the question, for forthwith entered McAdder, the famous historian, who commenced in broad Scotch a vehement diatribe concerning the topics of the day.

Sunderby lighted another cigar, and soon dense clouds of smoke encompassed him on every side.

Before long he was heard to laugh—not, of course, at anything McAdder had said; that was out of the question. The Queen's Counsel was laughing in his sleep.

He was dreaming of Mrs. Bowerbank's *Juliet*.

Chapter V.

Some days later, Mr. Sunderby received a letter bearing the Babbicombe postmark. The letter was, indeed,

THE SUCCESSFUL DÉBUTANTE.

signed "Babbicombe," and was dated from the palace of that cathedral city. The bishop wrote something to this effect:

"MY DEAR SUNDERBY: We arrived here only yesterday, and I hasten to inform you of what has happened. After our last conversation, it will surprise you to learn of the change that has occurred in Mrs. Bowerbank's opinions and arrangements. I do not flatter myself that this has resulted from any appeal or expression of sentiment on my part. But Mrs. Bowerbank has quite decided that she will not appear as *Juliet* at the Frolic; she renounces, indeed henceforth, all thought of exhibiting herself upon the stage, either in public or in private. It seems she has quarreled with her theatrical friends, and that she is now upon very bad terms with them. I am given to understand that there was a very painful scene at the dress rehearsal of the tragedy. Disputes, I believe, are common among the players upon such occasions; but the conflict in which Mrs. Bowerbank engaged was of an unusually violent kind. There was, as I gather, something of a conspiracy to deprive her of the character of *Juliet*, and to intrust its impersonation to Lady Carmine. For some time considerable jealousy, it seems, has existed between Lady Carmine and Mrs. Bowerbank in relation to their histrionic abilities and efforts. The company generally appear to have sided with Lady Carmine—naturally, for they are among her most intimate friends. Mrs. Bowerbank was called upon in plain terms to resign the character of *Juliet;* it was intimated to her, however, that she might appear, instead, either as *Lady Capulet* or as the *Nurse*—parts, it was stated, decidedly better suited to her years and physical proportions. Of course, she refused to take part in the performance under such conditions. Very angry words passed between her and Lady Carmine, and all is now over between them. Mrs. Bowerbank has entirely severed her connection with her quondam theatrical friends. I am heartily glad of it, I need scarcely say. But this controversy, or quarrel, has been a great shock to her—has upset her very much. She is still suffering, but is very much better. She will never appear upon the stage, she avows; yet she hopes that, as a reader, she may be able now and then to entertain the public—for the benefit of the poor, of course. Indeed, she hopes to be well enough to appear next week at a penny reading, when she proposes to recite select passages from 'Paradise Lost.' The profits, if any, are to be given to our deaf and dumb asylum."

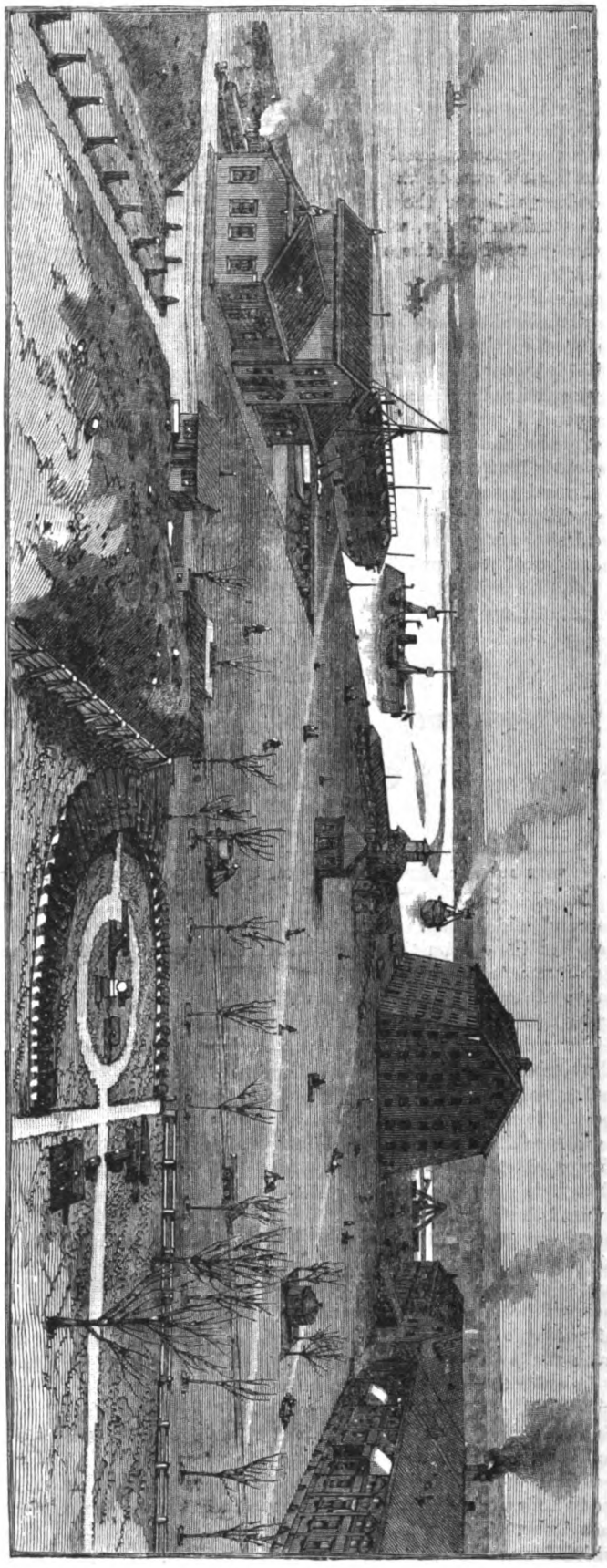
"Well," observed Mr. Sunderby, as, with a grin, he folded up the letter, "at any rate, the Bishop's Difficulty is over for the present."

THE MANUFACTURE OF BIG GUNS.

THE WORK IN PROGRESS AT THE NEW NAVAL GUN FACTORY AT WASHINGTON.

IN no instance is the improvidence of man's nature more strongly marked than in his refusal to heed the adage, "In time of peace prepare for war." He will sing the praises of heroes in past battles in never-ending song, will celebrate with religious fervor events by which the country has been saved as by a miracle, but is unwilling to guard against possibilities in the future by making them impossible.

Our people particularly trust to that good luck and so-called Yankee ingenuity that has stood us in such good stead in past troubles. The time has come, however, when the machinery of war cannot be put together in a day, nor even in a year. We can no longer trust to the hasty invention of some implement that will

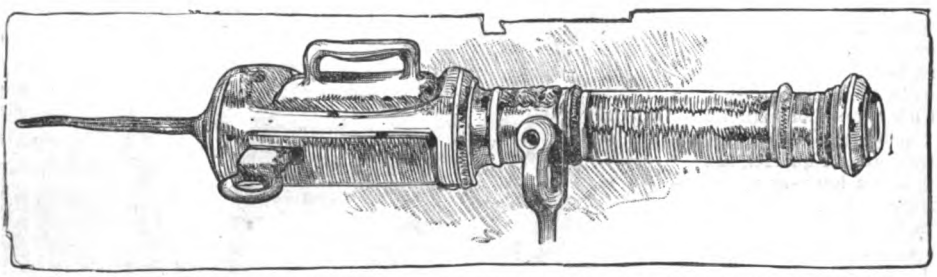


OLD GUN GRAVEYARD AND RIVER FRONT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

insure success in battles against our enemies; but, in the light of the experience of other countries as well as our own, we must accept the fact that preparations for war must be made on scientific principles, requiring a body of well-informed and experienced men, considerable time, and the expenditure of large sums of money.

So long as guns consisted of one large casting, and gun-carriages of a simple framework, the problem of how to supply the national demand was a very simple one, as has been shown in the casting of the twelve-inch breech-loading rifle for the United States Army at the South Boston Iron Works, where over one hundred tons of iron were poured in the molds. When finished, this gun weighed fifty-four tons. By increasing the number and size of furnaces, with a pit and molds large enough, this system could be carried on *ad infinitum*. The same thing is seen in the fifteen and twenty inch guns cast during the late war. But in the contest between armor and guns it has been found that to increase the size of guns beyond a certain limit would make them unwieldy even on shore, and much more so on board vessels, where the space is limited and lightness is a decided *desideratum*.

In order to keep pace with the thickness and improved condition of the material of which armor is now made, and at the same time keep within the limits of handiness, a series of measures have been resorted to. A powder



VERY ANCIENT BREECH-LOADING BRONZE GUN, USED BY CORTEZ IN THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO, CAPTURED BY THE UNITED STATES FORCES AT ALVARADO.

is used which burns comparatively slowly, so that instead of the combustion being instantaneous, the powder continues to burn while the projectile (shot or shell) moves from its seat to the muzzle or outer end of the gun, thus acting as a constantly accelerating force and distributing the strain throughout the length of the gun; the size of the charge of powder and the bore of the gun being so proportioned that the greatest velocity is imparted to the projectile as it leaves the muzzle. In order to insure this proportion and fully utilize the energy of the powder, guns have to be very much longer; so long, that it is more convenient, and on board ship necessary, to load them from the rear or breech. Hence all modern naval ordnance is breech-loading. In order to get sufficient weight in the projectile and at the same time increase its capacity to penetrate, it is made long, with a pointed head. By rifling the bore of the gun, this form of projectile is kept in a horizontal position and strikes with the pointed end, as desired.

In order to resist the various strains to which guns are subjected, other qualities than hardness are necessary. So far, the best results are obtained by using steel as the building material, and employing a system known as building-up. That is, a number of pieces have to be made separately and the surfaces carefully turned down in a lathe. The groundwork of the gun is a long tube, which forms the bore and receives the rifling; over this tube are shrunk other tubes, shorter and thicker, which are called jackets and hoops. Both the inner and outer surfaces of these tubes have to be smooth. They are each bored from forged steel ingots, and carefully turned down on the outer surface, then heated and placed over the tube preceding it, and when cooled each binds the one underneath with a constant pressure. This pressure is greater as the outer tubes or hoops are put on.

In order to insure homogeneity in the steel, the ingots of which the various parts are made have to be forged, and in order to forge the larger masses necessary for the large guns, steam-hammers of immense weight are necessary. Hence we see that to fulfill all these conditions a very expensive plant is needed. No private corporation would be warranted in such an outlay unless a certain amount of work were guaranteed by the Government.

In order to fully investigate the subject, Congress passed an Act in 1883 directing the President of the United States to appoint a Gun Foundry Board, to consist of officers of the United States Army and Navy, "for the purpose of examining and reporting to Congress which of the navy yards or arsenals owned by the Government has the best location and is best adapted for the establishment of a Government Foundry, or what other method, if any, should be adopted for the manufacture of heavy ordnance adapted to modern warfare, for the use of the Army and Navy of the United States; the cost of all buildings, tools and implements necessary to be used in the manufacture thereof, including the cost of a steam-hammer or of apparatus of sufficient size for the manufacture of the heaviest guns." The Board appointed consisted of three army and three naval officers, Rear-Admiral Edward Simpson, United States Navy, President of the Board. They visited the establishments of France, England and Russia. They also sent letters to several of the steel manufacturers of the United States, and to companies engaged in gun-making. All estimates for cost of tools, machines, and other appliances, had to be based upon the cost of the same articles in foreign countries, as none of our manufacturers had had any experience in such work. After making careful estimates abroad and consulting with the steel manufacturers of the United States, the Board came to the conclusion that the best plan for the Government to follow would be to establish two gun factories, one for the Army at Watervliet Arsenal, West Troy, N. Y., and one at the Washington Navy Yard for the Navy; the yard to be turned over to the Ordnance Bureau exclusively for that purpose.

The principal work at this yard for some years has been in connection with that Bureau, and the plant on hand is such as to enable the Bureau to carry on the present work without making any radical changes.

These are not to be gun foundries, properly speaking, where the steel is made and forged, but factories where the various parts of the gun are finished off, and the gun built up. The steel forgings are to be furnished from the different steel manufacturers of the United States, thus encouraging the steel industry, and at the same time leaving a channel through which new ideas might come to combine with those of ordnance experts.

The steel for these guns is made in the ordinary Siemens open-hearth furnace, the metal being run into

immense molds forming ingots weighing from 15,000 pounds for the inner tube of the six-inch rifle, to 21,486 pounds for the inner tube of the ten-and-a-half-inch rifle. The latter ingot is cast hollow. These ingots are cast short and thick, and are hammered out to the desired length and diameter, this system of manipulation being necessary to prevent the formation of gas bubbles and blow-holes within the mass of metal. Rolling would be cheaper, but with such large masses it is impracticable.

There is an establishment in the United States that can produce all the forgings for a steel gun of eight-inch calibre, and hoops of all sizes, except the largest and heaviest, and the breech mechanism and smaller forgings for all calibres. There are two other firms now able to produce the jackets and tubes and miscellaneous forgings for guns of six-inch calibre and under, and hoops for larger sizes. Even these establishments have had so little experience, and their plants are so limited, that a great deal of time is needed to produce these forgings. However, if there is any degree of certainty that the demand will be sufficiently large to warrant the outlay, these firms will respond, and be able in time to produce the necessary forgings for the largest sizes. It is estimated that they could commence delivering the heavier forgings for a ten-inch rifle in from eighteen months to two years after taking the contract, and the forgings for a twelve-inch gun could be delivered in from two and a half to three years. At present these heavy forgings have to be obtained abroad. Even under most favorable circumstances it will be two or three years before we can begin to turn out modern ordnance of the latest and most approved type fast enough to supply the demands of a large navy. This is a question of national importance, and should receive adequate attention and support from the nation at large. We see that in time of peace we must prepare for war. War-vessels are useless without guns, and all the new vessels built for the Navy have had to wait for their batteries. What would be the result if we were engaged in war, and needed thousands of guns of the most recent type, instead of enough to arm three or four cruisers with guns of small calibre? Supplying this steel will give new life to the steel industry, and as all steel furnished the Government has to undergo a severe test, depending upon the nature of the work it has to perform, outside parties will be able to form an idea of the quality of metal produced by different manufacturers, and manufacturers themselves will benefit by it, as these tests will show them wherein their methods of production are deficient.

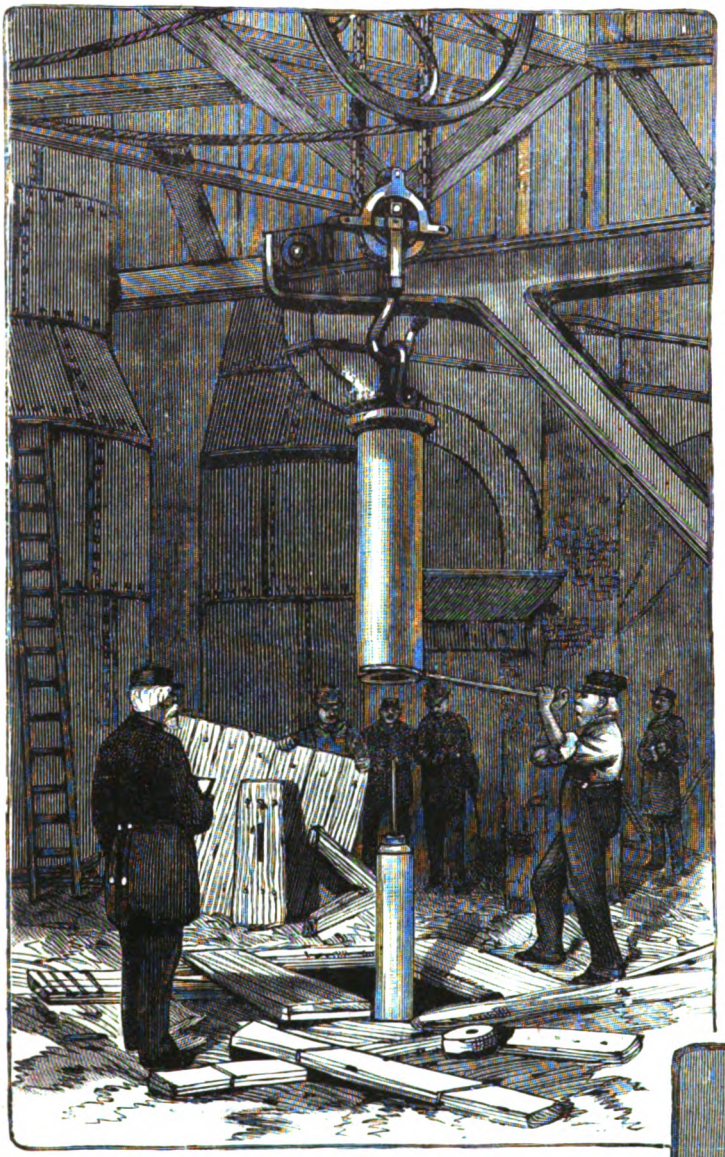
In order to handle these heavy guns with ease and rapidity, the system of mounting them has developed from a heavy wooden framework for a carriage to a delicate and intricate machine in which the recoil is taken up by having the carriage on an inclined plane, up which it has to run when the gun is fired, and also by hydraulic resistance. The designing and construction of these carriages require mechanical ingenuity of a high order. Guns that were formerly so mounted that it required twenty-five men to handle them can with modern carriages now be handled by eight men with greater ease and rapidity.

While not wishing to make any unfavorable comparison, it must be remembered that all ordnance work for the Navy is carried on by officers who have given the subject special study in addition to their other professional studies. We have no separate Ordnance Corps in the Navy such as exists in the United States Army and the British Navy. Yet many of the best guns, devices for handling and mounting them, as well as improvements in powder and armor, have been made by naval officers. The perfection of form in the smooth-bore shell gun was reached by the late Rear-Admiral Dahlgren, United States Navy. From what has been done with small appropriations, we are justified in arguing that with liberal ones for carrying on experiments, we could have led in many cases where we have had to follow.

All Boards appointed for the purpose of determining the site of the Naval Gun Foundry have reported the Washington Navy Yard as the most favorable location, and the Secretary of the Navy, realizing the importance of pushing forward the work as rapidly as possible, ordered, on the 1st of October of last year, that the navy yard should hereafter be used only as an ordnance yard, and all other departments should be removed to other yards. The advantages of Washington as a good location are obvious. It is sufficiently near the mining districts and the manufacturing establishments of the country, is at a safe distance from the sea, requires no additional fortification, but will in itself be a source of strength in defending the Capital. It cannot be said to invite an attack, as the Capital should as far as possible be rendered impregnable to an invading force. The ordnance yard being in Washington, the Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance can, to a great extent, give it his personal supervision, and thus avoid the delay frequently incident to long distances, where official correspondence has to be carried on in regard to any changes or improvements. Another advantage will be, that the large number of naval officers on duty in and near Washington can witness any interesting experiment that may be carried on from time to time.

According to the latest report from the Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, a large number of the six-inch steel guns have been finished, and eighteen of them are ready for the new ships just being completed. These guns have stood the required firing-proofs at the naval proving-ground at Annapolis, Md., in a very satisfactory manner, an initial velocity of over 2,000 feet per second being obtained with standard powder and projectiles and moderate chamber-pressure. In fact, the highest initial velocity ever obtained has been developed in testing these guns.

The inner tube of one of these six-inch guns was found to be defective, and was "disassembled," or taken apart, so that the tube could be removed and a new one put in its place; thus, instead of losing the whole gun, only one part is lost, which can be replaced and the gun reassembled, or built up, with the same pieces. As has been previously stated, in building up these guns advantage is taken of the expansive property of metals when heated. The outer surface of the inner tube having been turned down in the lathe to the proper size, the inner surface of the jacket is bored out to a diameter of from one to two hundredths of an inch less than the exterior diameter of the tube upon which it is to go. Now, by heating this jacket, it expands sufficiently to allow it to slip on to the tube, which it binds with a constant pressure when cooled. The remaining jackets are shrunk on in the same manner, the inner tube being kept cool and the part to go on heated until sufficiently expanded to slip on easily. After the parts are all put together, the bore is rifled, and the powder-chamber, which has a little greater diameter than the rest of the bore, is reamed out. The breech is closed by a piece of forged steel called the breech-plug, which works on a tray in such a manner that when hauled out it can be swung to one side in loading; after loading it is swung back, pushed into place, and by



JACKETING A STEEL RIFLE-TUBE.

giving the handle one-third of a turn to the right, threads on the plug take in grooves cut in the gun, so that the plug cannot be blown out.

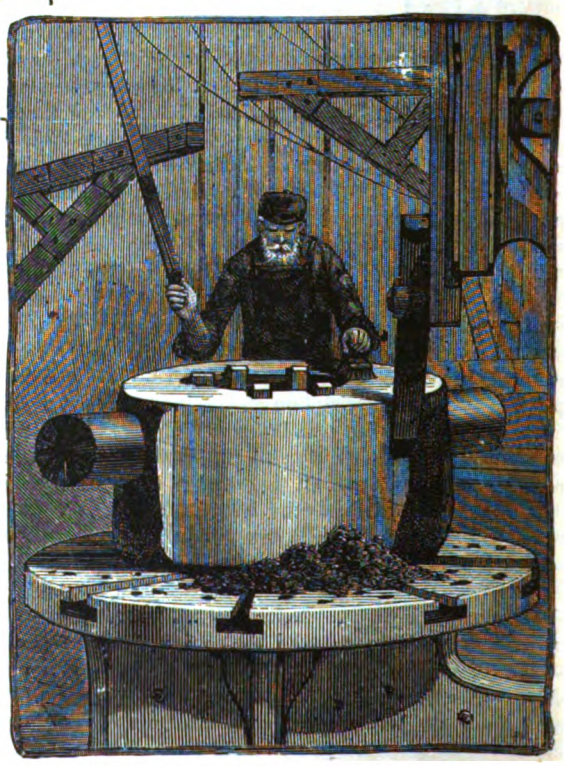
Two five-inch guns intended for the *Chicago* have been finished, and one tested. The first eight-inch gun has been finished, and found to give most satisfactory results. The two ten-inch guns are nearly finished. The hoops made in the United States for the heavy guns have proved very satisfactory. For the new cruisers we have eighteen six-inch, three eight-inch and two five-inch guns finished, and three six-inch and five eight-inch and two ten-inch guns well advanced. Ten or twelve of the six-inch guns have been made at private foundries.

The powder used with these new guns is Dupont's cocoa powder, which is being constantly improved, and with which the best results have been obtained. The attempt is also being made to replace iron with steel in the manufacture of shell, though so far the result has not been satisfactory, the casting not being homogeneous. It is believed, however, that the difficulty will soon be removed by a little more experience.

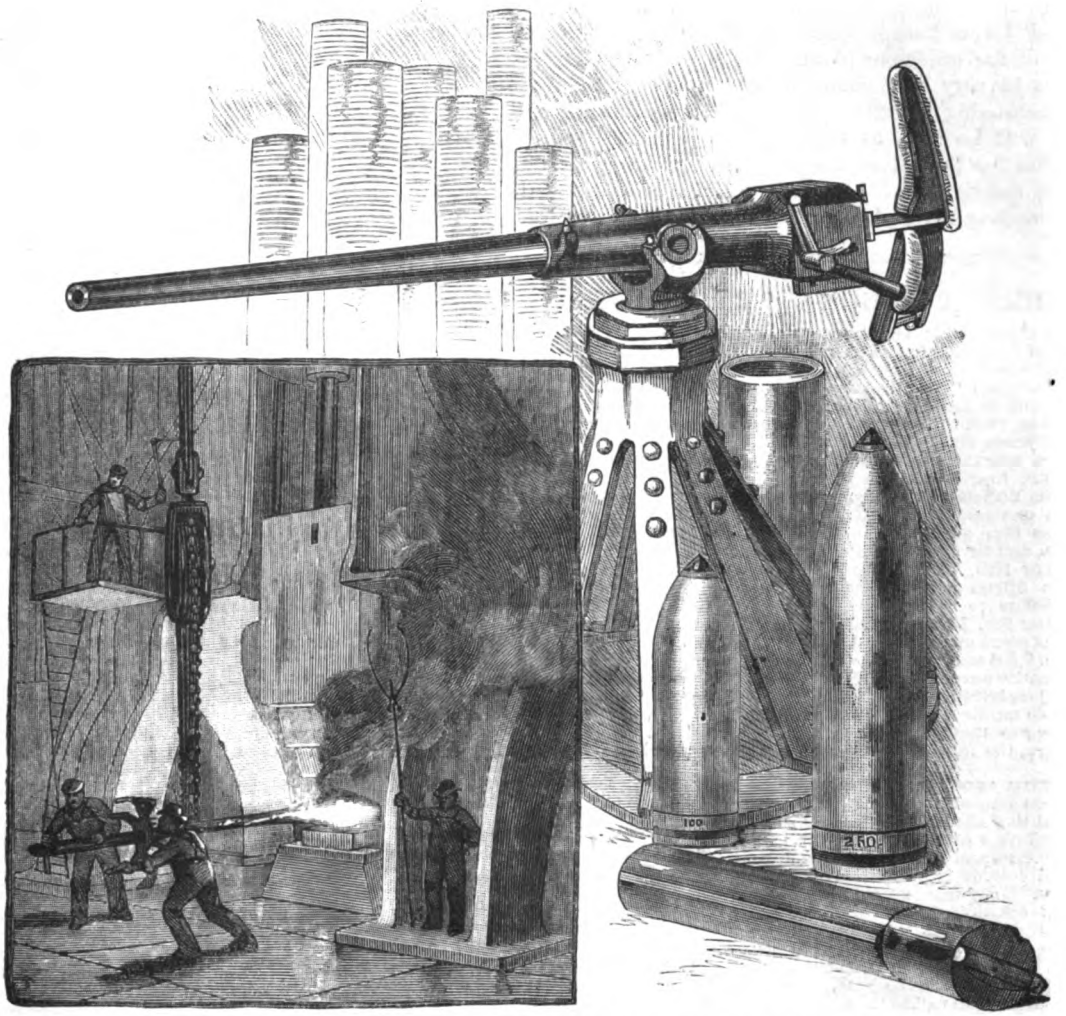
It is the intention to gradually increase the plant at the Washington Yard, until, with an ample supply of the proper material from steel manufacturers, the Government can supply the necessary ordnance outfit for vessels as fast as they are built, and also keep pace with any improvements that may be made either at home or abroad. Sooner or later all officers will be ordered to ordnance duty, and will have an opportunity to become familiar with all details of gun-making. A class of enlisted men are kept at work in the shops, who will in this way be prepared to have the immediate care of the guns and all appurtenances on board ship. So, with a good plant and a corps of well-informed officers and men, we will be better able to accept and take advantage of whatever changes are made in naval warfare. It is to be earnestly hoped that this comparatively new enterprise, upon which the safety of our country in case of a war with a foreign power almost entirely depends, will receive the good-will and encouragement of the entire nation, as no other course can so fully insure its complete success.

While vessels as large as the United States steamer *Minnesota* have been built at this yard, and a number of smaller ones, it could never have been made into a construction yard for vessels of modern type with advantage to the Government. The channel at present is too shallow, and it would necessitate constant dredging to keep it at the proper depth for vessels of average draught.

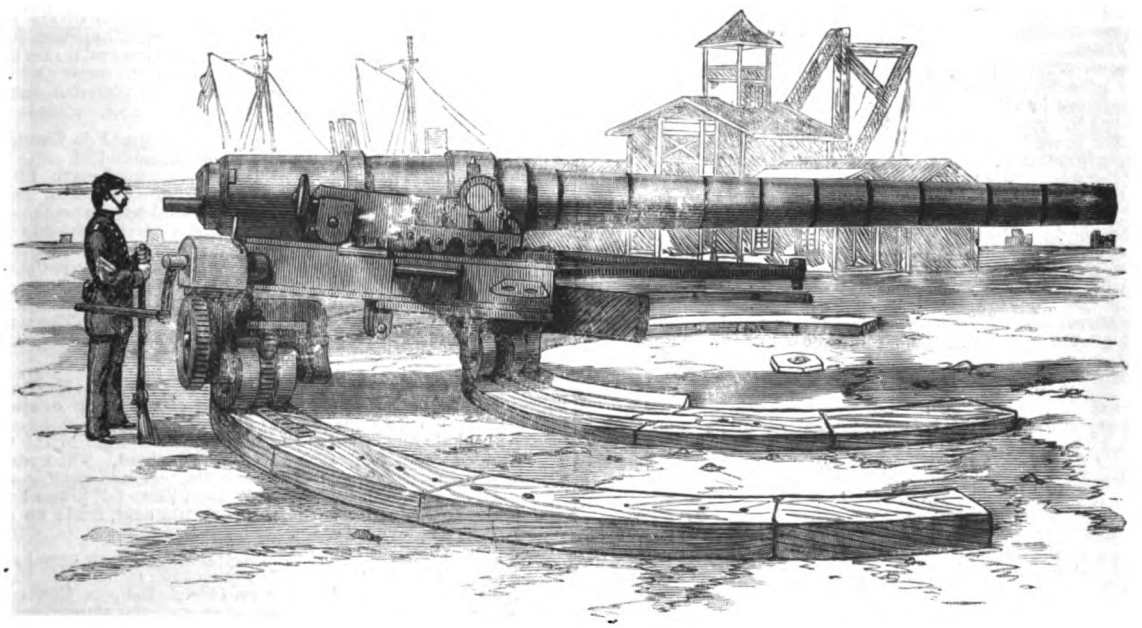
The plant for making marine engines was complete, and a large number of the boilers and engines of our war-vessels were built at this yard. The same work, however, can be carried on at any of the other navy yards without any additional expense to the



PLANING AND SHAPING A TRUNNION FROM THE ROUGH FORGING.



FORGING A SADDLE-STRAP OF 10-INCH GUN. A MODERN BREECH-LOADING STEEL RIFLE FOR THE NEW CRUISERS.



A 12-INCH GUN MOUNTED, READY FOR PLACING ON THE CRUISER.

Government, and a great deal of the machinery formerly used at the Washington Yard for that purpose can be utilized for ordnance work, thereby lessening the expense of the ordnance plant.

Thus far very little change can be noticed. The supplies belonging to other Bureaus not available for ordnance will be sent to other yards. Quarters will be provided for the officers on duty and attending instruction at the yard, and buildings will be constructed to accommodate new and important machinery, as required.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

THE Philadelphia *American* contains the following interesting record of one of the foremost manufactories of the United States – the Baldwin Locomotive Works. This firm lately completed its 8,000th engine: "The first locomotive built at these works was turned out in December, 1832, and it took twenty years, until November, 1852, to build 500 engines. The second 500 were built in eight years, No. 1,000 being finished February, 1860. The next six years saw the third 500 built, No. 1,500 leaving the shop July, 1866. The fourth 500 were built in three years, by October 30th, 1869; the fifth 500 in two years; and the sixth and seventh 500 each in one year, engine No. 3,500 leaving November 20th, 1873. Business then slackened, three years being required to build the next 500, and two years the following 500; engine No. 4,500 leaving December 17th, 1878. Then trade improved, 500 engines being built in fifteen months, and 1,000 more in twenty-two months, while 500 more were finished in ten months; No. 6,500 leaving December 6th, 1882, and making a half-century for the works. The next eight months saw 500 more built, and before the close of 1884 No. 7,500 was turned out. Work again slackened, and nineteen months were required for the final 500 locomotives, No. 8,000 having just left the establishment. It is noteworthy that one-half the whole number, and these by far the heaviest and most elaborate engines that have been built, were turned out within the last ten years, the first 4,000 requiring forty-five years to build."

SMOKING AND HEART DISEASE.—In a report by Dr. Frantzel, of Berlin, on immoderate smoking and its effects upon the heart, it is stated that the latter show themselves chiefly by rapid, irregular palpitation of the heart, short breath, languor, sleeplessness, etc. Dr. Frantzel says that if the causes of these complaints are inquired into, it is generally found that the patients are great smokers. They may not smoke cigars rich in nicotine, but full-flavored cigars, imported from Havana. Smoking, as a rule, agrees with persons for many years; perhaps for twenty years and longer; although by degrees cigars of a finer flavor are chosen. But all at once, without any assignable cause, troubles are experienced with the heart, which rapidly increase, and compel the sufferer to call in the help of a medical man. It is strange that persons consuming cigars of ordinary quality, even if they smoke them very largely, are rarely attacked in that way. The excessive use of cigarettes has not been known to give rise to similar troubles, although it is the cause of complaints of a different nature. It is astonishing to find how many persons with advancing years discontinue smoking. As a rule, affection of the heart has caused them to abjure the weed. In all such cases the patient has found the very best cure, without consulting the medical man.

CURIOUS WHITE IRON.—A writer upon the products and resources of Arkansas says: "The most remarkable and interesting mineral of all this region is the white malleable iron ore, regarding the existence and malleability of which a great deal of skepticism is said to exist. It is found in the corner of Howard County, adjoining the frontier of Montgomery, Polk and Pike. During the war, it is stated on good authority, the inhabitants of the vicinity used to take the ore as it was picked up from the ground, and in an ordinary blacksmith forge hammer it into horseshoe nails. Whether this be true or not, it is certain, and can be abundantly proved, that the ore can be taken, and, being heated in an ordinary blacksmith forge, can be welded and beaten into any desirable shape. The outcrop of this ore, as far as it has been explored, runs for two miles west to east, showing a width of from fifteen to thirty feet, with an unknown depth. There can be no doubt that this development of iron, in so pure and malleable a form, will some day be immensely valuable. The magic touch of a railroad will convert it into gold."

SUCCESS seems to have attended the curious experiment of grafting the skin of a frog upon a man, which was recently undertaken in Paris. The man's feet had been burned by molten iron. On one of the wounds Dr. Dubousquet Laborderie (the operator) put four grafts of human skin; on the other, four grafts from the skin of a frog. All of them took firm hold upon the wounds. The frog-skin grafts retained their peculiar color for a few days, afterward changing to the color of the human skin. The healing process progressed rapidly under the careful antiseptic preparations made, and there seems no doubt of complete success.

PUT gum camphor with your new silver, and it will never tarnish as long as the gum is there. Never wash silver in soapsuds, as that gives it a white appearance.

IT is one of the most remarkable properties of that wonderful product, paper, that it can be split into two or even three parts, however thin the sheet. We have seen a leaf of the *Illustrated News* thus divided in three parts, or three thin leaves. One consisted of the surface on which the engravings were printed; another was the side containing the letter-press, and a perfectly blank piece on each side was the paper that lay between. Many people who have not seen this done might think it impossible; yet it is not only possible, but extremely easy, as we shall show. Get a piece of plate glass, and place on it a sheet of paper; then let the latter be thoroughly soaked. With care and a little dexterity the sheet can be removed. But the best plan is to paste a piece of cloth or strong paper to each side of the sheet to be split. When dry, violently and without hesitation pull the two pieces asunder, when part of the sheet will be found to have adhered to one side and part to the other. Soften the paste in water, and the pieces can be easily removed from the cloth. The process is generally demonstrated as a matter of curiosity, yet it can be utilized in various ways. If we want to paste in a scrap-book a newspaper article printed on both sides of the paper, and possess only one copy, it is very convenient to know how to detach one side from the other. The paper when split, as may be imagined, is more transparent than it was before being subjected to the operation, and the printing ink somewhat duller; otherwise the two pieces present the appearance of the original if again brought together. Some time ago the information of how to do this splitting was advertised to be sold for a considerable sum. We now impart it to all our readers gratuitously.

IN Dr. B. W. Richardson's recent Cantor lectures on "Animal Mechanics," speaking of the mechanism of the heart, he described the number of the pulsations of the heart in different animals—in fish, frog, bird, rabbit, cat, dog, sheep, horse—and made a few comments on the remarkable slowness of the heart—forty strokes per minute—in the horse. Then the number of pulsations in man at various periods of life, and at different levels, from the level of the sea up to 4,000 feet above sea level, was brought under review, and was followed by a computation of the average work performed by the heart in a healthy adult man. The work was traced out by the minute, the hour and the day, and was shown to equal the feat of raising 5 tons 4 cwt. one foot per hour, or 125 tons in twenty-four hours. The excess of this work under alcohol in varying quantities formed a corollary to the history of the work of the heart; Parke's calculation showing an excess of 24 foot-tons from the imbibition of eight fluid ounces of alcohol. The facts relating to the work of the heart by the weight of work accomplished was supplemented by a new calculation, in which the course of circulation was explained by mileage. Presuming that the blood was thrown out of the heart at each pulsation in the proportion of 69 strokes per minute, and at the assumed force of 9 feet, the mileage of the blood through the body might be taken at 207 yards per minute, 7 miles per hour, 168 miles per day, 61,320 miles per year, or 5,150,880 miles in a lifetime of eighty-four years. The number of *beats* of the heart in the same long life would reach the grand total of 2,869,776,000.

PROFESSOR C. A. ASHBURNER, of the Pennsylvania Geological Survey, who has made a special study of the regions about Pittsburg yielding natural gas, has recently given the following explanation of its origin: It arises from the decomposition of forms of animal or vegetable life embedded in the rocks in suitable situations. The gas is not believed to be generated continuously, but merely to be stored in porous or cavernous rocks overlaid by impervious strata. When these collections are tapped, the gas is set free, but a new supply is not forming to take its place. The position at which the gas is found is very variable, depending upon the force of gravity and upon the position of the porous layer in which it is confined. It is considered hopeless in geological formation east of the Alleghanies. On general terms the gas may be described as a mixture of hydrogen, nitrogen and marsh gas, with occasional higher carbon compounds; but different wells vary in the character of their product.

FLOATING bricks are now being manufactured in France, the material of which they are composed being a kind of earth found in Tuscany, consisting of fifty-five parts of sandy earth, fifteen of magnesia, fourteen of water, twelve of alumina, three of lime and one of iron. It exhales a clay-like odor, and when sprinkled with water, throws out a light, whitish smoke. It is infusible in the fire, and though it loses about an eighth part of its weight, its bulk is scarcely diminished. Bricks made of this substance resist water, unite perfectly with lime, are subject to no alteration from the heat or cold, and the baked differ from the unbaked only in the sonorous quality which they acquire from the fire. The strength is a little inferior to that of common bricks, but much greater in proportion to their weight.

TO PURIFY water by a process promulgated by a Mr. Booth of Birmingham, put in it a neutral solution of bisulphate of alumina, in the proportion of one ounce to 435 gallons. The sulphuric acid of the sulphate decomposes the bicarbonate of lime in the water, and forms an insoluble sulphate of lime instead. The hydrate of alumina being set free, forms with the organic matter in the water another insoluble compound. Both these fall to the bottom, and the remaining freed element, carbonic acid, lends an agreeable quality to the water.

THE latest application of the electric light to new uses is found in the success which has attended one of the lecturers in the University of Berlin, who employed an electric lamp of 4,000 candle-power for the projection of microscopic sections upon a screen, aided by a magnifying lens of 6,000 or 8,000 diameters. A very satisfactory definition was obtained, though this has not hitherto been possible with the calcium light ordinarily employed.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Is it physically possible to sit in a circle and *act on* the square at the same time?

Forgive and forget. When you bury animosity, don't set a stone up over its grave.

A sailor, after listening to a young woman who talked a great deal, spoke of her as a "wind-lass."

"Well, how do you like school, Tom?" asked Bob. "I don't like it. They make you do things you don't want to."

"Do you take kindly to menial service?" asked a lady of a nurse. "Well, yes; but I should prefer the hymeneal," she answered.

"You need better air," said the doctor to a poor but proud invalid lady of maiden age. "Ah, doctor, then please send me round some millionaire."

A professional maxim for lawyers: Whatever you do, do it with your might. Many a member of the profession has made a fortune by working with a will.

"A woman is keeping in a book a list of things which she ought to purchase but cannot afford to procure. She calls the book her ought-to-buy-ography.

"Why do you publish so many records of crime?" asked a gentleman of the late Horace Greeley. "Because they are the *sin news* of the paper," was the reply.

An old bachelor, who is not at all posted as to the fashions, says he would "like to know what the difference is between a traveling dress and a walking suit."

Milton was asked by a friend whether he would instruct his daughters in the different languages. His reply was: "No, sir; one tongue is enough for a woman."

In the Kitchen.—A pleasant kitchen is a cheerful, homelike place, and I'm glad that decorative art is peeping into it at last, as well as in the parlor and the bedroom.

"Why are you so precise in your statement? Are you afraid of telling an untruth?" asked an attorney of a witness in a police court. "No, sir," was the prompt reply.

"Women seldom stop to think," snarled a cross-grained husband. "True enough," said his wife; "but you might have added, they never fail to stop and talk."

"Were you ever in an engagement?" inquired an innocent rustic of a militiaman. "Yes, one," replied the son of Mars; "but *she* sued me for breach of promise."

A fashion article says: "Plush is used in combination with faille for elderly ladies." For elderly ladies, of course; in the bright lexicon of youth there's no such word as fail.

"You seem to be in the clouds, Mr. Pegasus," said a friend to an absent-minded verse-writer the day after the class dinner. "I certainly do feel like thunder," was the weary reply.

A barrister observed to a learned brother in court that he thought his whiskers were very unprofessional. "You are right," replied his friend; "a lawer cannot be too barefaced."

Butcher (to young housekeeper): "I have nothing left, mum, but a hind quarter of lamb and liver." *Young Housekeeper:* "Very well. You may send a small hind quarter of liver."

More Subjection of Man.—"Yes," she said to her bosom friend, "I always obey my husband; but I flatter myself that I have something to say about what his command shall be."

A little girl was sorely perplexed a short time back. "Eve came after Adam, didn't she?" was her question. "Then, surely," she argued, "Christmas Eve ought to come after Christmas Day."

Quite Excusable.—"I beg a thousand pardons for coming so late," said a gentleman to his hostess. "My dear sir," replied the lady, graciously, "no pardons are needed. You can never come too late."

In the Peshawur Cemetery, in India, is the following amusing epitaph: "Sacred to the memory of Rev. ——, missionary, age —, murdered by his chowkidar. 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant.'"

Once a teacher in a school in Jamaica observed a huge blot of ink on a boy's copybook. "What is that?" he demanded. "Sure, I think it's a tear, sir." "A tear? How could a tear be black?" "Sure, I think wan o' the colored boys dropped it, sir!"

A girl, in a moment of pique,
Gave her lover a slap on the chique;
Not a word did he say,
But he left her that day,
And didn't go back for a wique.

The unkindest thing that has recently been said about the legal profession is embodied in the remark made in a French provincial court the other day to a lawyer who was called as a witness. "Look here, Brother X.," said the counsel; "just lose sight of your professional character for a moment, and tell us the truth."

A man who had a scolding wife, being asked what he did for a living, replied that he kept a hot-house."

"Yes," said Fenderson, "Miss Forte plays beautifully. I don't know anything about music myself, but I know she's a splendid player, because all the other players say her music is just horrid."

An austere-looking lady walked into a furrier's and said to the man: "I would like a muff." "What fur?" "To keep my hands warm, you idiot!" exclaimed the lady, crushing him like a thunderstorm.

The Tomb of Love.—"Mr. Smith," said a lady at a fair, "won't you please buy this bouquet to present to the lady you love?" "That could not be," said Mr. Smith; "I have no sweetheart. I am a married man."

Diner: "Here, I thought you said this was lobster croquette." *Waiter:* "I beg pardon, I thought it was; I see that I made a mistake, I guess it is sweetbread." *Diner:* "No, it isn't sweetbread; it's some kind of meat."

A French investigator has discovered that the character of a person's dreams depends, in a great measure, on which side the sleeper lies. The dreams of a lawyer, then, who habitually lies on both sides, must be very much mixed.

A scientific man explained to his little daughter that the days in Summer were longer than in Winter, because heat made everything expand. But he could not, on the same principle, explain the length of the nights in Winter.

A bookbinder said to his wife at their wedding: "It seems that now we are bound together, two volumes in one, with clasps." "Yes," observed one of the guests; "one side highly ornamented Turkey morocco, and the other plain calf."

Old Gentleman (putting a few questions): "Now, boys—ah—can any of you tell me what commandment Adam broke when he took the forbidden fruit?" *Small Scholar* (like a shot): "Please, sir, th' worn't no commandments then, sir!"

A little boy was asked by his uncle if he wanted some flowers, and he replied: "I don't care if I do." The uncle said: "I never give flowers to boys who don't care." Whereupon the urchin responded: "I don't care if I do; but I do care if I don't."

Wanted Oiling.—A bright little three-year-old, while her mother was trying to get her asleep, became interested in some outside noise. She was told it was caused by a cricket, when she sagely observed: "Mamma, I think he ought to be oiled."

A bride who was married a month ago says she makes her husband confess in the evening any wrong act he may have committed during the day. Thus far she has got him to acknowledge that he bet on the wrong horse, and twice ate pie with a knife.

Young man who has been jilted and a friend are in a comfortable room. *Sympathetic Friend:* "Good quarters these, old fellow; you ought to be satisfied with them." *Jilted Bachelor:* "Yes, I'm satisfied now with my quarters. They are good enough. What I want is a better half."

"Oh, my friends, there are some spectacles that a person never forgets!" said a lecturer, after giving a graphic description of a terrible accident that he had witnessed. "I'd like to know where they sell 'em," remarked an old lady in the audience who is always mislaying her glasses.

Teacher (instructing a class of young girls): "I told you, young ladies, at the last lesson, that man's brain is larger than woman's. What would you deduce from the fact, Miss Smith?" *Pupil:* "That with the brain, as with many other things, all depends, not upon the quantity, but the quality."

The most prudent man on record was he who, when retiring at an hotel and finding only four matches in the matchbox, for fear that they might be wet and so prove useless in case of emergency during the night, carefully tested them one by one, blew them out in turn, and tranquilly lay down to rest.

A Boston artist tells this story of Whistler and Oscar Wilde, who has the reputation of borrowing Whistler's bright speeches. Having heard the artist say an unusually good thing, Oscar exclaimed, deploringly: "I wish I could have said that." "Oh," replied Whistler, derisively, "but you know you will say it."

Three tailors established themselves in the same street in Glasgow. The first wrote on his sign, "The best tailor in this town." The second adopted as his motto, "The best tailor in the world." But the third, who was the cleverest of the lot, got away with them all by putting on his sign, "The best tailor in this street."

It is said that once when Mr. Clemens (Mark Twain), at the solicitation of his wife, called on Mrs. Stowe, he was so absent-minded as to put on neither collar nor necktie. On Mrs. Clemens remonstrating when he returned, he said that he would make it all right, and accordingly sent a collar and a tie of his to Mrs. Stowe in a box.

Miss Longout: "Mamma, I think I'll accept young Snoopkins. He seems to be the best thing I have on the hooks at present." *Mrs. L——:* "Why, my dear, you have plenty of time before you." *Miss L——:* "You're mistaken, mamma: I am failing rapidly. I know, because I have heard several people say lately that I am growing younger and prettier every day. I have no time to lose."

WATCHING BABY.—FROM A PAINTING BY TOULMOUCHE.

FRANK LESLIE'S
POPULAR MONTHLY.

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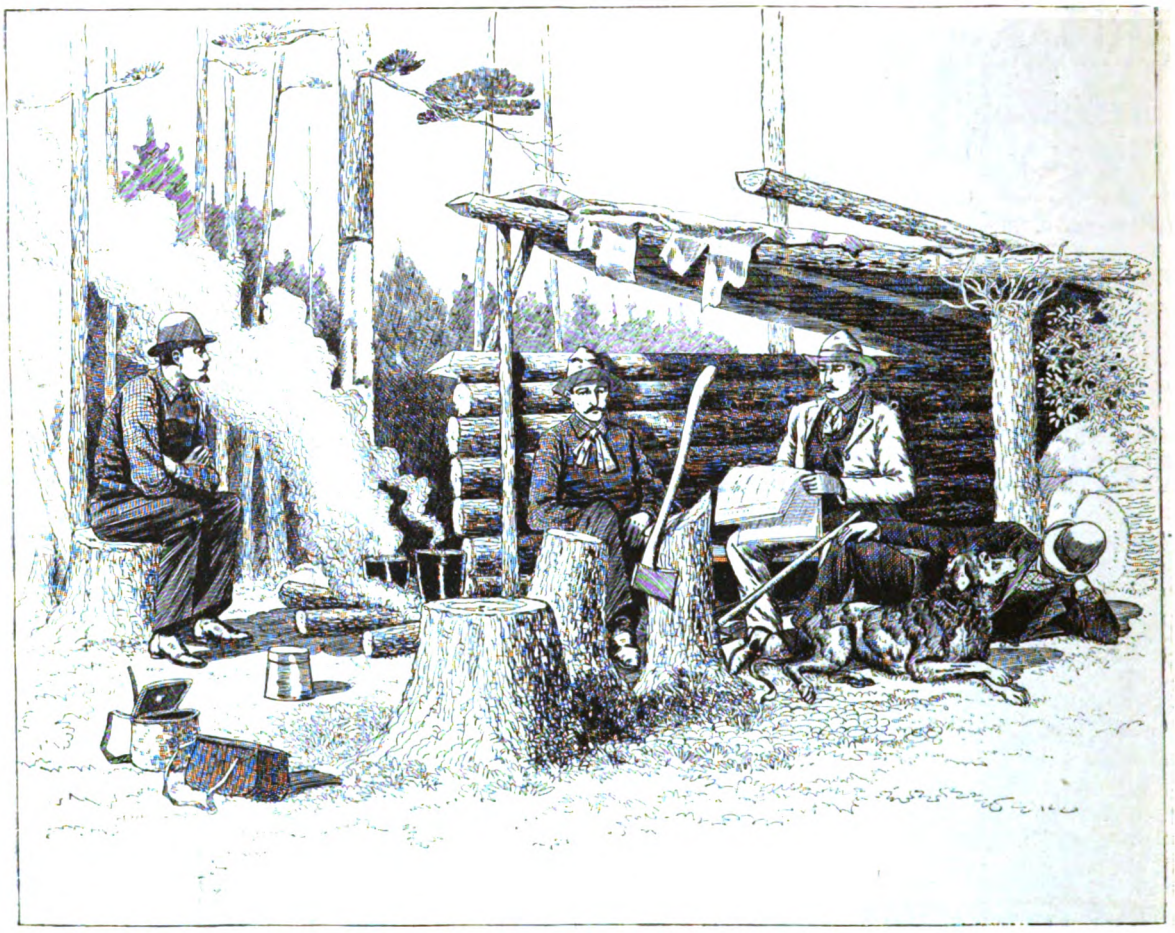
CAMP-LIFE AMONG THE WHITE HILLS.

BY CHARLES BACON.

ALTHOUGH it is commonly thought that, in these days of Summer pleasuring, the White Mountain region is as well known as Broadway, yet, for once, common opinion is in error. The wilderness where Crawford hunted and Starr King tramped may be smaller nowadays, but it still remains a natural paradise like those old parks of

THE WHITE HILLS.



IN CAMP.

Asia Minor, in which the ancient Persian kings hunted the wild beasts of the forests. Extending over an area of more than thirty square miles, the wilderness is the home of deer, cantamount and bear. Its mountain heights are clothed with forests never touched by the ax of the lumberman. The streams which drain the highlands are brawling torrents, in whose swift rapids and eddying pools speckled trout swarm in countless numbers. Enthusiasts sometimes come here in Summer with gun and rod, and trappers often make their way over the mountains on snowshoes in Winter, but, for the most part, this region is an unvisited shrine of Nature.

To the south of this *terra incognita* is the little town of Waterville, where less than thirty inhabitants wring a scanty livelihood from an unwilling soil. They would be sadly poor if it were not that many visitors are yearly attracted thither by the cool air of the highlands. The valley is picturesquely situated within a wall of four great mountains. The bald crest of Mount Osceola, which Professor Hitchcock has called "The gem of the White Hills," lies to the north. On the south and west, the rounded summit of Sandwich Dome and the long ridges of Tecumseh intercept the view, and on the east rises Tripyramid, down whose steep sides three well-known avalanches have fallen within two decades.

One hot day last Summer, a small camping party, led by two lusty natives of Waterville, left the little town for a sojourn in the woods. It would be unfair to violate the *incognito* of the woods, therefore description must take the place of names.

First and foremost was the poet and *littéraleur*, whose long limbs and bulky frame bore faithful testimony to his forceful verse and vigorous prose. As might be guessed from his size and weight, he was slow of movement; yet he insisted upon the honor of leadership, on the ground that only a man of avoirdupois has wisdom enough to set and maintain a slow pace. He quoted in support of his theories of woodland traveling the well-known lines:

> "Hold fast your aims, the mongrel's jaw may slip,
> But crowbars can't unlock the bulldog's grip."

Next in order was the artist, or, rather, as he called himself, and was by profession, a photographer. But he was a capital sketcher, and might fairly have claimed the higher title. A man of ruddy face and ruddier hair, in creating him, Nature evidently intended to see how fierce a specimen she could form; but to her confusion, he became a knight of the camera, and a long experience in soothing the alarm of babes under the fire of the sun gun, and smoothing the ruffled tempers of dissatisfied customers, has made him the gentlest of the tribe of Rufus.

The lawyer was thin, nervous, active, impatient. Those who live by delaying the business of their fellow-men are always restive when they are made to take their own medicine. Besides, freedom from the confinement of an office will make any one feel that the days are not long enough for the multitude of pleasures which one always wishes to crowd into a vacation.

Without a physician the party would have been lacking in the "unities," and, to avoid this difficulty, the commander of the rear-guard was a hectic disciple of

Galen, who had just recovered from a serious illness. His pale, yellowed cheeks bore pitiful evidence of the dangers he had escaped. This trip was taken largely on his account, and he certainly deserved the credit of being one of those who knew enough to follow the sarcastic monition, "Physician, heal thyself."

The guides were an odd sight, enough to attract a crowd in a dime museum. Sacks of provisions hung from their shoulders, resting on backs and stomachs. Bundles, frying-pans and implements of the woodland kitchen were tied to every part of their bodies to which strings could be fastened. As they plodded steadily along, without halt under these seemingly impossible burdens, while the adventurers followed with difficulty, though their burdens were trifling, one could not repress a feeling of envy of their strength and endurance.

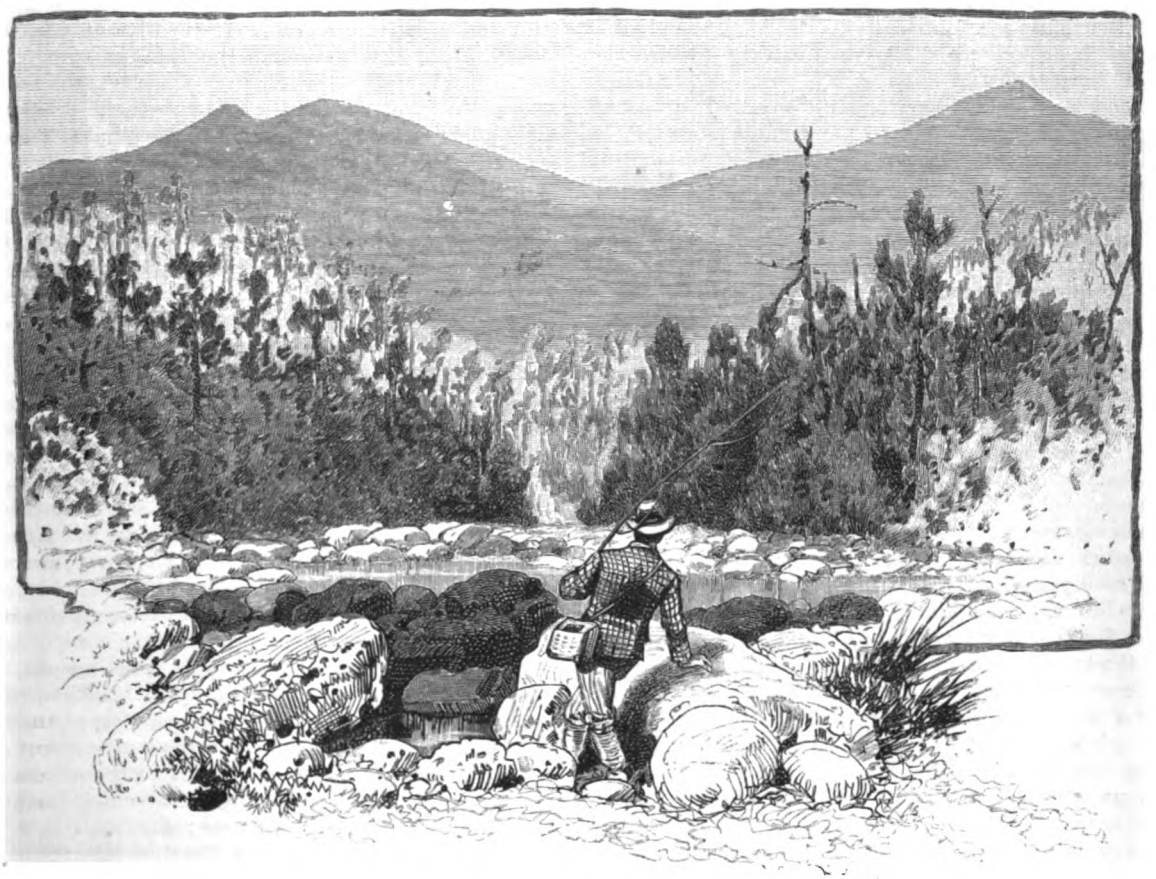
In this region every move from place to place involves a "carry." Elsewhere, boats and canoes take sportsmen over long, still rivers with ease, but here the brawling torrents prevent that method. The traveler must go on foot, and may be thankful if he does not have to climb over mountain-ridges and through thickets of undergrowth. Tramping like this brings honest dew to the brow. The guides sweated like butchers as they puffed along under their burdens. In fact, when the provisions were unpacked at night—please do not call this indelicate—the purely animal odor of perspiring man, like the old definition of all ill odors, was "made audible through the nose" from the bread and eatables. However, little need be said on that score. The adventurers were too hungry to mind a little thing like that, even in connection with what they called their "grub stake," after the Philistine custom of Western prospectors.

The expression, "a little thing like that," was once used with telling effect at a poker party in a city club. To the astonishment and disgust of the players, one man was seen taking practical measures to avoid bad luck. He was a jolly, companionable sort of a fellow, of whom better things were expected.

"How could you, Jim—how could you?" his friends said, sorrowfully, though they were angry, too. To this question the unscrupulous fellow answered, with well-assumed surprise: "Why, boys, you don't mean to say that you mind a little thing like that?" The *naïveté* of the reply was overpowering. Remonstrance was forgotten, though of course the offense was visited with the summary punishment due to this greatest of sins against club law.

A trip to the White Hills is nowadays a simple matter of a few hours' ride in a Pullman car; but thirty years ago, when Porte Crayon visited Mount Washington, he endured as many discomforts as old Sam Johnson suffered during the "Journey to the Hebrides." In those days a large part of the trip was made by stage-coach, and sometimes by bridle-paths. There were many of the latter, among them the trail from Waterville to Crawfords, built by an enterprising inhabitant, who hoped by its aid to turn the little town into a hotel centre. Of course the advent of railroads "split his dish." The woodland byway was soon filled with an undergrowth of moose-bush and spruce. The "blazes," or ax-marks, which formerly guided travelers, were blackened with age. However, Nature always deals kindly by forest paths, and the old trail is even now clear enough, for a large part of the way, to be followed by a good woodsman.

Along this old byway the adventurers moved as fast as they could in the sultry woods. It was sultry, for



THE OSCEOLA, FROM HANCOCK VALLEY.

though the air blew freshly through the dewy tree-tops, the Summer sun warmed it into quivering heat long before it reached the brows of the trampers. They walked in Indian file, of course, for in the woods the path is rarely wide enough to permit walking abreast. The first five miles was along Mad River, the brawling torrent which Longfellow made the subject of a great brook song. Tennyson sung in babbling rhyme the music of the brooklet, but our American poet in this poem versified the roar and dash of the rapid and the cataract.

At times the trampers "took to the woods" to avoid tangled masses of fallen trees lying across the old trail, or places where the unruly waters had encroached upon the footway. Nearly all this part of the journey was a steady ascent, for the Mad River Notch has an altitude of 2,000 feet; but the rise was gradual except in a few places, where the long mountain-shoulders plunged down to the stream. Two hours of steady tramping brought the party to the ponds which are set like diamonds in the centre of the Notch—two mirrors of forest-tinted waters framed by mountain-heights. On one side steep cliffs, rock-ribbed and glistening, fortify the eastern peak of Osceola. One might easily imagine it as another Ehrenbreitstein of unconquered honor, a protection and pride of our own land. On the other side the steep wooded slope of Kancamangus, marked by long green scars of healed wounds of Nature's infliction, is reflected in the placid waters.

For years these ponds have puzzled anglers among the White Hills. To all appearance they ought to be the home of monstrous trout in untold numbers, but though many parties have tried their luck with worm and fly, few good strings have ever been taken. This is accounted for in many ways. Some say that the fishermen are unskillful; others, that the hills resound and echo the voices and footsteps of intruders so loudly that the fish hear and are warned by the noises. It is probable, however, that, like many promising financial schemes, they look better than they are. At all events, experienced trout fishermen have given them up in disgust. At long intervals a whacking creel full of trout is brought in which the owner caught (or says he caught—there is a difference) in those waters, and this serves to keep up an interest among the green hands.

After a short stop for rest, during which the photographer captured a couple of views with the camera, the journey was resumed. The poet objected, but was overruled. The way now led into the pathless woods. The carpet of moss and leaves which Nature spreads over the rocky soil of her wilder scenes was soft and yielding under foot. The old forest, never touched by woodsman's ax, was nearly free from undergrowth. Of course occasional thickets of moose-bush had to be avoided, boulders and ledges encircled, and trees dodged, but for the most part walking was quite as easy as along the old path. It was tiresome, of course. The muscles of men accustomed only to the level pavements of city streets do not take kindly to the irregularities of the forest floor. After two hours of walking, mostly downhill, the trampers reached the Hancock Branch, a sparkling, rapid stream which empties into the East Branch of the Pemigewasset. It takes its name from Mount Hancock (namesake of the Revolutionary statesman), one of the largest though least known of the White Hills. It is unknown because few can afford the week's trip necessary for a climb to its summit, and fewer still care to clamber up the sides of a mountain whose summit is covered with so dense a growth of trees that no view is to be had. This stream drains the watershed of its western slope. Mile after mile the unpolluted water plunges down the mountain-sides, now leaping over cataracts or dashing against boulders; again rushing in deep, swift rapids or resting in shady pools. When evening began to deepen into night the poet and his friends were glad to find themselves in a little clearing on the lower part of the stream, where, years ago, a surveying party made a woodland home. Perhaps the guides were best pleased of all, for they threw down their burdens with sighs which showed that, lusty as they were, the day's work had taxed their strength.

In the centre of the open clearing there was a bark shelter of the kind familiar to lovers of the woods. Two stakes are driven into the ground about twelve feet apart, and a long pole laid into crotches at the top of each. From this horizontal pole a roof of hemlock bark is made to slope at an easy angle backward to the ground. The sides are sheltered by a pile of small spruce-trees. Fill such a shelter as this with a deep bed of hemlock boughs, and build a rousing fire in front, and the inmates will be warm and dry, though the winds blow and the rains pour.

The poet threw himself upon the soft couch with the excessive enjoyment of rest only known to men of great avoirdupois, and watched the lawyer and doctor busily working about the fire and unpacking the eatables. These professional gentlemen were men of business. When they wanted a thing and knew how to get it, the maxim, "God helps those who help themselves," guided their conduct. They wanted something to eat at this time, and that wish accounted for the generous assistance they gave to the guides. Ere long, supper was announced. Trout fried with salt pork, rashers of ham, potatoes baked in hot ashes, and hot pancakes with maple syrup—a rather commonplace supper in a restaurant, but, with the well-earned appetites of men turned back from civilization to the simplicity of savage life, it was a noble meal. Woodland cookery is a science. To prepare a savory dish in a well-appointed kitchen is a mere affair of experience, but to overcome all the obstacles of the woods and accomplish the result without the ordinary appliances, demands a fertility of resource which few men possess. The lawyer could talk for hours about dishes easily cooked with simple utensils, but his experiments presented such astonishing results in the way of doughy hoecake, trout baked in newspapers, which flavored their contents with printer's ink, and other like disasters, that he waived his claim to the white linen apron and paper cap. However, he made a famous stroke in cooking trout on heated stones according to the Indian receipt, but all other duties of the *cuisine* were given over, by consent, to Charles and Levi, the guides.

By this time night had closed down upon the campers. In the hill country the sun hides behind the mountain-peaks in the early evening. For a time the golden shafts of sunlight shone upon the ridges of green forest to the east, but the deep shadow of the western heights rose higher and higher upon the green curtain until the distant trees were lost in darkness. One by one, poet, artist, doctor and lawyer, rolled up in blankets, like the swathed forms of Egyptian mummies, sought rest and oblivion in sleep. Now, it is not the easiest thing in the world to sleep during the first night in the woods. One is prone to look at the blazing fire shooting long sheets of flame out into the darkness; the stars twinkle in the patches of sky between the tree-tops; the wind moans and shrieks; the stream, bubbling softly at first, increases in noisy violence in the stillness of night.

Near by, owls hoot dismally, and afar off there come from the forest sounds like the shrill cry of the catamount or the resonant growl of the bear. Many years ago a party in camp in a wilderness were foolish enough to drink an unconscionable amount of distilled fire-water, whereby a lively dispute arose over some unimportant matter. After the altercation had been carried on some time, one inebriated gentleman rose in grave disgust, worthy of that famous wit, George Selwyn, and announced that he proposed to sleep outside, where he would be undisturbed by wranglers. No one objected, but after half an hour spent in the cold, the deserter, half frozen and disgusted with himself, returned, saying that he was afraid to stay outside longer because the wild-cats were screaming near him. Very little was said at the time. It is unkind to rub a sore while it is still open, but one can easily guess that he will be an old man before he hears the last of that wild-cat story. The adventurers of this party were not over-imaginative, but as all these sounds jarred upon their ears and the surroundings impressed sensations of novelty upon their minds, they grew more and more wakeful in spite of the weary journey just ended. Then, too, a cheerful story told by the poet, of a man peacefully sleeping beneath a great tree, which tottered and fell upon him in the darkness, awakened another notion of danger—remote, indeed, but seemingly one against which man, sleeping at night in the forests, is impotent.

Sleep was impossible. One by one the campers rose and began to talk. A pack of cards was produced, and the quartet fell to at the American game of poker. Now, of course, the moralist will hold up his hands with pious horror, but it may be maintained that, when the players sit bolt upright with no support for the back, when the table is a bed of boughs and the chips are matches, and when there isn't a cent within twenty miles, the game is innocent enough to be recommended by John Knox to submissive catechumens. It was a comical game. Chips were lost or used to light pipes, although they were supposed to have a monetary value. The game lasted an hour. It could not be said that any one acquired wealth at it, for the doctor, having won most of the matches, yawned widely and tossed the evidences of his winnings into the match-box.

"Two o'clock in the morning," he said, looking at his watch. "My usual bedtime. I sha'n't stay up later for all the money in camp."

This, of course, was a broad hint that the game was for love, and it ended in a laugh.

"This is kind," murmured the poet, bringing out a bottle. "Here's to the doctor's health."

The campers "took their medicine," and passed it along to the guides with an astounding result.

"If you're willin', gentlemen," said Levi, politely refusing, "we'd ruther hev a drink in the mornin', afor' breakfast."

It was a perfectly natural thing for him to say. Although in these degenerate days drinking before breakfast is a cardinal sin, the sober old heroes of former days thought the "morning horn" a necessity of life. Levi was their legitimate child in this, if in nothing else. He might have taken his drink at other times, but knowing that the supply was limited, he considerately asked for his "poison" at the time he liked it best. In point of sobriety, these guides were perfect, and, as many a woodland adventurer will testify, sobriety is a virtue not always found among guides. Many a man can recall Summer trips which were utterly spoiled by woodland servants who drank all the whisky in camp, and in consequence became as hilariously and offensively familiar as a drunken coachman. After this interlude camp was quiet. The poet soon dropped off into gentle slumber. The guides, stretched out at full length beyond the fire, seemed to sleep as well as at home. The others rested silently, watching the glowing embers of the dying fire. They rested, but could not sleep, and the first rays of the morning sun were welcome as a change from the dull obscurity of night.

At about four o'clock the next morning the camp was again alive. There was no great alacrity about turning out, for all felt heavy and stupid from lack of sleep. For the first time, the question of ablutions was important. It was cold, and of course the water in the brook was colder still. At first the poet was inclined to think washing unnecessary.

"What's the use of washing, anyhow ?" he said. "You know the old saying : 'A man doesn't get dirty while he is asleep.' That's good philosophy."

But he was overruled by the others, and all scrubbed their hands and faces in the chilly water, and were refreshed by it.

By five o'clock breakfast was over, camp-traps packed, and the party again on their way. At this time the trampers learned, to their annoyance, that the guides were not well informed about the day's journey.

"We can take you to Brown's camp," said Charles ; "but the only path we know is up the brook. We wouldn't dare try short cuts through the woods."

That settled it. Trampers always have to let guides choose their own courses, though the proposed journey may be uncommonly difficult. The bed of a mountain-torrent is no easy footway. It winds to and fro, turning and twisting without rhyme or reason. The lawyer estimated that five miles along a brook would be equivalent to about one as the crow flies. Besides that, while the watercourse of a mountain-stream is ordinarily 2 or 3 feet wide and half as deep, it usually has a bed 30 or 40 feet wide, swept out by Spring freshets. Every storm multiplies the swift-running streams, bringing down soil, rocks and trees, and leaving a broad, open track paved with irregular boulders. At intervals along the open way one sees places where huge trees, collected in tangled network, have, with the sand and mud swept down by the floods, formed natural dams, over which the water falls in foaming cascades. Sometimes, also, the stream leaves its narrow channel, and, spreading out like a fan, becomes a wide course of shallow rivulets.

Up the long stretch of the open brook the adventurers made their way as best they could, jumping from rock to rock and wading through the stream, or balancing on huge fallen tree-trunks. As morning waxed into day, the sun poured down more and more hotly upon them. It was hard work, and they often found it pleasant to stop and rest in shady places. The monotony of the acrobatic performance was sometimes varied by entering the woods and walking beside the stream, but the undergrowth near the water was so thick and tangled that this soon proved more difficult than the rocks and boulders. At times, too, they rigged up fishing-tackle and killed trout for the day's use. The trampers no longer walked in a body. A day in the woods had made them confident in their power of looking out for themselves, and, therefore, while they usually kept in sight of one another, each chose his own route. All along the path upward were innumerable outlooks to the west and south. The bulky mass of Moosilanke and the lower hills of the wilderness stretched out before the eye like scenes in the Mexican Cordilleras, while, nearer, the great tract of black forest, broken here and there by spots of green,

TROUT-POOL.

where fires had raged, seemed a mantle for the nakedness of earth. The poet wished to stop at every outlook, but like the rest, he was hungry, and all pressed on until, after a long six hours' jaunt, they reached the base of the cascade, which, a nameless gem of the woods, marks the spot where Brown, the last famous guide of this locality, made his Winter home. The tragic episode which made him shun his fellow-man is known to few, and now that he rests in Mother Earth, it should be forgotten. Many a man has secrets gnawing at his heart which he would fain hide with himself in the darkness and silence of the forest. It is enough to know that for years the man led a quiet, useful life, and died esteemed by all who knew him. There is a cenotaph at Waterville which serves "to keep green the memory of William E. Brown, a faithful mountain-guide, a brave soldier, a manly Christian." It was erected a year ago by a few of his friends and patrons. This little log-hut, roofed with split slabs, far in the wilderness, was his storehouse and home. Hither he brought sacks full of spruce-gum to be cleaned and sold. Here he tanned the skins of mink and fox, caught in his traps. He had the pathfinding instinct to a wonderful degree. With no apparent means of finding his way, he would push onward, swiftly and without deviation, to any given point in the woods. Probably close observation of woodland phenomena had given him rules of woodcraft by which he performed these feats of leadership. The hut was still furnished with the few necessaries of his simple life. The deerskin in which he slept was in the corner, and pots, kettles and pannikins hung on pegs driven into the logs. It was curiously evident that the hut was built in Winter, for the stumps of the trees in the clearing were nearly eight feet high. Therefore he must have been on snowshoes on deep snow when he felled them.

The adventurers were little disposed toward activity when they reached this spot. Two days of hard walking and lack of sleep put them in proper shape to enjoy the blessings of rest. Their ankles and knees were tired, and the poet, after a careful examination, announced that the blisters on his feet were large enough to have a value in money. The others dried their shoes and stockings before the fire and waited impatiently for dinner. The details of camp-life are so monotonous and commonplace that little need be said of the second day and night in camp. To be sure, the strangeness of the surroundings was forgotten, and all went early to bed and were soon asleep. The catamount might have howled and the bear might have growled, but they would not have disturbed the slumbers of those tired mortals.

Night passed by only too quickly, and when, at early morn, Levi roused the camp by passing around plates filled with baked beans, even that dish was scarcely attractive enough to induce the sleepy ones to "shell" out of their blankets. However, once out in the fresh air, their spirits revived, and after breakfast, trout-fishing was the order of the day. Perhaps no creature appears in so many different varieties as the White Mountain trout. For instance, some years ago the lawyer saw "Mountain Trout" printed in capitals on a hotel bill of fare at a well-known resort. Of course the traveler should always eat macaroni in Italy, roast beef in England, and trout among the hills, so he ordered the dish. His astonishment may easily be imagined, for the fish presented was a skin-denuded, heavy-finned creature with a bull neck and no body to speak of.

"What do you call that thing?" the lawyer asked, angrily.

"Mountain-trout, sah."

"Not a bit of it. That's a mud-pout. Don't you suppose I know a pout when I see him?" irascibly.

"You is mistaken, sah," the waiter answered, mildly. "Dat's trout. It says so on de bill."

That settled it. The lawyer ate his dinner without further protest beyond muttering his pleasure that the innkeeper had not seen fit to serve whales under the

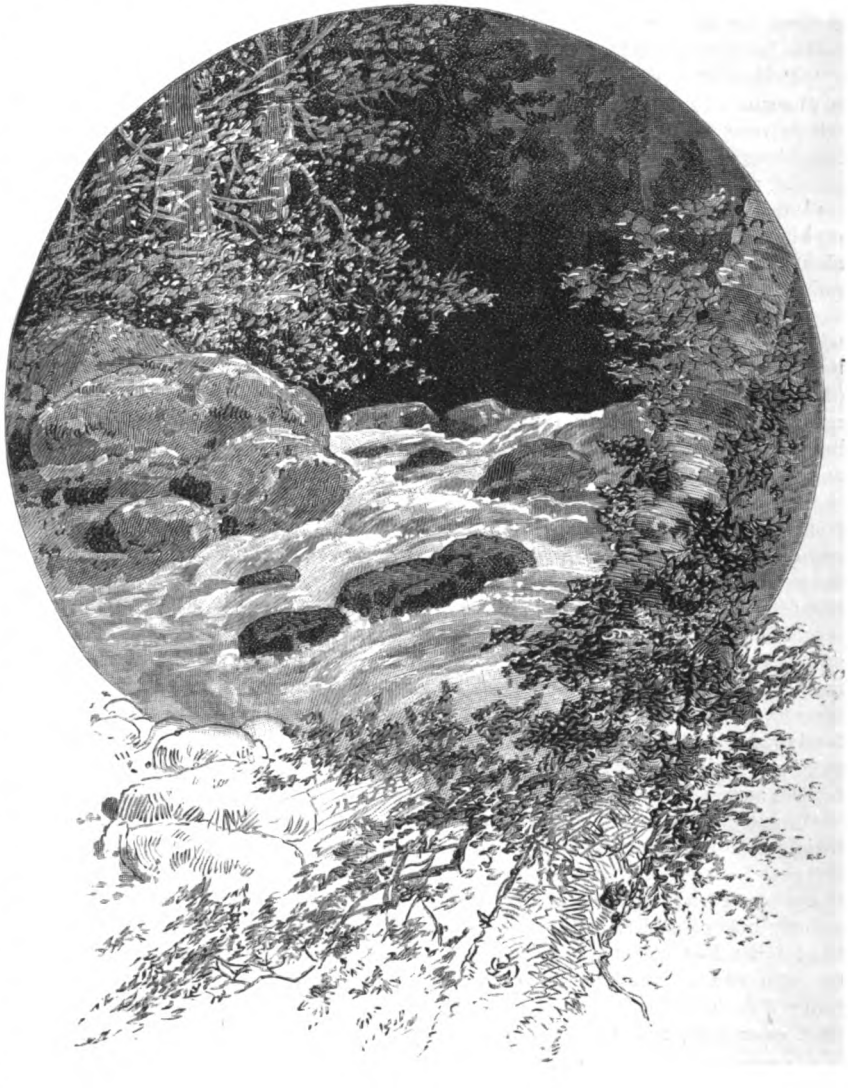
name of the kings of fresh-water fish. This impudent swindle is perpetrated everywhere. The bull-head and the perch most commonly masquerade under the nobler name, but the climax of impudence was reached by a landlord who served, head and all, the cooked body of a garbage-eating, piratical pickerel for "mountain-trout." But the trout of the Hancock Branch are the true species. Indeed, no other fish could live in those icy, rushing waters. There are few large ones there, the food supply being too limited for many of the vast number of finny inhabitants to grow to great size. It is considered a notable feat to kill a pound trout in this region. Indeed, tradition records few of that size caught within late years. It may be petty sport compared with the fishing in the Adirondacks and at the Rangely Lakes, but nevertheless, for amateurs, the capture of a good string of these little fellows demands enough patience and skill to bring it within the limits of honest sporting. More than that, it is merciful to kill the speckled swimmers. They are so numerous in these unfished waters that, if the brooks are not thinned out at intervals, the trout must either starve, or feast, like cannibals, on their kind.

Worms were used for bait. The sportsman's lip may curl, but one cannot throw a fly without large space; and the bushes and trees beside these brooks would destroy a fly-fishing outfit in ten minutes, and put the disciple of Izaak Walton into a state of profane wickedness highly detrimental to moral improvement. The poet liked it, but then his notions of angling were derived from boyish experiences with a bent pin for a hook and a cork stopple for a bob. He also thought that in trout-fishing, as in other kinds, the angler should find a good seat, light a pipe, and wait for bites—a comfortable method, but not highly successful with the most active and timorous of the finny tribe. However, he suited himself, and as he cared little for sport, he doubtless enjoyed the day quite as much as the others.

Up and down the stream doctor, lawyer and artist tramped all day, throwing their flies into rapids, eddies and pools with famous results. The brook swarmed with trout, and one could not fail to catch three or four in nearly every promising hole. The poet, to be sure, stood motionless beside each spot long after every trout had been frightened by the shadow of his bulky form, and had darted away to their safe hiding-places among the stones; but whenever he took one his pleasant face would beam with innocent happiness. There were some mischances, of course. The artist broke his pole by excited jerking at a supposititious "whacker," which proved to be a sunken log. Another fisherman, dead to every sense of prudence, jumped into a deep hole after a little fish which had narrowly escaped the hook. The drenching cured him. No other mishaps were recorded.

Day after day passed by in the restful monotony of camp-life. Several hunting trips were undertaken, but without results. Traces of bear and deer were seen everywhere; indeed, sometimes, the hoof-prints of the latter were made so nearly at the time the hunters found them that the water was still muddy where the pretty creatures had stepped. Long lanes, well beaten by deer-prints, led through the forest. These "runs" are too familiar to need description. One day a sad tale of the tragedy of a dumb creature's death was seen and read in a deer's leg, broken above the shank, held, as by a vice, by the huge boulders among which the unfortunate animal had incautiously stepped. One can easily imagine the long-drawn agony of its death, but the picture is too horrible. Let the curtain be drawn. Plenty as they were, doubtless often watching the hunters curiously from hiding-places, the expedition was barren of results so far as killing is concerned.

The ascent of Mount Carrigan from the valley of the East Branch was next on the programme. Traps were again packed, and another "carry" commenced. At this time the fatal defect of the expedition appeared. The guides rebelled against the loads they had to carry.



A CASCADE ON THE HANCOCK.

There was nothing for it but submission, and, like many other labor employers, the campers gave in and consented to carry a portion of the burdens. Compasses were brought out, and a course taken through the woods. For ten weary hours the adventurers pushed their way through the woods, over small mountains, now climbing over piles of trees felled by whirlwinds, and again crawling on hands and knees through tangled undergrowth. It was heart-breaking work, but at last they made their way around Mount Hancock, and reached the broad, shallow, swift and noisy waters of the upper fork of the East Branch, at the centre of the wilderness. There was plenty of trout-fishing there, and many slothful days passed by with few adventures worth noting. To be sure, the one cruel incident of the trip occurred there. One morning, while the lawyer was loitering along the river, he saw a black object swimming across. Seizing a stick, he shouted to the others, and ran down to head the beast off. The dangerous animal—a hedge-hog—reached the shore, shook himself like a dog, and scuttled away under a stump for safety. The guides came with their axes, and then and there the deed of blood was done; not to the satisfaction of the campers, for it is not pleasant to see the life punched out of a harmless creature, but the whole cruelty was committed before there was time for protest. Thus, the only result of the trip, in the way of game, was the mangled body of a creature, useless for food, which might far better have been left to its innocent life in the woodland.

"Pride," it is said, "goes before a fall." It was left to the doctor to verify the saying. Fable says that somewhere near the East Branch there is a pond alive with large trout. The doctor had often talked about it with the guides, and, it afterward appeared, had thought he knew its location. One fine morning, thinking to steal a march on his friends and bring home a huge trout in triumph, he shouldered his creel and quietly announced that he was going a-fishing. It was supposed that he was going down the river, as usual, and would return at noon, but when the afternoon slipped by and the evening shadows began to fall, every one became anxious to know why he did not come back. Direful imaginings were in every mind, though each feared to speak his thoughts, lest he should uselessly alarm the others. To fall ill, sprain an ankle, or break a leg, are no unlikely accidents on a fishing trip. It would have been folly to have left camp and tried to hunt him up in the darkness, and, besides, no one could possibly have guessed his whereabouts. The hours of early evening were spent in planning scouting trips for the morrow, but all to no end, for at ten o'clock a crushing of footsteps was heard in the bushes near by, and the wanderer stumbled into camp and fell before the fire, exhausted. He was drenched, and his clothing was torn to shreds. He was covered with bruises and nearly famished. "For Heaven's sake, give me something to eat," were his first words. After his wants were attended to, the sorrowful tale was told.

"I suppose you fellows will call me a fool," he said, humbly enough. "I went off this morning to find that infernal Lost Pond. It will stay lost before I try to find it again. I had inquired about it, and I thought I knew exactly where it was. I've climbed a mountain more than ten miles high; I've been in a swamp where I had to wade through water two feet deep on a muddy bottom; I've been in all over two or three times; I've tumbled over logs, fallen on stumps and run against trees. My trousers are torn, so that I'll be arrested when I go home, unless I ride in a freight train and hang around the depot so as to walk to the house after dark. Do you hear that rain." (It was pouring down in sheets.) "You are comfortable and dry, but I was out in that deluge all day. My shoes haven't any more substance than a paper napkin." He paused for breath, and then went on: "It was all well enough when I'd given up finding the pond, for I turned back and reached the river easily enough; but when I struck it I'm blessed if I knew whether I was a mile above camp or two miles below it. There wasn't anything in the woods or mountains or the river to tell me where I was. I've chased up and down this river until I've made a path a foot wide on each side. That's right; laugh away, you grinning hyenas. That's kind and generous; just what an unfortunate expects of his friends. Now tell everybody about it. I tell you I've been lost."

After this long tirade, which, by-the-way, was by no means as ill-natured as it reads, he took a long and most justifiable pull at the canteen, rolled up in his blanket, and went to sleep.

His companions laughed. They couldn't help it, although they sympathized with his sufferings. Indeed, it is no joke to be lost in the woods. To the stranger the forest and hill have little individuality, and a man "turned around," as the common expression is, is only too apt to trust his own judgment in spite of the sun standing apparently in the wrong quarter of the heavens, and streams appearing to his bewildered gaze to be running up-hill. The scorner may smile, but he will not after an honest encounter with a strange country.

Directly south of the camp the huge mass of Carrigan loomed up into the sky. With a precipice for its western slope, and a long inclined plane on the eastern side, it is shaped much like the lion couchant of heraldry. The food supply, which commonly limits the length of camping trips, was so low that the adventurers knew they would soon be obliged to return to civilization. The few remaining days were, therefore, the subject of careful plans, among which one for the ascent of the "Watchman of the Forest" prevailed. After the usual routine of packing, the friends started up the steep mountain-side, leaving the guides to circuit the base with the burdens. In spite of the doctor's experience, they believed themselves capable of climbing a mountain without guidance. They were, for there was really nothing to do but walk up-hill until the summit was reached.

The ascent of any of the White Hills is not very difficult for men of sound wind and good thews and sinews. Of course the climber loses his breath on the first steep up-hill pull, his legs ache and his pulse beats feverishly; but the second wind comes quickly, and a new vigor animates the muscles if he has courage and a stout heart. The long stay in the woods and the constant exercise in the open air had abundantly fitted this party for the task before them. The way was steep and rough. Often the mossy covering of the rocks concealed deep caverns in the mountain-side, into which the unwary might easily fall. The trees and small growth, ordinarily an annoyance, were a valuable protection from this danger. Besides, they were the rounds of the imaginary ladder by which the climbers pulled themselves up over the steep places, like sailors climbing the rope ladders of a vessel. At intervals, high precipices of rocky ledges presented apparently insuperable barriers to progress, but by making long circuits, these difficulties were conquered. Often they had to push through acres of the pricky, clothes-tearing, skin-wounding scrub spruce-trees peculiar to high altitudes. Sometimes long "deer runs" made the way easy, but these would, with aggra-

vating want of reason, end at the most difficult places. They noticed, as they toiled on, how the rarefied air affected vegetation, for the trees grew smaller and smaller with every long stretch upward. At last, however, the panting, perspiring mountaineers reached the summit.

Carrigan is seldom visited, for, though its altitude is nearly as great as Lafayette, it lies so far away from the common paths of travel that few care to take the trouble to go to its wilderness home. The view from this summit is unequaled on one point. It is the central spot from which all the range may be seen. Kearsarge, shaped like a sugar-loaf; the Giant's Stairs and the faceted summit of Chocoma appear on the east, while, in the distance, white-winged vessels flit to and fro in the harbors of Maine and New Hampshire. South, west and north is the wilderness of mountains and hills, green with Nature's unchanging verdure—massive monuments of the creative Power. High above them all towers rock-sided Mount Washington, while Lafayette, like an able lieutenant, commands the division of the Franconia range. Unfair comparisons are often made of this range with the great Sierras of the West. The Yankee hills have the grandeur of huge masses rising from the level plain, while the snow-clad pinnacles of the "backbone of the continent" so crowd the *mesas* (Spanish plains), that the beholder loses the sense of majesty which should impress him. Americans are rightly proud of both.

Why prolong the tale? Two days of steady travel brought the adventurers back to the land of post-offices, railroads and newspapers. Their clothing was dilapidated. Their shoes were split and worn by rough jaunts over rocks and wettings in the streams and dewy woods. They were bronzed and dirty, yet full of vigor and strength. Soap and water were necessities for which they had immediate use, but to those who have grown accustomed to the clean dirt (if there is such a thing) of the woods, bathing scarcely seemed as essential as the square meal of civilization. The woodland life, sleeping in the open air and exercising actively every day, had strengthened their lungs and hardened their muscles, while the change from the flurry and toil of professional work had rested and invigorated their minds.

The artist's experiment in transporting trout may serve to end this chronicle. On the last day of the trip he caught quite a string of trout, which he intended to carry to friends at home. The fish, nicely dressed and packed in cold moss, were placed in the bottom of his trunk, under a pile of clothing, and were straightway forgotten. At the urgent invitation of friends, he was induced to delay his return a couple of days, after which he hastily threw all his portable property into the trunk and departed. The rest of the tale is in his own words:

"Just before we reached the city, I went into the baggage-car for a smoke. There was an abominable smell. The baggage-master was holding his nose, and the trainmen, who usually loafed there, had gone elsewhere. I saw a long, narrow box on the floor, and of course, I thought some one had cherished the body of a departed friend just a trifle too long. Anyhow, I didn't say anything, and I didn't stop for a smoke either—decided I didn't want one very much. Before I got back to my seat, it occurred to me that the smell came from those infernal trout! Bless my heart, I hadn't thought of them before! What to do I didn't know. The hackman would take me for a Dutch emigrant with a cargo of Limburger cheese if I sent the trunk home by him. Well, it had to be done. So I gave the check to an expressman, and told him to handle the trunk carefully because it was full of curious fossils. He didn't know a fossil from a beefsteak, but when he lugged the trunk up to my room, he said that if I kept 'forsels' any longer the Board of Health would be after me. I thanked him, and said that no fossil was ever of any value until it was gamy. The minute he was gone I emptied the trunk and threw those rotten trout out of the window. The smell has not left my clothes yet, and I'd give two dollars to know just what grade of idiot I am."

QUEEN VICTORIA.

By Lily Higgin.

"Our little Princess," wrote Mr. Greville, in his diary, May 29th, 1829," "is a short, plain-looking child, and not near so good-looking as the Portuguese. However, if Nature has not done so much, Fortune is likely to do much more for her."

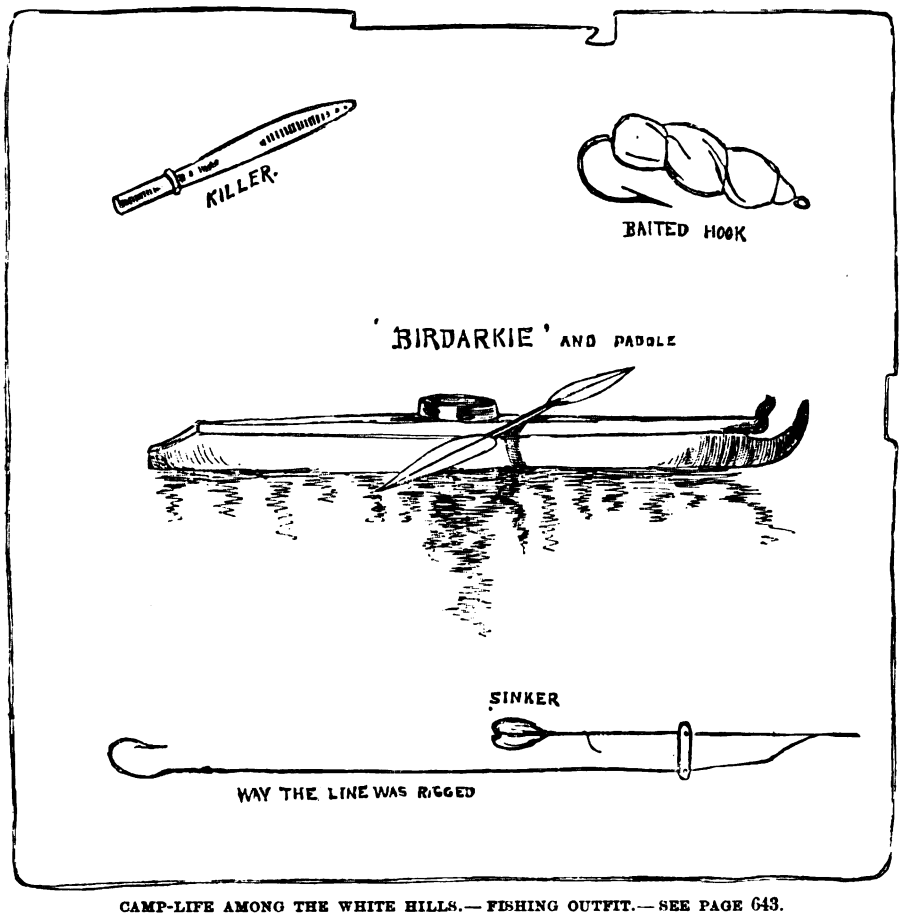
The Portuguese thus mentioned was the little "Maria" da Gloria, Queen of Portugal, who had succeeded to the throne on the abdication of her father, Dom Pedro, some three years previously. She was but one month older than the Princess Victoria, who, it was now becoming evident, was likely to become Queen of England; and the two children were dancing merrily together at some entertainment. It was, in fact, but eight years after that time that, at early dawn on the 20th of June, King William IV. passed away, and "our little Princess" was awakened from sleep to be told that she was "Queen of England."

Her first words to the Archbishop of Canterbury, who had come with others to announce her uncle's death, were: "I beg your Grace to pray for me;" and there and then they knelt to implore a blessing on the new Queen, and strength for the burden of care laid upon her. A little later, the same morning, she wrote a letter of loving sympathy to Queen Adelaide, to whom she was warmly attached, addressing it as usual, "Her Majesty the Queen." When it was suggested that it ought to be directed "Her Majesty the Queen Dowager," the girl answered: "I know it, but I will not be the first to remind her of her altered position."

It is not to be wondered at that a life and reign begun under such auspices should have resulted in gaining for the girl of eighteen called to be Queen over a great nation the love and respect of her whole people; given to her at first, perhaps, through the sympathy which all feel for the young when placed in difficult situations, but earned year by year, as life passed on, by the continuance of that simple modesty and constant thought for others which makes the whole world kin.

It is this abounding sympathy with others—the power of entering into their joys and sorrows, the true kindness of heart—which makes her remember every one who has ever been kind to her, and her touching gratitude for the love of her people, which, more than any other quality, has made her dear to them; although, as Queen, she has shown qualities which entitle her to respect and admiration, and the purity of her own life and of her Court has done much to raise the standard of morals in England, which had been disgusted and wearied with the debaucheries of the preceding Kings.

The strong power which simple kindness of heart has in wakening sympathy, and gaining a kindly judgment in return, is nowhere shown more forcibly than in the case of another Queen—the grandmother of the baby King of Spain—whose people could always find some extenuating circumstances in her otherwise miserable career because



CAMP-LIFE AMONG THE WHITE HILLS.— FISHING OUTFIT.— SEE PAGE 643.

she had gained their love, though not their respect, by ready sympathy and unaffected warm-heartedness.

The manner in which the Queen's mother brought up her daughter is matter of history—educating her with the greatest care and forethought for the exalted position which she was likely to fill, but keeping the child in absolute ignorance of her probable future dignity, lest it might make her vain or overbearing. The Duke of Kent was the favorite son of George III., and was superior to all his brothers in the qualities which command respect. He always had an idea that his brothers would die without issue, and used to show his baby girl, and say, jokingly, "Look at her well; she will yet be Queen of England." Less than a year after her birth, on the 3d of January, 1820, he died, of a severe attack of inflammation of the lungs, due to his staying playing with his child after coming in with wet feet from walking.

The Duchess of Kent was Louise Victoria of Saxe-Coburg, who had previously married the hereditary Prince of Leiningen, and had been left a widow with one child, Feodore, then about eight years old.

She was thus early left alone for the second time. "Almost friendless and unknown in this country," she writes, herself, "I could not even speak the language. I did not hesitate how to act. I gave up my home, my kindred, and other duties, to devote myself to a duty which was to be the sole object of my future life." How she fulfilled this duty, England knows, and in the love of the people for their Queen is always remembered the mother who, coming a stranger to the land, yet so nobly trained her child to be, above all things, an Englishwoman.

In a letter to Hannah More, written by William Wilberforce, the friend of Africa, we gain a pretty glimpse of the young widow with her child:

"She (the Duchess of Kent) received me with her fine, animated child by her side, with its playthings, of which I soon became one. . . . She apologized for not speaking English well enough to talk it, but intimated a hope that she might speak it better and longer with me at some future time."

The Duchess of Kent and her two children lived in the ugly old Palace at Kensington, which stands as if forgotten by the world, almost without private grounds, looking out over the Round Pond in Kensington Gardens, away across Hyde Park, but with an approach at the back that is more like a stable-entrance than anything that could be called a palace. She lived the simplest of lives, nursing the little Princess Victoria at her own bosom, and attending personally to her washing and dressing. As the child grew older she had all her meals at a small table beside her mother. For ten years she never slept out of her mother's room. Breakfast was at eight o'clock; from ten to twelve the little Princess was regularly taught by the Duchess herself; at two was luncheon, afternoon lessons taking up an hour or so before the daily walk or drive. Sometimes, in the Summer evenings, the whole party would sit out under the trees on the lawn, and at nine the Princess went to bed. The rooms set apart for the Duchess of Kent occupied two sides of the Palace. Mrs. Brod, the nurse, to whom the child was devoted, is immortalized as "dear, dear Boppy." When not at Kensington the family resided at Claremont, now occupied by the young widowed Duchess of Albany and her children, or paid visits to Ramsgate, not then the haunt of "'Arrys from 'Ammersmith," where the little Princess might, be seen playing about, with her wooden spade, in "a colored muslin frock and wide straw hat," getting her feet wet by the waves, and altogether leading the same unrestricted, simple life as that of any common child.

Many are the little vignette pictures which may be gathered from personal reminiscences of the young Princess, to whom attention was early called on account of her being at least heir-apparent to the throne. Greville's opinion as to her plainness was not shared by others. A newspaper writer of the period describes her even as "remarkably beautiful, and her gay and animated countenance bespeaks perfect health and good temper. Her complexion is excessively fair, her eyes large and expressive and her cheeks blooming." Lord Albemarle gives a little picture of her in his "Autobiography." He calls her "a bright, pretty little girl, seven years of age," "impartially dividing the contents of her watering-pot between her flowers and her own little feet." The age, however, when Greville drew an unfavorable comparison between her and the child Queen of Portugal—

namely ten years—is not the most favorable to childish beauty.

As she grew up to womanhood there seems to have been but one opinion of her personal appearance. All agree in describing her as fresh-looking, sweet-faced, pretty and graceful, with a singularly clear and pleasing voice, which she still retains.

In her early days she would ask, "What good this? What good that?" when urged to learn her lessons, but she was soon interested in the pursuit of knowledge, and did credit to her mother's instruction.

It was not till she was past twelve years old that the Duchess of Kent consented to her being made aware of the possible dignity in store for her, and then it was done in a somewhat roundabout way. A genealogical table was placed, as if accidentally, between the pages of her history-book. From it she learned, for the first time, that there was no life between her and the King. Her conduct, on making this discovery for herself, was characteristic. "I will be good," she said. "I understand *now* why you urged me so much to learn even Latin. There is much splendor, but much responsibility."

On the day of her proclamation as Queen from the window of St. James's Palace she stood with her mother, surrounded by all the customary pageantry, while Garter King-at-Arms proclaimed her titles and estate, "To whom we acknowledge all faith and constant obedience, with all humble and hearty affection, beseeching God, by whom kings and queens do reign, to bless the Royal Princess, Alexandrina Victoria, with long and happy years to reign. God save the Queen!" Then the guns fired, bands struck up the national anthem, and the hearty acclamations of the people rent the air; in the midst of which the girl Queen broke down wholly, and, throwing herself upon her mother's neck, burst into weeping.

From the moment of her accession the young Queen made earnest efforts to enter into all the public business required of her. We have the records of her Ministers of her intelligence and of her desire to understand the matters they laid before her, and to act as became the great responsibility placed upon her. The most dreaded of all her functions was that of having personally to sign all death-warrants, which was at that time the duty of the sovereign. On one occasion she was pleading with the Duke of Wellington for the life of a man who had been sentenced to death.

"Have you nothing to say on behalf of this man?" she asked.

"Nothing, your Majesty. He has deserted three times."

"Oh, your Grace, think again."

"Well, your Majesty, he certainly is a bad soldier, but there was somebody who spoke as to his good character. He may be a good fellow in private life."

"Oh, thank you!" exclaimed the Queen, and, instead of signing the death-warrant, she wrote "Pardoned," before she placed her signature.

In November, 1837, the Queen attended her first Guildhall banquet, and signalized the occasion by creating the first Jewish knight in England—Sir Moses Montefiore—a fitting commencement of a reign marked by justice and liberality of opinion. When the old man died, recently, over a hundred years of age, the Queen was one of those who were most solicitous in her inquiries for him in his illness, and sent her representative to his funeral.

The coronation did not take place until the 28th of June, 1838. It was a day of great rejoicing, the spontaneous rejoicing of a great people than a state ceremonial. The coronation of George IV., whom all England loathed, cost £240,000, while that of Victoria, whom all England was learning to love, cost only £70,000. But London was filled with country people, arriving by coach and on foot; 400,000 were said to have come in for that day. The ceremony began in Westminster Abbey at 11:30, but from 4 A. M. the people who were fortunate enough to have tickets were in their places. As the Queen walked up the nave of the Abbey, the heavy coronation robes seemed to be too much for the slight, girlish figure, and she frequently raised them from her shoulders for a moment.

Five hours was the poor little Queen kept in these trying ceremonies! and when, at last, she escaped home, it was to cast crown and tiresome robes aside and give "Dash"—her favorite dog—his bath.

The story of Lord Rollé, who was over eighty years of age, falling down as he attempted to mount the steps of the throne to do homage, and of the young Queen jumping up to help him and to prevent his coming further, was just one of those—to her—ordinary incidents which gave a promise of her future to her people, and called forth their enthusiastic affection. It has become matter of history now, but to her people, who have known her kindness for fifty years, it seems the most natural thing for her to have done.

It was almost three years from the time of her accession that Queen Victoria—then not quite twenty—had to announce to her Council her intended marriage. She thus describes the scene herself: "Precisely at two I went in. The room was full, but I scarcely knew who were there. Lord Melbourne I saw looking at me with tears in his eyes, but he was not near me. I then read my short declaration. I felt that my hand shook, but I did not make one mistake. I felt most thankful and happy when it was over. Lord Lansdowne then rose, and, in the name of the Privy Council, asked that this most gracious and most welcome communication might be printed. I then left the room, the whole thing not taking more than two or three minutes. The Duke of Cambridge came into the small library where I was standing, and wished me joy."

The young Prince of Saxe-Coburg Gotha was born at Rosenau, three months after the Duchess of Kent had given birth to the Princess Victoria at Kensington. "When these two cousins grow up they must be husband and wife," remarked the old Duchess of Coburg, and, in spite of many obstacles, her dream came true.

CAMP-LIFE AMONG THE WHITE HILLS.—TROUT-FISHING.

The cousins had met first in 1836, during the lifetime of William IV., but their mutual affection seems to have sprung up at Prince Albert's second visit in 1839. Etiquette required that the Queen should be the one to make the proposal, and it was a trying ordeal for the young girl; although, no doubt, matters had been so far smoothed for her that it was not a very tremendous piece of boldness, after all.

England knew very little of the Prince except his personal appearance, which was decidedly handsome; but what it cared about was that it was a love match of the Queen's own seeking, and no state bargain. This was why he received such a hearty welcome to the country of his adoption, and why the rejoicings and the good wishes of the people at the marriage were so hearty and spontaneous. She was married on February 10th, 1840, her uncle, the Duke of Sussex, giving her away. Great were the festivities on that occasion. The theatres were all thrown open gratis, and through twenty-two miles of cheering spectators, and beneath innumerable arches, the young couple drove to Windsor, the Eton boys accompanying the carriage, "cheering and shouting as only schoolboys can," as the Queen herself said.

The wedding-cake was three yards in circumference, and weighed 300 pounds. It must have been a quaint-looking object, for on the top was a figure of Britannia blessing the bride and bridegroom, figures twelve inches in height, arrayed in the costume of ancient Rome!

The Queen's married life was, as we all know, a singularly happy one. She found herself shielded from many of the worries and anxieties which had hitherto tried her, and the affection between her and her husband grew, if possible, stronger with each year. Their tastes were similar. Both were good musicians and fair artists. The Prince Consort's first appearance in public, and the first speech he ever made in English, was at a meeting for the abolition of the slave trade in June, 1840. He soon began to make himself of note as a patron of art, and though placed in one of the most difficult positions ever occupied by man, and the object of suspicion to many who feared his influence over the Queen or his interference with matters of state, and who disliked his nationality, he passed through the trying ordeal with so much success that no one grudged him the title of the "Blameless Prince" or of "Albert the Good," by which he is now known. In that he made the life of the Queen happy, that he lightened her burdens, and, above all, that he, with her, brought up their children to believe

> "'Tis only noble to be good.
> Kind hearts are more than coronets,
> And simple faith, than Norman blood,"

all England has reason to feel grateful to him.

The times have changed since royal people could imagine themselves of different flesh and blood from other people; but it is in England where their grave duties have been recognized—to use their influence and their leisure in forwarding all that is for the good of the many, and to set an example of that perfect modesty and kindliness of heart that mark "gentle folk." If there is no snob like the high-born snob for foolish insolence and ridiculous vanity, not the most rabid hater of all that is higher or better than himself can find a trace of such a feeling in any of the English royal family. It would be strange if it were so, for as the children grew up it was the constant practice of the Queen and Prince Albert to instill into them that their position required greater gentleness and a wider sympathy with others than were to be found elsewhere.

The two Princesses who were made to go into the servants' quarters to beg pardon of the housemaid, whose face they had blacked with her own blacklead brushes, "did not like it at all," though they did not mind having to pay for a new outfit for her with their own pocket-money; but it taught them a lesson they were not likely to forget. And this is but one of the many incidents of their home life which are told and remembered of the royal children. There is another of the Prince of Wales, when a child, being brought back to apologize to a small boy on the beach whose sand castle he had kicked down in mere wanton playfulness.

In 1848 the Queen purchased the estate of Balmoral, in the Highlands of Scotland, where she has ever since retreated for a portion of the year, to enjoy that perfect rest from Court cares and ceremonials which has always been so dear to her. Her own journal of "Our Life in the Highlands" has made every one familiar with the simple life she and her family have always led there, with her delight in the beautiful scenery of Scotland, and in the friendships which she formed with her tenants and the simple Highlanders. Her *incognita* journeys with the Prince Consort all have read of, and their thorough enjoyment of private life. But whether at Balmoral, at Osborne or at Windsor, the Queen has always made her people her special care, entered into their joys and sorrows, and made their interest her own.

At Osborne, in the Isle of Wight, where a portion of the year was also spent, was a Swiss cottage, which, with its grounds, was given to the royal children. In front of it are the nine flower-gardens of the nine children of the Queen. There are also the vegetable gardens where they worked under the direction of a gardener. In the cottage are a carpenter's shop for the boys and a well-appointed kitchen, larder and dairy where the princesses were taught to be good housewives. A museum of natural history and of curiosities collected by the family was also one of the adjuncts of the cottage. In this may be seen the clothes of two infants, sole survivors from a wreck, who were brought up by the Queen on the Osborne estate.

Politically, the Queen has been great, because she has known how to respect the Constitution and the liberties of England. By the expressed desire of William IV., Lord Melbourne undertook to give her thorough instruction in political economy and in constitutional government, and so well did he succeed in his task, that, as the Earl of Beaconsfield said of her, "the whole of the internal administration of this country greatly depends upon the sign-manual of our sovereign, and it may be said that her signature has never been placed to any public document of which she did not know the purpose, and of which she did not approve." There is not a dispatch received from abroad, or sent from the country abroad, which is not submitted to the Queen, and the Duke of Argyle has testified that "during all the years of the Queen's affliction, during which she lived in comparative retirement, she has omitted no part of that public duty which concerns her as sovereign of this country." It is true that since her widowhood she for many years deputed to the Princess of Wales the Court receptions and social duties, but even these she has resumed of late years, when it was evident that—popular and beloved as is the Princess of Wales—the people would not be content without their Queen coming among them as she had done in happier times.

Connected in the closest way with most of the foreign courts and principalities, never once has the Queen allowed her private feelings to influence, in the smallest

degree, the decisions of her Ministers or the will of her people. She has preserved an absolute neutrality, even in cases where every one knew she must have strong personal feelings regarding events which were taking place on the Continent. Wherever her personal influence could be brought to bear in a good cause, without breach of this constitutional restraint, it has been exercised. In the Crimean War, the Queen wrote strongly to the general in command about the needless privations her soldiers were experiencing through a want of proper management and forethought. In 1861 the Queen and Prince Albert exerted their pacific influence in the settlement of the *Trent* affair, which would probably otherwise have developed into a war with the United States. When the draft of a treaty, arranging for peace and commerce between England and Madagascar was brought to her, she wrote on the margin, "Queen Victoria asks as a personal favor to herself that the Queen of Madagascar will allow no persecution of the Christians." When the treaty was signed and sent back it contained the words: "In accordance with the wish of Queen Victoria, the Queen of Madagascar engages that there shall be no persecution of the Christians in Madagascar."

What a contrast Queen Victoria presents to the so-called "great" Queen Elizabeth, who left her soldiers to die of cold and starvation in the Netherlands, whither she had sent them, rather than send them even the pay that was long due to them—from sheer penuriousness and love of money!

Outwardly, the Queen has been careful to observe the same strict neutrality with regard to her Ministers, but there has generally been a very good reason for the personal affection and respect she has felt for some of them, and she has known how to honor those who she knew had England's interests, and not their own agrandizement, at heart. Up to the time of her great sorrow in the loss of her husband, the Queen's life was filled with public duties, in making personal acquaintance with different parts of her realm, in receiving foreign potentates as well as in paying them visits with a view to establishing and preserving friendly relations with other countries.

There is a curious description in the newspapers of the day of her state visit to the City in 1854. She started from Buckingham Palace in full dress, and, wearing her crown and with sceptre in hand, at half-past two in the afternoon passed slowly between her cheering people. The dinner at Guildhall was at 5:30, and the royal people left the banquet at 8:30, about the time dinner nowadays commences. In 1843 she visited Louis Philippe of France at the Château d'Eu, and the next year he returned the visit. On June 21st, 1853, when there was a war scare, she reviewed her troops at Chatham, and her navy at Spithead.

Queen Victoria's first visit to Ireland took place in 1849, and in 1853 she went again to open the Exhibition in Dublin. Mr. William Dargan, who had spent a great part of his fortune in getting up this Exhibition in the hope of benefiting the country in which he was but a sojourner, having refused the baronetage which was offered to him, the Queen drove out to Mount Anneville, where he lived, some miles from Dublin, to visit his wife; an honor which was much more gratifying to him than a title which he had no son to inherit. Of the part which Prince Albert bore in the great Exhibition of 1851, and of its extraordinary success, it is not necessary to speak, but no single event has ever had a greater effect on the welfare of a nation. The Prince Consort's fostering care of art in England had been constant and earnest, but the possibility of comparing English products with those of other countries gave an impetus to art training which has revolutionized the country and enabled the English people not only to reach, but to surpass, the art productions of the countries which had hitherto held their monopoly.

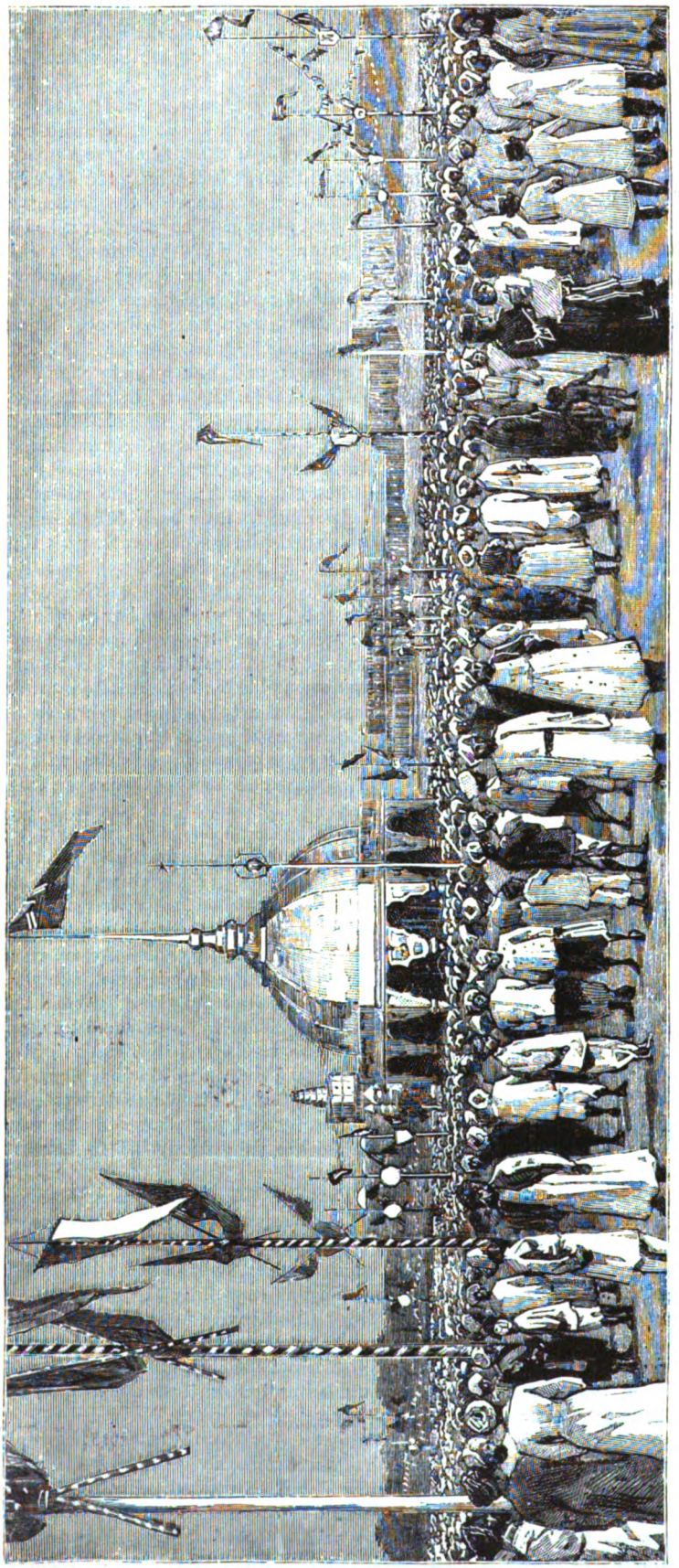
No one who was in England on that sad Sunday in December 15th, 1861, when the tolling of the church-bells at early dawn made known that the Queen was a widow, will ever forget it. The flags at half-mast; the dark December fog, seeming to sympathize with the feelings of the people; the universal sorrow. The question asked by all, "How will the Queen bear it?"—that was the chief thought, the great anxiety; for the home life of the royal family was familiar to all, and there was no one who did not feel the blow as a personal one. It was truly a nation in mourning. Once again, in 1872, the people shared her sorrow and her anxiety when the Prince of Wales hung between life and death from the same disease which had carried off his father. At length, on the very anniversary of the Prince Consort's death, the crisis was past, and a few weeks later the people who had crowded the post-offices and any place where the latest bulletins were posted, to hear each hour's report, crowded the streets to greet him and his mother as they drove to St. Paul's on "Thanksgiving Day," as it was called.

In the letter which the Queen wrote to her people two days later, she said: "Words are too weak for the Queen to say how deeply touched and gratified she has been by the immense enthusiasm and affection exhibited toward her dear son and herself, from the highest down to the lowest, on the long progress through the streets of the capital. . . . . The remembrance of this day will for ever be affectionately treasured by the Queen and her family."

In this illness the Princess Alice, who, perhaps, was always the favorite of the nation, had joined with the Princess of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh in nursing him. It was remembered of her that when her father lay dying she had controlled her own grief to be able to play and to sing to him the music which he so much loved, and when her own sad death occurred, six years later, of diphtheria, caught in nursing her husband and children, the nation sorrowed as for a personal loss, and heard with pride that she had asked that she might be borne to the grave covered with the English flag. An Englishwoman before all things, simple and devoted in her life, spreading blessing and joy wherever she went, and as dear to her husband's subjects as to her own English people.

When the young Duke of Albany died so suddenly at Nice, he was mourned as much for his own sake as for the sorrow to the Queen. Already he had taken his place, which was, more or less, on the same lines as his father's in society. He was especially the patron of art, and the few speeches he had made in public had shown him to be possessed of that true liberality and republicanism which, as he himself said, "made him unable to conceive of any one being better than another in any sense but that of having acted better."

Never has there been a national catastrophe or a calamity in which Queen Victoria has not been ready with her sympathy, and help if needed. To the deposed Emperor of the French she was a warm friend, and her affection for the now widowed and childless Empress has been constant. When President Garfield was shot she was one with all the world in her anxious solicitude over the noble soul so long struggling between life and death,



THE QUEEN'S JUBILEE.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE NATIVE FAIR, BOMBAY.

and when all was over she telegraphed to Mrs. Garfield :

"Words cannot express the deep sympathy I feel with you in this terrible moment. May God comfort and support you, as He alone can."

And she further wrote, herself, a sympathizing letter to Mrs. Garfield, as she had done twenty years before, when Abraham Lincoln was assassinated. But it is not alone in national but in private troubles, that she is first to sympathize, first to telegraph for details of a colliery accident or a shipwreck, first to send a word of comfort to the widows or friends. She has shown the like solicitude about all her colonies and her Indian subjects. On New Year's Day, 1877, Queen Victoria was at Delhi and other Indian cities proclaimed as Empress of India with much pomp and ceremony.

She was deeply interested in the success of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition held last year in London, and herself opened it with all the stately ceremony of former days. On that occasion, when she made a short address in answer to that of the Prince of Wales, the President of the Commission, her voice was as clear and bell-like as ever, every word being heard with the greatest distinctness. She was received with a perfect ovation by the thousands assembled, for it was the first great state ceremonial in which she had borne a part since her widowhood. Afterward she paid many visits to the Exhibition, and received her foreign subjects at Windsor.

The retirement in which the Queen has lived has been constantly regretted by her people, and it was in answer to their universally expressed desire that she began once more to take up the social duties which she had so long relegated to others.

If all England seems to be a little beside herself this Year of the Jubilee—if she is spared till June, the good Queen will complete the fiftieth year of her reign—it is not to be wondered at, for the nation is as proud of her as it is fond of her, and grateful for the peace and progress which have blessed her reign — a reign and a life which have been the fit sequence of that scene in the dawn of the June morning fifty years ago, when the girl of eighteen heard of the dignity that had fallen to her, and received it, saying : "I beg your Grace to pray for me !"

Our liberty turned, indeed, on a cup of tea. How great must have been the sacrifice of American dames of high and low degree when, a century ago, they had to make the terrible option between "Give me liberty !" or "Give me tea !"

A LEGACY ON WHEELS.—"THE REV. DAVID LYDGATE WAS MOUNTED ON A BICYCLE, AND WAS PRACTICING THE ART OF PROPELLING IT."

A LEGACY ON WHEELS.

By Frances B. Currie.

When Gabrielle Lydgate was twenty-one years old, her father's brother wrote a letter, in which he proposed making her his housekeeper. Her uncle was rich, while her father was an indigent Congregational minister. Her uncle's residence was a superb mansion in the City of Hartford—her father's, a shabby little parsonage in the village of Garth. Her uncle offered to provide her with excellent teachers, rich clothing and luxurious surroundings; her father could barely support her. Her uncle wrote that if she proved a valuable addition to his household he would bequeath her "an appropriate legacy." It therefore depended upon her conduct what that legacy should be. When her father died he would leave her an inheritance of poverty. Nevertheless, when Gabrielle read the letter, her inclination was to remain with her dear old father.

If she left home, her aunt, Polly Ann Pierce, must needs "keep house" at the parsonage. Mrs. Pierce had a system of housekeeping that would be trying to the good pastor's patience. Gabrielle shuddered at the severe "ridding up" his cozy study would be constantly receiving under her aunt's management. Mrs. Pierce was a maniac on the subject of ventilation, and preferred to live in a draft, while her unfortunate brother was subject to laryngitis, and was in constant terror of being rendered speechless. Gabrielle could imagine her aunt throwing open the doors and windows of the parsonage, thereby scattering the leaves of the minister's sermon broadcast over the garden, and giving him a miserable cold. Mrs. Pierce would make him don his old clothes every time he wished to lie upon a lounge, lest he should wrinkle his better ones. She would manage him just as

she had managed the late unhappy Mr. Pierce. That unfortunate gentleman had lived only three years after he married Polly Ann Lydgate, and had died of nervous prostration—which, being interpreted, means that he was worried to death. Mr. Marmaduke Lydgate knew exactly what he was doing when he chose his niece for his housekeeper, and left the redoubtable Polly Ann to rule the parsonage.

In his supreme unworldliness, the Rev. David Lydgate never gave his brother's offer of "an appropriate legacy" a second thought. He remembered that his brother was an unhappy invalid, who had neither wife nor child to soothe his sufferings, and he believed that Gabrielle would be a comfort to him. She was a capital housekeeper and a tender nurse. She had rare musical talent that could not be cultivated in Garth, and her father realized that this offer would afford her the long-coveted opportunity for instruction. It appeared to him that Providence had prompted the invitation, and he therefore insisted that Gabrielle should accept it. She had never disobeyed her father, yet she would have broken her rule and staid at home but for a single consideration. She was anxious to earn her own living, and she believed she could accomplish this object if she knew more of music. She had witnessed all of her father's pathetic efforts to maintain a genteel appearance upon a salary that a mechanic might have scorned, and she was eager to lighten his burden. Her uncle's offer promised the desired opportunity.

She went to Hartford with her head full of plans and her heart full of compassion. Her heart ached for the lonely old man in the little parsonage, as well as for the other lonely old man who had for years been confined to one room of his Hartford mansion.

Gabrielle Lydgate was an attractive girl, with a spirited face, laughing gray eyes and a mouth that could be sweet or stubborn as her mood varied. She was a wholesome girl, with few foibles and a perfectly frank and genial nature. Her life of self-denial at the parsonage, and her habitual meeting with real difficulties, had made her more practical than most girls of her age. She was never hysterical, and never morbid.

She was very much astonished when her uncle described the nature of his malady. Marmaduke Lydgate was a hopeless hypochondriac. He had not crossed the threshold of his room for several years, and moved about that apartment with extreme caution. He was not too weak to walk, but he labored under the absurd hallucination that his legs had ceased to be flesh and bone, and had slowly changed into plaster-of-paris! He gravely described their extreme liability to be broken. He told his niece of all he had done to prevent this calamity. He had swathed the fragile members in layers of cotton batting, as he might have prepared a Parian figure for packing. Besides this, he had a dado of thick padding around the four walls and doors of his room, had the furniture upholstered to its feet, and had banished rocking-chairs from the apartment. Rocking-chairs, he said, had a nefarious habit of "barking" the shins of the unwary. This was a serious experience, even to a person whose legs were in their normal condition, but to a man who had legs of plaster he claimed that rockers were calamitous.

To this recital our practical Gabrielle listened with various emotions. Sometimes she felt convinced that her uncle was a confirmed lunatic and would be a dangerous person to deal with. Then she was inwardly convulsed at the absurdity of his delusion and of her own position. Her father had enjoined her to be a tender and sympathetic nurse. She had supposed that this sympathy would come spontaneously. Had her uncle been afflicted with mumps, with measles, or malaria, she might have successfully brought him through to convalescence. If he had broken a leg she might have helped a surgeon to mend it, providing it was an orthodox human leg; but she mentally acknowledged that she was not mechanic enough to mend one made of plaster.

I am afraid that Gabrielle was not always a credit to her father's teachings, for sometimes she entirely forgot to be sympathetic. Sometimes she was so affected by the comical figure that her uncle cut in his bulged-out clothing that she was nearly suffocated by suppressed laughter. Once she was obliged to seek refuge for hours in her room, because she was certain that if she faced the plaster gentleman she would arouse his fury and disgrace herself by an uncontrollable peal of merriment.

In spite of her irreverent disregard for her uncle's legs, Miss Lydgate contributed largely to that afflicted gentleman's comfort. In a short time his elegant but gloomy house began to assume the appearance of a home, his servants lost their slatternly look, and the domestic wheels of the household moved as if they had been newly oiled. She plunged into her musical studies with all the enthusiasm of an earnest aspirant, and made such progress that she was innocently proud of her achievements.

During this time a great many medical men visited Marmaduke Lydgate. He considered his disease a serious one. Any person who believed his body was changing from human flesh and blood to inhuman sand and gypsum would have been of the same opinion. He sent for every physician of note in his vicinity, and exhibited his bandaged limbs with pride. He took considerable credit to himself because he had a disease that the medical faculty could not cure. The doctors considered him interesting because his delusion was sincere. Some of them prescribed for the patient. Hot water, flagellation and physical exercise were recommended, but Mr. Lydgate would entertain none of these remedies.

"If you valued an image made of plaster-of-paris," he said, "you would never think of soaking it in hot water, nor of pounding it, nor yet of dragging it through the streets. My legs are quite as valuable as your image!"

One old practitioner became very much disgruntled over the state of affairs, and told Mr. Lydgate that his disease was wholly imaginative.

"Your legs are a heap healthier than your head," he said.

Gabrielle fancied that the doctors visited the plaster legs just as persons went to see the figures in Mrs. Jarley's Wax-works. They came often, looking tired and bored, but lost their apathy in the novel sick-room.

Dr. Guy Fletcher had become an *habitué* of the house, and had gained Gabrielle's esteem and the hypochondriac's liking. Fletcher was a young man with a keen, intelligent face and a strong, athletic body. Besides being a skillful physician, he was an enthusiastic wheelman. He considered Mr. Lydgate's self-imposed imprisonment a calamity, and was bent on curing the old man's disordered mind. His method was a novel one, for he prescribed a bicycle as a specific for the insidious disease. He argued that there was nothing in the action of propelling a bicycle to damage the destructible legs. He was a clever talker, and while his patient had no intention of risking a "header" on one of the much-lauded bicycles, he became interested in their use and manufacture. The two men held long conversations concerning

the merits and demerits of "vulcanite handles," "detachable cranks," "suspension saddles," etc. Gabrielle often came in during these "bicycle meets," as she called them, and was glad at heart that her uncle had found a new theme for conversation. She had no idea what "elliptical hollow forks" were for, nor what Dr. Fletcher meant when he talked of "handle bars screwed to the lugs." She knew less about bicycles than about balloons, and much of the talk concerning the former was unintelligible to her. Nevertheless, she was profoundly grateful to hear anything discussed in lieu of the hackneyed legs. I am sorry to say that she had experienced desperate moments when she seriously thought of sticking a pin into one of the plaster members to prove that they were not as insensible as her uncle supposed.

In spite of her skepticism, Dr. Fletcher had become deeply interested in Miss Lydgate. Like most young men, he had his ideal, and Gabrielle seemed very like this interesting creature of his brain. His practice brought him in contact with so many nervous and excitable women that he would not marry any but one with a sincere and healthy mind. Gabrielle was refined, sensitive and pretty, and in these respects was still more like the "ideal." She was a country clergyman's daughter, and presumably poor; and Fletcher had resolved to marry no woman with a fortune. His brother had married an heiress, and his life with her had been specially unhappy. The heiress had a temper of her own, and was constantly accusing her husband of having mercenary motives for marrying her. Dr. Fletcher had a comfortable income, and he was resolved that, whenever he married, his wife should be dependent upon him for her support. He considered that his brother was degraded by living in grander fashion than he alone could maintain. After a time, when Dr. Fletcher had learned more of Gabrielle's character, he determined to ask her to be his wife. He sought her presence constantly, and wondered how she could keep her heart so blithe in her uncle's house.

Dr. Fletcher scored a wonderful success with Marmaduke Lydgate, for he persuaded him to go out of doors to visit an establishment where bicycles were manufactured. Fletcher went with him as a sort of bodyguard, for the old gentleman was weak from long inaction. The doctor was much elated at his success, and thought enjoyably of how amazed Gabrielle would be when she heard that her uncle had walked three blocks to look at a bicycle.

"I'll have the old gentleman riding one," he thought, delightedly, and he had a grotesque fancy that he would like to see the plaster-of-paris legs propelling one. "First he'll walk, and then he'll ride, just as in some remote period he learned to creep before he walked."

Gabrielle was out of doors, and did not see Fletcher's triumphant march from the house with the hypochondriac leaning on his arm. She had been walking briskly and setting the blood to flowing warmly through her veins. She was nearly home, when she stopped on the top of a hill to watch a party of children who were coasting. One chubby youngster, in a saucy Tam-o'-Shanter cap, offered to lend her his sled. Gabrielle hesitated. In Garth tobogganing was not fashionable, and coasting was a pastime permissible only to children. However, the descent looked inviting, and, as she had very few acquaintances in Hartford, she thought she would accept the child's offer and risk being seen by any one who knew her. She felt as light-hearted as a child herself, as she took her place on the sled and started it. She abandoned herself to the pleasure of the moment. She had an almost intoxicating sense of freedom as the sled gained velocity, and the brisk air blew her hair in her eyes and set the feathers on her hat in violent commotion.

She could not control the sled any better than she could have managed a locomotive. She could neither steer nor stop it as it rushed with the rapidity of a cyclone to the bottom of a hill. There it struck the curbstone, and, to her horror, brought up with a frightful jolt against a gentleman's legs, causing him to sit violently down upon the sidewalk.

Gabrielle sprang to her feet, in an agony of shame and remorse. She realized that she had run her sled against her uncle's destructible legs and knocked him down.

That was the end of her musical studies, and of her residence in Marmaduke Lydgate's house. He sent her home in disgrace to her father.

* * * * * *

When Gabrielle returned to Garth she found her father greatly embarrassed by the death of his horse. This animal had been named Old Hundred because it had taken the pastor's last hundred dollars to purchase it, and because it was supposed to be something like one hundred years of age. The Rev. David Lydgate believed his horse had died of old age, but Polly Ann Pierce was of a different opinion. She said that eight hundred dollars a year would not support a clergyman, his housekeeper and his horse. One of the three was bound to succumb, and, fortunately for the others, it chanced to be the horse who went under. He hadn't exactly starved to death, she said, but he had grown tired of living on hay while other brutes ate oats—just as Polly Ann had wearied of buckwheat cakes and longed for plum-pudding. He was a stubborn old brute, and he had resolved he would die rather than swallow another mouthful of his cheap fodder.

Mr. Lydgate's parish extended over an area of fifteen miles, and he was required to visit every member of his congregation. He did not know how to accomplish this feat without the assistance of a horse, and, as his funds were low, he could not replace his loss.

It is quite possible that the congregation would have presented their pastor with a horse, but for a sudden ambition that had sprung up in the parish to possess a church organ. Every church in the county excepting the Garth Congregational Church had an organ, and it seemed deplorable that this one place of worship should be so behind the others. For months no one who could play a church organ had lived in Garth, but when Gabrielle Lydgate returned from Hartford the congregation decided that she should be the organist. Hers was to be purely a labor of love, for the congregation that paid eight hundred dollars to its minister would pay nothing to its organist.

The instrument was purchased for eighteen hundred dollars, and by its purchasers was regarded as the most marvelous piece of mechanism ever invented. Gabrielle Lydgate was considered extremely fortunate in being permitted to touch its ivory keys, and even the man who was expected to blow the bellows for this sacred instrument was counted a very lucky fellow. Imagine the general consternation when Miss Lydgate flatly refused to play the organ, because she did not approve of its purchase. She said that an eighteen-hundred-dollar organ was incompatible with an eight-hundred-dollar minister. She said she would have nothing whatever to do with it. Then her mouth assumed an expression of stubbornness that augured ill for the musical treat that had been anticipated.

Gabrielle immediately became the most unpopular

woman in Garth. While the organ was dumb its purchasers denounced her. Everybody declared that she ought to be made to furnish music for the congregation whether she wanted to do it or not. And while the people stormed about her, word came from Hartford that Marmaduke Lydgate had suddenly died of acute dyspepsia and had left her the promised legacy. Rumor stated that she was a rich woman, and could replace Old Hundred one hundred times if she was so disposed.

* * * * * *

When Miss Lydgate had aroused her uncle's fury her banishment had been so sudden that Dr. Fletcher had no opportunity to bid her Good-by. She had left no word of farewell for him, for in her overwhelming shame at her childish exploit she had no wish but that he would forget her.

Of course he did *not* forget her. No one could easily forget Gabrielle Lydgate, and she was seldom out of Dr. Fletcher's thoughts. His love for her had been of slow and gradual growth, but that had not rendered it less sincere, nor less abiding. He was an earnest man, with a determined will and a generous nature. His devotion to pretty Gabrielle Lydgate was no meagre offering. As soon as his professional duties permitted, he left Hartford and followed her to Garth. There he stopped at the village inn, and heard the gossip of the place; heard that the minister's horse was dead; heard of the new church organ and of Gabrielle's obstinacy; and, finally, he heard what troubled him exceedingly, that she had received a handsome legacy from the deceased hypochondriac. All his brother's unhappiness recurred to Fletcher's mind. He did not believe that Gabrielle would ever twit him with having courted her for her money, nor ever try to make him feel that he was financially benefited if she agreed to marry him. Still, he reflected, that he could never feel that he was master of his own house if married to a woman who could buy a better home than he provided, and he would miss what would be inexpressibly sweet to him—his wife's unlimited dependence upon him. He determined that he would not ask Gabrielle to be his wife until he had tried again to live without her. After having called to see her he would go back to practice in Hartford.

Suppose she cared for him! The thought quickened his pulses and started the blood to flowing warmly in his veins. She had appeared to like him. If she had read his heart and learned to care for him, could he sacrifice her happiness, as well as his own, for his prejudice against marrying an heiress? He determined to see her at once and to judge whether or not his love for her was returned. He went across the fields to the parsonage, approaching the house from the back and surprising Gabrielle in the garden. The atmosphere was cold, but she had gone out of doors to avoid her father. There were traces of tears upon her face that she did not wish him to see. Poor Gabrielle! The criticism she was receiving because of her obstinacy was depressing her. Some of the deacons of the church had declared that she was not a consistent member of their society. A Congregational church, they said, must be sustained by its members, and any member who refused to do the church a reasonable service ought to be expelled from its membership. A meeting was to be held for the purpose of deciding whether or not the pastor's daughter should be excommunicated, and it must be confessed that the sentiment of the congregation was against her.

ON THE WAY TO THE PARSONAGE.

Dr. Fletcher was startled by the change in her. She had lost some of her pretty color, and the elasticity of her step was gone. Her eyes were downcast and tearful. She was dressed very simply, in a dark blue woolen dress, that was very unlike the costume of an heiress. The doctor forgot the objectionable legacy. He forgot his brother's unhappiness. He forgot his resolution to return home without telling her that his life without

her was desolate, and that he was starving for her affections. He approached her suddenly, taking her hands before she was aware of his presence. He heard her stifled cry of joy at seeing him, and he broke all of his fine resolutions in a breath.

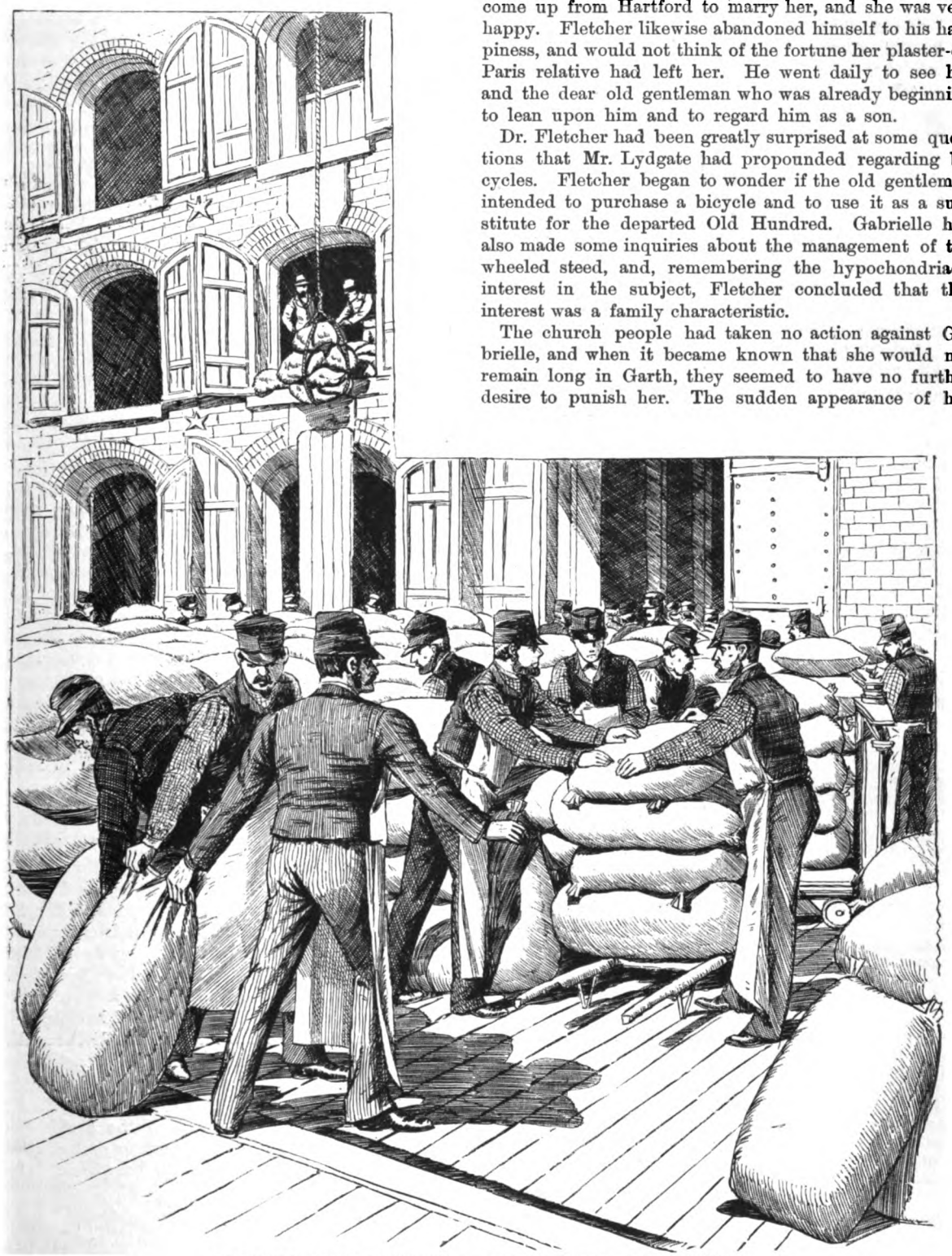
"Gabrielle," he said, "I can do without you no longer. I entreat you to be my wife."

Dr. Fletcher decided to remain in Garth for a month. The good pastor wished to become acquainted with his prospective son-in-law, and the doctor was in no haste to leave his betrothed. Gabrielle was her radiant self again. She was justly proud of the big fellow who had come up from Hartford to marry her, and she was very happy. Fletcher likewise abandoned himself to his happiness, and would not think of the fortune her plaster-of-Paris relative had left her. He went daily to see her and the dear old gentleman who was already beginning to lean upon him and to regard him as a son.

Dr. Fletcher had been greatly surprised at some questions that Mr. Lydgate had propounded regarding bicycles. Fletcher began to wonder if the old gentleman intended to purchase a bicycle and to use it as a substitute for the departed Old Hundred. Gabrielle had also made some inquiries about the management of the wheeled steed, and, remembering the hypochondriac's interest in the subject, Fletcher concluded that this interest was a family characteristic.

The church people had taken no action against Gabrielle, and when it became known that she would not remain long in Garth, they seemed to have no further desire to punish her. The sudden appearance of her lover had so aroused their curiosity that the gossips had no time to discuss any subject but the prospective marriage.

If there was any shadow on Fletcher's happiness it was his knowledge of Gabrielle's inheritance, and one day



THE COFFEE TRADE OF NEW YORK.— STORING COFFEE.— SEE PAGE 663.

he told her that he was selfish enough to regret that she had received it. To his surprise she heard his confession without comment. When he had finished she asked him to accompany her to the garden, where he witnessed a performance that tried his risibles more than he dared to acknowledge.

The Rev. David Lydgate was mounted on a bicycle, and was practicing the art of propelling it. The bicycle was a tall one, and Mr. Lydgate was a very short man. He wore a broad-brimmed felt hat, long trousers and an ulster. He also wore his spectacles, and was greatly embarrassed by the weight and cut of his garments, and by the difficulty he experienced in keeping the glasses on his nose. Still, he declared that he was "beginning to get the knack of the thing," and that he would soon be an expert wheelman. When they had watched him for a few moments Gabrielle and the doctor re-entered the house. The girl's eyes were shining with amusement, but her mouth was preternaturally grave.

"Since we are so soon to be married," she said, "it is only right that you should read a copy of my uncle's will and know what my possessions really are. You have expressed a desire that they shall be so invested that I will have exclusive right to them, and that you shall be unable to profit by them. When you have read the will you may alter your mind."

"I have no desire to read it, Gabrielle."

"But I insist! If you do *not* read it I will not marry you."

He caught her in his arms and held her despite her resistance.

"You are mine," he said, "for I have conquered you, obstinate little maid though you are. It is too late to refuse to marry me. But come, I will read the will. If you are too rich for my comfort I will testify that your uncle was insane and incapable of making a will. Then his property will go to your father and aunt, who ought to have it."

He seated himself and spread the document out before him. It was a curious will, written in the testator's hand, and witnessed by his servants. It provided that the bulk of his estate should be equally divided between his brother, David Lydgate, and his sister, Polly Ann Pierce. Only the two final paragraphs of the will referred to Gabrielle. They were as follows:

"To my niece, Gabrielle Lydgate, I bequeath the sum of one hundred dollars, which shall be found in the upper drawer of my cabinet, and which amount I desire her to receive as soon after this document is read as will be possible. The aforesaid one hundred dollars must be used for the sole purpose of purchasing a bicycle. This behest is made in fulfillment of my promise that I would bequeath to my niece what I considered an appropriate legacy.

"I do solemnly believe and aver that the aforesaid Gabrielle Lydgate did willfully and recklessly attempt to break both of my legs simultaneously; and having seen her amusing herself at boyish pastimes in the *public* streets, I am convinced that her character is hoidenish, and her conduct unseemly. I therefore bequeath to my niece, Gabrielle Lydgate, the aforesaid one hundred dollars for the purchase of a bicycle, and I trust that this rebuke may teach her better behavior."

Fletcher turned quickly to see what effect this crazy document had upon Gabrielle's mind, and found her laughing.

"My father will not receive his share of my uncle's property for a year," she said; "but, since he can make better use of it than I, I have given him my entire fortune. He intends to use it as a substitute for Old Hundred until he receives my uncle's legacy. After that he will have a horse and resume his dignity."

"I cannot give your uncle's conduct the criticism it deserves," Fletcher said, "for I am too happy in knowing that the aforesaid Gabrielle Lydgate is as poor as a church mouse."

He had risen from his chair and had drawn her to his side, his arm encircling her waist and his eyes full of tenderness.

"She 'travels safe and not unpleasantly,'" he quoted, "'who is guarded by poverty and guided by love.'"

TERMINATIONS OF WORDS.

Our writers are singularly inconsistent and confusing in the use of the terminations *ant* and *ent*. This is due to French influences, the French giving a certain preference to *ant* mainly in consequence of their pronunciation, in which *ant* and *ent* are not distinguished. In English *ant* and *ent* are distinguished, and in spelling the *ant* ought to follow the first conjugation in Latin, *ent* the second and third. Latent, mendicant, potent, ignorant, pungent, ruminant, dependent, visitant, prudent, merchant, absorbent, inhabitant, student, vagrant, president, arrogant, opponent, elegant, absent, observant, resident, and expectant, are all right. But defendant, assistant and tenant are wrong, defendent, assistent and tenent being justified by etymology. Worcester, who is very careful in such things and distinctly preferable to Webster, tries to discriminate between the nouns confidant, descendant, dependant, and the adjectives confident, descendent and dependent; but this differentiation is not justified in reason or fact. The French precedent is inconsistent and bad; usage is neither consistent nor specially good. For this reason one is justified in spelling defendent, especially as no careful speaker says defendant. At any rate, one need not respect the customary confusion in the endings *ant* and *ent*. A similar confusion reigns in the use of the endings *able* and *ible*. The point to get at in all such things is not a mere authority, but a good reason. If we demand a reason in religion, why not in spelling?

Anomalies of English Law.—English law in matters of religion is well-known to be peculiar. No one will be much surprised to hear that by an unrepealed statute of the good young Edward VI., imprisonment for life is still a clergyman's punishment for persistently speaking against the Prayer Book, or that by an Act of William III., civil servants of the Crown who have been brought up as Christians must be adjudged incapable of retaining their appointments upon a conviction of having, even in the most private intercourse, denied the divine authority of Scripture; but few will read without astonishment that the Canon Law, though partly revised so recently as 1865, still forbids ministers to cast out devils *without episcopal license*, and that not even the Archbishop of Canterbury himself could allow persons ecclesiastical to wear light-colored stockings, or to board and lodge at an inn.

Some workmen, while removing brickwork that had surrounded a tank in the late South Kensington Aquarium, found ten eels secreted in a crevice of the masonry, which was perfectly dry. The tank was removed eighteen days before, when the Aquarium had been dismantled, so that the fish must have been without water during the whole of that time. When placed in water they appeared to have been in no way injured by their terrestrial experience.

THE COFFEE TRADE OF NEW YORK.

By Oscar Willoughby Riggs.

One of the most interesting features of the trade of the chief city of the Republic, the Giant Mother of Commerce, as New York has not inappropriately been called, is the traffic in coffee. The number of steamers, large and small, of sailing-craft of all rigs, which come to the metropolis in a year, laden with cargoes of the famous berry, would make a procession of the mercantile marine well worth seeing. The coffee commerce is unquestionably one of the most important items in our foreign transactions.

The coffee-plant is now naturalized in many countries, but it is a native of Western Africa, Abyssinia, and perhaps of Arabia. It was not known to the Greeks or Romans, but in Abyssinia and Ethiopia it has been used from the remotest ages. The plant is a tree that sometimes attains a height of 30 feet, but in general is from 8 to 12 feet high. It thrives best in warm spots on the slopes of hills and in rather dry soil. The flowers of the tree are white, and grow in thick clusters; the trunk is covered with gray bark. When cultivated the plants are raised from seeds in nurseries. When a year old, they are transplanted and set out in rows. Their upward growth is checked by topping, for convenience in gathering the fruit. They are in full bearing in three years, and may bear for twenty years or more. The plant is an evergreen. The fragrant, snow-white flowers are rarely ever entirely absent, though at certain seasons they are more plentiful and present a beautiful contrast with the dark, rich green of the smooth, shining, oblong leaves, four or five inches in length. The fruit is at first red, and, finally, a dark purple, and is much like a cherry. The fleshy portion surrounding the seeds is sweet and very palatable. Two of the coffee-beans known to the trade form the seed. Their flat sides are opposite each other, in the middle of the pulp, separated, however, by a thin layer of pulp, and by the tough membranes in which they are both closely enveloped. The pulp gradually forms a kind of shell or pod as the fruit dries, and this is removed by a process of curing when the time arrives to prepare the seed for market. Coffee may be gathered at almost every season, but the real harvests are usually two in each year. In Arabia, where there are no rains to beat it from the trees, it is allowed to remain till it is ready to fall, and is then shaken off. In the West Indies it is picked by hand. In Arabia the fruit is dried in the shade, and the pulp is removed by the hands. In South America, and in the East and West Indies, the method of curing followed is to expose a layer of the fruit, several inches in thickness, to the heat of the sun, in order to produce fermentation; the moisture having disappeared, the dried fruit is passed between a fluted roller and a breast-board and the pulp is washed away; when the seed is dry the tough membrane, already mentioned, is separated by a heavy roller; the chaff is removed by winnowing. During the drying process the fruit is placed on mats, or large floors, and is frequently turned.

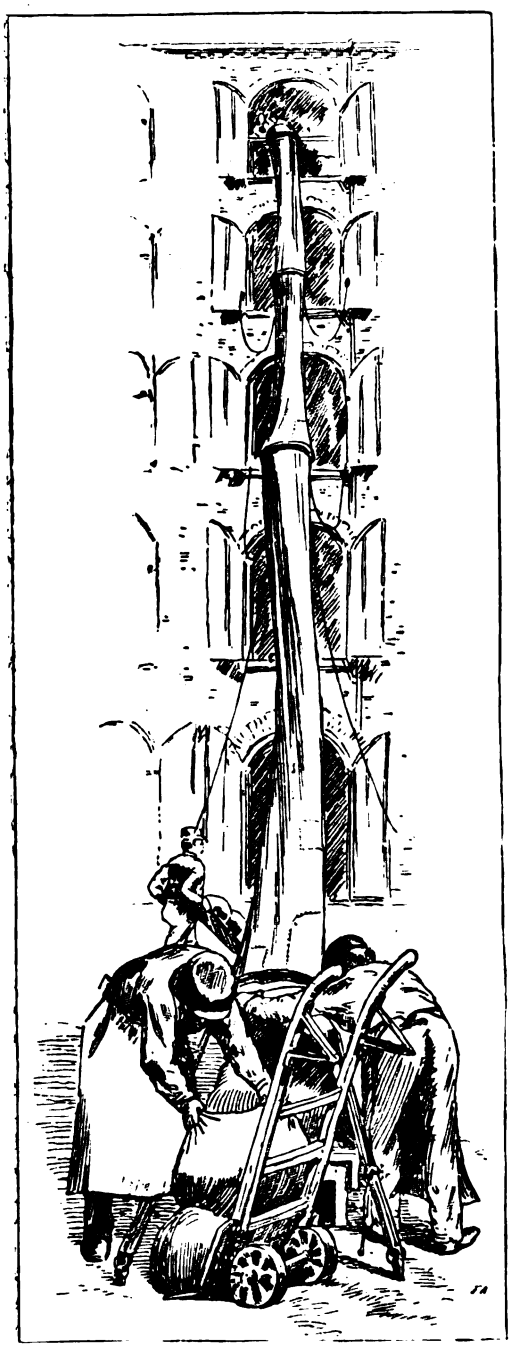
Coffee is adulterated with chiccory-root, dandelion-root, carrot, peas, barley, buckwheat, rye and corn, but chiccory is most extensively employed for adulteration, and its use for this purpose was legalized in England in 1853. Some persons prefer a little chiccory in their coffee. The only nutriment chiccory contains is sugar. It is extensively cultivated in Europe, both for its leaves, with which to feed cattle, and for the root, to adulterate coffee; the root is long and carrot-like, of a dirty or brownish-yellow color and white within; the stem is from 2 to 5 feet high, and the leaves resemble those of the dandelion; the large flowers are of a beautiful blue color. Sometimes the leaves are used as a salad. The chiccory-roots are dried and roasted in iron cylinders, kept revolving, as in coffee-roasting; during the roasting two pounds of lard or butter for every one hundred pounds of the root give it the general appearance of coffee. To some persons the taste of chiccory is very disagreeable, and when largely used it may produce diarrhea. Nearly every one has seen the common wild chiccory-plant growing on roadsides and the borders of fields; the usual name when thus seen is succory. It is a native of Europe, and has been naturalized in the United States.

Coffee loses 16 per cent. in weight by being roasted, but gains 30 per cent. in bulk if roasted till it has a reddish-brown color; 20 per cent. is lost in weight by roasting it till it is of a chestnut-brown color, but the bulk is thereby increased 50 per cent. The agreeable brown is greatly increased by roasting, but the percentage of what is called caffeine, the distinctive property of the coffee-bean, is thereby greatly reduced. There is less tannic acid in coffee than in tea. Unlike strong infusions of tea, which sometimes unfavorably affect the bowels, genuine coffee is harmless in this respect. Some physicians recommend coffee as nourishing, refreshing and exhilarating, but when used in excess it is very injurious, and persons of a certain constitution are always affected by it.

Java or East Indian coffee has large yellow beans; Surinam coffee has the largest beans; Rio and Jamaica coffee are smaller and green. The bulk of the importations into the United States is from Brazil, but there is also a large coffee trade with Central America and the East Indies. In Arabia and different parts of the East coffee is drunk in a thick decoction of the unroasted seeds. For the Sultan of Turkey's coffee, the pericarp of the cherry-like fruit with the dried pulp roasted is used. Coffee-leaves are sometimes used as a substitute for tea. If dried and boiled in water they yield a drink of a deep-brown color, in taste and odor not unlike a mixture of tea and coffee. The natives of Sumatra, for instance, use coffee-leaves in this manner.

The trade in Mocha coffee is one of the most interesting features of the traffic in the famous berry. In 1884 the total importations of Mocha coffee into the United States were 14,713 bales, of which 14,587 came to New York; in 1883 there were 15,890 bales, of which 14,136 were received here. From 1,000 to 1,500 bales arrive monthly at New York. These so-called bales are really bundles composed of smaller bales; the bundles contain two quarter bales of 80 pounds each, or four one-eighth bales of 40 pounds each, the weight of the entire bundle being 160 pounds; the bales are of Arabian grass, and make a beautiful package, finely suggestive of the Orient and its rich merchandise. Sometimes steamers bring Mocha coffee direct from Aden to New York, but the most of it is first sent to London, and there it is transhipped to this port by the regular London steamers. The trade is now almost entirely by steamers, though formerly sailing-craft, taking several months for the voyage, arrived with large cargoes of the famous berry, sometimes as much as 700 or 800 bales. Almost every

steamer from London brings Mocha coffee to New York; sometimes not more than 20 bundles, but occasionally as much as 1,000 of these bales, or 160,000 pounds, worth, at the retail price at which it is sold in the fashionable grocery stores of uptown New York, about $50,000. The coffee is brought to London by the Peninsular and Oriental steamers. About 100,000 bundles are



REMOVING COFFEE.

exported annually from Aden, and of this quantity some 40,000 are sent to Marseilles, which absorbs the bulk of the exports to Europe. It is a great favorite in France; this country is the next largest consumer, and then comes England. Some goes to Boston, Philadelphia and San Francisco, but New York, as already stated, receives the most. It is eagerly purchased.

A well-known broker said: "A few large grocery houses uptown sell genuine Mocha coffee; they buy the real article and readily obtain a high price for it. But not one-fiftieth part of the coffee sold in New York as Mocha or Java is genuine. France takes most of the Mocha crop and Holland the bulk of the Java. France, however, uses more chiccory than this country. French people like a strong coffee; they have no special method of preparing their Mocha, nor is any practiced in this country. French coffee is simply very strong."

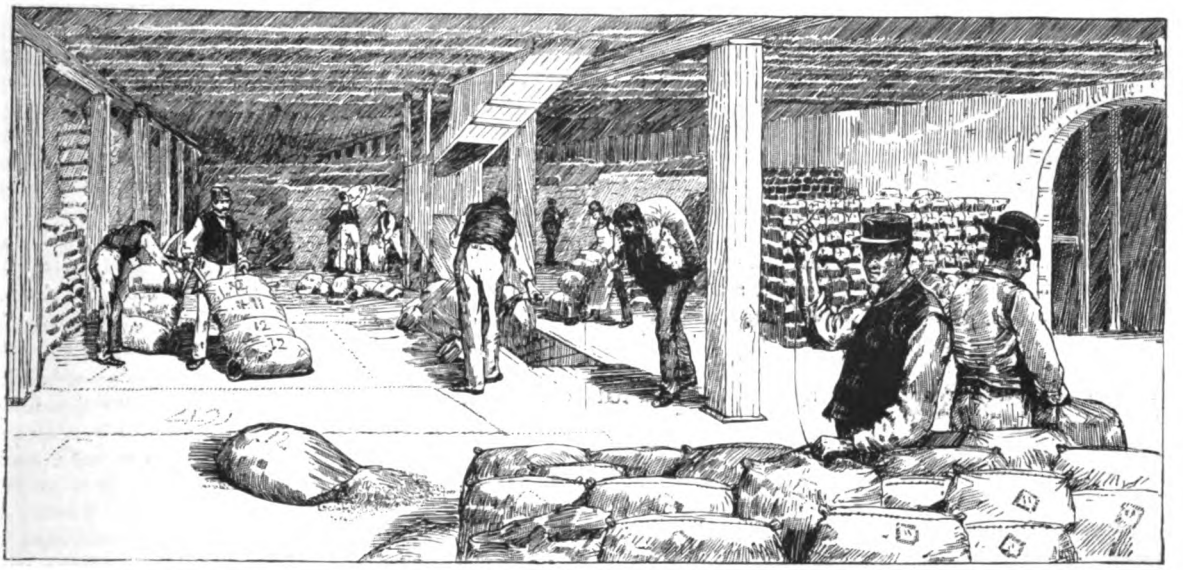
It is not unusual in the French restaurants of New York for cognac to be drank with the coffee after burning off the alcohol.

Mocha coffee is known by its small beans of a gray color inclining to greenish, and is the best known. Very little is received in this country in comparison with the imports of other kinds, but about 1,600,000 pounds are annually imported at New York, and fully five times this quantity, or at least 8,000,000 pounds of mixed coffee, or perhaps of coffee having not a trace of the Arabian bean, are sold as Mocha. The merchants of Aden, whence it is shipped, also import coffee from Rio de Janeiro and Santos, and have at times so heavily adulterated the Mocha with the Brazilian that English and American merchants have sent up an angry protest, and there is reason to believe that the abuse has been, in a measure, corrected, at least so far as the Arabians are concerned.

Mocha, or Mokha as it is also called, is the principal seaport of the Province of Yemen in Arabia. It is situated on the Red Sea, and is the most celebrated coffee mart in the world. It has a population of about 7,000. Vessels drawing over 12 feet of water are obliged to anchor outside the shallow bay formed by two well-fortified promontories. The glaring white houses of lofty height and adorned with stucco ornaments, the official edifices and the mosques are the interesting features of the town. The celebrated coffee is brought from the interior of Arabia, and though the commerce has greatly declined within the last twenty years, the annual exports are still said to average 10,000 tons. Most of the coffee is sent to Jiddah, Suez and Bombay.

It is a curious fact that, while most other nations prefer Mocha coffee, the English prefer either Ceylon, or what they term "Blue Mountain" Jamaica. Wealthy Parisians pay high prices to secure Mocha coffee, but in France, generally, the largest consumption is of Rio, Ceylon and Jamaica.

Brazilian coffee, which, as we have seen, forms the bulk of the imports to this country, is generally consumed as Mocha, Java and every other kind but Rio, the trade name in the wholesale market. The steamers come to New York from Santos, calling at Rio de Janeiro, in from 18 to 24 days. There are still sailing-vessels in the trade, but steamers secure the most of the traffic. Of these, about one hundred come to New York with coffee cargoes in the course of the year, many of which are known as "tramps"—that is, steamers of no regular line, but scouring all seas for business. The name is really a misnomer, for, unlike the tramps on shore, they are not averse to work, but, on the contrary, seek it in all seas and all climes. A steamer seldom brings more than 35,000 bags; some of the sailing-vessels—the *Ptolemy*, for instance—bring 18,000 bags. The business in coffee in New York is conducted on a different plan from that followed in former times. Brokers in lower Wall Street formerly sold whole cargoes at a time to jobbers and large grocery houses here. Now the number of importers has greatly increased, and much of the business is done directly with merchants in Rio de Janeiro. There is a tendency in trade to dispense with the services of



A COFFEE WAREHOUSE.

brokers as far as possible ; that is, in legitimate transactions. The broker is becoming more of a power in speculation. There is a Coffee Exchange, for example, with some 400 members. At first coffee merchants sneered at it as a mere gambling resort, but they now patronize it extensively.

It is always of interest to note one of the hundreds of great steamers which come to New York during the year from every clime with a thousand rich products of the field or the factory. As we are considering the coffee trade just now, let us note this huge Brazilian steamer, the *Tycho Brahe*, named, it will be seen, after the celebrated astronomer. She can carry 32,000 bags of coffee of 130 pounds each, but this time has brought only 11,000 bags. The remainder of her freight-room was taken up with hides and wool, obtained at Buenos Ayres. The coffee was taken on at Rio de Janeiro. The *Tycho Brahe* can make from 190 to 267 miles a day, the speed depending on the weather. The steamers usually have fine weather between here and Rio de Janeiro, a distance of about five thousand miles. As soon as a Rio steamer arrives here a small army of 'longshoremen swarm about the vessel in the work of unloading her. With the aid of the steam-winch from six to seven thousand bags a day can be unloaded. The 'longshoremen receive forty cents an hour, and usually earn about four dollars a day. Formerly the wages were much smaller, but a trade union advanced the rates, and the shipping and warehouse agents were obliged to pay them. In Rio the 'longshoremen are all negroes, and they work for about one dollar and twenty-five cents a day in our money. The great steamer has discharged her Brazilian cargo, and is now taking on another, to consist of cotton, oil-cake, tallow, provisions, glassware and general merchandise for Liverpool. There is a rattling of winches, the puffing and hissing of steam, the rumbling of handcarts along the dark covered pier, and the steamer is being loaded with surprising rapidity for her voyage across the Atlantic. An officer, with a face well bronzed by exposure in South Atlantic seas, talks with the writer about the steamer, and at the same time keeps tally of the merchandise which is being hoisted aboard. I notice that the officers and men on these great steamers have a rather depressed bearing; there is not the slightest indication of

COFFEE STEAMER UNLOADING.

the traditional jolly tar. The life is hard, the pay is low, and neither poor Jack nor his officers know how long this rough existence is to last.

On one side of the pier is a broad lighter, and compressed bales of cotton are being raised from the hold by the means of a hand-winch, which is worked in much the same manner as a hand-car on a railroad, by three muscular men. Other men on the pier receive it as it is swung up to them from the bareheaded, red-shirted men in the hold, and then it is wheeled over to the other side of the pier and taken on board the steamer. On the other side of the pier is another lighter, squatting like a patient dromedary while its load of merchandise is transferred to the steamer. The pier presents a busy scene.

The 'longshoremen wear canvas aprons and checked "jumpers," or short cotton jackets. Some are brawny, and show powerful arms, while others show the effects of years of hard work and exposure and not altogether temperate habits. They seem to have plenty of work, for four steamers, on an average, arrive at the Martin stores every week. The afternoon sun is now low in the west, and the long piers and the great warehouses look gloomy in the gathering dusk. It will soon be time for the tired laborers at the steamers and in the chilly and sombre storehouses to cease their work for the day. On the morrow they will take up the same labor, and so, year after year, these humble toilers pursue their hard calling till the human machine is worn out, and younger and more muscular men take their places, to follow the same hard round of existence.

Most of the steamers that come to the great warehouses on the East River front come from Rio de Janeiro, the largest of coffee marts. Rio de Janeiro is the capital of Brazil, and the chief city of South America, and has a population of 228,743. Its principal exports are coffee, cotton, sugar, rum, timber, hides, tallow, aqua marine, gold, diamonds, topazes and amethysts. It has one of the finest harbors in the world. The Bay or Inlet of Rio contains many small islands, and is 17 miles in length and 11 miles in extreme width. The streets of the city are narrow and ill-paved. It is exposed to suffocating heat, relieved only by a sea breeze in the middle of the day. There are numerous churches, plain externally, but richly decorated in the interior. There are also numerous colleges and academies, a large library, a botanic garden, an *alcada* or theatre, and many other public buildings of interest. The Imperial Palace is a plain brick building, which suits the tastes of the democratic Emperor, Dom Pedro, who was very popular in New York when he visited this country some years ago, and when he went about with no more attempt at state than an American President, and perhaps not so much.

Most of the so-called Java imported into the United States is really Sumatra coffee. Auction sales are held in March, June, September and December at Padang, the largest shipping port of that island. Usually about 100,000 piculs—mats of 66 pounds—are sold at each of these sales, and it is from that port that a considerable portion of our supply of what is ordinarily termed Java coffee is obtained. The steamers that bring this coffee to New York are usually chartered at Batavia, in Java. They may take a little Java coffee on board there and then they go to Padang, Samarang and Pasaeroan, in Sumatra, and receive the bulk of their cargoes. The largest cargo ever brought here was 43,796 mats. The average cargo is about 20,000 mats. The coffee trade with Java, Sumatra and Macassar is carried on partly by sailing-vessels, mostly barks of from 800 to 1,000 tons each, of which about twelve arrive during a year.

Batavia, the most important mart of Java, has a good harbor, which is not only extensive, but safe. The exports are chiefly coffee, sugar, spices, hides, indigo, tin, rice and arrack. It has a population of 99,100. It has a stadt-house, an exchange, numerous churches, a mosque, several Chinese temples, a gymnasium, a botanic garden, a large club-house, and, in some of the streets, horse-railroads, while, in others, there are canals in the Dutch style. It is the capital of the Dutch East Indies. Java coffee was, originally at least, raised from Mocha-seed. Samarang is another large coffee mart in Java. The trade of the island is largely in the hands of the Dutch and Chinese. Four times a year there are auction sales of East India coffee held in Amsterdam, Holland, at each of which about a hundred thousand bags are sold. The result of the sale is cabled to New York, and often has a considerable effect on the market here. These sales are under the authority of the Netherlands Trading Company, one of the oldest commercial organizations in existence. For some centuries it has been a power in the world of trade.

The shipping element in trade is nearly always the most interesting, and it is well worth a little tour of investigation. Here is the German bark *Nebo*, anchored at one of the warehouse docks of Brooklyn. She has just unloaded a cargo which comprised 20,000 mats of coffee, of about 66 pounds each. This large cargo was unloaded in four days. She also brought a considerable quantity of gum copal, a resinous substance, used chiefly in the manufacture of varnish. The bark, a stanch vessel of 590 tons register, made the voyage from Java to New York in 105 days; the previous voyage took 118 days, the winds not being so favorable. She had good weather on both trips. This wanderer in far seas had a crew of thirteen men; only one is now visible about the vessel, most of the men being off in the city enjoying the life of landsmen till the cargo is taken on board for another trip. On the after-deck a man with something of the appearance of the traditional "lone fisherman" is filling the *rôle* of sea-tailor, so to speak; or, in other words, he is mending a portion of the sails with stout needle and twine. A portion of the cargo of coffee lies on the long pier, and 'longshoremen are trundling it into the warehouse. They put eight of the fragrant mats into a number of boxes, on as many hand-carts, and then rush off to the storing-room, perspiring with their labor. The cargo of the bark was obtained at the ports of Macassar and Batavia. When she leaves New York she will probably take petroleum to London or up the Baltic, but eventually she will be likely to find herself in far East Indian waters again, and will bring another cargo of coffee to New York. This round of labor on the seas may be repeated for many years before the good vessel becomes unseaworthy, or is lost in some gale on the rude Atlantic.

The trade in Maracaibo coffee is steadily growing, and is now a very important item in the coffee commerce. The same line of steamers stop at Maracaibo, La Guayra, Porto Cabello and Curaçoa, and make the trip to New York in about ten days, sometimes bringing as much as 25,000 bags of coffee, weighing 130 pounds each, including washed Caracas.

Maracaibo, the principal seaport of Venezuela, has a population of about 22,000, and exports, besides coffee, tolu, copaiba, cocoa, timber, hides, fustic, and other products. It is in a hot, but in the main not unhealthy, climate, and stands on a sandy tract. It has a good harbor,

many fine buildings, a college, two hospitals and an asylum for lepers. The magnitude of its coffee trade is seen in the fact that last year Maracaibo merchants sent 252,224 bags of the berry to New York alone. La Guayra, another Venezuelan port, also sends a large quantity to New York every year. It is of interest to learn that this port was nearly destroyed in 1812 by an earthquake. For nine months in the year the heat is so excessive as to produce malignant fevers. It has narrow, tortuous and ill-paved streets, and altogether is not an attractive city. It exports coffee, sugar, cotton, indigo, cocoa, and other valuable products, in considerable quantities, notwithstanding the fact that its harbor is exposed to winds which keep it in constant agitation, so that the port is not liked by mariners. Porto Cabello, also in Venezuela, is preferred by mariners to La Guayra, and a large quantity of coffee is annually received from that port. One company has four steamers in the trade, ranging in size from 500 to 2,000 tons, and they are very handsome vessels. Everything and everybody must have a name, but why the lurid title of "Red D," with all its Satanic suggestiveness, was ever applied to this line of steamers is one of the mysteries of commerce.

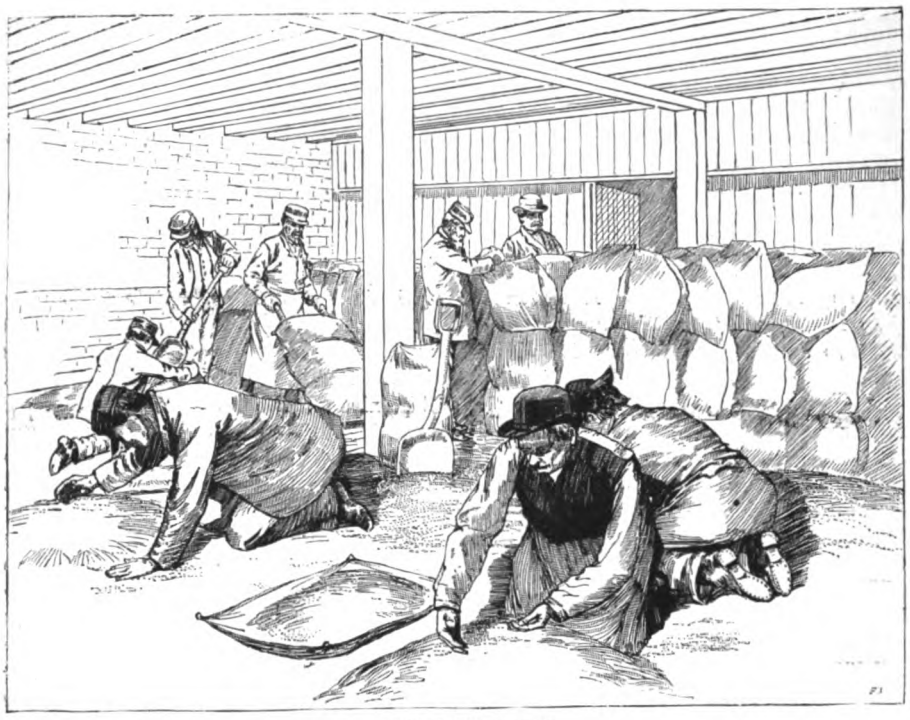
The steamer *Philadelphia* unloaded a large quantity of coffee not long ago at one of the great wharves on the Brooklyn river-front. She is of 2,000 tons capacity, and makes a fine appearance. She is a new American steamship, and was built especially for the Maracaibo trade. In addition to coffee, she brought some specie, deer-skins, hides, goat-skins, straw hats, aloes, and seventy-three turtles to be offered up in ministrations to the palates of New York epicures. We find the steamer, after entering the gate to the piers, at the foot of the steep hill which terminates Montague Street on the Brooklyn river-front. There are crowds of men all along the great stretch of wharves, busy with a hundred occupations in the great business of the port. Bags of coffee are being sent down from the fourth story of one great warehouse through a canvas pipe, which bears the warning word "Danger," to hurry careless laborers away from possible harm. This pipe extends from the uppermost story of the warehouse to the edge of the pier, and if by an accident the 130-pound bag of coffee should break through at a point where a section of the canvas is joined with another, the consequences to a passer-by might be serious. The bag descends with a shriek to a small platform, and is trundled off to another part of the pier. This coffee is stenciled for shipment to Toledo. A steam-winch close by is puffing and snorting and perspiring in its work of lifting bags of coffee to the upper stories of the same warehouse. On a covered pier close by thousands of bags of coffee are piled up. This is Rio coffee, and the air is strongly impregnated with its pungent odor. One steamer has just unloaded 11,000 bags, and another that brought 24,000 bags is now being relieved of her load.

A sharp-featured young man calls out, "No. 5!" and a longshoreman steps quickly up, shoulders a bag of coffee and takes it a few feet off, and adds to the growing pile. A steady stream of men do likewise, each responding to his number. Along the open wharf horses are drawing low carts loaded with mats and bags of raw sugar, which will find its way to one of the great Williamsburg refineries, and in some spots men are engaged in taking it on board large barges; and here the pier is stained with the saccharine product. Here and there are piles of fustic and logwood used for dyeing, boxes of raisins and lemons, bales of Sisal hemp and barrels of French walnuts.

Very little Ceylon coffee is now received at New York. Formerly the imports were large. The crop is now small, and most of it is sent to England. African coffee is received here by way of London. It is raised in Liberia, and is generally of poor quality. The dealers, therefore, use it for mixing with better descriptions of coffee, and many a householder has tasted the African bean in contented ignorance of the fact. Some coffee comes from Manila in the vessels that bring hemp and sugar from the Philippine Islands; but the imports are usually small. Some comes from Jamaica, of which Kingston is the principal shipping port. Mexico raises very good coffee, and a considerable quantity is annually sent to New York by steamers plying between Vera Cruz and the metropolis. There are three steamers in the direct trade, and Mexican coffee is also received, though in smaller quantity, in the New Orleans steamers which come to this port. These steamers discharge their passengers and some of their freight at wharves on the North River, down in the older regions of New York, not far from the former haunts of fashion, which are now given up to trade. But the coffee is stored in Brooklyn, generally in one of the great warehouses just under the celebrated Heights. Almost all the coffee steamers are unloaded there, and the scene is always an animated and interesting one. Some of the steamers, however, go directly to the pier of one of the great coffee-roasting companies in Brooklyn, which uses, in a single year, half a million bags, and has within fifteen years built up large fortunes for its members. There are some establishments where the raw coffee-bean is polished with the aid of soapstone and other substances, in order to give it a more presentable appearance in the wholesale market. The health authorities have felt obliged to interfere with this practice, it being alleged that deleterious chemicals were used in the polishing process. It is noticeable, however, that the business of polishing coffee has not been discontinued, and it is further averred that a poor grade is often made to appear, by this process, of far better quality than it really is.

The magnitude of the coffee commerce of this country is seen in the fact that the importations last year from Brazil alone were 3,148,418 bags, of which New York received 2,190,023 bags, or about 290,000,000 pounds. The supremacy of New York in the trade is shown in the fact that, whereas the importations of coffee into this country are mainly from Brazil, this port received 2,190,023 bags last year out of a total of 3,148,418 bags, or more than 66 per cent. The importations of Brazil coffee at Baltimore last year were 505,666 bags, or less than one-fourth of the receipts at New York, though Baltimore was once considered a rival of this market in the trade. The imports at New Orleans were 360,641 bags; at Galveston, 69,748, and at Savannah, 22,340. Not a little, however, was imported direct from Brazil by Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis merchants, and the coffee merely passed through New York *in transitu* to those enterprising centres of business. The direct importations by interior cities of various kinds of foreign merchandise are annually increasing, and are an indication of the growing wealth of this country, which enables interior merchants to dispense with New York capital and with the expensive services of middlemen. Still, New York has a powerful grasp on this important trade.

As our population increases the consumption of coffee increases. Thus, the sales of coffee in the United States in 1878 were only 142,650 tons; in 1879, 180,178 tons; in 1881, 168,267 tons; in 1882, 187,106 tons; in 1883, 204,092 tons; in 1884, 222,940 tons; in 1885, 240,967



SKIMMING COFFEE.

tons. As already stated, the bulk of our supply of coffee is obtained from Brazil. For many years the crop in that country was raised entirely by slave labor, as our cotton crop was formerly raised by those in involuntary servitude.

The question of slavery in Brazil has an immediate bearing on the coffee trade of that country. In 1826 Dom Pedro I. made a treaty with England for the abolition of the slave trade in Brazil. Dom Pedro III. emancipated the slaves of the Government in 1866, and in 1871 the Legislature provided for the gradual abolition of slavery throughout the entire empire. In two or three years there will be no slavery anywhere in Brazil. The effects of emancipation have been in the highest degree salutary, as must always be the case whenever a nation removes from its statutes any sanction of involuntary servitude. The impetus given to agriculture by the gradual abolition of slavery has been very marked. The laborers naturally show a greater interest in their work, and the crops are larger.

In 1885 the crop of coffee, for example, was 6,500,000 bags. In 1886 the crop was smaller, but this merely shows the natural and unavoidable fluctuations in industry. The tendency is toward a steady increase in the culture. Former slaves now own coffee plantations. The old slaveholders at length clearly see the folly of slavery. The construction of railroads is rapidly progressing, and a great future awaits Brazil. The annual imports of coffee into this country are valued at $50,000,000.

Judging from the limited knowledge which most persons have of the subject, there are only two or three kinds of coffee known to trade, but a glance at the statistics tells a very different and a not altogether uninteresting story. We have seen the magnitude of the commerce in Brazil coffee, and it may not be without interest now to turn to the exhibit of the trade in what is known as "mild" coffee. This term means any kind of coffee except Brazil, which is quite the reverse of mild. The imports of Java, last year, were 52,641 mats and 23,880 bags, and besides this, steamers and sailing-craft brought to New York 228,644 bags of Maracaibo coffee, 213,503 bales of Sumatra, 173,285 bags of La Guayra, 90,380 mats of Macassar, 76,540 bags of Mexican, 17,891 bales of Mocha, 13,320 bags of Jamaica, 12,994 of African, 10,147 of Hayti, 9,044 of Savanilla, 7,381 of Angostura, 3,302 of Ceylon, 2,215 of Singapore, besides 92,690 bags from various parts of Central America, too numerous to mention. Here are fifteen kinds of coffee known to commerce, and the number is really greater.

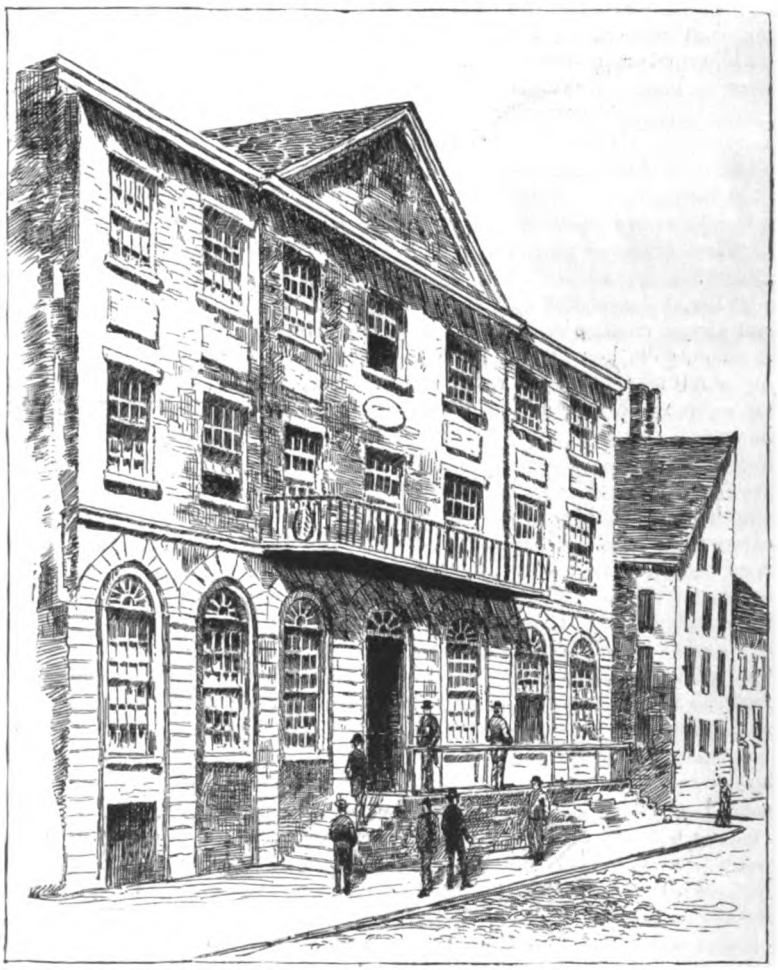
One of the important elements in the New York trade is the Coffee Exchange, in Beaver Street. The Exchange now numbers about 400 members, and Mr. Benjamin G. Arnold is its president. The trading brokers make the usual din heard in all the business exchanges, and the transactions are often large. On one day, in the height of great speculative excitement, they involved 131,000 bags ; in dull times they sometimes reach only 2,000 bags. The Exchange pays $8,000 a year for statistical information about coffee, and for market reports from Rio de Janeiro, Santos, London, Havre, Amsterdam, Rotterdam, and domestic centres of distribution. The various bulletin boards give the opening, highest, lowest and closing quotations in New York for the day, the prices for rings and margins, the receipts at Rio and Santos, the stocks, arrivals and deliveries at the principal markets in Europe and the United States, the consumption in this country and in Europe, the quantity of Brazilian coffee at New York and "afloat" for this market—which we see is 499,404 bags against 705,774 bags a year ago—the detailed exhibit showing that steamers are on the way from Rio to New York and other American ports with 66,000 bags, and sailing-vessels with 52,000 bags, while various craft are coming up from Santos with 50,000 bags more. The steamers on the way from Rio to New York are such large vessels as the *Teniers*, *Albers*, and *Kepler*, while the *Lassell* is steaming for New Orleans. One bark and a lugger are on the way to Baltimore, and numerous sailing-vessels, according to cable dispatches, are coming to New York. A dispatch from London gives the quotations, stocks and imports at that great market, and from Rotterdam is cabled the news that good ordinary Java is thirty-six florins a pound, and that "the market is firm and tending upward." A dispatch from Havre reports an advance in prices of one-quarter of a franc, and gives the quotations for various months, ending with the words, "Total sales to 4 P. M., 124,000 bags ; market strong." There is, also, valuable intelligence from Rio de Janeiro, the market which is most closely watched by American and European coffee merchants ; the estimates of the coming crop, the receipts for the day, the price of exchange, the stock of coffee on hand ; and the current quotations there have very marked effect on the course of the coffee trade, both in this country and in Europe. Various large firms receive a number of cable dispatches

from Rio de Janeiro daily, and a large business is transacted over the wire that stretches for so great a distance over the ocean bed. No tale in the "Arabian Nights" seems so extravagant as the sober truth of actual life that traders can talk to one another in words of fire when thousands of miles apart, and transact in an hour more business than they could formerly have accomplished in a month. The Exchange has its legitimate uses. It affords a ready market for the importer, and there the jobber can supply himself for months ahead. It tends to reduce the number of failures among persons engaged in the strictly legitimate branch of business. Mr. B. G. Arnold, who failed some years ago and lost a fortune of nearly a million of dollars while engaged in a coffee speculation, would have weathered the storm if there had been an Exchange where he could have sold the coffee for future delivery, instead of sacrificing it at auction. As Mr. Jay Gould once said in defense of commercial exchanges, "They make larger markets." But, like many other institutions which have risen up in modern times, they have their evils—namely, they produce undue fluctuations in prices, they encourage speculation, they produce gamblers who move in the best circles of society.

On the whole, however, the effect of commercial exchanges on the vast mass of the population is beneficial; a comparatively few are injured by the temptations to gamble, while these business organizations tend to encourage production through the facility with which a product may be sold either "on the spot" or for future delivery, and the ultimate effect is a cheapening of the price of various necessary articles of consumption. For this reason large firms often oppose business exchanges; they complain that "they make prices too low." The Importers' and Grocers' Exchange of this city has been nearly suppressed by a monopoly of sugar-refiners who rule the market with a rod of iron, who compel importers to bow before them like so many schoolboys, who regard brokers as so many serfs, and who wish to control the value of sugar by the methods of the Star Chamber. The Metal Exchange of this city has relentless enemies in large houses who are afraid of the democratic tendencies of exchanges, which are likely to sweep away old landmarks and monopolies and set up the rule of the majority instead.

On the Coffee Exchange the brokers require a margin in trading of one dollar a bag. The smallest lot in which a transaction is allowed is 250 bags; but a broker will sometimes sell, in a single day, among the shouting throng around the brass ring where the members assemble, as much as 50,000 bags, though this is exceptional. The percentage of actual deliveries on the so-called "sales" is very small. The business is mostly in "paper" coffee, and the contract is settled by merely paying the difference in the market price at the time of making the transaction and the quotation ruling at the date on which it is settled.

How different the Coffee Exchange of to-day is from the Coffee House of the old days of New York, long before speculation in coffee options entered the mind of the wildest business dreamer. One of the most famous of these old resorts of Old New York was the Tontine Coffee House, which was erected in 1794, when 203 shares at $200 each were subscribed for by an association of merchants. The name Tontine, by-the-way, is derived from Lorenzo Tonti, a Neapolitan, who introduced the kind of life annuity known as Tontine into France in the middle of the seventeenth century. The subscribers were divided into ten classes, according to their ages; received a stated annuity, and the death of each subscriber increased the sum paid to the survivors. The last survivor received the entire annuity of his class till his death. There have been Government Tontines in France and England which took the form of loans to repair the public finances. The erection of a building on the Tontine plan is the only way in which this method of financiering has ever been practiced in this country. The old Tontine Coffee House of New York was located at the corner of Wall and Water Streets, close by the ill-fated Marine Bank, which has in these latter days obtained such bad eminence in connection with the celebrated Grant & Ward failure, which swept away the fortune of General Grant and sent two "financiers" to prison. It was at the Tontine Coffee House that the first announcement was made, one July morning eighty-three years ago, that Alexander Hamilton had fallen in a duel with that restless schemer and Don Juan of American politics,



THE OLD TONTINE COFFEE HOUSE, WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

Aaron Burr. The stock-brokers and other business men, in 1792 and for many years later, regularly assembled at the famous coffee-house. The brokers sipped their coffee there, and talked about the prices of stocks and produce long before stock or produce exchanges, telephones, railroads and telegraphs had entered the imagination of men.

Another celebrated coffee-house was located in Bowling Green, and there the merchants met, 120 years ago, to protest against the Stamp Act, which stung the fiery colonists to the pitch of revolution.

It is of interest to notice that coffee-houses were established in Constantinople in 1554, in London in 1652, and in Paris in 1662. For many years the addiction to coffee-drinking was assailed by various writers as a vice, and the frequenting of coffee-houses was regarded as disreputable. But when fashion began to look with the eye of favor upon the coffee-house, it took on a more attractive aspect. In the old days of coaches in England, of cued and powdered hair, knee-breeches and silver-buckled shoes, of patched and rouged ladies in wonderful hoops and towering headgear, before the general introduction of newspapers, men assembled at the coffee-houses to learn the news of the day and discuss politics. Those were the days, so attractive in history and fiction, of broad, also roaring fireplaces; of boars' heads at Christmastide, brought by stately butlers into historic halls to the accompaniment of traditionary songs; of Yule-logs and wine and wassail for hearth and hall; of sack, and foaming tankards of "jolly good ale and old," and smoking joints of merry England's roast beef. The old coffee-houses of New York have been obliterated by the phenomenal growth of the city, and in a new and more enlightened age the coffee-house of former times has become merely a quaint and pleasant r membrance.

HIS PROMISE.

By Florence B. Hallowell.

"You know we're to go to the lighthouse to-morrow, Dolly?"

"Yes, I know it," and Dolly Tilberry, busy cutting out ginger cookies on the white pine table in her father's kitchen, gave her head a little toss that made her long curls fall all about her pretty, blushing face. Know it? Of course she did, and the knowledge had made her heart ache for days past. Not that she cared at all that she would not see again for months, perhaps, the tall, good-looking young fellow standing by her side. No; she had never appreciated Jack Wolf's devotion; her sorrow and blushes were for Luke Ryder, to whom she was to be married in the Fall. Very few of her friends approved of the match, for Luke could never keep a cent in his pocket, and believed in having a "good time" at any cost. But Dolly was her own mistress, and declared her intention to marry her lover, no matter what his faults. Luke loved her—there was no doubt of that—and, woman-like, she thought she would, as his wife, have no difficulty in molding him to her will. She was an energetic, practical little woman, and, having managed her old father all her life, she thought she could manage a husband as well.

Jack Wolf had loved Dolly ever since he had first seen her, and, though he knew from the first that his suit was hopeless, he couldn't help hanging around her whenever he had a chance, and the thought that he was to be separated from her for months gave him grievous pain.

"Are you coming down to see us start, Dolly?" he asked, after a pause, during which he had fervently admired the dexterity with which she cut out the cookies.

"Yes, I'll be there," answered Dolly; "but I'm provoked enough that Keeper Day is going off in a sailboat. It isn't safe. I wish he'd wait until the steamer is repaired," and a troubled look came upon the pretty face.

"He thinks he ought to go now. It may be some time before the steamer's ready. There ain't no danger, Dolly. It's only twenty miles."

"There's always danger on the water," said Dolly. "I wish——"

And then she paused and turned away her head, her cheeks crimson.

Jack drew a long breath.

"You wish Luke wasn't going. You'd like him to stay here, I reckon?"

"Well, that's only natural, ain't it?" and Dolly looked a little defiant.

"Yes, I suppose so," answered Jack, as he held out his hand. "I'll say Good-by to you now, Dolly, for it ain't likely I'll see you again."

"You don't mind the flour?" said Dolly, coquettishly, as she dropped the rolling-pin she had been using, and hesitatingly extended her rosy little hand.

Jack, smiling, caught it in a close clasp, and then releasing it with a look on his face which, had she seen it, might have touched Dolly's tender heart, was turning away, when the girl detained him.

"I want to ask you something, Jack," she said. "You won't think strange of it, I know. I—I want you to look out for Luke, and see that he don't get hurt noway," her voice breaking a little. "I know there's folks that says he'll never amount to much, but that ain't here nor there. I'm going to marry him, an' it would just *kill* me if anything happened to him."

Her eyes were full of tears as she finished speaking, and Jack, white to the lips, stood gazing at her as if turned to stone. He had never before seen her eyes wet, and the novel spectacle moved him deeply.

"I'll look out for him, Dolly," he said, in a low, choked voice. "Luke Ryder sha'n't want for a friend while I'm by."

"That's a promise, Jack?"

"Yes, it's a promise, Dolly."

She would have thanked him, but he did not give her time. Before she could speak again he was gone.

There was a large crowd on the shore of Mackinac Island the next day to see the departure of the boat. Arrangements had been made with a local steamer for the transportation of the keeper and his three assistants to the lighthouse, but her machinery became disabled, and as the time was near at hand for the relighting of the lake coasts, incident to the approaching opening of navigation, the keeper felt that he ought not to risk a long delay, and decided to make the trip in a sailboat. Jack Wolf, Luke Ryder and Dan Maloney were to accompany him, and were eager to be off.

Dolly had parted with Luke in the retirement of her own home an hour before the time set for the departure of the boat, and she had too much pride to show any emotion before those who could have no sympathy with her feelings. She stood apart, grave and silent, while the boat made its way through the mass of little bergs and floes which drifted for a long way out from the island shores, and when, at length, it reached open water and went flying on its way, she turned, and went home without exchanging a word with any one. Her mind was filled with a vague premonition of evil, and, had it not been for the

comfort afforded her by that promise she had exacted from Jack, she would have been almost insane with anxiety.

The weather was cold; a gale from the southwest was blowing with frequent puffs and squalls, and the lake was full of ice, both fixed and floating. But for seven or eight miles the boat went safely on its way, and not one of the men on board gave a thought to possible danger.

They were all talking and laughing in the vain effort to forget the sad faces of the loved ones to whom they had said farewell, when it became necessary to shift the sail over from one side of the boat to the other to alter her course.

The fore-boom was longer than it should have been, and, in coming over, the end caught in the main halyards. At this juncture a great blast of wind from the west struck the detained canvas, and in an instant the horrified men were in the icy water, the capsized boat down on its beam-ends, and jumping about on the waves like an india-rubber ball.

The men struggled to gain it, however, and at length succeeded, all four clinging to the gunwale, with the waves dashing over them. It was a position which could not be maintained any length of time, for it involved a long stretch over the hull, the mast and sail holding the boat down sheer upon its side.

Appreciating the terrible danger of their position, Jack managed to get out his pocket-knife, and after a great deal of difficulty, and at the risk of losing at any moment his precarious hold, succeeded in cutting away the foremast.

This enabled the boat to right a little, and the men secured a better hold; but as they drifted almost immediately into rougher water, their danger was increased rather than diminished. At times the sea would break all over the boat in a perfect fury of foam, leaving the almost exhausted men gasping for breath.

"I can't stand this much longer, Jack," said Luke Ryder at last. "I'm getting so numb that I'll have to let go."

Jack's answer was to throw one arm about him, just above the waist. He remembered his promise to Dolly.

"I'll help you all I can, Luke," he said. "Don't give way. Think of Dolly."

The sound of that name seemed to give Luke new courage, but when, at the end of an hour, Maloney gave out, and, releasing his hold with an agonized shriek, disappeared for ever in the icy water, poor Luke gave a groan of despair.

"I can't stand it, Jack," he said. "I must let go."

But Jack held on to him valiantly, and he still maintained his grip on the boat, though he was conscious only at brief intervals. In a dreamy way he knew that Jack was telling him that he must think of Dolly, and for her sake must not give up. But he was too much exhausted to reply.

For nearly three hours the boat drifted slowly toward the shore, and then Jack, who felt that his strength was almost gone, uttered a desperate scream for help.

It was heard by three fishermen on the shore, and one of them at once undertook the task of rescue, though the only boat available was a small skiff, with which it seemed impossible he could effect anything, contending, as he must, with a formidable array of breakers thick with ice, and a rough sea rolling beyond.

But at length, after the most herculean efforts, he succeeded in forcing out the skiff to the wreck. Here he was in a dilemma. He could rescue only one at a time, and did not know which to take. But Jack, to whom even speech had now become difficult, made him understand by a motion that the keeper should be the first to go with him.

There was no time for parley, and the fisherman helped the keeper at once into the skiff, and telling Jack to keep up his courage, set out for the shore.

It seemed to Jack a long, long time before he saw the skiff returning. And then a great temptation assailed him. He was conscious that he could keep his hold on the boat only a few minutes longer, and that either he or the man he still supported must perish. Life is precious to us all, and as he looked down at Luke's white, set face, and realized that in this semi-conscious state death would be unattended with either agony or regret, he felt how hard it would be to surrender to him the chance of rescue that offered.

But all at once, like a vision, rose up before him the lovely face of Dolly Tilberry, with the tears in her sweet blue eyes, and he seemed to hear again the low voice saying, "It would *kill* me if anything happened to him."

Ah, Dolly, the memory of those few words turned the balance in favor of your lover in this terrible hour of Jack's temptation. He shouted to Luke, and pushed and pulled him until he was conscious, and opened his eyes.

"Listen to me," he said — his lips stiffened with the cold, moving slowly. "When you get home tell Dolly I kept my promise. Do you hear? That is all. Tell her I kept my promise. She'll understand."

Luke nodded, but did not speak. He could not have done so had he tried. Then the skiff approached, and Jack signed to the fisherman to take his companion.

"I can wait," he said, his voice sinking to a whisper, and the skiff again shot out for the shore.

Those were the last words any one ever heard brave Jack Wolf utter. Clinging for a few moments with a death-grip to the boat, he was washed in among the dwarf icebergs in the surf, and as the skiff approached the wreck for the third time, the rower saw the noble fellow let go his grasp and sink beneath the cruel waves.

* * * * * *

Three days later, Luke, safe at home again, and not much the worse for his terrible experience, gave Dolly the message which had been confided to him, and she knew then at how great a cost the man she had not loved had kept his promise.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

THE life-story of Percy Bysshe Shelley, the most ethereal imagination of this century, and one of the few great lyric poets of all time, is a romance intermixed with elements of tragedy. It has been often told, and variously interpreted. We have Mrs. Shelley's eloquent and devoted tribute; the gossipy, discursive reminiscences of the poet's friends, Hogg, Peacock and Medwin; Trelawny's blunt and manly record of the friendship of the closing days in Italy; the results of the research and compilation of Mr. W. M. Rossetti, with his commentary; Mr. Buxton Forman's valuable collection of biographical material, employed by him in his edition of Shelley's complete works; Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson's *soi-disant* "Real Shelley"; and lastly, Professor Dowden's judicial and authoritative "Life of Shelley." The latter is in reality, though not avowedly, a reply, and a final one, to the distorted and aggressive work of Mr. Jeaffreson. In the preparation of his work, Professor Dowden had access, through Sir Percy and Lady

Shelley, the present heads of the family, to the important Shelley papers at Boscombe Manor. This precious collection includes the journal of Mary Shelley, some unpublished writings of Shelley, and a large number of unpublished letters. From other sources, hitherto unknown, inaccessible, or not thoroughly examined, the industry of the biographer has unearthed numerous interesting details, which, while not altering the essential facts of Shelley's life as previously known to the world, effectually dissipate many of the dark clouds raised about them by ignorance, prejudice and slander. At the same time, Professor Dowden has shirked nothing in seeking and telling the truth about Shelley, without necessarily justifying all his words and deeds; the biographer's duty being, as he sees it, "to show precisely what those words and deeds were, leaving the reader to pronounce such judgment as may seem just."

The Shelleys are an ancient family of Sussex. From an Edward Shelley of Worminghurst, who died in the year of the Spanish Armada, son of Sir John Shelley of Michelgrove, that branch of the family is said to have descended which, on the American side of the Atlantic, a hundred years ago, was represented by Timothy Shelley and by his son Bysshe (so named after his grandmother's maiden name), who returned to England, married two heiresses in succession, obtained a baronetcy for political favors expected by the Whigs, and lived long enough to hear of the poem "Queen Mab," written by his grandson and namesake, Percy Bysshe Shelley. The poet, writing of this paternal grandfather in 1812, says: "He is a complete atheist, and builds all his hopes on annihilation." Timothy Shelley, the son of stately, misanthropic old Sir Bysshe, was married, in October, 1791, to Elizabeth, daughter of Charles Pilfold, of Effingham, County Surrey, whose rare beauty descended to her children. We are told that she was a woman of strong good sense, and, though not a lover of literature, an excellent letter-writer. Her son characterized her as "mild and tolerant, yet narrow-minded." Timothy Shelley, who was nearly forty years old when his first child was born, was slight of figure, tall and fair, with the blue Shelley eyes. He is described as having had "a semi-illiterate regard for letters, and a mundane respect for religion"; a kindly, pompous, capricious, well-meaning, ill-doing, wrong-headed man." Mr. and Mrs. Timothy Shelley had their abode at Field Place, in the Parish of Warnham, Sussex; and here Percy Bysshe Shelley was born, on Saturday, August 4th, 1792.

A BROWN STUDY.

Shelley's early childhood was not solitary, for before he was nine years old he had four living sisters; and in 1806 his brother John was born. John Shelley lived to be a man of sixty, but was little of a companion to Bysshe, who was at home only for brief snatches of time after John had passed out of babyhood, and who left England for ever when John was a boy of twelve. Bysshe was the hero of his little sisters. He took them out for long rambles, and amused them in the nursery with fantastic sports and weird story-telling. On one occasion, while "playing the devil," he set a fagot-stack on fire, and excused himself on the characteristic plea that he wanted "a little hell of his own." The serious mood, too, was present in those early days, and he loved to walk out alone under the stars, contemplating and musing. At six years old he was sent to learn his *quies, quæs* and *quods* from the Rev. Mr. Edwards, a Welsh parson at Warnham; and four years later he appeared as a pupil at Sion House Academy, Isleworth, near Brentford, where Dr. Greenlaw and his assistants instructed fifty or sixty lads, chiefly of the middle class, in Latin, Greek, French, writing, arithmetic, geography, and the elements of astronomy.

Bysshe Shelley, the "new boy," was tall for ten years old, slight of figure, with a well-set head, on which abundant locks of a rich brown hue curled naturally; his complexion was fair and ruddy like a girl's, his eyes were large, blue and luminous. He was shy and innocent; and as he cared nothing for the games and strifes of the playground, he soon became an object of persecution. "He passed among his schoolfellows," says his cousin, Thomas Medwin, who was a pupil under Dr. Greenlaw at the same time, "as a strange and unsocial being." He was not a hard student in the routine of the school, yet he contrived to grow in scholarship, and stood high in the school before he left for Eton. He was a voracious reader, with a decided relish for the mysterious, romantic and blood-curdling. He also began to develop that taste for chemistry and scientific investigation which afterward got him into so many scrapes at Eton and Oxford.

Shelley's boyish handwriting may still be seen in the entrance-book of the Head-master of Eton College, under the date July 29th, 1804. Dr. Goodall, an excellent scholar, gracious gentleman and genial wit, was the Head-master at that period. A year before Shelley went to Oxford, however, the harsh and dictatorial Dr. Keate was advanced from the head of the Lower School to the place of supreme authority. Shelley's tutor was the kind, ponderous and dull Assistant-master Bethell, who afterward became Vice-provost. In some respects, Shelley's life at Eton was but a continuation of his life at Sion House Academy, only that five hundred obstreperous boys, instead of sixty, now surrounded him. Refusing obedience to the orders of his fag-master, Matthews

HIS PROMISE.—"'I CAN WAIT,' HE SAID, HIS VOICE SINKING TO A WHISPER, AND THE SKIFF AGAIN SHOT OUT FOR THE SHORE. THOSE WERE THE LAST WORDS ANY ONE EVER HEARD BRAVE JACK WOLF UTTER."—SEE PAGE 670.

(afterward known as author of the "Diary of an Invalid"), and proclaiming war against the fagging system, which seemed to him an organized tyranny, he could scarcely expect protection, should occasion for their intervention arise, from the elder lads of the same form as Matthews. Shelley, in fact, stood convicted as a rebel against authority; while to boys of his own standing, except a few chosen friends, his refusing to join in the common sports, his shyness, his singularity, his careless attire, his interest in strange studies, his gentleness united with an unusual excitability of temper, pointed him out as a proper victim on whom to wreak all the exuberance of their animal spirits.

Yet it would be an error to suppose that "Mad Shelley," as he was called, lived in isolation, or had no happy hours at Eton. He bore his part in the public events of that little world; he took long walks, boated, and even participated in the regattas.

His schoolfellow, Captain Gronow, declares that once Shelley appeared in the pugilistic ring, duly supported by bottle-holders and backers; he describes the tall, slender, unfledged poet, skill-less in the use of his arms, stalking around the lists and reciting in the verse of Homer defiant speeches of the heroes of Troy; and the story ends with the account of a divine panic which descended upon Shelley—dauntlessly courageous in all ascertained instances save this—upon discovery of the fell uses to which trained fists may be applied.

Shelley became, even at Eton, an eager and wide-ranging, if not an exact, classical scholar. He rose steadily from form to form. But perhaps his most important studies at Eton were those of his own choice, and not of compulsion. The grandeur of the verse of Lucretius and his daring conceptions held him as with a potent spell. Among writers in English, Franklin delighted him with his announcement of the victories of mind over matter; already he felt the strong compulsion of Godwin's doctrines in the "Political Justice." With Condorcet he dreamed of the endless progress of the race and of human perfectibility. He translated in his leisure

hours several books of Pliny's "Natural History," being especially impressed by the chapter "De Deo," in which the Roman philosopher censures superstitious myths. He borrowed forbidden books on chemistry, magic and witchcraft, set up an electrical machine, and on one occasion conveyed a severe shock to the pompous Bethell—an experiment which did not advance Shelley in his tutor's good graces. He also cultivated a warm friendship with Dr. Lind, of Windsor, an old physician and Eastern traveler, and a kind of latter-day mage.

Such were the main influences by which Shelley's boyish mind was molded at Eton.

The year 1810 was that in which Shelley removed from Eton to Oxford. He signed his name in the books of University College on April 10th, and, having matriculated, returned to Eton, to end his schooling there, in the latter part of July. The period intervening between this date and the beginning of the Michaelmas term at Oxford saw the future poet's practical beginning in literature. He wrote verses and romances of mystery in collaboration with his sisters, with his cousin Medwin, and with another cousin, the beautiful Harriet Grove, who was about his own age, and with whom he impetuously fell in love. With her he wrote "Zastrozzi," a boyish attempt to rival certain contemporary pieces of fiction of the pseudo-passionate and pseudo-sublime order. This romance was actually bought by a London publisher for forty pounds, and printed. The reviewers scarcely deigned to damn it. A sixty-four page volume of "Original Poems, by Victor and Cazire," also saw the light of print, but was suppressed by Shelley upon his discovery that his mysterious collaborator—who in this case was neither Medwin nor Miss Grove—had plagiarized from "Monk" Lewis. A romantic narrative poem, on the subject of the "Wandering Jew," and to which Medwin claims to have contributed two or three whole cantos, is perhaps the most important production with which Shelley's apprentice pen had to do at this period, though it was not so fortunate as the others in getting itself published. The subject was one of peculiar fascination to the young poet. It haunted his imagination for years; and portions of the earlier poem appear to have been afterward incorporated in "Queen Mab."

When Mr. Timothy Shelley took young Bysshe down to Oxford, in the Fall of 1810, he said to Mr. Slatter, bookseller and printer: "My son here has a literary turn. He is already an author, and do pray indulge him in his printing freaks." Little did the father think that, before many months had gone by, one of these printing freaks was to cause his son's banishment from Oxford, and to close against him the doors of his own home.

The venerable traditions of Oxford probably affected little the eager mind of the young revolutionist; while, on the other hand, the dissipations in vogue among a considerable portion of the undergraduates at that time—billiard-playing, drinking, driving tandem, emulating the neckcloths of the stout Court Adonis, and raising bills which they never intended to pay—possessed no attraction for him. The special charm of Oxford for Shelley lay in the comparative freedom of the student's life. He could pursue his favorite studies without interruption, and, in the citadel of his chambers, be poet, natural philosopher, metaphysician, in turns, as it pleased him. If he desired the companionship of some chosen friend, there was all the afternoon free for country rambles, all the long hours from five till past midnight for converse and debate. Such a friend he found in Thomas Jefferson Hogg, the son of a Tory gentleman of old family, residing at Stockton-on-Tees. Hogg, who had entered University College a short time before Shelley, is almost the sole witness on record for the poet's six months at Oxford. He was a youth of worldly tastes, keen intelligence and wit, an earnest lover of literature, and, for the time being at least, something of an enthusiast in poetry and philosophy. His well-known and highly readable narrative, while not at all scrupulous in matters of detail, is acknowledged to be an essentially true portrait of Shelley during his brief collegiate life.

Describing the appearance of his extraordinary guest, on the occasion of Shelley's first visit to his rooms, Hogg says: "It was a sum of many contradictions. His figure was slight and fragile, and yet his bones and joints were large and strong. He was tall, but he stooped so much that he seemed of a low stature. His clothes were expensive, and made according to the most approved mode of the day; but they were tumbled, rumpled, unbrushed. His gestures were abrupt, and sometimes violent, occasionally even awkward, yet more frequently gentle and graceful. His complexion was delicate, almost feminine, of the purest red and white; yet he was tanned and freckled by exposure to the sun, having passed the Autumn, as he said, in shooting. His features, his whole face, and particularly his head, were, in fact, unusually small; yet the last *appeared* of a remarkable bulk, for his hair was long and bushy, and in fits of absence, and in the agonies (if I may use the word) of anxious thought, he often rubbed it fiercely with his hands, or passed his fingers quickly through his locks unconsciously, so that it was singularly wild and rough. In times when it was the mode to imitate stagecoachmen as closely as possible in costume, and when the hair was invariably cropped, like that of our soldiers, this eccentricity was very striking. His features were not symmetrical (the mouth, perhaps, excepted), yet was the effect of the whole extremely powerful. They breathed an animation, a fire, an enthusiasm, a vivid and preternatural intelligence, that I never met with in any other countenance. Nor was the moral expression less beautiful than the intellectual." Shelley's chief physical blemish, it seemed to Hogg, was a high, shrill, discordant voice.

A little later the new friends met in Shelley's rooms—a place of indescribable confusion. "Books, boots, papers, shoes, philosophical instruments, clothes, pistols, linen, crockery, ammunition and phials innumerable, with money, stockings, prints, crucibles, bags and boxes, were scattered on the floor and in every place; as if the young chemist, in order to analyze the mystery of creation, had endeavored first to reconstruct the primeval chaos. The tables, and especially the carpet, were already stained with large spots of various hues, which frequently proclaimed the agency of fire. An electrical machine, an air-pump, the galvanic trough, a solar microscope, and large glass jars and receivers, were conspicuous amidst the mass of matter. Upon the table by his side were some books lying open, several letters, a bundle of new pens and a bottle of Japan ink, that served as an inkstand; a piece of deal, lately part of the lid of a box, with many chips, and a handsome razor that had been used as a knife. There were bottles of soda-water, sugar, pieces of lemon, and the traces of an effervescent beverage. Two piles of books supported the tongs, and these upheld a small glass retort above an argand-lamp. I had not been seated many minutes before the liquid in the vessel boiled over, adding fresh stains to the table, and rising in fumes with a disagreeable odor."

This meeting in Shelley's rooms confirmed an alliance between the two freshmen, who henceforth were inseparable. They spent almost every afternoon and evening

together, at first from day to day, alternating from the rooms of the one to those of the other, but afterward regularly resorting to the young mage and chemist's cell, where at any moment he could start from his seat, seize his phials, his magnet, or some scientific divining-rod, and "ascertain by actual experiment the value of some new idea that rushed into his brain." These chemical operations, says Hogg, seemed to an unskilled observer to promise nothing but disasters. "His hands, his clothes, his books and his furniture were stained and corroded by mineral acids." Holes burnt in the carpet and enlarged by rents from the experimenter's foot revealed the scorched and blackened boards. Glasses, cups and plates were used indiscriminately with crucibles, retorts, and receivers to contain his villainous liquids.

After morning chapel (from which Shelley, as soon as the doors were opened, would retreat with precipitate speed), lectures, and some hours of private study, the friends would meet at one o'clock, and again in the evening after the public dinner in the hall. "I was enabled," writes Hogg, "to continue my studies in the evening in consequence of a very remarkable peculiarity. My young and energetic friend was then overcome by extreme drowsiness, which speedily and completely vanquished him; he would sleep from two to four hours, often so soundly that his slumbers resembled a deep lethargy; he lay occasionally upon the sofa, but more commonly stretched upon the rug before a large fire, like a cat; and his little round head was exposed to such a fierce heat, that I used to wonder how he was able to bear it. His torpor was generally profound, but he would sometimes discourse incoherently for a long while in his sleep. At six he would suddenly compose himself, even in the midst of an animated narrative or of earnest discussion; and he would lie buried in entire forgetfulness, in a sweet and mighty oblivion, until ten, when he would suddenly start up, and rubbing his eyes with great violence, and passing his fingers swiftly through his long hair, would enter at once into a vehement argument, or begin to recite verses, either of his own composition or from the works of others, with a rapidity and an energy that were often quite painful."

Each afternoon, at one o'clock, Shelley and his companion were accustomed to sally forth for a walk. "It was his delight to strike boldly into the fields, to cross the country daringly on foot, as is usual with sportsmen in shooting; to perform, as it were, a pedestrian steeplechase." Shelley's ordinary preparation for a rural walk, says Hogg, formed a very remarkable contrast with his mild aspect and pacific habits. "He furnished himself with a pair of dueling-pistols, and a good store of powder and ball; and when he came to a solitary spot, he pinned a card, or fixed some other, mark upon a tree or a bank, and amused himself by firing at it; he was a pretty good shot and was much delighted at his success."

At Oxford, therefore, as at Eton, Shelley's mind moved upon lines of its own. No student ever read more ardently. A pocket edition of Plato, of Plutarch, or Euripides, without interpretation or notes, or of the Septuagint, was his ordinary companion; and he read the text straightforward for hours, if not as readily as an English author, at least with as much facility as French, Italian, or Spanish.

Shelley spent the Christmas vacation of 1810 at Field Place. The year for him came to a somewhat troublous close. There was trouble with his father, and more grievous trouble in the discovery that the young poet's letters to Harriet Grove had alarmed both her and her parents by their energetic unorthodoxy. It was growing a certainty that his first love could never be his.

In the matter of authorship, things were not so discouraging. The publisher, Stockdale, of Pall Mall, London, had been induced to undertake the publication, at the author's expense, of his latest attempt at romance. This was entitled "St. Irvyne; Or, The Rosicrucian," and its conception probably dated back to the Eton period. This work, which Mr. Forman conjectures to have been either translated or an imitation from the German, appears to have been almost as crude and incoherent as its predecessor "Zastrozzi"—whose obscure fate it shared. In November, before leaving Oxford for the holidays, Shelley had induced Mr. Munday to print, in a thin quarto, certain whimsical pieces in verse, labeled: "Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson; Being Poems Found amongst the Papers of that noted Female, who Attempted the Life of the King in 1786. Edited by John Fitz-Victor."

Peg Nicholson, the mad washerwoman, was alive and in Bedlam at the time, but Shelley figuratively killed her off, as Swift had dispatched the astrologer Partridge, to serve the purposes of his poetical masquerade. As to the contents of this volume, which appears to have obtained a certain success of curiosity with the Oxford gownsmen, the poems, whether burlesques or not, are neither better nor worse than the other pieces written by him, in all seriousness, about the same date. Mr. W. M. Rossetti has reprinted them all, we believe, in his edition of Shelley's works.

During the Christmas holidays at Field Place, the young Oxonian had undertaken to "enlighten" his father and mother upon the fallacy of certain orthodox beliefs, greatly to their uneasiness and alarm. It is easy to understand the trouble and difficulty of a father and mother with a son possessed by ideas which they regarded as fraught with evil for himself and others. Unhappily he was dealt with as a suspected and dangerous person, and was driven in upon himself to sustain and strengthen his spirit in opposition.

On returning to Oxford, in January, 1811, Shelley resumed his close companionship with Hogg. They still kept in a great degree aloof from their fellow-students, and were preoccupied with their own ideas and with their various literary projects. Shelley published and placed on sale "A Poetical Essay on the Existing State of Things," the profits of which, if there were any, were devoted to the benefit of Peter Finnerty, a patriotic Irish journalist who had been thrown into prison in England about that time.

Within a fortnight after Shelley's return to college, in January, 1811, appeared in the Oxford *Herald* an advertisement of "The Necessity of Atheism," as speedily to be published, and "to be had of the booksellers of London and Oxford." The pamphlet, for which probably Shelley had found it difficult to obtain a publisher, was issued from a provincial press by the Phillipses, printers, of Worthing, in Sussex. The author's name does not appear upon the title-page, but the signature, *Theo' deficiency of proof, An Atheist*, is appended to a brief notice placed before the text, and attributed at the time to Hogg, in which the author earnestly entreats those of his readers who may discover any defect in his reasoning, or may be in possession of proofs which his mind could not obtain, to set forth the same "as briefly, as methodically, as plainly, as he has taken the liberty of doing." Shelley's short and easy method with theists, starting from a false premise, "The senses are the source of all knowledge to the mind," briefly examines the evidence

for the existence of a God derivable from the senses, from reason, and from testimony, and sets each aside as incompetent to establish a proof. It is free from passion, methodical in arrangement, clear and concise in style; but neither original in thought nor specially felicitous in expression.

The pamphlet caused a tremendous sensation in Oxford; but before it had been on sale for half an hour at the shop of Messrs. Munday & Slatter, certain orthodox dignitaries of the college had pounced upon the edition, and advised the booksellers to consign it to the flames—which they promptly did.

Shelley's authorship of "a prose pamphlet in praise of atheism" was noised abroad at least ten days before the college authorities were prepared to take public action. There were, doubtless, communications from dignitaries who had received copies of the pamphlet, accompanied by the letter from "Jeremiah Stukeley," the handwriting of which had been compared with that of Shelley, and found to agree with it, and big-wigs were laid together in consultation. Lady Day came (March 25th), a fine Spring morning. Hogg called earlier than usual that morning at Shelley's rooms—they had agreed to lengthen their hours of reading. Shelley was absent. What followed is told in the words of Hogg: "Before I had collected our books he rushed in. He was terribly agitated. I anxiously inquired what had happened. 'I am expelled!' he said, as soon as he had recovered himself a little—'I am expelled!' He sat on the sofa, repeating with convulsive vehemence the words, 'Expelled! expelled!' his head shaking with emotion, and his whole frame quivering."

PORTRAIT OF SHELLEY.

Hogg instantly addressed a note to the Master and Fellows, begging them to reconsider their severe sentence, and at the same time avowing his own responsibility. The result was that he was called up and questioned, and the same afternoon the announcement was posted in the college hall that Thomas Jefferson Hogg and Percy Bysshe Shelley were publicly expelled for contumacy in refusing to answer certain questions put to them, and for declining to disavow the obnoxious pamphlet. Had the discipline of University College in 1811 been stringent and directed by high aims, there would be less ground for objection to the severity of the punishment; but to sodden the brain in wine, to waste the strength of youth in riotous living, were venial errors; to fling out a boy's defiance against the first article of the Creed was a crime which merited nothing less than capital punishment.

Shelley and Hogg, bidding farewell to Oxford, went down to London and took lodgings together. Mr. Timothy Shelley, learning what had happened, wrote to his son, bidding him to leave Hogg and repair at once to Field Place. This proposal being declined, he immediately entered into correspondence with the elder Hogg, with a view to the compulsory separation of "these youngsters."

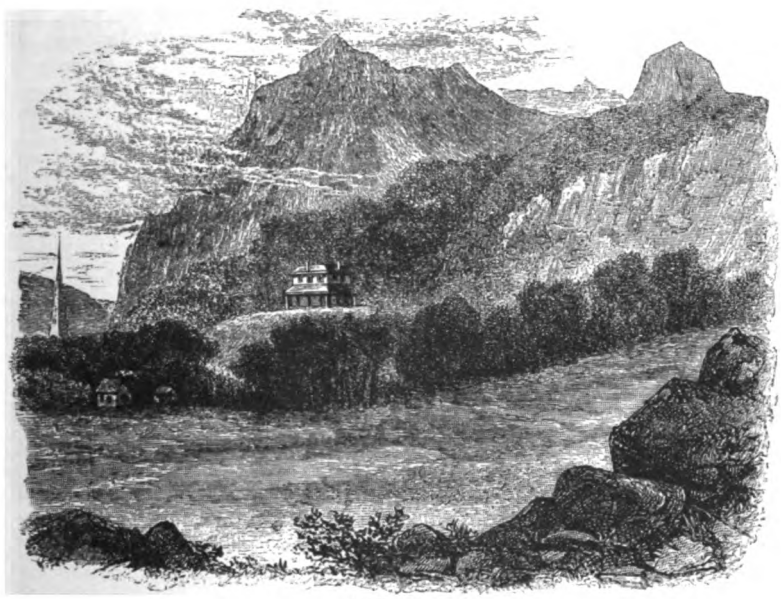
On the second Sunday (April 7th) of the friends' sojourn in London, Mr. Shelley saw them at his hotel. After some not unkindly bluster, with sudden and oddly veering flaws of temper, he proceeded, over a bottle of port, to demonstrate, by a short and easy method derived from "Paley's Book," the existence of a Deity.

Shelley, believing himself deeply indebted to Hogg, and intellectually benefited by the companionship of this sharer of his disgrace, held out against his father's demands. He also refused to enter Whig politics as a follower of the Duke of Norfolk, to the added disgust of Mr. Timothy Shelley, Member of Parliament for New Shoreham. Young Shelley at this time contemplated studying medicine; but his supply of ready money was failing, and toward the middle of April Hogg went home. It was arranged that Shelley should follow him to York in the Summer, and that there they should re-commence their pleasant student life. Shelley's mother and sisters felt tenderly toward the forlorn rebel; and while they dared not openly take his part against his father, they sent him pocket-money, through one of the girls' schoolmates. This young lady was Harriet Westbrook, daughter of a coffee-house keeper in the city. She was a bright, blooming young creature, not quite sixteen years old, and had an unmarried sister—Eliza—who was thirty. A pleasant acquaintance ensued, and Shelley, according to his wont, soon had the two sisters absorbed in philosophical readings and religious arguments. "They are both clever," he wrote to Hogg, "and the youngest (my friend) is amiable."

Through the kind offices of Captain Pilfold, Shelley's maternal uncle, who had commanded a frigate at Trafalgar, and by the intervention of the Duke of Norfolk, the young exile was brought home to Field Place toward the latter part of May, and came to terms with his father. Two hundred pounds a year were henceforth to be his,

unencumbered by conditions; he might choose his own place of abode, his own friends. Wandering about Field Place, for the time being, like a hermit, he read, mused, and wrote letters to Hogg, to the Westbrook sisters, and to Miss Elizabeth Hitchener, a studious and argumentative schoolmistress at Sussex. It was Shelley's intention to quit Field Place in July, and join his friend Hogg in York; but an invitation from his cousin, Mr. Thomas Grove, tempted him to visit the latter's estate, near Rhayder, in Wales. In midsummer, therefore, we find the young philosopher writing letters from amongst the romantic crags and mountain solitudes of Cwm Elan. He kept up a correspondence with the Westbrooks, and toward the end of July received a series of urgent letters from Harriet, who was about to be compelled to return to school against her will. She was wretched and in despair.

FIELD PLACE, 1812.

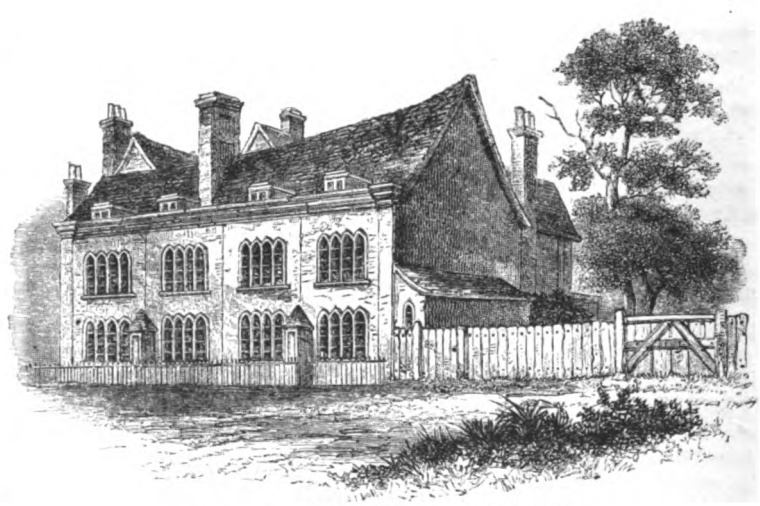


TANYRALLT.

She was of no use to herself or to others; would it be wrong to make an end of her useless life? should she resist her father and refuse to return to school? She would be guided by Shelley's advice. Shelley was a philosopher, but a philosopher of nineteen. A beautiful girl of sixteen, the victim of oppression, chose him for her counselor and placed her fate in his hands. Such an appeal could not fail to awaken all his chivalry. He instantly wrote to Harriet Westbrook, advising resistance, and soon followed his letter post-haste to London. His presence revived the drooping girl, but the responsibility of his position soon changed his enthusiasm to an uneasiness which he could not conceal. Writing to his friend Hogg of his devotion to Harriet, he says, "This, I fear, more resembles exerted action than exalted passion." Hogg urged the duty of a legal marriage, and Shelley brought himself to contemplate favorably the idea of a ceremony which, consistently with his peculiar ideas, already tinctured with Godwin's "Political Justice," he might hitherto have regarded with repulsion.

Having thus decided, he did not hesitate to act; and on the evening of August 25th, 1811, the willing Harriet having met Shelley and his cousin Charles Grove by appointment at an inn, the two young lovers flitted in the northern mail-coach for Edinburgh, *viâ* York. Arriving in Edinburgh on the third morning after leaving London, the travelers, with such ceremony as the Scottish law required, at once joined hands as husband and wife. The united ages of bride and bridegroom made only thirty-five years.

Mr. Timothy Shelley suspended his son's allowance when he heard of the elopement; but Uncle Pilfold came



SHELLEY'S COTTAGE, GREAT MARLOW, BUCKS.

generously to the rescue. At the same time, Hogg ran up to Edinburgh for a holiday excursion, so that the early days of Shelley's honeymoon passed blithely enough. Five weeks were spent in reading, study, and excursions around picturesque Auld Reekie, and then Shelley and Harriet went back with Hogg to York. So began those restless and anxious wanderings which, in the case of our poet, were destined to continue, with scarcely an intermission, until the Italian waters closed over his head. What a strange, eventful history is that of the last ten years of Shelley's short life!

Miss Eliza Westbrook, who was later to become an element of discord, joined the household at York. Another episode at this time and place cruelly shattered one of Shelley's fondest ideals, and broke the strongest of the ties which attached him to his "soul's brother." This episode was nothing less than Hogg's avowal of a passion for his friend's young bride—an avowal which Harriet heard with indignation and loathing. The remorseful Hogg then made a clean breast of the matter, and Shelley forgave him. Nevertheless, something like an estrangement ensued, and in November Shelley removed with his wife and her sister to Keswick, in the beautiful lake country. Here the poet received the first inspiration of "Queen Mab," which, however, was not written and published until more than a year later. At Keswick, Shelley lived in seclusion at a pretty place called Chestnut Cottage. Not far away was the habitation of Robert Southey, whose personal acquaintance the younger poet made before the close of the year 1812. He also opened a correspondence with the great lawgiver and prophet of his ideal—William Goodwin, the author of "Political Justice." The following passage, from a letter written to Godwin, January 16th, 1812, foreshadows Shelley's next move: "In a few days we set off to Dublin. Our journey has been settled some time. We go principally to *forward as much as we can* the Catholic Emancipation."

Through the intervention of the family friend, the Duke of Norfolk, an arrangement had been finally effected by which Shelley could now count upon an income of four hundred pounds a year, independently of the small allowance which Harriet received from her father. His thoughts and hopes had for some time past tended toward Ireland, where, more than elsewhere, as he conceived, the struggle for political independence was being fought out. Early in February, therefore, he set out for Ireland, with his wife and sister-in-law, and equipped with a letter of introduction from Godwin to J. Philpot Curran, Master of the Rolls in Ireland. Of Irish parties and internal politics Shelley knew but little; he was not the first nor last of his countrymen who fancied that by a promenade in Ireland he could restore order from the chaos.

On arriving in Dublin, Shelley published an "Address to the Irish People," and scattered the pamphlets broadcast. He delivered an address an hour long at a grand Catholic Emancipation meeting, on February 28th, at which O'Connell was also one of the orators. But the letter of introduction to Curran somehow missed fire; Godwin himself disapproved of his enthusiastic young disciple's revolutionary proceedings in Ireland; and, as Spring approached, Shelley gave up his idea of forming "associations" among the poor Irish people, and turned his face toward England again. By the middle of April we find him, with his wife and her "illuminated" elder sister, once more domiciled in Wales, near Cwm Elan, where he had visited his cousin the Summer before. Here began his friendship with Thomas Love Peacock, then a bright youth of twenty-six, and a combination of the poet and the laughing philosopher. After a month or two of the Welsh retirement, the Shelley household moved to Lynmouth, in Devonshire, England, where they spent the Summer in almost idyllic happiness. The young poet worked on "Queen Mab," and disseminated a new "Declaration of Rights," in pamphlet form, by means of freighted fire-balloons, and flotillas of corked bottles, which he embarked on the Lynmouth beach, in the hope that favoring winds might waft them to where they would do the most good. In September the little household again migrated to Wales, accompanied by Miss Hitchener, and took up their temporary abode in the little town of Tremadoc, on the Carnarvonshire coast. Shelley rented the villa of Tanyrallt, perched on a high rock in the midst of noble scenery. Here the young poet-philosopher, always enthusiastic over any project for bettering the life of man, interested himself in the construction of an embankment which was to reclaim a large tract of sea-marsh. It was partly with the object of soliciting subscriptions for this work that he visited London in October; but the most important result of that visit was the personal introduction of himself and Harriet to the Godwin household. The latter consisted of the veteran philosopher and his second wife, their young son, Fanny Imlay Godwin (Mary Wollstonecraft's daughter), Jane Clairmont (daughter of Mrs. Godwin by her first marriage), and Godwin's only daughter, named Mary Wollstonecraft, after the mother who died at her birth.

The financial mission to London proving unsuccessful, Shelley returned to Wales, still entangled and perplexed in the embankment project, but "the happiest of the happy" at home with Harriet, and doing his best to relieve the distress of the poor of the neighborhood.

It was in February, 1813, that Shelley also undertook to raise £1,000 for Leigh Hunt and his brother, who had been thrown into prison for libeling the Prince Regent; but the brothers declined to let their friends tax themselves for this object. At his master's suggestion, the young disciple of Godwin entered upon a course of historical reading during the Winter, indulging his own tastes, meanwhile, with Kant and Spinoza. He also wrote a series of moral and religious essays, which never got into print.

Shelley's residence at Tanyrallt was suddenly brought to a close, in the last week of February, by a mysterious occurrence—a midnight attack by either a burglar or an assassin, which has been a source of perplexity to biographers. Whether the outrage was real, or only a creation of Shelley's overwrought and excitable fancy, is still a disputed point. Shelley was frequently a sufferer from the persecution of his own fantasies, against which his friend Peacock prescribed the materialistic remedy of "three mutton chops, well peppered"; for during the greater portion of his life the poet affected vegetarianism. At any rate, the Shelleys left Wales for Ireland, made a tour of the Lakes of Killarney, and a month later were back in London.

The Summer of 1813 was spent mostly in London lodgings, where Ianthe, the first child of Shelley and Harriet, was born, in June. He was extremely fond of the babe, and addressed to it a beautiful sonnet, which also expresses his affection for Harriet—an affection fated so soon to be broken. As the weeks passed, Harriet delegated the nursing of her child to a hireling, while a more positive source of annoyance arose in the fact that Eliza Westbrook, whom Shelley now vehemently disliked, over-asserted her authority as self-constituted guardian and superintendent of the household.

During this Summer there were excursions and visits to Bracknall, the Lakes and Edinburgh, and "Queen Mab" was printed, for private circulation only. About this time, too, appear the first unmistakable indications that the dream—for it could have been only a dream—of intellectual sympathy between Shelley and his wife was fast dissolving. Harriet, on her part, could not dwell for ever in a golden mist of liberty, equality and fraternity, subsisting on a vegetarian diet; and debts and duns were sorry accompaniments to the theory of human perfectibility. Professor Dowden not only accuses the girl wife of assuming an attitude of "hard alienation" toward her husband, but roundly asserts that "there is no doubt that she wandered from the ways of upright living;" and Shelley certainly believed as much at a period prior to the final separation. At the same time, various opinions and evidence to the contrary are recorded by Professor Dowden himself. The separation was, as we know, followed by a tragedy which clouded both Shelley's life and his reputation; but few who read the history of the case can avoid the conclusion of the biographer—viz., that, though Shelley's course was remotely an influence of perilous power to the unfortunate Harriet, by unsettling her principles and setting bad examples, he is free from immediate blame either for her conduct or her death. But Shelley has rarely been judged with impartiality, either for good or ill.

Returning to the narration of the events themselves, we find Shelley in London in June, 1814, and virtually separated from his wife. His revered friend Godwin being in financial distress, the poet undertook the hopeless task of raising a large sum of money for him; and the intercourse between the two became close. In one of his calls at the philosopher's house in Skinner Street, in May or early in June, Shelley's eyes first rested with interest on Godwin's daughter Mary, now just returned from a long visit in Scotland—a girl in her seventeenth year, with shapely golden head, a face very pale and pure, great forehead, earnest hazel eyes, and an expression at once of sensibility and firmness about her delicately curved lips. From her father she had inherited clearness and precision of intellect and firmness of will; from her mother, sensibility and ardor, with an imaginative power which quickened and widened her sympathies.

Shelley had never met a woman who united in herself so many high attractions as Mary; and assuredly she had never known a being composed of elements so fine and rare as those which made up the nature of Shelley. Before the close of June it was known and felt by both that they were in love, though they did not yet dare to dream of a possible union.

Meanwhile, Harriet had separated herself completely from her husband, and taken up her residence at Bath. On July 7th, it appears from the letters published, she writes to their mutual friend Hookham, the bookseller, in a tone of anxiety at the want of any news from Shelley for four days past. On July 8th Godwin remonstrates with Mary, and Shelley writes asking Harriet to come to London, where she arrives on July 14th. The charge of previous desertion made against Shelley is sufficiently disposed of by Harriet's letter to Hookham, and Shelley now seems to have tried to arrange a formal separation, and certainly told Harriet of his love for Mary Godwin. Harriet was indignant; but Professor Dowden very justly doubts, in the face of Peacock's testimony, "that Harriet consented to a separation, or yielded to it as inevitable, recognizing the fact that it would be final." On July 28th Shelley and Mary fled to the Continent, taking with them Jane Clairmont, "to rescue her from Mrs. Godwin's unphilosophic training."

Shelley certainly *believed* Harriet unfaithful before he linked his life with that of Mary Godwin. This is all that Professor Dowden considers established. "When Shelley parted finally from Harriet, he did so, as it were, under a judicial decree, not, indeed, in legal form, but issued—issued, as I believe, rashly—by himself, as judge in his own cause." Hogg, Peacock, Hookham, Leigh Hunt and others were convinced that Harriet was perfectly innocent. Professor Dowden's point is, that if Shelley was convinced, however erroneously, of her guilt, he naturally held himself free to form fresh ties.

When Shelley fled with Mary and Miss Clairmont, to make an eccentric and adventurous tour through France and Switzerland, he did not, in the full sense of the word, desert Harriet. He left money for her at the banker's, which she drew and used. He wrote to her during his journey, and looked after her welfare upon his return to London in September. When, two months later, her second child was born, he owned it and provided for it. Shelley left the two children in Harriet's care, as he afterward declared in Chancery, upon her urgent entreaty, but with no idea of yielding his right over them except in their early years. When his father finally came to terms, he gave her money to pay her debts, and set apart to her credit £200 a year, a fifth part of his allowance.

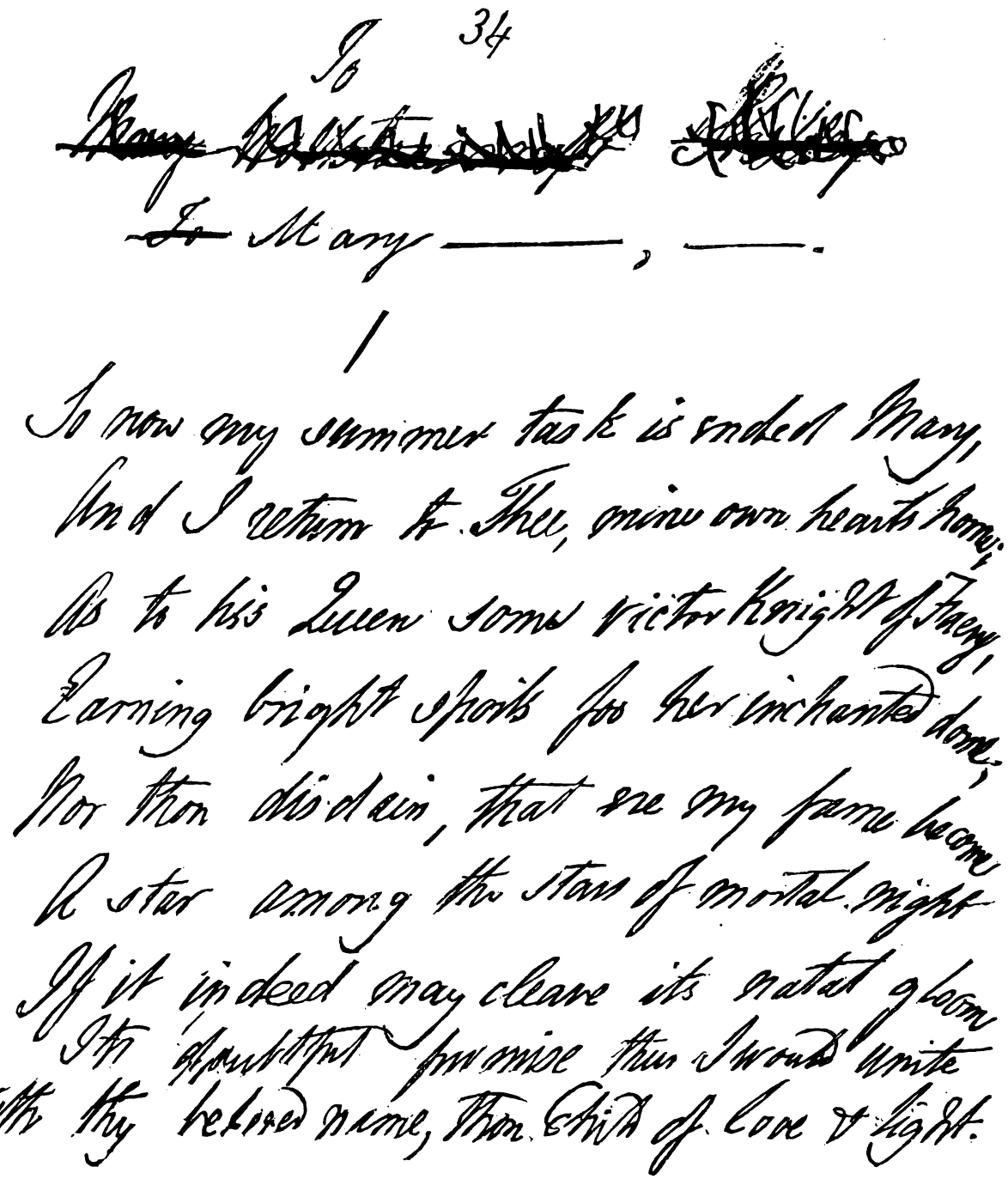
About this time began the extortions of Godwin, who, though he now refused to hold communication with Shelley except through an attorney, drew upon him for large sums, which the poet raised at great sacrifice on *post-obits*. Well might Mary, in view of the strange inconsistencies of the vanity of virtue, utter the exclamation recorded in her journal—"*Oh, philosophy!*"

Ill-health, financial worriment and other troubles darkened the opening of the year 1815 for Shelley and Mary. On February 22d, or a few days earlier, a seven-months' babe—a girl—was born; but it lived only a few days. Things brightened, however, with approaching Summer, and Shelley took a country house on the borders of Windsor Park, at Bishopsgate, and near the sylvan Thames. Here he wrote "Alastor," which shows a marked advance upon his previous work, and may be regarded as his first high achievement in poetry. The death of his grandfather assured him a comfortable income, and he read, studied and wrote in comparative tranquillity through the Summer and Autumn. On January 24th, 1816, Mary gave birth to a boy—beloved of his parents, and a centre of hope and joy during a few years; beloved in memory and mourned for ever when those few years had fled—to whom the name of William, that of Mary's father, was given.

Godwin still refused to see Shelley's face or to take his hand, yet he still petitioned for Shelley's money.

The economical motives which determined Shelley, in the Spring of 1816, to withdraw from his native country are apparent, at least in part, to one who has read the letters to Godwin at this time. It is also evident that, suffering acutely (more, perhaps, on Mary's account than his own) from the social odium and stigma consequent upon his unwedded union with one whom he regarded as, in the truest and deepest sense, his wife, he now proposed to make the experiment of a residence among strangers. Accordingly, in May, Shelley, accompanied by Mary and Clara (Jane) Clairmont, started for Paris *en route* to Geneva. Of Miss Clairmont's history, during the interval between the Summer of 1815 and her departure with Shelley and Mary for the Continent, few

traces can be recovered, but during that interval she had made the acquaintance of Lord Byron, having sought his assistance to secure her a theatrical engagement at the Drury Lane Theatre. Byron was at this time in his twenty-ninth year, and already the most famous poet in England. Clara (or Claire) Clairmont, as she now called herself, was a dark-haired, dark-eyed, olive-cheeked girl, a few months younger than Mary—born on April 27th, 1798.



FAC-SIMILE OF SHELLEY'S DEDICATION OF "THE REVOLT OF ISLAM."

Of the intimacy which had sprung up between Byron and Miss Clairmont, Shelley and Mary were ignorant. Byron had left England for good in April, and was now sojourning at Geneva—whither, either by chance or by a suddenly formed design, the Shelley party followed him. The two poets were familiar with each other's writings; and at the Sécheron Hotel, on the lake-shore, they now met personally for the first time.

Finding, probably, the cost of living at a hotel excessive, and looking forward to a residence of some months in the neighborhood of Geneva, Shelley, with Mary and Clara and little William, moved by the end of May from Sécheron to a cottage, known as Campagne Chapuis or Campagne Mont Alègre, about two miles from the city, near Coligny, on the opposite side of the lake. The cottage, separated from the water's edge only by a small garden overgrown by trees, stood some five or eight minutes' walk below the Villa Diodati, where Milton, returning from Italy in 1639, had visited his friend Dr. John Diodati, the Genevan Professor of Theology. This villa Byron rented, taking refuge there, early in June,

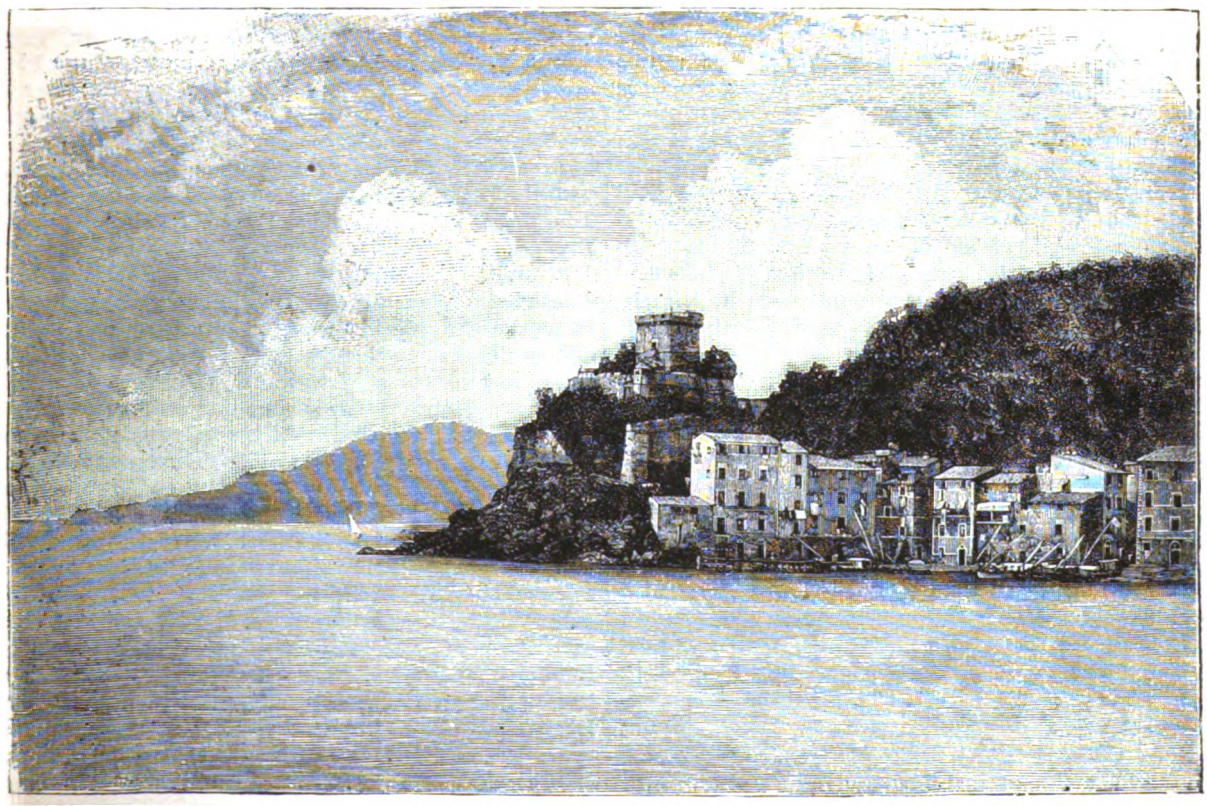
from British tourists and gossip-mongers. Before Byron's migration from Sécheron, he would cross the lake to visit his friends at Mont Alègre, and as he returned over the darkened waters, says Mrs. Shelley, "the wind from far across bore us his voice," singing a Tyrolean song of liberty, by Moore. On his arrival at Diodati, Shelley was his constant companion upon the water. As June went by, the voyagers conceived and executed their happy project of circumnavigating the lake. This occupied several delightful, adventurous days. During one of these days, while detained by stress of weather in the little inn at Ouchy, Byron, who the day before had traced the foot-step-marks of Bonnivard in his dungeon, wrote with swift, sure strokes, "The Prisoner of Chillon." The stanzas on Clarens and Rousseau, in the third canto of "Childe Harold," were also probably written under the immediate impression of the scenes described. Shelley's creative power lay for the time in abeyance, but it has been generally acknowledged that something of his influence and inspiration can be discerned or felt in Byron's poetry of the Genevan sojourn.

THE VILLA MAGNI, 1822.

In July, Shelley and Mary visited Chamouni, and it was in the sublime presence of the "Monarch of Mountains" that the poem on Mont Blanc, and the noble "Hymn to Intellectual Beauty" were conceived. At the same time Mary was at work on a weird tale of her own, since famous in literature under the title of "Frankenstein."

On August 28th they floated for the last time on the sapphire waters of the lake, and the next day were *en route* for England. They proceeded through France, by way of Dijon, Auxerre and Versailles, to Paris; and the Imperial House, described in the fifth canto of the "Revolt of Islam"—a "gorgeous grave," its storied walls answering vacantly to the footfalls of Laon, while the twilight gathers "like a charnel's mist within the radiant dome"—is undoubtedly a reminiscence of the solitude and desolation of Versailles as the poet saw it in 1816.

Shelley, upon his return to England, took up his



PORTO VENERE, FROM THE ISOLA PALMARIA.

residence temporarily at Bath, and Claire Clairmont was still a member of the household. At what precise date Shelley and Mary became aware of the fact that she had, in reckless passion, given herself to Byron, is uncertain; but the anticipated birth of Byron's child could scarcely have been unknown to them when they landed in England. Claire was most anxious to conceal what had taken place from Godwin and her mother, and Shelley and Mary had no desire to betray her secret.

Before the close of this eventful year, two calamitous events, falling nearly together, almost overwhelmed Shelley, both mentally and physically. In October, the gentle and unhappy Fanny Godwin, to whom he was tenderly attached—and who, it had been rumored, secretly loved him—put an end to her own life. In December, Harriet Shelley was found drowned in the Serpentine River, in Hyde Park, London. At what precise date Harriet disappeared from the cognizance of Shelley we cannot say. But we know that in November he was seeking for her, and seeking in vain. According to the story which reached him, and which he accepted as true, Harriet, through her sister's influence, had been driven from her father's house, and being subsequently deserted by one on whom she had a claim for kindness and consideration, she sought in death a speedy and desperate issue from her perplexities and griefs. That no unkindness of Shelley's during the two years which immediately preceded her death tended to cause her to destroy herself seems certain. Yet his example had not been an example of the patience, endurance and self-denial which, when old ties are broken, should be practiced before the formation of new ties. Had such self-denying fortitude been his, not only would his life have been saved from much misrepresentation and pain, not only would he have left a nobler precedent for other lives entangled in like difficulties with his own, but a strenuous virtue might have passed from his life into his art, which would have strengthened its nerve and fibre, and enriched and sobered its enthusiasm. But Shelley could not be other than Shelley, possessing, to borrow the French phrase, the defects of his qualities; and at twenty-two neither was his judgment mature nor his moral temper fully formed.

Two duties now lay before Shelley. One of these was fulfilled by the performance, at St. Mildred's Church, of the ceremony which made Mary Godwin his legally wedded wife. The other—to recover from the Westbrooks possession of his children—cost him a long, bitter and unsuccessful struggle in Chancery. The proceedings, although the main question was decided in March, 1817, did not come to a close until midsummer of the following year, when Shelley and his wife had been for some months residents in Italy. As is well known, Lord Eldon refused to give the children, Charles and Ianthe, into their father's care, though he allowed Shelley to name their future guardians.

From February, 1817, until their final departure for Italy in March, 1818, the Shelleys lived once more by the Thames' side, at the peaceful old town of Great Marlow. Their house was a large one, with an ornamental front, a considerable garden to the rear, and surrounded by pleasant prospects. Here Shelley hoped that he had found a lifelong resting-place, or, if not this, that at least it should be his home while Sir Timothy Shelley held the family estates. Here, with her husband, her books and her blue-eyed boy, Mary was happy. And here was Claire, with her beautiful babe, the daughter of Byron, born January 12th, and christened Alba Allegra. Leigh Hunt and his family, Hogg, Peacock, Horace Smith, Godwin and other friends were near enough to visit and to be visited. One memorable evening, three "Young Poets"—Shelley, Keats and J. Hamilton Reynolds—of all of whom great things had been predicted by Leigh Hunt in an *Examiner* article, supped together at Hampstead with their generous critic. Keats, we are told by Leigh Hunt "did not take to Shelley as kindly as Shelley did to him."

As the warm weather came on, Shelley's health and spirits were much benefited by boating excursions on the river. He had christened his wandering pinnace the *Vaga;* "bond," added a witty neighbor in letters on the stern. "I have often met him," writes a correspondent of Lady Shelley's, "going or coming from his island retreat near Medmenham Abbey. . . . He was the most interesting figure I ever saw; his eyes like a deer's, bright but rather wild; his white throat unfettered; his slender, but to me almost faultless, shape; his brown, long coat, with curling lambs' wool collar and cuffs—in fact his whole appearance—are as fresh in my recollection as an occurrence of yesterday." During this Summer he began "Prince Athanase," and completed the English portion of "Rosalind and Helen" and "Laon and Cynthia." The latter poem, better known under its later title of "The Revolt of Islam," was, according to Medwin, the result of a friendly rivalry between Shelley and Keats, the latter's "Endymion" having been begun about the same time.

During his residence at Marlow, Shelley's beneficence to his poorer neighbors was continuous. He went from cottage to cottage with gifts of food and clothing, and in the Winter of 1817 suffered from a severe attack of ophthalmia caught during his brotherly ministrations. Aiding Godwin to the utmost of his power, and bestowing liberal gifts on Peacock, his own resources were at times slender enough; yet each week, whatever happened, he contrived to put by a certain sum for the poor.

During the Summer and Autumn days the house at Marlow was a hive of workers. "Frankenstein" being now in the hands of the publishers, Mary occupied herself in August and October, before and not long after the birth of her little girl, Clara (September 2d), in transcribing, with emendations and additions, the journal of her tour with Shelley to the Continent, in 1814, together with the letters from Geneva of 1816. The "Six Weeks' Tour," accepted by Hookham, was published by him in December.

Before the beginning of the year 1818, Shelley's health demanded a change of climate, and Italy was talked of. Moreover, the prospect of a journey thither suggested an easy mode of conveying the child Allegra safe to Venice, where Byron was at present residing. By March the matter was settled; and, having disposed of the lease of their house at some sacrifice, the whole party set out, on the 11th, for the Continent. There were the Shelleys and their two children, Miss Clairmont and little Allegra, a Swiss nurse and an English maid. The next day the poet looked his last upon the shores of England. The party traveled in their own carriage from Calais to Milan, crossing the Alps *viâ* Mont Cenis. The first sight of Italy delighted them, and they lingered at Milan and Como until May 1st. Then little Allegra was sent to Lord Byron at Venice, in care of the nurse, and the Shelleys, with Claire, crossed the Apennines to Pisa and Leghorn. Byron's heart had hardened toward the woman whom he had wronged. She feared that the separation from her child might be absolute and final; but the decision had been made, and no doubts or apprehensions ought to

stand in the way of Allegra's brilliant future as daughter of an English nobleman—the most illustrious poet of Europe.

At Leghorn resided Mr. and Mrs. Gisborne, to whom Shelley bore a letter of introduction from Godwin; and Mary could not but take a peculiar interest in forming the acquaintance of a lady who was an old and valued friend of her father. The travelers enjoyed two or three weeks' intercourse with these new friends, and then repaired to the Baths of Lucca. Among the chestnut woods and flowery Apennine fields they passed pleasantly the hot midsummer, Shelley reading the Greek dramatists, translating Plato's "Symposium," and finishing "Rosalind and Helen."

Letters received from Venice about the middle of August having decided Claire to hasten thither, Shelley determined to accompany her, with the idea of seeing Byron on her behalf. The two reached Venice at midnight, on August 22d, and the next morning called on the Hoppners (the English Consul and his family, with whom Allegra was temporarily left), and obtained an account of Byron's mode of life, which was far from reassuring. In the afternoon Shelley called alone on "Albé" (the name to which "Lord Byron" is abbreviated in most of the letters of this period), and was received with effusion. The two poets went in a gondola to the Lido, and Byron repeated some stanzas of the fourth canto of "Childe Harold," fresh from the mint. The Lido excursion and its conversation are reproduced in Shelley's "Julian and Maddalo." Byron in a friendly mood proposed that Shelley should occupy for a time the villa at Este, which he had himself taken for two years as a place of *villeggiatura*. It was beautifully situated among the Euganean Hills, close to the old castle of the Este family, and within a few miles of Arqua, where Petrarch dwelt and died. Here Claire might welcome Allegra, and for a time enjoy companionship with her child. Such a proposal Shelley, well pleased to have attained the object of his journey, could not but accept. He therefore summoned Mary from Lucca, and she came at once, bringing the children with her. Little Clara, alas! was taken ill on the journey, and, to the grief and despair of her parents, died a few days after her arrival.

The Autumn days were spent sadly at the Villa d'Este. Shelley's beautiful "Lines Written among the Euganean Hills" have in them the purified gladness in sorrow of an autumnal day upon the heights.

The most important, however, of Shelley's poetical enterprises during these early months in Italy, was his "Prometheus Unbound." During all his Italian wanderings he had meditated this subject, and before he left Este, in October, the first act of the immortal poem-drama was nearly completed.

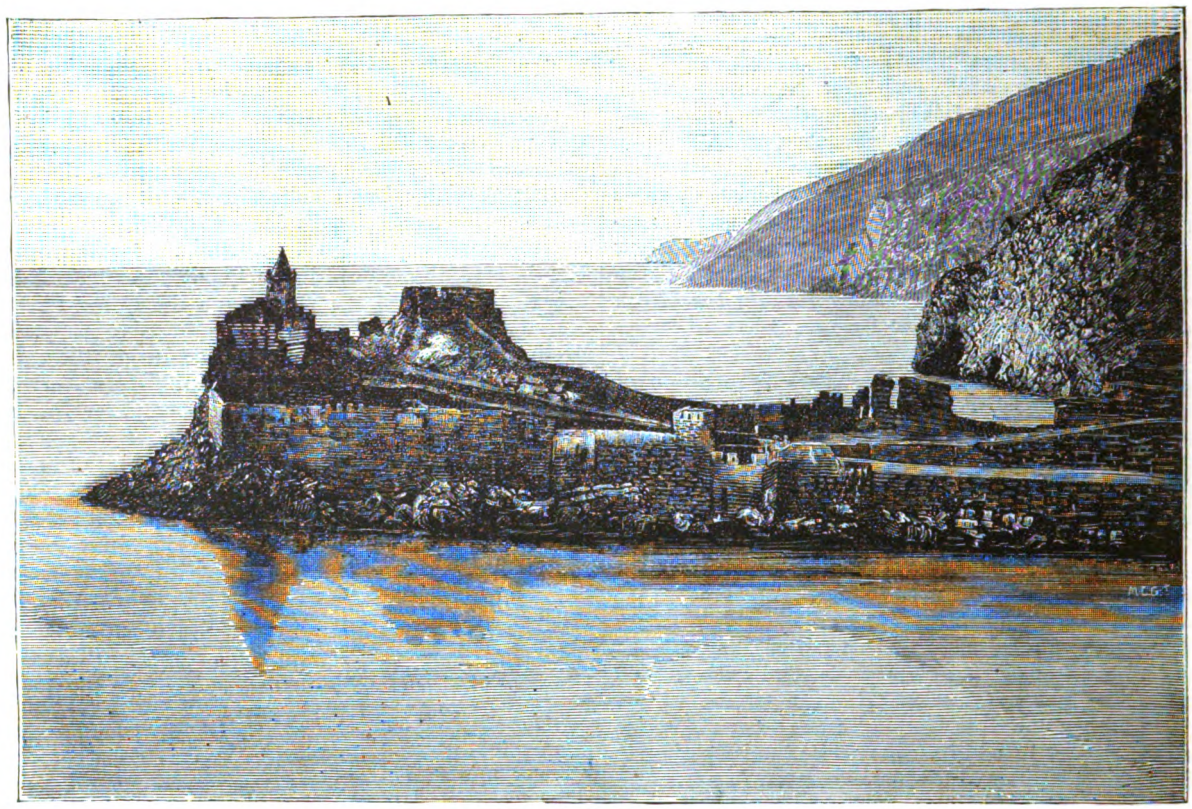
With November came the return to Venice, and Claire's second bitter parting with her child; and then the wanderers were on the road again—this time journeying to Naples, through Rome. The first impression of the Eternal City exceeded anything which Shelley had previously experienced in his travels. It is notable that on this first visit to Rome, one spot, in after-days to be for ever associated with his poetry and with his life and death, was viewed by Shelley with deep and solemn interest. "The English burying-place," he writes, "is a green slope near the walls, under the pyramidal tomb of Cestius, and is, I think, the most beautiful and solemn cemetery I ever beheld."

Among the many memorable days in and about Naples, three stood out conspicuous for wonder and delight—December 8th, when Baiæ was visited; December 16th, when the adventurous wanderers ascended Vesuvius; and December 22d, when they stood among the silent theatres and temples of Pompeii. All these are reflected in the poems of this period. It had been Shelley's plan to return in the Spring to Rome, where he had hoped to spend three months in the study of its treasures of antiquity and art. Illness confined him much to the house during February, but on the 23d of that month he was well enough to start, with Mary and Claire, on a long-contemplated expedition to Pæstum. By the 5th of March, 1819, they were back in Rome. Having obtained lodgings in the Palazzo Verospi, on the Corso, Shelley, Mary and Claire set themselves vigorously to study. The liveliness of the city lay in abeyance during the earlier part of the season of Lent; but in 1819, Holy Week was celebrated with more than ordinary pomp, for the Emperor of Austria was a visitor to Rome.

It was in solitude, among the flowery ruins of ancient Rome, that his highest mountings of the mind, his finest trances of thought, came to Shelley. The first act of his "Prometheus Unbound" had been achieved for the most part in the summer-house of his garden at Este. The second and third acts were wrought out amid surroundings fitted to sustain his imagination in its highest endeavors. The days were bright and beautiful, and in the mountainous ruins of the Baths of Caracalla he lived in communion at once with nature and with the energies of human genius. Shelley himself, writing of this poem more truly and happily than any of his critics, says: "The blue sky of Rome, and the effect of the vigorous awakening of Spring in that divinest climate, and the new life with which it drenches the spirits even to intoxication, were the inspiration of this drama." Before leaving Rome, Shelley and his wife suffered a second affliction, in the death of their beloved child, William.

From June to October the desolate household established itself at the Villa Valsovano, an airy little country house, at a short distance from Leghorn—about half-way between the city and Monte Nero. The house stood at the end of a green lane, and was surrounded by a tiny estate, worked as a market-garden. The Summer was one of unusual heat, diversified by thunderstorms of majestic terror. There was refreshment for the senses in the vine festoons alternating with rows of cabbages; in the olive, fig and peach trees; in the myrtle hedges, with their faint, sweet perfume; in green, grassy walks leading through the vines; and in the creak of the waterwheel as the process of irrigation went on. The Gisbornes, Mary's friends, were near by; and Shelley found distraction in writing "The Cenci." The following Autumn, and the early part of the Winter, were spent in Florence, which, until the severe cold came, proved a fortunate environment for Shelley's spirit. In November, Mrs. Shelley's third child, a boy, was born. He received his father's name, Percy, to which was added Florence, the name of his place of birth. Comforting his mother's heart after her affliction of 1819, he continued to fulfil the promise of his birth, and remained her centre of joy and comfort through all losses and trials to the close of her life.

In December, the last act of "Prometheus Unbound" was thus triumphantly brought to a close. Several weeks earlier, on a day when the tempestuous west wind was collecting the vapors which pour down the Autumnal rains, Shelley conceived, and in great part wrote, in a wood that skirted the Arno, that ode in which there is a union of lyrical breadth with lyrical intensity unsurpassed in English song—the "Ode to the West Wind."



THE POINT OF LERICI.

The greater part of Shelley's life, from January, 1820, to its close, was spent at Pisa, at that time a stately, tranquil and somewhat desolate city, whose former population of 120,000 had dwindled down to 18,000. The early days there glided by quietly, Shelley reading the Bible and the Greek dramatists, and translating Spinoza, while Mary wrote at his dictation. Claire gave music lessons in the families of their English friends. Captain Medwin, Shelley's cousin, visited Pisa, but the Gisbornes departed on a visit to England; and with their departure

SAN TERENZIO.

and that of their son the enterprise of building a steamboat, in which Shelley had invested many airy hopes and not a little solid coin, came to a standstill.

In May, the Shelleys returned to Leghorn, and installed themselves in the house of the Gisbornes, which had been left unoccupied. Here, among myrtle hedges, and near the bustling city, the Summer passed pleasantly enough, being varied in August by a visit to the baths of San Giuliano, near Pisa. The final departure from Leghorn was hastened by a flood, caused by the overflow of the Serchio, and by the end of October Shelley was back in Pisa for the Winter. Claire, meanwhile, had gone to Florence to take a position as governess in the family of a German professor.

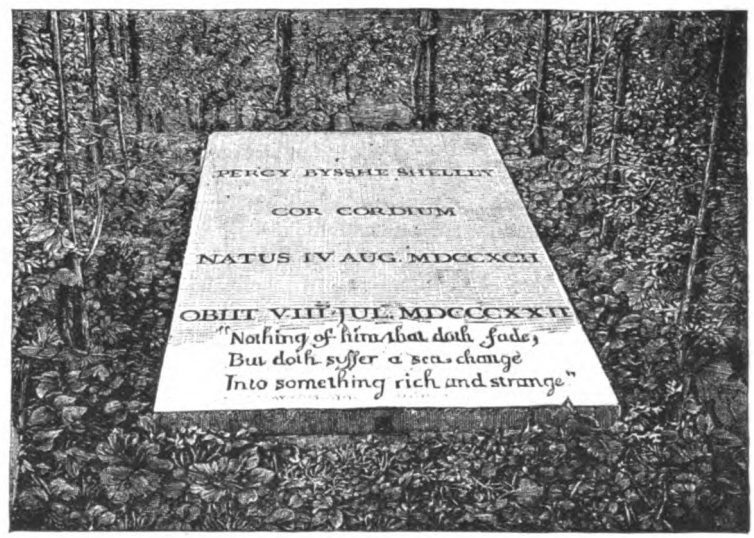
Among the Italian acquaintances formed at Pisa was that with Emilia Viviani, a beautiful and sentimental Italian girl of noble family, who was an unwilling inmate of the Convent of St. Anna. Shelley, with his customary tendency to idealization, made her the heroine of his glowing poem, "Epipsychidion." Afterward, when Emilia proved herself no other than an ordinary human creature, Shelley felt a certain humiliation in remembering how his heart had been the dupe of his imagination. In January, 1821, Lieutenant Edward Williams, a comrade of Medwin's, came to Pisa with his wife and child, and the family were soon added to the list of Shelley's most intimate friends. Keats came to Italy, ill and depressed, in the latter part of the year 1820, and died at Rome in February, 1821. Shelley had urged him to come to Pisa, but the invitation was not accepted. It was not until weeks after the untimely death of the gifted young poet that Shelley received the first tidings of the event. He then wrote that impassioned elegy, "Adonais," which Professor Dowden calls "the costliest monument in verse ever erected to the memory of an English singer."

EDWARD JOHN TRELAWNY, DIED, AUG. 13TH, 1881.

THE ENGLISH CEMETERY AT ROME.

In August, Shelley visited Byron at Ravenna. This was the time of the well-known scandal, started by discharged servants, affecting Shelley and Claire. Suffice it to say that these charges are proved to have been as false as they were monstrous, while Byron's connection with the affair places him in anything but a favorable light. It was he who communicated the accusations to Shelley, having received them, on a charge of secrecy, from the Hoppners; and when Mary Shelley wrote from Pisa a passionate letter, entirely exonerating her husband and exposing the falsity of the calumny, Byron deliberately suppressed it.

This episode, however, did not break the friendship between the two poets; for we find Shelley urging Byron to join the English colony at Pisa. The two began to talk over the plan of starting a Liberal review, to be published at Pisa, and in which Leigh Hunt should go shares, coming to Italy for the purpose. Shelley wrote to Hunt,



IN THE CEMETERY AT ROME.

who jumped at the proposition, though he did not arrive in Italy until the following June.

Byron removed to Pisa on November 1st, 1821, leaving little Allegra in the convent of Bagnacavallo, and about the same time the Shelleys entered the new apartment, which they had furnished for themselves, at the top of the Tre Palazzi di Chiesa on the Lung' Arno, just opposite Byron's prouder dwelling-place, the Lanfranchi Palace.

Before many weeks had passed, difficulties—some of them connected with Hunt, to whom money had to be sent—arose between Shelley and Byron; but Shelley's regard for the interests of his friend called forth whatever tact he possessed, and he succeeded in holding Byron to his original design; although manuscripts of the impatient poet were ready for publication in the projected *Liberal*, and were eager to see the light. It was indeed, under difficult circumstances, a triumph of diplomacy.

The opening year of 1822 had added to the circle of Shelley's acquaintance one remarkable figure—that of Edward John Trelawny, the son of an army officer belonging to an old Cornish family. Young Trelawny was nearly of Shelley's age, being in his twenty-ninth year. His life had been one of wandering and adventure by sea and land. It was now his intention, in company with Edward Williams and an old naval friend, Captain Daniel Roberts, to hunt during the Winter months in the wildest part of the Maremma, and he had shipped his guns and dogs for Leghorn. From Genoa he had driven to Pisa to find Williams, and to form the acquaintance of Shelley and Byron, with whom he hoped to spend the following Summer, boating in the Mediterranean. On January 14th he arrived.

"The Williamses," he writes, in a well-known and delightful chapter of his "Recollections," "received me in their earnest, cordial manner; we had a great deal to communicate to each other, and were in loud and animated conversation, when I was rather put out by observing in the passage near the open door, opposite to where I sat, a pair of glittering eyes steadily fixed on mine; it was too dark to make out whom they belonged to. With the acuteness of a woman, Mrs. Williams's eyes followed the direction of mine, and, going to the doorway, she laughingly said: 'Come in, Shelley; it's only our friend Tre just arrived.'

"Swiftly gliding in, blushing like a girl, a tall, thin stripling held out both his hands; and, although I could scarcely believe, as I looked at his flushed, feminine and artless face, that it could be the poet, I returned his warm pressure. After the ordinary greetings and courtesies, he sat down and listened. I was silent with astonishment; was it possible this mild-looking, beardless boy could be the veritable monster at war with all the world? . . . . . I could not believe it; it must be a hoax."

Trelawny, whom Hunt pictures "with his knight-errant aspect, dark, handsome, and mustachioed," interested Shelley and Mary more, perhaps, than any acquaintance whom they had made since their friend Prince Mavrocordato, the inspirer of "Hellas," sailed for Greece. "A kind of half-Arab Englishman," so Mary described him to Mrs. Gisborne, after some three weeks' intimacy, "whose life has been as changeful as that of Anastasius, and who recounts the adventures of his youth as eloquently and as well as the imagined Greek. He is clever; for his moral qualities, I am yet in the dark. He is a strange web which I am endeavoring to unravel. I would fain learn if generosity is united to impetuousness, nobility of spirit to his assumption of singularity and independence. He is six feet high; raven-black hair, which curls thickly and shortly like a Moor's; dark-gray, expressive eyes; overhanging brows; upturned lips, and a smile which expresses good-nature and kind-heartedness. His shoulders are high, like an Oriental's; his voice is monotonous, yet emphatic; and his language, as he relates the events of his life, energetic and simple, whether the tale be one of blood and horror or of irresistible comedy."

When, on the day after his arrival, Trelawny paid his second call at the Tre Palazzi, he brought with him the model of an American schooner, whereupon followed discussion of boats and boating, and before the friends parted it was settled that a boat thirty feet long should be built for Shelley and Williams, and a letter was written by Trelawny to Captain Roberts at Genoa to begin his shipbuilding at once. In her transcript of Williams's journal, Mrs. Shelley appends a note to the entry for January 15th: "Thus on that night—one of gayety and thoughtlessness—Jane's * and my miserable destiny was decided."

Three weeks later, on February 7th, Shelley and Williams started for Spezzia to take houses for the Summer colony on the Mediterranean shore. They were unsuccessful, and several weary house-hunting expeditions followed during the next two months. During one of these, about the middle of April, they received from the Convent of Bagnacavallo the sad news of Allegra's death. Byron felt the loss bitterly; and Shelley, dreading some violent outbreak of passion from Claire, who had temporarily returned from Florence, resolved to conceal the tidings from her as long as possible.

Casa Magni, the house finally secured by Shelley for his Summer residence—a white house with arches, which once had been a Jesuit convent—is situated near the fishing village of San Terenzio, in the depth of a cove on the eastern side of the Bay of Spezzia. A steep hill shelters it behind, from which the olive-trees had been removed by the proprietor of 1822 (reputed to be insane), in order to make room for a young plantation of forest trees.

The house, when taken possession of by the English party on May 1st, 1822, consisted of a ground floor and one story. The ground floor, which was unpaved, was used for storing boat-gear and fishing-tackle, and might almost have been reached by the waves. Two staircases, one public, the other intended for a private staircase, led to the large dining-hall, off which, to the rear, was Mrs. Williams's bedroom; while the seaward rooms, occupied by Mary and Shelley, faced each other on opposite sides of the central hall. The special advantage which Casa Magni owned, beside its noble prospect and lovely surroundings, was a terrace or veranda of considerable width, which ran the whole length of the house.

Once installed in this romantic abode, Shelley broke to Claire the news of her affliction. "You may judge," Mary wrote to Mrs. Gisborne, "of what was her first burst of grief and despair." Next day (May 3d) she was calmer; her chief desire was to look at the coffin before its transit to England, and, if possible, to possess a likeness of her child and a lock of her golden hair. Through Shelley's endeavor these wishes were in part gratified; a miniature portrait of Allegra remained with her to the day of her death. The body was embalmed, and was buried at Harrow. Byron had "April 20th, 1822," inscribed on the mural tablet as the date of her death.

We find in Williams's journal, shortly after this date,

* Jane Williams.

the characteristic story that when walking with him on the terrace at Casa Magni, one moonlit evening, Shelley became violently excited as he looked steadfastly at the sea, replying to Williams's inquiries with, "There it is again, there!" and explaining after he had recovered himself that he saw, as plainly as he saw his companion, a naked child (Allegra) rise from the sea and clap her hands as in joy, smiling at him.

One afternoon the two friends descried a strange sail rounding the point of Porto Venere, which in due time proved to be the eagerly expected new boat from Genoa. Charles Vivian, an English sailor-lad who had come with her, was retained to help Williams and Shelley in working the boat. Owing to differences which had arisen between Shelley and Byron, she was christened the *Ariel*, instead of the *Don Juan*, as had been at first intended. She was without a deck, strongly built, schooner-rigged, and for her size carried ample sail. "It took," says Trelawny, "two tons of iron ballast to bring her down to her bearings, and then she was very cranky in a breeze, though not deficient in beam."

The incessant boating which followed benefited Shelley physically and mentally. "The Triumph of Life," begun at Pisa, is the expression of Shelley's mind in its mood of highest musing and imagining during the days upon the Gulf of Spezzia. Professor Dowden considers its verses the greatest and the wisest that Shelley ever penned. Leigh Hunt, with his family, after long delays, finally reached Italy; and on July 1st news came of his departure from Genoa for Leghorn. Shelley went thither in the *Ariel* to meet him; and a few days later the Hunts were comfortably installed in Byron's house at Pisa. For Hunt's sake it was now necessary that Shelley should endeavor to fix the vacillating will of Byron, and bind him to the fulfillment of his engagement. And, as in many other instances, he bore down all opposition and effected his purpose. Byron would settle in Lucca; Hunt should have the copyright of "The Vision of Judgment" for his first number. "This offer," Shelley wrote to Mary, "if sincere, is *more* than enough to set up the journal; and, if sincere, will set everything right." With the success of his effort on his friend's behalf, Shelley's spirits rose, and he seemed to his friends in better health than they had ever before known him. Yet the groundtone of his disposition, Hunt thought, was less sanguine than it had been in former times. "If I die to-morrow," he said to Mrs. Hunt, "I have lived to be older than my father; I am ninety years of age."

By Sunday, July 7th, all the work at Pisa had been done; and the next day, despite the threatening appearance of the sky, Shelley and Williams determined to sail for home. They had left Pisa for Leghorn the night before, and for reading on the voyage, Shelley took with him Hunt's copy of Keats's last volume—that containing the noble fragment of "Hyperion." Early in the afternoon the *Ariel* sailed out of the harbor of Leghorn, almost at the same moment with two feluccas. Trelawny watched her from Byron's yacht, the *Bolivar*, at anchor in the harbor. Captain Roberts, anxious on account of the coming storm, ascended the lighthouse-tower and kept her in view until she was off Via Reggio, ten miles out at sea; then the haze concealed her, and she was seen no more. The thunderstorm burst with terrific fury, and the small craft which had gone out came scudding back under bare poles; but Shelley's boat did not reappear.

It was not until the third day following that Trelawny, receiving no news from Casa Magni, went to Pisa to make inquiries. "I told my fears to Hunt," he writes, "and then went up-stairs to Byron. When I told him, his lip quivered, and his voice faltered as he questioned me. I sent a courier to Leghorn to dispatch the *Bolivar* to cruise along the coast, whilst I mounted my horse and rode in the same direction. I also dispatched a courier along the coast to go as far as Nice."

Meanwhile, there was equal anxiety at Casa Magni. On Friday, Mary Shelley and Jane Williams, unable to bear the suspense any longer, posted to Pisa, and appeared at Lord Byron's house like two ghosts. No one knew more than that Shelley and his friend had sailed from Leghorn on Monday, and that nothing had been heard from them since.

Yet all hope was not extinct. The boat might have been blown to Corsica or Elba, and, not knowing the coast, the voyagers might have sailed still further. It was said that they had been seen in the Gulf. The two unhappy women turned homeward once more, accompanied by Trelawny. At Via Reggio, they learned that a little boat and a water-cask, such as the *Ariel* had carried, had been found on the beach. "Arriving at Lerici," writes Mrs. Shelley, "we were obliged to cross our little bay in a boat. San Terenzio was illuminated for a festa. What a scene! The waving sea, the sirocco wind, the lights of the town toward which we rowed, and our own desolate hearts, they colored all with a shroud." Trelawny left them, two or three days later, to see what was doing by the searchers along the coast. He returned on the evening of the 19th. All was over. Two bodies, some three or four miles apart, had been found upon the beach; one near Via Reggio, in the Duchy of Lucca, the other in Tuscan territory. The latter, found on July 16th or 17th, had been buried in the sand thirty hours before Trelawny's arrival at the spot. The former, cast ashore on the 18th, was seen by him on the following day. The parts of the body not protected by clothing were fleshless. "The tall, slight figure," writes Trelawny, "the jacket, the volume of Sophocles in one pocket, and Keats's poems in the other, doubled back as if the reader, in the act of reading, had hastily thrust it away, were all too familiar to me to leave a doubt on my mind that this mutilated corpse was any other than Shelley's." A third body, supposed to be that of the sailor-boy, Charles Vivian, was found some time later, and buried in the sand.

Before the remains of Shelley and Williams could be removed, the local sanitary laws made it necessary that the bodies should be cremated. Accordingly Trelawny had a furnace constructed at Leghorn, and sent to Via Reggio. On the 15th of August, the body of Edward Williams was reduced to ashes, in the presence of Byron, Hunt, Trelawny, Captain Shenley, a quarantine officer and a squad of Italian soldiers. The next day the ceremony was repeated for the body of Shelley, at a spot three or four miles nearer to the Gulf of Spezzia. Again Hunt and Byron were present, having driven thither in a carriage; again the health officer and the soldiers, among them on this occasion some mounted dragoons. The people from the surrounding district flocked in crowds to witness so strange a spectacle. "The sea, with the islands of Gorgona, Capraja and Elba, was before us; old battlemented watch-towers stretched along the coast, backed by the marble-crested Apennines glistening in the sun, picturesque from their diversified outlines; and not a human dwelling was in sight." Three white wands stuck in the yellow sand from low water to high water mark indicated, but not with precision, the place of burial. An hour of silent toil went past before they had discovered the lime in which the body lay concealed; suddenly a mattock with a dull, hollow sound

struck the skull, causing a general shudder, while the men drew back. The furnace being placed and surrounded by wood, the remains were removed from their shallow resting-place. It was Byron's wish that the skull, which was of unusual beauty, should be preserved; but it almost instantly fell to pieces. Of the volume of Keats's poems which had been buried with Shelley's body, only the binding remained, and this was cast upon the pyre. Incense, salt and wine, were also cast among the flames. Although the fire was greater than that of the preceding day, the body was but slowly consumed, notwithstanding the heat. Three hours elapsed before it separated; it then fell open across the breast; the heart, which was unusually large, seemed impregnable to the fire. Trelawny plunged his hand into the flames and snatched this relic from the burning.

Byron, who could not face the scene, had swum off to his yacht. Leight Hunt looked on from the carriage. Having cooled the furnace in the sea, Trelawny collected the fragments of bones and the ashes, and deposited them in an oaken box.

Trelawny's men found the wreck of the *Ariel*, and raised her. She was stove in, as if she had been run down by a felucca in the squall. Captain Roberts afterward had her repaired and decked, but she proved unseaworthy, and was, finally, wrecked on one of the Ionian Islands.

The oaken coffer containing Shelley's ashes was sent to Rome, and placed in the new cemetery adjoining the old Protestant burial-ground, where lay the body of his boy William. In the Spring of 1823, Trelawny purchased a recess in the wall, near the pyramid of Caius Cestius, and had a tomb built, covered with a stone bearing the following words:

"PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY
COR CORDIUM
NATUS IV AUG. MDCCXCII
OBIIT VIII JUL. MDCCCXXII

"Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

Trelawny also prepared a tomb for himself beside that of Shelley; and his ashes were deposited there subsequent to his death in England in 1881.

THE SHELLEY MONUMENT, CHRISTCHURCH, HANTS.

Mary Shelley returned to England in the Autumn of 1823. On February 21st, 1851, she died. Shelley's son, Percy Florence, succeeded to the baronetcy on the death of his grandfather in April, 1844. In the monument, by Weekes, which Sir Percy and Lady Shelley had erected in the noble parish church of Christchurch, Hants, the feeling of Mary's heart, confided to the pages of her journal after her husband's death, is translated into monumental marble. Mrs. Williams also returned to England, and in 1826 became the wife of Shelley's former comrade, T. Jefferson Hogg. Miss Clairmont died unmarried in March, 1879. In Boscombe Manor, Bournemouth (the present seat of the Shelley family), in an alcove devoted to that purpose, the portraits, relics, journals, notebooks and letters of Shelley and Mary, duly ordered by Lady Shelley's hands, are preserved with love and reverence. This precious collection has furnished the basis for the thorough, impartial and authoritative "Life of Shelley," which has just been given to the world.

WILLIS.—"HE WAS SITTING AT A WRITING-TABLE WHEN I WENT INTO THE SOFTLY LIGHTED STUDIO, INTENTLY STUDYING SOME WRITING ON A BIT OF YELLOW PAPER."

WILLIS.

By Irene Widdemer Hartt.

I had not seen Willis Morrel for three months, although his home was not fifty miles from mine, when I was taken ill with the typhoid fever. For six months we had been engaged to be married, and lately he had been urging a speedy marriage. My parents, my brother and sister were reluctant to have me leave them, and the date of the wedding was still undecided, when I was taken ill. Willis was an artist by profession, and had settled in a picturesque town, nestling among the hills, to study landscape painting. He had ample means, and his time was entirely at his own command. I wondered why he never came, but I never asked, and if one of my family remarked it, I glibly enough told them that he was too busy to do so. Yet he had never given that excuse to me; he never gave me any. He simply did not come when I asked him.

I was rather glad when I lay with my throbbing head upon the pillow, for I thought he would surely come when he heard that I was ill. They wrote him immediately that I was sick, and that I asked for him. He sent me an affectionate letter and flowers. That was the last of which I was conscious. Through the night that settled upon me I was groping everywhere for him. Through hot fires, over burning mountains, on oceans where I could not slake my terrible thirst, and where the sun poured piteously down upon me, I was searching for him. I entreated him to come; only silence was the answer. This seemed an eternity, but it was only weeks, I suppose. Yet I cannot tell how long I tossed about, consumed by the dreadful fever. At length it left me, and, when I awoke from the stupor one morning, I was shorn of my strength, but knew dimly all that went on about me. The tide was going swiftly out, and my life was going with it. A faint breeze, which sprung up at the turn of the tide, blew upon me. My sister hastened to draw the covers over me more closely.

"Don't, Janey," my father said. "Let her have the air. It cannot hurt her now. It may refresh her, and keep her with us a little while longer."

"She is going very fast," my mother said, faintly.

"Going out with the tide," my father groaned.

They sat about me in silence while the tide went out.

The door opened quickly and quietly. A firm step came to my bedside, and a strong hand took mine caressingly. The lifeblood surged feebly back to my heart, and staid my going for a moment.

"Willis!" I murmured.

The darkness gathered about me so thickly that I could not see him.

"Not Willis, Dorothy, but Fred," my brother said, softly.

I was but dimly conscious of the great love and anguish in the faithful face which bent over me.

"Dear Fred!" I breathed.

They sat about me weeping, my white-haired father and mother, my sister and my brother. They must be weeping because Willis did not come. There was nothing else to grieve them, although they talked about somebody's going.

"He'll come," I whispered, to reassure them.

"Yes," Fred, answered, as he bent over me.

No one else spoke, and, though I lay with closed eyes, I somehow knew they shook their heads. The silence was only broken for a while by their sobs and the roaring of the sea without, as the tide ebbed. I knew that my mother leaned, half fainting, on the bed; that my father sat with wrinkled hands clasped in suffering; that my sister knelt by me, her young face buried in the pillow, and my brother with tearless eyes bent over me. He seemed to be taking the imprint of my face upon his heart, that, in the after years, when it would be long hidden from his sight, it would still be fresh in his memory.

"Going fast," he said, between his set teeth.

His voice was very far off. Maybe he meant that the tide was going out fast.

Once again they called me back, and for the last time my heart beat with a bit of its old-time life. It was my sister's words.

She raised her head from the pillow, and whispered across to Fred:

"You telegraphed to Willis, 'Dying'?"

I was alive again. If Willis was coming, I would not go out with the tide; or, if I had gone, I would have come back to him.

"Yes. I telegraphed him four times since yesterday," Fred was saying, bitterly. "There has been no answer."

"And just now?"

"That was my errand up-town. Nothing else could have taken me away from her."

"He may be sick himself, my son," interposed my father. "In the face of this great sorrow, let us be charitable."

"I try to be, father, but it has seemed to me that if he came, even now, it would save her life."

"No, no; the fever was too fierce. She had not strength to rally. She has made a brave fight, and now it is—is—over," he faltered, weeping aloud.

"Oh, father, father!" my sister sobbed. She turned on her knees, and threw her arms around his neck, mingling her tears with his. "She was too lovely to live. We have been too fond of her."

"We made her our idol," murmured Fred.

"Willis," I asked, "is he here yet?"

"Not yet," Fred answered, softly stroking my hair.

"Coming?"

"We hope so."

"I shall see him."

"We hope so," he repeated.

"I shall."

I knew my spirit could not leave this world till it had once more seen my betrothed.

The tide was going swiftly out, and, as the end drew near, my senses grew more acute. I heard and understood all the low-spoken words about me. Willis had not answered one of the many telegrams sent him, Fred softly told Janey.

"Why?" I asked myself, and somehow the words reached Fred's ears.

"He may not be at home, or may be coming," he returned.

"I will know why," I said.

Then everything faded away. The tide was going out—was gone. A sigh fluttered on my lips. I felt the passionate kisses on my face. I heard the women's cries and the strong men's sobs. Then I myself was looking down on the dark face which lay newly dead upon the pillow. I saw them bend over the wasted form to catch another breath, if perchance there might be one, hoping for one more moment of life.

Then my father toftered away, leading my mother, leaning upon her, as she leaned upon him.

My sister straightened the limbs, and folded the thin hands on the quiet breast. My brother closed the dark eyes which stared meaninglessly into his, and bound up the thin, dark face. Then they stood together, hand in hand, looking at what was once their sister. I stood by them, looking too. The girl Willis Morrel loved had a bright, blushing face, with cheeks softly rounded and sparkling eyes. I was glad now he had not come to see me shorn of the beauty he did so admire. I wanted him to remember me as I was in health, yet I watched the door, and listened to every footstep on the pavement below.

"Come," Fred said, at length. "Come, Janet, mother needs you."

He drew the sheet over the head and face, and they went out.

I remained. If Willis came, I must be there, too.

The tide was coming in tumultuously. A greater wind came with it, which swept in at the open window, playing with the drapery about the bed. Save that, there was silence in the house. I watched and waited for Willis. I heard the whistle of an incoming train, and

then rapid steps as they who came on it flocked by; but not one came in. Not one knew or cared that a young life had stopped short there.

Janet returned after a while, and drawing the sheet away, covered the dead face with kisses. I laid my hand on her head, almost expecting to see her turn.

"Janet!" I cried; "Janet!"

But she made no answer, only continued to sob bitterly, so I knew she did not hear me. Then I realized how impossible it would be for her to feel or hear me—I had no voice or touch. I had so often comforted her in her childish sorrows. She came to me with everything. Little things she hesitated to tell her mother, and later, all her love affairs, her hopes and fears, had been confided to me. Fred could not listen or care as I had, and now she must keep them all to herself, and maybe some time let her heart break over them.

"No one can miss you or care as I do, Dorothy," she wept. "You were more to me than you ever could be to Willis."

She drew up the cover again and went away. She had not been gone long when I heard a quick, light step on the street, then on the porch, and it came in. Willis was here at last. Up to my room the feet hastened. I was at the door to meet him, and lead him to the figure on the bed. But as I stood, with hands outstretched, Fred, not Willis, came in. He had been out again, and came directly to my room.

It was late in the afternoon when my spirit left the wornout body. It was nearly dark now, but the darkness made no difference to my vision. Darkness and the light were the same to me at last.

Fred uncovered my face and sat down by me with a hard, dry sob. I wished that the tears would come. There was despair in his face. I rested my hand on his head and spoke to him, but it was of no use. He did not hear me any more than Janet did. He was looking at the body, forgetting the spirit, and would not be comforted by its presence. I threw my arms about him, and he thought it was the breeze. When I whispered to him he thought it was the wind whistling among the branches.

Janet came in presently with the women who were to prepare the body for burial.

"Have you telegraphed again?" she asked, softly, of him.

"Yes; just now. I don't think he will come, however. He is either dead or unfaithful. So if she had lived, she might have suffered as much as we do now."

Then they went out together.

Fred was mistaken. I knew that. If Willis's spirit had left his body he would be with me now. In life or in death we would be together. And as for his being unfaithful, Fred did not know him, that was all. My brother never was quite willing for me to marry any one, and he was not altogether unprejudiced where Willis was concerned. It pained me to hear him speak like that. He had no more cause for jealousy; their sorrow would be common. Why could he not let it drop? Still it was certain that Willis was not coming, so I determined to go to him. I could not leave the earth till I saw him once more, and I felt a strange power within me to go whither I pleased.

I stopped a moment by the body to bid it farewell, then went from room to room for a last look, pausing sometimes at something particularly dear. The last room I entered was the large, cheerful sitting-room. My father, mother, brother and sister were assembled there, talking quietly of me. They were so kind. They forgot all my glaring faults, and remembered only what I had wanted to be. They praised every look, word and act of my life; my glaring follies they ignored. To them I was sinless.

My wicker sewing-chair and workstand were still where I left them by my favorite window, and my work lay carelessly in the basket as I laid it, with the needles still sticking in it. A book Willis sent me was on the table, with a mark where I was last reading. Nothing had been changed, and nothing ever would be.

I kissed them all as they sat together, and went out of the room and out of the house. I passed the old familiar paths I had walked with Willis, and stopped a moment, only a moment, on the rocks where we sat when he asked me to be his wife. The tide was far out that evening, but to-night it was in, and where we sat then was covered now with dashing waves. Onward I went. I did not seem to fly. I moved with the air. I was indeed lighter than the air. I went very swiftly. I left the ocean and went inland, and sped through the darkness. I was no sooner started than I was in the quiet little town where Willis lived. I had never been here before, and I had no small interest in looking about, for it was to have been my home. It was very beautiful. I did not wonder he had chosen it. The moon arose as I lingered, and when it was fairly in the heavens the wide, well-shaded streets were almost as bright as by day.

Willis had not come to me, so I had to come to him; and I would learn why he had staid away. I cannot tell how I knew his home, but I went directly to it. I knew I should find him there, for if he had been elsewhere I should have gone wherever it was. I knew he was well. I knew all except why he made no sign when he was summoned. There was some good reason, and when I found it out I must, somehow, let them know it at home so they would not blame him.

He was sitting at a writing-table when I went in the softly lighted studio, intently studying some writing on a bit of yellow paper. He was so absorbed that I do not think he would have known if I had entered in the body and stood by him. I leaned over his shoulder and read, too:

"Dorothy died at five o'clock. Funeral Thursday at two.

"FRED WARNER."

"Dorothy died!" he muttered.

I bent forward and looked into his face. It was very quiet. There was not a trace of a tear in his eyes, yet he looked as if he had suffered—*had* suffered, not *did* suffer. He was years older than when I saw him last, and there were gray hairs among his hair. What had made this change?

He got up and walked the floor. I slipped my hand into his arm and walked with him.

"Dorothy died!" he repeated. "Dorothy died! So that beautiful young life has ended. Can it be true? Could they have telegraphed a falsehood?" He went back to the desk and read the slip again: "'Died at five o'clock.' I wonder if she was conscious and knew that I did not come. Well, I couldn't go. I should have betrayed my feelings. They would have read it in my face."

He flung open his desk, and I stood by watching while he hunted among some letters which lay carelessly about. Many of the letters I saw were mine, but they were not kept sacredly by themselves; they were mingled with friendship notes, family epistles or business letters. I had always kept his apart by themselves, locked in a strong-box. Somewhere among all these he found a picture of me which I had had taken a couple of months

ago, when I was in the midst of health and strength. This was what he was hunting, for he took it up and closed the desk. Then he laid it by the telegram and stood studying them. He could not have looked at it for some time before. I had kept his photograph on my dressing-table, where it was always in sight.

The face he studied was truly beautiful. I never thought before how beautiful it was. I had been contented that he liked it.

"Her beauty was like a dream," he declared now. It had caught his artist's fancy when first we met. "It was too unearthly to remain. Would I have grown weary of it if I had seen it day after day?" He did not caress it. He stood away from it, looking steadily down without a tear or a groan. Then he walked again, and I walked with my hand still in his arm.

"Dorothy died. Funeral on Thursday. I will be there. . . . So Dorothy is in heaven. Then she knows. She must know all things up there. And she forgives. She knows I have suffered, and the battle I have fought and won. Yes, I did win it. Whatever comes now, I won that battle. If she had lived, I would have never seen—but she did not live." He glanced at his watch. "Seven o'clock. Two hours free!"

"Free! Willis?" I cried. "Do you mean that I have been free from earth and all of its cares for two hours? I did not want to be. I wanted to stay with you."

But why did I talk to him? He did not hear me. I stood in front of him, but he could not see me. I touched him, and he could not feel the caress.

"Free!" he said again. He went back to the desk and read the telegram over, but he did not look at the picture again. "Dorothy died."

Then he walked, and I walked.

"Free! If I had been married to her, I could not have been more outwardly true, and I would be free now. Two hours free!"

"Oh, Willis, what do you mean?"

My voiceless words surely reached his ears.

"Oh, Dorothy," he cried, the next moment, "I never let you suffer. I bore it silently. If you had lived you would never have known."

He went back to the picture, took it in his hand and looked on it reverently, as if he prayed to it, but not as if he loved it. Was it not possible that my vision was more acute now? I could see and know what was hidden from me before? In life, I would have thought that gaze was love, but I knew now it was penitence.

"What have you done, Willis?" I entreated.

"I have wronged you, Dorothy. Forgive!"

"But how?"

It was spirit speaking unto spirit. He did not speak aloud, yet I heard his words.

THE RUSTIC BRIDGE.

"I was untrue."

"You love some one else?"

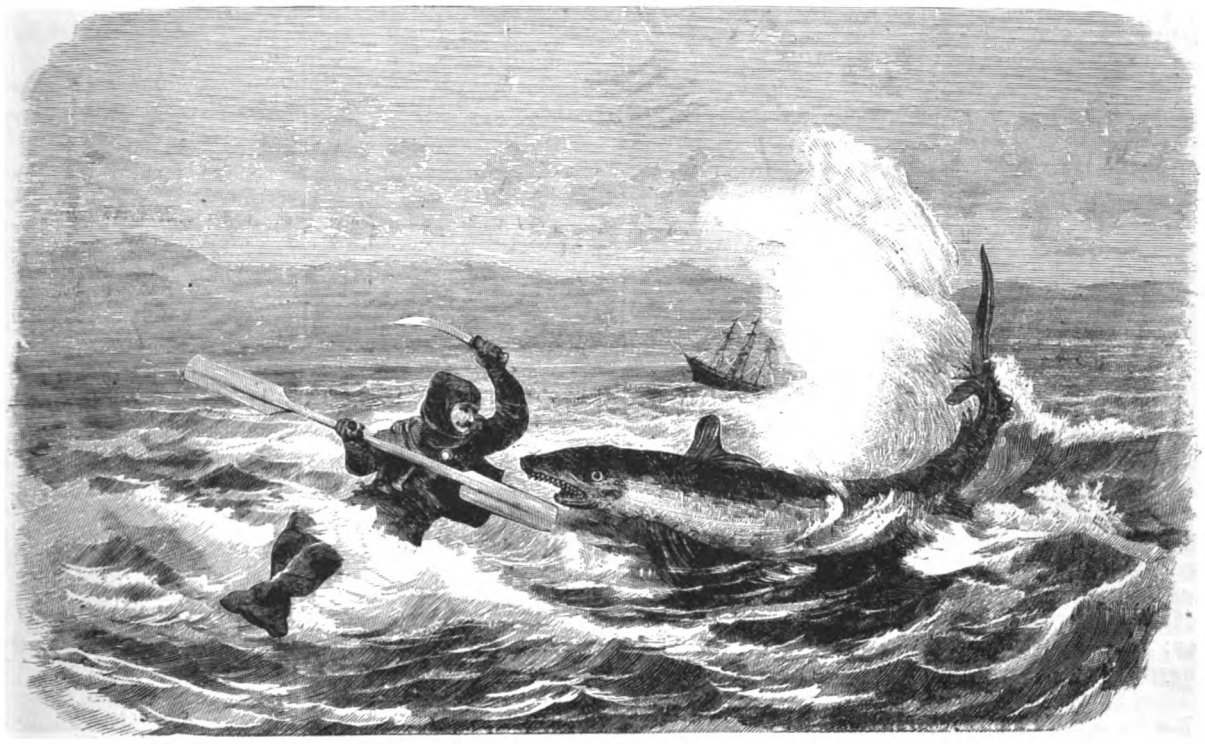
"I do love Agatha."

Now I knew the worst, and, strangely, my pain was a fear that they would learn it at home, and condemn him if I could not go back to them, as I thought of doing, to let them know the reason he did not come. I could not clear their doubt of him.

He went to the desk, and, sitting by it, took up a pen and wrote:

"DEAR FRED: Your telegram just received. I will be at the funeral. WILLIS Z. MORREL."

Let him explain to them, and if they ever dreamed of



A VERITABLE MERMAN.—CAPTAIN PAUL BOYTON ATTACKED BY A SHARK.—SEE PAGE 695.

the true cause, let them forgive him as I did. I leaned over him, with one arm thrown around his neck, resting my cheek on his hair. Many a time I had stood thus when he was sketching. He drew another sheet of paper to him, and sat, with pen in hand, some moments before he wrote.

"My Dear Miss D——"

he began, at length. He tore that up, and wrote again:

"My Dear Agatha——"

He sat looking at that, undecided, then crumpled it up, and threw it, too, away.

"What can I write? I cannot say I love you. I have loved you ever since we met, and am just free to tell you so—freed by death? No. I will go to her."

"Willis, who is Agatha?" I questioned. "What have you to do with her? Do you really love her?"

Again he answered me, though not in words.

He took a picture from his pocket—the picture of a woman. She was not very young; she was not at all beautiful. Her face was indeed sad, and I could have loved her myself, although I knew she had somehow won his heart from me.

Why did I stay? He was not my Willis any more. There was something more I must learn. I did not know what it could be. It might be my sufferings were not complete.

He laid the pictures together. Mine and hers. One was young, bright and beautiful; the other, quiet, sweet, sad, and not young. It was the beautiful young face he turned from; it was the quiet, sweet face he loved.

CAPTAIN PAUL BOYTON.

"I suppose," he said, "if I had told Dorothy long ago, she would have forgiven and released me. She was as much of a saint in life as she is now. But it is better as it is. It is better I did not tell her, and better—— What am I saying? Better that she died? I would not have made her happy; she could not have failed to learn that my heart was not hers. She would have known that the little fancy I had for her and the admiration for her great beauty, which I thought was love, faded long ago. Yes, she would have known it. So, Dorothy, it is better as it is—better as it is."

That is what he said: "Better as it is." Better that I died. Better for me, and better for him, I knew; better for her that Agatha——

"I was impatient for our marriage, Dorothy," he went on, "and you had consented to come to me very soon, but it was because—oh, Dorothy, do you forgive me? It was not because I loved you so, but because I must have a safeguard; something to keep me from declaring my love to Agatha."

"I forgive you, Willis."

He looked tenderly at my picture.

"You do forgive me, I know."

Then he put the picture away in his desk, but he kissed hers passionately.

"I will go to-night," he cried, springing up; "I will go right away. I cannot wait any longer. I have had to wait too long already. But if Dorothy had been my wife, I should have waited for years before I could speak to Agatha, but she was not, and no one here knows of the engagement, so I can go this moment. Every minute gone is one lost."

He did not seem in the least like the quiet, undemonstrative man who asked for my love. I had sometimes wondered why he was so quiet, and if nothing could arouse him. It was explained now. He never loved me. There was no reason why he should not be quiet. He had a passing fancy for my face, and he loved her. He donned his hat, and was going to her when I was but two hours dead.

He should not go. I ran to the door and put my arm across it, as a bar, and, although he did not see it, he knew it was there, for it changed his purpose.

He stood with his hand on the knob.

"You will not go to-night," I cried. "Let this last night be sacred to me. I was very true to you, Willis."

"I will not go to-night, Dorothy," he answered. "This night shall be sacred to you."

Then I withdrew my arm, and he went out. I went with him, with my hand in his arm. He lingered at the gate, looking up the street. Then I knew she lived in that direction, but he had given me his promise, so I had nothing to fear. I leaned my head on his shoulder as he waited, whispering endearing words. He was mine to-night.

"Dear Dorothy," he answered, "I never loved you less; I loved her more. You will be my guardian angel always."

Then I knew that he heard me.

He turned his steps resolutely down the street, with his hat drawn over his eyes. He walked slowly, for he was turning his back on what was most dear to him; but he had conquered himself once more. The man I had loved was very strong.

The town was small, and in a few minutes he was beyond the thickly settled part. The road divided here, or, rather, a byroad branched off the main one, which was through open country, with houses scattered here and there about. The smaller road was bordered on either side by woods on a high, overhanging cliff. He struck into the open road and walked quickly on. A young girl came out of a gate he was nearing, and he hastened to meet her.

"Good-evening, Miss Downs," he said, quietly.

The face which looked up to his with a sweet smile was the face he carried in his pocket. I stepped between.

"He is mine to-night!" I cried.

"Good-evening," she returned. "Have you leisure to be walking out to-night? I thought that picture was to be finished without delay. I have not seen you in some time before."

"I have not been out of the house for a week. It was not the picture which kept me; I was not working on it. It was anxiety concerning some one who was very dear to me, who was ill."

"And the anxiety is over?"

"It is over."

"I thought something had occurred. You look happier to-night than I have seen you look since you first came among us. You were very happy then."

"May I walk with you? Are you going home?"

"Not directly home. I have an errand up the other road; so," she added, with a sweet, modest smile, which was really entrancing, "I shall be very glad of your escort."

"You ought not to be out alone in these lonely roads at night," he said, as they walked on.

He did not offer her his arm, and I walked between them.

"I know that, but to-night it was inevitable. Aunt Gorham was taken ill this afternoon and sent for me. She lives all alone, you know. She will not have a servant, and now she must have some one to take care of her. I cannot stay with her, so I must go for some one who can. There is a woman living up this road a very little way who comes to wash for her, and I think I can get her to come for a week."

"Was there no one else to go?"

"No one."

She was very good. I never would have faced danger or anything else unpleasant for others, and Willis must have known the difference. It was the beauty of my face which attracted him, and the beauty of her soul which won his love.

"Then I am glad I met you. The road is not safe at any time, I have heard," Willis said, as they turned into the woods. "The heavy branches are constantly breaking away, and day before yesterday a large tree fell across the road."

"Yes, I know that, and providentially no one was hurt. Papa thinks it would be well if all the trees which are liable to fall were cut down. But, somehow, I don't think there is any danger."

I remembered that the expression of her picture was rather sad, but to-night she was very happy. I wondered if she could know in any way that Willis was free to ask her to be his wife. I clung closely to his arm.

"Not to-night, Willis," I whispered. "Not to-night."

"I have something to say to you soon," Willis said, after a while; "but not to-night."

"Oh, have you? I hope it is nice, and that it is something that has made you very happy. He looked at her in a puzzled way. "I am so happy myself that I want every one to be. I have something to tell you. I have had so much trouble, Mr. Morrel, and I wanted to tell you, for I felt that I needed your kind sympathy; but you seemed so preoccupied and sad that I could not add to your apparent trouble even the weight of listening. I would not trouble you."

"Trouble me! Miss Downs, how can you speak so? I would have been more than glad always to hear anything you could tell me."

"You are very kind. You are always kind; but I saw you had sorrow which you kept to yourself. You did not care to tell me."

"I could not tell you," he broke in. "I cannot to-night, but I shall do so soon—sooner, maybe, than you wish to hear it."

She was looking up into his face without a suspicion of what he meant. How could she be so unconscious?

"Will you go on?" he asked. "Will you tell me to-night?"

"Gladly. Where shall I begin. It will be at the wrong end, I am sure. I could not tell you all the story quietly now. Only he has come back. That is all."

"He? Who?"

"My sailor boy. I thought him dead. The ship was lost. He went away two years ago, and for a year I never heard from him. I only heard that the ship was lost, but I never gave up hope."

"Are you telling me about a brother, Miss Downs?"

Still he was very quiet. Long ago he had learned to put a strong, controlling hand on his emotions.

"I never had a brother," she answered, simply. "I am telling about some one—oh, you know of whom. I wanted to tell you before. We have been engaged since childhood, and I thought him drowned. I have no parents, and my Aunt Phebe, with whom I live, never wanted me to marry him on account of his being a sailor,

so I had no one to tell my trouble to. When we heard the ship and all on it were lost, she only said, 'I told you so.' From that day to this we have never spoken of him."

'Willis," I whispered, clinging closely to him, "I am here by you. I love you, Willis."

"Dorothy," he answered, though his lips did not open.

"To-day," she went on, "I received a telegram from New York saying he was alive and well, and will be here to-morrow."

"Then as I cannot share your sorrow, I have only to wish you joy. Let me share in that."

"I want you to do so, and I want to share in your joy when you tell what it is that makes you glad."

"It is nothing joyful."

"You seemed so glad."

"Did I? Perhaps I do not always 'seem' as I feel. I cannot tell you to-night, because I do not want to cloud your joy. This is where the tree fell. Let us hurry by."

"Didn't you think you heard a rumbling?" she asked, anxiously. "I did."

"There is quite a wind springing up, and you hear the roar among the trees."

They hastened their steps, however, and in a few moments the laundress's cottage was reached. She promised to come as soon as she could make ready. They need not wait for her, she said, so they turned back again.

"There is no danger," Willis said, "so why need we hurry?"

"No need, I suppose, now Kate is secured. There is that rumbling again, Mr. Morrel."

"Still the wind. Do not listen to it. This is our last walk together, Miss Downs. To-morrow I am going away."

"To-morrow? You cannot mean it? Does that mean happiness or sorrow? Are you never coming back?"

"I am never coming back. The young lady I was to have married died to-day."

"Mr. Morrel——" she began; then she cried: "Run! run! It is right above us!"

She dashed ahead, but he was slower. There was a crash as if the whole earth was tottering. The tall trees fell, dragging the rocks with them. I saw her standing alone and safe, and Willis and I were looking down on the crushed, bruised figure of what was once Willis Morrel.

"Come," I said, "let us go. Let us leave this place. I was only waiting for you."

"Faithful Dorothy," he whispered, and onward we sped together, never to be parted through all eternity.

A VERITABLE MERMAN.

Some Adventures of Captain Paul Boyton.

There are men that love the sea, and take to the sea from boyhood, but no one of any era has through life been such a creature of old ocean as Captain Paul Boyton.

No recorded individual, and probably none unwrit, unsung, ever experienced the peculiar and thrilling class of adventures for which this man is distinguished. From his boyhood he has taken to water, like the ducks, as his natural element, and I should not be surprised if he had become web-footed.

One evening, after the completion of his work, Captain Boyton related some thrilling adventures which have not heretofore found their way into print. Speaking of his longest voyage, 3,580 miles, he said: "I started at the mouth of Cedar Creek, Montana, where the Upper Yellowstone River is very shallow. The trip was largely through a narrow gorge, where dull-colored buttes towered thousands of feet on either side, where the descent of the rapids was at times terrific, and where the only visible occupants were ferocious wild beasts and savages. It was my custom to travel forty-eight hours without rest, then stop to eat and sleep. I carried no provisions. Toward night, when watching out for a camping-ground, I would shoot a couple of ducks. Game was plentiful and I had no difficulty in obtaining food. Occasionally, in the cañon, I would find a strip of shore-line, a few feet wide, where brush and logs had fallen down the precipitous bluffs. Here I would stop and build a roaring fire, on which I would roast my ducks, and by which I dried my suit. Then, after the meal, I would lie down on my back, with a pile of sand for a pillow, and, reclining on the dry side of my suit, would smoke my pipe, and, finally, go to sleep.

"Late one afternoon the heavens suddenly grew black, and I could see a cyclone hastily forming. I glanced anxiously about for a place of safety, but none was visible. The buttes towered higher than ever, and there was no shore-line at the water's edge. I blamed my eagerness to make as much distance as possible, as I remembered many places far behind where I might have camped for the night. I floated on down-stream, the rapids becoming more fierce and the hurricane booming among the rocks. Suddenly I saw a cabin standing on a little plateau above, and I blew my bugle vigorously to attract attention. Only the echoes came back, and no human form appeared. I paddled up to the edge of the water, and found a narrow path leading down to what I had not heretofore seen in the gathering darkness—a strip of beach formed of black mud. I was too well acquainted with the peculiarity of this black mud to trust myself to walk upon it, and so inflated my rubber suit and crawled across it. In approaching the cabin I found that the grass had grown around it almost to the eaves, and there were piles of skeletons of wild animals, but no people. Pushing open the door, I found a large room, several berths, and a fireplace in the corner. I had no sooner entered than it began to rain in torrents. Here, thought I, is a veritable parlor of luxuries, and I will have a night of rest fit for a king. The wood was damp, but I soon had a roaring fire, and a variety of game roasting for supper. After a smoke I examined the bunks, but found them too musty to sleep in. There was some hay on the floor, and I concluded to sleep on it. After replenishing the fire, I lay down and fell asleep. I do not know how long I slumbered. I was awakened by a strange movement underneath me and a feeling of horror.

"The fire had gone down, and only a faint flicker dimly lighted the room. I sprang to my feet, but not a moment too soon. As I did so the head of an enormous and venomous black snake raised up through the hay, the eyes green and brilliant, and the forked tongue pointing at me. I seized a block of wood and crushed my antagonist. As I did so he disappeared, and an instant later I heard the sound of his body falling on the bottom of a cavern below, beneath where I had been sleeping. I heaped more wood on the fire, but the light only revealed more snakes, warmed and crawling out of the bunks. I killed them, and, raising the hay, hurled it through the opening. The rain still fell in torrents, and I could not leave the place. Knowing that the

CAPTAIN BOYTON AFFIXING A TORPEDO TO THE BRITISH MAN-OF-WAR "GARNET."

snakes could not penetrate my suit, I completely enveloped myself in it and went to sleep by the fire. I was aroused finally by strange movements about my body. Light was just penetrating the cabin, and, springing up, a number of snakes fell from my body down into the cavern which I had uncovered. Seizing a blazing log from the fire, I dropped it after them. The light from the fagot shone through the darkness within, revealing a den of black snakes writhing with agony as the fire fell in their midst. Without waiting to breakfast I rushed down the slope and dashed into the river. I did not look back until a bend in the river brought the cabin within range of vision. Volumes of smoke filled the air, and then flames enveloped the entire structure. The fagot had set the cabin on fire, and there were roast snakes in the rapidly retreating distance.

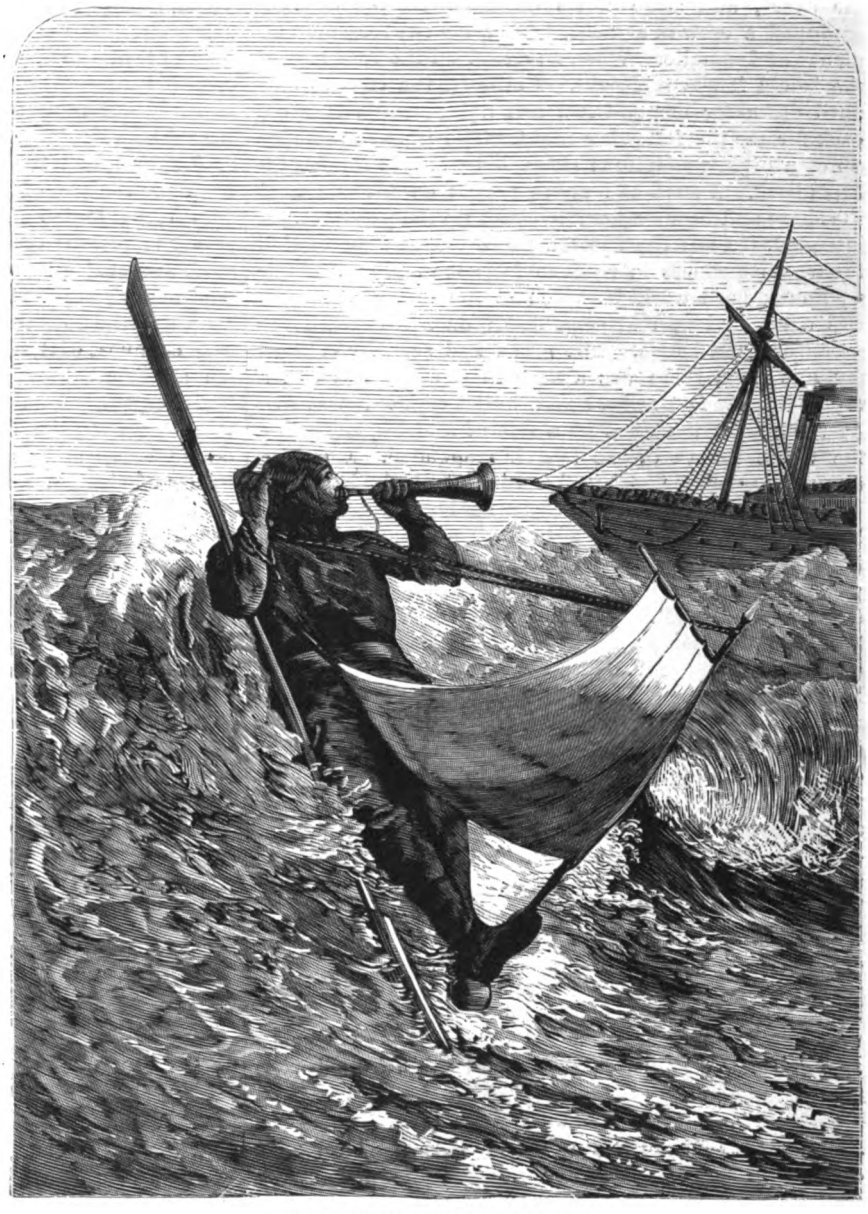
"Two nights later I was singing and speeding along the Missouri. All of a sudden a voice in the darkness, very close to me, said: 'Come ashore, stranger.' 'Where?' I replied, 'You will see a light just around the bend,' he said. As I went around the bend I saw the light of a lantern, and paddled up to it. Four men pulled me out of the water and immediately dropped me in horror as they saw a human being made of rubber. I soon explained things satisfactorily, and one of the men remembered to have read about me in an almanac. They took me into the cabin, gave me a splendid meal of venison and beef, dried me out, and insisted upon my taking the best berth. I did not want to rob any one of his berth, and said I would sleep in my suit. One of them insisted, saying that he watched outside the door all night to guard against wild animals, and would call me in the morning so that I could eat breakfast and leave by four o'clock. I awoke at three with a start. There was no one in the room, and I could hear the bleat of cattle in the distance as if the animals were in fright. Just then the watcher stuck his head in the door. 'There, you lie down,' he said. 'I am just building a fire, and when your breakfast is ready I will call you. There is a full hour yet.' I slept again, and was awakened by a light tap on my shoulder. A splendid breakfast was awaiting me. The men had returned, and I noticed a number of cattle corraled. We had spent much of the previous evening relating adventures, and a warm interest in each other had sprung up. They hailed me the night before, they said, as they supposed I was a deserter from the fort above, and they desired to befriend me. They heartily grasped my hand when I left, and gave me three cheers as I dashed down-stream. Miles away I heard the sound of rapid firing in the direction of the camp, and presumed that my friends had flushed ome large game. It was five o'clock in the morning.

Later on I arrived at Bismarck, and was entertained by the editor of the *Republican*. I was telling him about my kind reception by these unknown friends, when he suddenly stopped me and asked whereabouts they were encamped. I told him.

"'Great heavens!' he shouted. 'Those were cattle-thieves. They were surrounded, and shot to death at five o'clock that morning.'

"You know all about Great Salt Lake," said Sir Paul, as we sat down to dinner in the Beach Restaurant. "It is, as you know, the most treacherous body of water in existence. I nearly lost my life there, and, if you will excuse me, I prefer to navigate other waters. I determined to have a swim on it, and, in spite of the remonstrances of the hotel-keeper at Garfield Dock, I had one. Antelope Island only looked to be three miles away from the dock in the rarefied atmosphere, and, when the hotel man assured me that it was fourteen, I laughed at him. I declined to take anything along to eat, and, getting into my suit, paddled toward the island. It was four o'clock P. M. when I started, and the water was as smooth as glass. I had spun along for some time when, suddenly, one of those Utah simooms, or sand storms, swept down through the mountain passes, and then whirled over me in whirls and whirlwinds. I was carried forward with great rapidity. The sand beat in my face and eyes with blinding force. The waves grew choppy and turbulent, and the salty water dashed into my mouth and strangled me. No matter in what position I lay, I could not escape. So I stood up in the water and guided myself with my paddle. It became dark suddenly, and the waves grew higher and the hurricane more furious. Land was long since out of sight, and there was nothing visible. Choked and blinded, I cursed myself that I had not brought my pistol, so that I might have blown out my brains and ended the agony. Late in the night I seemed to see s o m e t h i n g ahead of me, and, after three hours of mortal battle, I fought my way to land, which proved to be the island. When morning dawned I paddled back to Garfield Dock; but the people came out for me in boats, thinking to find my dead body floating toward land.

"Of course, the most of my experiences are amusing as well as dangerous, and I have to stand being shot at for a sea-monster, and run away from when I land for rest or food. One of my most amusing experiences was in California. I went to the head-waters of the Sacramento River for a float of 450 miles to San Francisco. When I arrived at Red Bluff, as high up the river as I could get, the people turned out *en masse* to receive me. I could not remember names or persons, and the result was ludicrous. I started out to find a place to launch, when I was joined by a man whom I mistook for the mayor of the town. I explained my object, and he assured me that he knew just the place. He conducted me to a precipice where to launch meant a broken neck. I declined to start there, and selected a safer place. That night the evening paper came out, and in big headlines the editor announced that Captain Boyton, by his advice, had selected a starting-place, and went on in a column to explain the editor's importance. The editor of the morning paper came over enraged, and when I told him the facts, he gave the thing away the next day, and mercilessly ridiculed his contemporary, whom he described as a cross between a Mexican and a jackass. When I finally started I was accompanied by a boat containing three representatives of one of the dailies, who were triumphant in the thought of getting a beat. When ten miles below the town, a rowboat slipped out from



SALUTING AN OCEAN STEAMSHIP.

under some trees, containing as many reporters of the opposition paper. They thought by meeting me in this manner to escape observation, and scoop their rivals. Between the hate, wrath, profanity and guying kept up between these boats, I spent a terrible day. At length my suit began to leak, and I went ashore to mend it. I wanted some adhesive stuff, but none was at hand. Finally, a reporter cried 'Eureka!' turned over his boat, and scraped off the pitch, which was just the thing. The next day his paper crowed over the event in a column of triumph.

"I had a narrow escape at Lima, where I was captured by the Chilians and ordered to be shot as a torpedo man. It came about in this way: I entered the service of the Government of Peru in 1880. While at Callao the Chilian war-vessels came to the mouth of the harbor and bombarded us by day, but at night crept away in a cowardly manner to escape torpedoes. It was necessary to find where they hid at night, and I was detailed to reconnoitre. I determined to take along some torpedoes and blow up their fleet. I made up my mind that the rendezvous of the fleet was behind an island not far from the shore, and some miles distant from the city. I equipped a crew in a yacht, taking my rubber suit and plenty of dynamite. When I arrived on the safe side of the island it was midnight. I ordered the crew to wait until dawn for me, and if I had not returned to come back for me the following night. The island was made up of a high, precipitous ridge, long, and in shape of a hog's back. I anchored my torpedoes on the side next the shore and began a terrible climb up the precipice. I intended, if I saw the fleet on the opposite side, to sink the whole business in revenge for such a climb. After an hour's hard work I arrived at the top, where there was a good view, and sank down on a rock with the groan of a tired man. The groan had scarcely escaped my lips when there was a flash in the darkness and a report twenty feet away, and a bullet whizzed past me. At the report the guns of a line of sentries, extending the whole length of the island, responded. I sprang down the precipice, and in five minutes plunged into the water, although it had taken me an hour to get up the height. I kept under the shadow of the rocks until I found my suit, and then silently paddled away for the yacht. A few minutes' search convinced me that my cowardly crew had fled, leaving me to my fate. I knew that I should soon be surrounded and captured unless I could effectually hide. The thunder of the waves in the long caverns extending far back under the mountainous main shore gave me a suggestion. I would hide in one of these. But the millions of seals and sea-lions! What of them? I felt of my arms, and determined that seals would tell no tales, while the Chilians might. Shadows and voices were about me. As I slid into an enormous cavern on the crest of a wave a boat passed me almost near enough to jump in. Evidently I had not been seen. The force of the waves bore me on, back, back, into the inky blackness of the great cavern. As my paddle rose and fell it created a phosphorescent light, which illumined the near ledges above, only to reveal vast numbers of seals. These creatures, being furless, are never molested, and propagate in unlimited numbers. I saw a favorable ledge at last where I could climb up. By the vigorous use of my paddle I compelled the seals to move along and make room for me. They offered no resistance, as I presumed, because they were too sleepy. I drew myself up on the ledge and made my limbs as comfortable as possible. I dared not sleep, for now and then I felt the slimy seals crowding upon me, and I had to beat them off. Morning dawned at last, and the opening looked like a red ball in the distance, reflecting a thousand hues on the sides of the cavern. At the approach of light I could faintly distinguish the horde of seals lining the ledges, and imagine the hundreds of caverns along the coast equally as populated. Not far away was an enormous sea-lion, who regarded me intently for some time and then emitted a terrific roar. Instantly the seals and lions dashed into the water, and each seized a fish for its breakfast. They ate ravenously for a time, gamboled about and splashed water all over me. The old sea-lion seemed to be king, for after a time they ranged along the sides and gave him full swing in the water. He first examined me attentively as some strange monster who had invaded his sanctuary. He evidently concluded I was peaceably disposed, for he began a series of curious evolutions in the water, at which the seals looked on in evident enjoyment. During the day I was not much molested, except by the baby seals. These fellows came up and actually caressed me, and when I threw them into the water they seemed to think it fun, and came back time and again to be thrown in. Thus I enjoyed, actually enjoyed, the most wonderful day of my existence. As night approached these semi-human inhabitants of the great lone cavern, far from civilization, crowded around me, and seemed to have adopted me as one of their number. But darkness no sooner set in than I hopped down off my perch and paddled to Callao. As I approached the guard fired at me, and had it not been for the prompt action of the officer of the guard, who recognized and hastened to meet me with joy at my marvelous escape, I should have been murdered as a sea-monster by my own friends. The Chilians were wild at my escape. They look with contempt on Americans, and the common talk of the country is the future easy conquest of the United States. When they captured me afterward they ordered my immediate execution, but I escaped from the Lima prison, where they incarcerated me, at the fall of that city, swam to a northbound vessel and sailed home."

I asked Captain Boyton how he came to play his joke on the British man-of-war *Garnet*, in New York Harbor, where he went out at night and attached a blank torpedo to the ship.

"Oh," he replied, "I told Admiral Smith of the British squadron that I was proficient in that sort of work, and wanted him to employ me. He looked upon me as a lunatic and crank, and reported to the British Foreign Office that the thing was absurd, and could not be done. When the facts of my action went around the globe he was relieved of his high office, and was fearfully chagrined. A change of Government, however, has resulted in his reinstatement. It was only a joke on my part, but the British Navy was convulsed by the ridicule heaped upon it."

THE KHEDIVE'S EXPEDITION TO ZANZIBAR AND THE JUBA.

By Colonel Chaille-Long.

In the month of April, 1875, General Gordon, then Governor-general of the Equatorial Provinces of Egypt, at Gondokoro, made the following entry in his Diary, which appears in his book entitled "Colonel Gordon in Central Africa":

"H. H. has sent off McKillop and Long to Juba, and told them to wait for me. They will wait a long time, I expect."

To me the meaning was only too plain. General

Gordon meant that Colonel Stanton, the British Consul, would oppose the expedition to which he refers, and that, therefore, McKillop and Long would wait for him a long time. That Stanton would look with a jealous eye upon the East African Expedition may be inferred from Gordon's frank avowal to me when *en route* to the Soudan. He said: "Stanton has objected to your nomination as my chief of staff, because you are an American. He thinks I should have a British officer with me. But I would not give in. I like Americans. They served me well in China. An Englishman would give me trouble in London. You must look out for Stanton. He and Derby will be after you with a sharp stick."

Was this not a policy more significant than a mere objection to me personally? Subsequent events clearly show that England had a policy both in Egypt and the Soudan. That Stanton was "after me with a sharp stick" is proved by the fact that he procured an order from the Khedive bidding us return to Egypt, but which failed to reach me in time to prevent my march southward, for I was already 600 miles away from Gondokoro, breaking my way through jungles and over marshes to the Nile sources, there to trace the extreme limits of Egypt.

We shall see that Lord Derby was after me "with a sharp stick" in the East African Expedition.

Kismayu was occupied in force on the 17th of October, 1875, and McKillop, with his headquarters on the four ships which held the harbor, assumed command of the coast from Berbera to the equator.

On the Juba River, with six companies of infantry and cavalry and artillery detachments, I had built a fortified town of the dom palm-tree, on an eminence overlooking the plains of Juba to the westward, and the Indian Ocean to the eastward.

The Egyptian Government, by an excess of prudence, had failed to communicate with us and supply us with coal for the ships. In view of the approaching monsoons, to say nothing of the hostile attitude of the Somali, the situation was not altogether reassuring. In the emergency McKillop came to my camp to talk the matter over. The *Tantah* had sufficient coals to take her to Zanzibar, the only port short of Aden which we could hope to reach. The Sultan, if he was clever, would seize the ship. Had we not made war against him? Better this, however, than risk the loss of the others. McKillop, therefore, determined to send the *Tantah* to Zanzibar, stripped of all valuable material and armed with a courteous note to the Sultan. Lieutenant Saïd Effendi, an intelligent officer, was ordered to ask for 500 tons of coal, and explain as best he might the *friendly* invasion of his provinces. Saïd's capacity as a liar, coupled with the colossal audacity of the act, succeeded beyond our expectations, for, on the 14th of November, the *Tantah* returned, not only with the coal we had asked for, but actually running over with oranges, lemons, pineapples, cocoanuts and mangoes; enough to feed our joint command for thirty days. The Sultan's letter was caressing and quite pathetic. It ran thus:

"To the Chiefs Commanding the Egyptians at Kismayu and Juba, Greeting: O my brothers, I send you the coal you ask for. It is to take you out of my country for ever. I am the brother of Ismaïl the Khedive. Why should he treat me thus? Go, and peace be with you. Burgash-bin-Saïd."

We could not know at that time what we subsequently learned, that Saïd, in his fright, had accused us of having massacred his soldiers, but we did know that we had captured 400 of his slaves in the fall of Kismayu, and this fact Saïd knew full well would go far to justify the Khedive's act of aggression in the eyes of Europe. The coal we accepted with grateful acknowledgments, which, doubtless, made an impression upon Saïd, which has passed until now as payment of the debt; for it is quite certain that the Egyptian Government still owes him for the coal.

With what bitterness Saïd must have written that he was Ismaïl's brother, and, "Why should he treat me thus?" Only a few weeks before, when returning from his memorable trip to Europe, the Khedive had entertained him with extravagant *fêtes* and fantasias at Cairo. Had not Ismaïl folded him in his arms, kissed him on each cheek and called him, "*Ye Saïd, Ye Achoui!*"—(O Saïd, O my brother!)—whilst with the same voice he had ordered his Egyptian pirates to set out on the expedition which he found, on his arrival, in possession of his country. The Sultan was, in fact, "all broke up" over the treachery of his Moslem brother, and, rightly or not, ascribed it to the influence of the hated Christians in the *entourage* of the Khedive.

Lieutenant Saïd Effendi gave me a graphic description of his reception, and what he saw at Zanzibar. Pira Dojé, the Sultan's Prime Minister, who was present at the several interviews, said to Saïd: "I know the commander of the troops. His name attracted my attention, and here is his card," added Dojé, producing one which I had sent in on the occasion of my visit to the Sultan at the Hôtel du Louvre, in Paris, several months before.

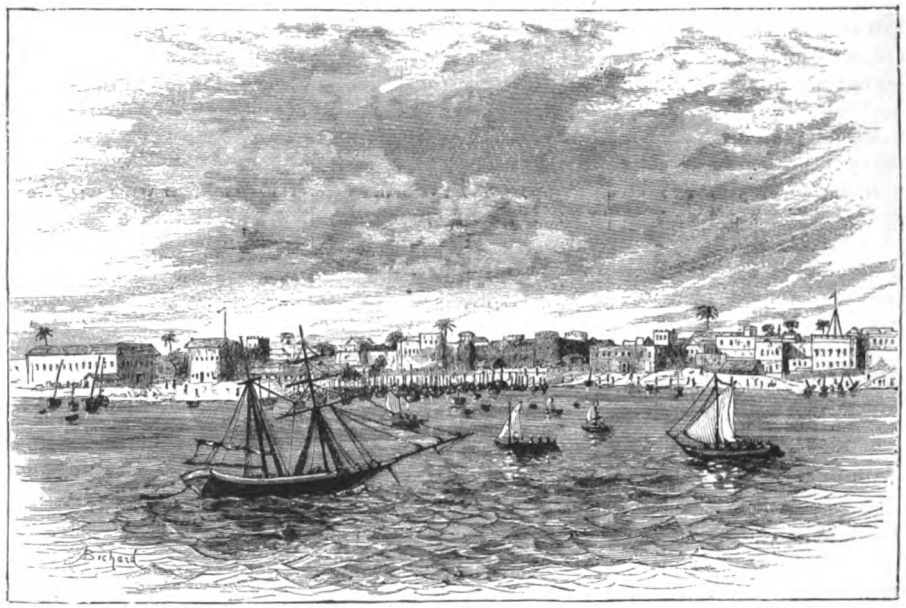
Pira Dojé is Saïd's *alter ego*. An Indian, he is a well-instructed man, and unites in the portfolio of Prime Minister the several Departments of State. In a word, he is the State, over which Saïd is the Sultan.

Burgash-bin-Saïd is a man of forty-eight years of age. He has a bright-gold complexion, large dark eyes and intellectual face. Lieutenant Saïd told me that he suffered acutely from elephantiasis of the ankles, but he gave no evidence of that horrible malady when I saw him standing, elegantly dressed, in the *salle de reception* at his hotel in Paris. Burgash is of mixed Arab and Abyssinian origin, and is a brother of the Imam of Muscat. He is necessarily very uxorious. Custom and the Koran dictate this. Saïd has more than a hundred wives, but only five children.

Lieutenant Saïd was given a reception, and was treated with marked distinction. The Imperial Guard, composed principally of Persians and Beluchs, and mostly uniformed, were assembled before the Palace, and passed in review, doubtless to impress my officers with their importance. "They were better-looking soldiers," said Saïd, "than the *haramis* (robbers) we captured at Kismayu."

Zanzibar is an island twenty miles distant from the coast, in the sixth parallel south of the equator. It has, in common with other points along the coast, passed through a Persian, Portuguese and Arab rule, and at the end of the last century fell under the authority of the Imam of Muscat. Zanzibar has a population of 90,000 souls, and carries on a flourishing trade in ivory, cotton, stuffs, oils, rice and *slaves*: for, notwithstanding the proclamations of Saïd abolishing slavery, it not only exists, but is still the principal resource of the Sultan.

The city itself is a collection of houses built in a somewhat primitive fashion, though decidedly Oriental in effect. Carefully whitewashed, it seemed in the distance to be a bank of snow. Under the rays of the sun the refraction of light is so great that it is almost insupportable to the stranger, but the naked negroes, of either sex, who parade the streets in *puris naturalibus*, do not heed



VIEW OF ZANZIBAR.

it, and, as at Suakin, keep their bodies well oiled—with this advantage over the Red Sea people, that the Zanzibarian uses the perfumed oil of the cocoanut, which grows in great quantity. The cocoanut, in fact, serving as both drink and meat for the people along the coast.

On the 15th of November, trouble being reported as brewing at Brava between the troops and the natives, I sent the *Tantah* on her way to Suez with a reinforcement, under command of Captain Abd-el-Rahman. This report, it appears, was nothing more than the outcome of a conspiracy on the part of one Abd-el-Rasak-Bey, an officer in the navy, and the lieutenant in command, with a view to provoke a fight, in which they were to play the *rôle* of heroes, fall upon the natives and slay them, and then report it as an attack, which, successfully resisted, would crown them with laurels and promotion. Farhard Bimbachi had attempted the same feat in my camp during my temporary absence, but I arrived in time to discover it, and promptly punished it by sending the ambitious Bimbachi in irons to Kismayu, but through McKillop's interference he was restored to duty.

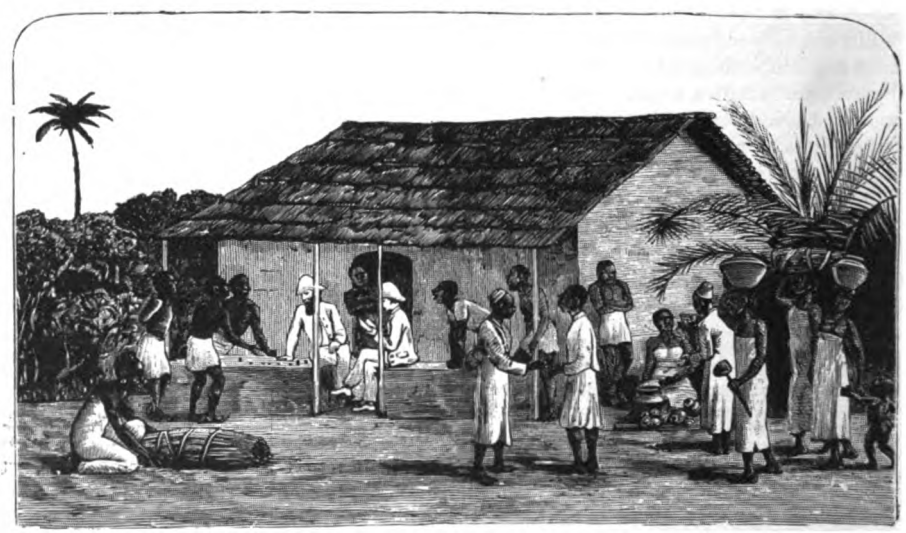
In reply to a communication addressed to the officer in command at Brava to know why his reports were not sent to me regularly, I received the following characteristic letter, which, literally translated, ran thus:

"*Brava*, 30 *Shecond*.

"To His Excellency: After giving my compliments to you. I received your letter, and what it contains is understood, and what you have said is most true. I do not forget that it is according to the military rule, and every officer should be aware of it. Henceforth I shall do according to your wishes. Sometimes I receive letters from your Excellency, sometimes from Redwan Pasha, and then from Abd-el-Rasak-Bey. Not military affairs. Now, what shall I do with these? I submit the above, and await your answer, that the agreeable may be done.

"Lieut. Ibrahim Effendi."

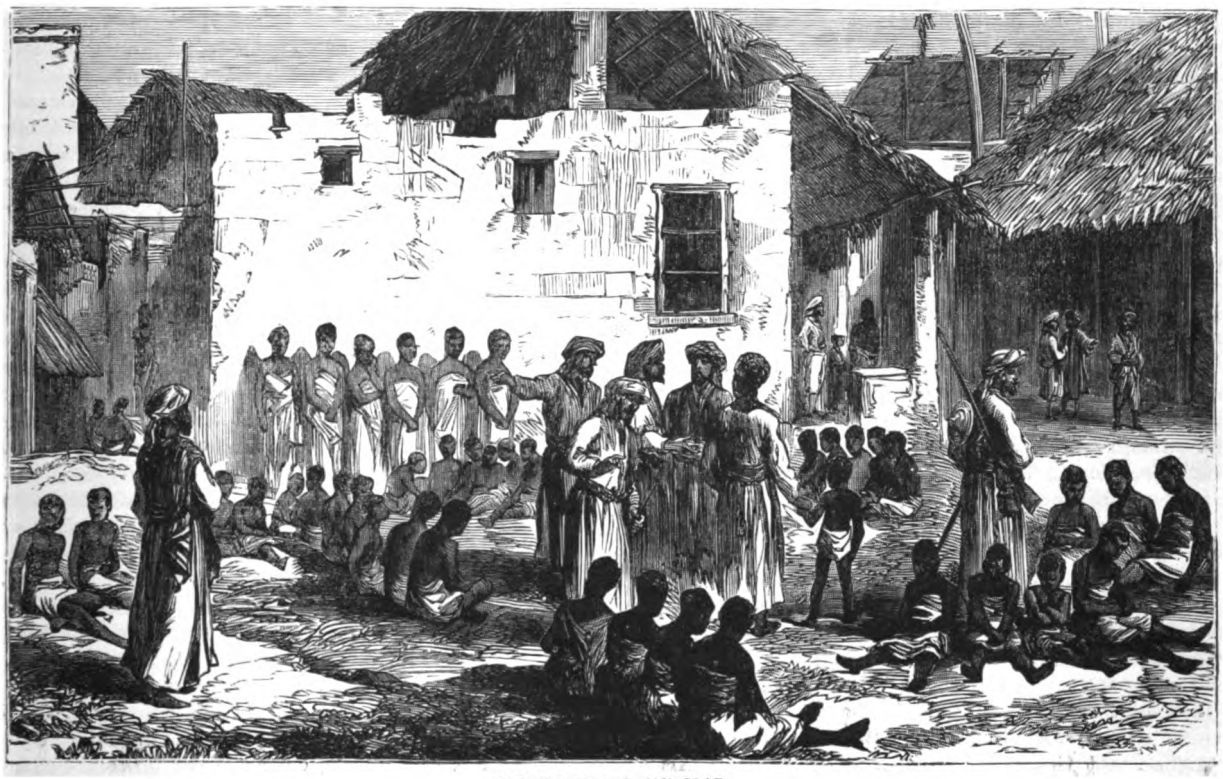
Captain Abd-el-Rahman arrived in Brava with orders to relieve the lieutenant of his command. The latter, however, fearing exposure of the conspiracy with Abd-el-Rasak, administered slyly a deadly potion to his successor, which, though it did not kill him outright, incapacitated him entirely for service. Ibrahim was promptly arrested, and subsequently tried by court-martial and condemned to death. The Khedive himself informed me that the lieutenant had been executed, and that Abd-el-Rasak should be dismissed from the service. No idea of the hopelessness of the fellah soldier can be had except by actual contact. Gordon never ceased to complain of them as hopeless brutes, whilst, on the other hand, the blacks of the Soudan are a gallant and fearless set, and devoted to their white officers. On the 16th the steamer *Mahallah* arrived at Kismayu, having on board Frederico Pasha and Ward Bey, the latter an American officer, sent down to make a hydrographic survey of the new port. The *Mahallah* brought me a reinforcement of one full company of blacks, six months' rations and an additional officer of the staff. It was quite apparent that the Khedive had not yet received the *contre coup* from England, for McKillop was ordered to go down to Formosa Bay, ostensibly to choose another route, but, in reality, to extend the circle of our movement. Frederico Pasha turned over to me a steam-launch, which he had brought to me by orders of the Khedive, and, without delay, the wind having fallen, I caused it to be sent along the coast, and passed it successfully through the breakers and over the bar into the river, where it was anchored in front of my camp. I determined to make a *reconnoissance* along the river, with the ulterior object of making it as far as possible my *point d'appui* when I should push into the interior.



PAYING WAGES TO RELEASED SLAVES.

The Juba was first entered by Baron von Decken, an Austrian, on July 29th, 1865. He pushed his explorations as far up as the town of Bordera, a city built in the Arab style, on the left bank of the river, surrounded by a wall fifteen feet high and encircling the town like a crescent, closing with a great gate which gave remarkable evidence of skill in art and mechanism. The inhabitants were Somali Arabs, of the tribe of Ali, a powerful tribe to the south and west, and occupying also the country between the Juba and the Wobbi Rivers.

Baron von Decken, on the 25th of September, of the same year, in endeavoring to push beyond Bordera, unfortunately ran his steamer on the rocks in the rapids, and was obliged to take a smallboat, which was never seen again, and he and his party were, doubtless, murdered by the treacherous Somali, who looked with jealous eye upon the first European who had dared to invade a



SLAVE MARKET, ZANZIBAR.

city which was, and is still, the most important slave depot of Africa.

The sources of the River Juba are still unknown. Sir S. Baker holds the theory that the river is the identical stream called the *Lobbohr*, east of Fatik, and, if so, an effluent of the Nile. The exploration of the river offers a vast and captivating field for the explorer, and, but for the selfish interference of the English Government, my expedition could have readily solved the question.*

On the morning of the 24th November, the steam-launch being ready, twenty-five men, with six days' rations and sixty rounds of cartridges, under command of Captain Mahmoud, carrying a rocket-piece, and accompanied by Lieutenant Hassan Wassif, left camp at 6 A. M. Ali, the Great Sheik of the "Hag-Ali" tribe, has consented to accompany me, convinced of my peaceable intentions. In the interval of building my camp I had taken my cavalry escort and ridden into his village, having first sent the natives word that my mission was entirely friendly. In this way I had established the best relationship with the natives, and they came daily to my camp asking for me, whom they termed the "*Sheik Kébire!*"—(Big Chief).

The Juba is filled with hippopotami and enormous crocodiles. The latter are so bold that they often lie in wait to seize the unwary who come to drink. A stroke with the monstrous tail is sufficient to stun the victim, who is then seized by the creature and carried to the bottom of the river to be devoured. The soldiers amuse themselves by firing into both hippopotami and crocodiles, the former making the air resound with their hoarse and guttural Ugh ! ugh ! as, awakened by the balls from our Remington rifles, they plunge from the banks into the river.

The country on each side is a plain, over which great herds of buffalo, troops of wild ass, zebra, deer and ostrich may be seen moving in the early morning, seeking the river for water. The banks of the Juba are covered with a dense vegetation, through which shoot up the tall dom-palm and the tamarind, which, bending, form a canopy so thick as to exclude the sun's rays. Through this gloom of forest, whose silence is unbroken save by the hoot of owl and the defiant cry of monkey, we swiftly made our way. Now and then the light broke through the umbrageous wall through which roadways had been opened, and where, attracted by the puffing engine or the crack of a rifle, a great mass of men and women collected to take a look at us as we passed by. Reassured by Ali, who told them that we were friends, they saluted us with :

"*Yambo ! Yambo, Yemani !*"—(Welcome ! welcome to the stranger !)

* If there be compensation in the fact, it is well to note that the English may have to regret thus acting, for, instead of the mild Egyptian, the "brutal Saxon" is confronted to-day at Zanzibar by his Saxon cousin, the German, and, in his struggle for place, it will not be strange if Albion the Perfidious should have to "scuttle."

It was at 6 o'clock P. M. when we arrived at Yerkoi, a mere collection of rude huts, where Ali proposed we should spend the night. Notwithstanding his invitation to accept the hospitality of the village, I deemed it prudent to refuse. A spot was cleared near the river-bank and my tent pitched, and a circle of fire built around for protection both against the lion and leopard and the bites of musquitoes, which madden with pain and render sleep impossible. It was here that we were assailed by a fly whose bite caused us much pain, and our face and hands to swell. I caught some of them, and sent them subsequently to the Institut Egyptien, of which I am an honorary member, with the suggestion that the specimens were the *tetsé* fly, made famous by Dr. Livingstone and Sir Samuel Baker. The former having held that the existence of the *t-tsé* fly, both in Central Africa and on the East Coast, rendered it impossible for horses to live in those regions, I disproved this assertion, for my horse Uganda survived many months in the equatorial regions, and of the thirty cavalry horses and as many mules carried with me to the Juba River, I never lost a single animal. True, I took every precaution to guard them against the *tetsé*, whose bite was said to be mortal, by causing a cordon of fire to be kept burning around the circle in which they were picketed. On the 25th the sheiks came to make their obeisance; in sign of which they offered us a goat, and, in turn, I gave them small mirrors, red silk handkerchiefs, beads and brass rings, the like of which had never been seen in the Juba country. An empty wine-bottle created great excitement and surprise, and I verily believe the sheik would have given me his daughter, a beautiful girl, not unlike an Abyssinian in type, had I desired the exchange. Empty bottles, I remembered, had on another occasion won for Gordon and myself among the Amra Arabs of the Desert great consideration, and I was delighted to discover that they were in great favor among the Somali. "Will they become their gods some day?" I asked Lieutenant Hassan, as I pointed to a native, who, placing a bottle to his ear, heard the voice of a new god speak to him, in a confused murmur that caused him to drop it in terror. The country hereabouts yields Indian corn in abundance, and great forests of banana may be seen stretching away in the distance.

Leaving Yerkoi, we passed, at intervals of two or three hours, the villages of Hinde, Sugwari, Donzoni and Zanzibar. At this latter place a number of dugouts or *houris*, as the natives call them, were being laden with sugar-cane and bananas, with which they were going to the next village to exchange for corn. After quitting Zanzibar a run of one hour brings us in sight of Bangalah. It was near this village that a curious sight met our gaze. On rounding an abrupt curve in the river our launch came to a standstill, having run upon an immense shoal of *fish!* Incredible as it may seem, the riverway was positively blocked, for a space of fifty feet, with a fish resembling the catfish, only much larger than the ordinary ones. The noise made by this finny tribe was not unlike the suppressed buzz of a saw, and the grand attraction at this point was the fact which became apparent when Captain Mahmoud said: "*Chouf, ye Bacha, el Kebire yeakilum samak assariah!*"—(Look, Pasha, the large fish are eating the small ones!) There, in fact, were tiny fish borne by the irresistible current of the submerged marshy plain, which, struggling to resist the jaws of the monsters in waiting, yet helpless, were carried over into the river and devoured. Our soldiers, recovering from their astonishment, secured with ease great quantities of the fish until ordered to desist. We could only make our way through the compact mass by beating them away with poles. This incident may be placed by the skeptic in the category of the stories told by a celebrated Baron, but I protest that the tale, even if fishy in fact, is nevertheless absolutely true. At Bangalah a great crowd of both sexes were assembled to greet our arrival. Among them, a savage with staring eyes gave expression to his amazement by a series of convolutions, which Sheik Ali told me was to give me an idea of the wonder with which he was overcome in looking for the first time on our puffing steam-launch, whose mechanism was incomprehensible, and to which he ascribed some diabolic power.

On the 26th we hastened away from Bangalah at sunrise, having spent a night of horror with the musquitoes, which drove my soldiers almost mad. A three hours' run brought us to Bonini, having passed Mogireh on the way.

At Bonini, Ali conducted us on shore to present me to the sheik of the village. The news of the white man's arrival had been spread over the country, and the town became a surging mass of Somali and slaves, principally females, of every hue, from the jet-black negro to the light and copper-colored, and the Abyssinian woman whose bronze color, straight black hair, large, lustrous eyes, aquiline nose and thin lips were a pleasing contrast to the predominant negro type. It required no practiced eye to understand that they were slaves, and had been taken, as Ali confessed, in the *razzias* made by the Somali upon the interior tribes. Among them there were many very handsome types, disfigured always by having the lobes of their ears enlarged and pierced. In these they wore, as ornament, as well as serving as an index of their tribe, a piece of wood or iron fully three inches long and one and a half inches in diameter. If I looked at them in wonder, they returned the compliment with a freedom wholly unexpected from their bashful and downcast looks when they first perceived me. Now they approached to examine my brilliant uniform, and touching my skin with their wet fingers, pretended, with much seriousness, to rub off the *white paint*, which created much hilarity among the crowd. They took hold of my hair and subjected me to much criticism in their strange idiom. Ali told me that they were very complimentary, although his Arab sense of dignity was offended by their apparent want of courtesy and respect. I caused to be brought a box of presents, consisting of bracelets, rings, necklaces, bangles, cotton, needles and pins, all of which excited great curiosity. In token of their gratitude for these they fell upon their knees, their hands spread upon their thighs, and cried, "*Yambo! yambo!*" with great energy. Bidding them adieu, they followed us to the shore, dancing in great glee as they went. From this place we steamed to Lugeto, two hours distant, and thence to M'Kou M'Wooli, where we anchored for the night.

On the 27th, after having received the visit of the sheik and exchanged presents, we steamed away at about 4 A. M., unable to stand the attacks of the musquitoes, from which we could get relief only when in motion. At nine o'clock we arrived at a village 150 miles distant from our camp. It was the limit of friendly territory, and Ali said he dared go no further. An island five miles in length and one-fourth wide here divides the river in two branches, and is planted entirely with rice. Far in the interior I heard of a country called Kori, over which there reigns a sultan whom the sheik tells me is the greatest of all African rulers. The river turns to the north some distance above the island. I was quite satis-

fied with the information obtained, and determined that I could utilize the river to this point whenever I should put my column in motion. For the moment mindful of the responsibility of my command, I resolved to return to my camp and pursue the *reconnoissance* no further. With the Sheik of Gezireh I left a letter, written in French, which I desired might be shown to any future white man arriving there, and commended him to the care of the sheik. After a distribution of presents the return was ordered, and the launch sped rapidly downstream, aided by the swift current. Stopping in our journey homeward only to cut wood for fuel and to sleep, we continued on our route, and arrived at our camp at 1 o'clock A.M. on the morning of the 28th, whence I dispatched, a few hours later, a courier to McKillop to announce my return, and suggesting that the trip to Formosa should be abandoned in favor of the route along the Juba.

It was on the night of the 1st of December, while seated in my divan surrounded by forty or more of my officers, who always came after sundown to the *salaamlik* to pay their respects to the commanding officer, that there was heard a challenge of the sentry, and soon after the officer of the guard announced: "A stranger to speak with *Your Excellency*." "Let him enter," I said. In a few moments a man, perhaps of thirty years, stood at the threshold, accompanied by an escort brilliantly dressed. The stranger was of medium size, rather effeminate in form, but with a strong face, with two large black eyes under arched eyebrows, aquiline nose and thin lips, which clearly bespoke him an Arab. He was clad in a gorgeously embroidered Turkish dress of rich cloth, over which he wore a rich burnoose. I had not recovered from my amazement when he advanced, seized my hand, and said, in very good French: "I am Ali, Prince of Johanna, brother to Abdallah, the Sultan of the Johannas, the Comoros or Hinzouan Islands. The Grand Vizier is my enemy! We quarreled, and, with all the money and jewels I could get away with, I left the court, and hearing of you, have come to offer you the crown of the islands so unworthily worn by my brother the Sultan. Do you wish gold, precious stones and a beautiful land? I offer you those islands—an earthly paradise."

Fancy reader, if you may, my astonishment. My officers spoke only the Arabic, and, therefore, Ali's speech was lost upon them. As for me, I replied: "It is not possible; I have the responsibility of this command, but I will send you to Cairo by the steamer about to sail, and perhaps Ismaïl Khedive will authorize me to occupy your country. If so, it shall be done." Putting Ali in charge of my aide-de-camp, he was conducted to an adjoining cabin, where he was feasted, and then retired to rest.

In the morning I caused my troops, then numbering a thousand men of all arms, to be massed on the plain below. Dressed in gala, they marched in review to the strains of the Khedivial Hymn, their arms flashing in the sunlight. Ali had not seen such an imposing sight since, in Paris—where he had spent several years at school—he had witnessed a review on the Champ de Mars. The Prince could not restrain his emotion, but leaping from his horse, he cried:

"Oh, my good friend and protector, accept my offer! With a hundred such soldiers you may take all of the islands without resistance."

My men and officers, who had been told of Ali's proposition, became very enthusiastic. They dreamed of a home in the beautiful isles of the sea, about which a web of romance had been artfully woven by the followers of the Prince. Of course there were *houris* to command; beautiful women who would acclaim the arrival of their Moslem heroes, and from them they should choose their wives, unlimited in number. This was, indeed, a Moslem paradise. Farhard Bimbachi thought of his blear-eyed, hideous wife who had been imposed upon him by a malignant mother-in-law. It was a supreme moment for Farhard. He urged me to go. Even the mild-eyed, quiet Hassan, my aide-de-camp, said, "*Yella ye Bey*"—(Let us go). For Hassan was ambitious, and in fancy saw himself Grand Vizier to the Sultan whose fortunes he had followed from the jungles of Africa. Hassan was a fatalist, and urged that it was the work of *Kismet*. To prevent my being forced to become the Sultan of the Comoros, *nolens volens*, I hurried the Prince to Kismayu to take the steamer *Mahalla*. He carried a letter to the Khedive with reference to the proposition he had made, and, if favorable, he was expected to return at once.

From that day to this there never has been heard one word about Ali, Prince of the Comoros.

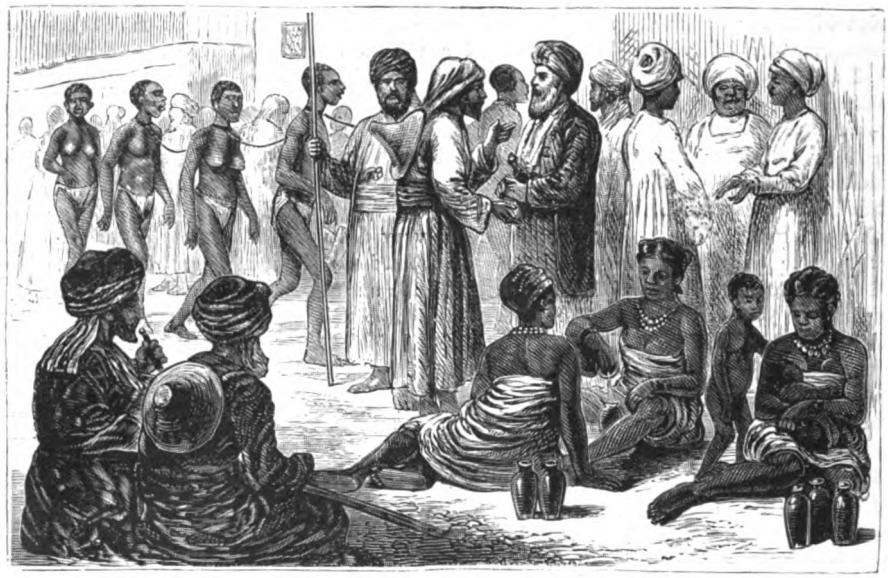
That he presented his letter and was given quarters in the Palace of Kasz-el-Nil is well known. Nothing more. Ismaïl, in the interval, was in great financial distress. An official note has referred to the manner in which he destroyed his Minister of Finance that he might procure his silence, and at the same time his colossal fortune.

Ali had with him a tempting store of jewels and treasures. Who can say that Ismaïl, in a spirit of economy, may not have caused Ali to be given a part of the potion served out to his Minister, and, sewn up in the same sack, thrown into the river which ran conveniently near the door of the palace where Prince Ali was lodged?

Among the incidents of my life in camp in the Juba, there is one to which I refer with an irrepressible sense of horror. I confess to a repulsion to snakes, which I have tried in vain to overcome. True, I have knowingly eaten a steak of boa-constrictor, but it was upon an occasion when very hard pressed for food. It was that or starvation. I hate snake meat, but I would have eaten human flesh under the same circumstances. Snakes, horrible, deadly snakes, infested the country, and were not easily to be driven from the camp.

I entered my quarters one night, and, throwing off my clothes, prepared to retire. A lantern, suspended by a cord, hung just over my head, by the light of which I was enabled to read in bed. The lantern saved my life. With book in hand, I threw myself upon the couch at full length. At the same moment I felt beneath me a violent struggle, and like a flash I was on my feet, and, quick as thought, threw back the blanket. Horror! There, erect on its tail, stood a huge cobra di capello, its great hat-shaped head aglow with the fire from its hideous eyes. Whilst I stood transfixed a moment only, it coiled and struck the lantern with a crash. The light went out, and so did I—out of the door. The cobra, attracted by the light, had failed to see me, and to this I owe my life, for

* NOTE.—On the 18th of May, 1886, the Sultan of Anjouan, one of the Comoro Islands, signed a treaty by which his island was ceded to France. The Comoro Islands are a collection of islands in the Mozambique Channel. The Mayotta and the Mohilla, in the same group, are under different Sultans, subject to the supreme authority of Sultan Abdallah, against whom the fugitive Prince Ali was in revolt. At the time of the Khedive's East African Expedition they were but little known, and served as watering-stations for ships passing the Capes. The islands were rich in streams, filled with fish, and great forests of tropical fruits. The mines of which Ali spoke are unknown, but the islands, in fact, are little known to the European, and it is not impossible that the Prince's story may prove to be a fact.



SLAVE-DEALERS AND SLAVES.

the bite of the cobra is mortal. I called the guard, and, armed with torches, the snake was captured and killed.

On another occasion I made the acquaintance of a leopard most unceremoniously. It was before our huts had been finished, and I was still occupying my tent, pitched quite near an inclosure formed of thick underbrush about five feet high. Between the tent and this wall ran the sentry's beat. It must have been about midnight one night, when, lying reading in bed, I was startled by the crash of a heavy body falling with great force, and crushing in the sides of the tent. An unearthly, wild yell, mingled with an affrighted cry for help, caused me to jump to the door, knife in hand, just in time to see, in the bright moonlight, a leopard leap the wall and disappear. On the ground the sentinel still lay, paralyzed with fear. The leopard had jumped the wall, and in doing so had fallen upon the *sleeping* sentry (for Egyptian sentries are much given to this weakness), and the two, leopard and sentry, both half dead with fright, toppled over and fell at full length upon the tent.

On the 6th of December the monsoon winds set in, and blew with such violence as to make the sand in our camp almost insupportable. The 25th, Christmas Day, brought us a welcome visitor, for we espied the *Tantah* returning from Suez and making her way to Kismayu. During the day I received an official dispatch from the Khedive, which read: "Withdraw your command at once, and return to Egypt." Lord Derby was indeed "after me with a sharp stick." He had protested against the occupation, and sent a peremptory note, which Ismaïl, encompassed by financial troubles, hastened to obey.

The Khedive's dream of empire was over. It was a bright dream, but Ismaïl was not a true descendant of his illustrious grandsire, Mehemet Ali. If he had been, the empire would have been founded with more ease than the state which the grand old man of Egypt had won with the sword and transmitted as an hereditary gift to his family. The rest is soon told. The expedition evacuated the Juba on the 5th, converting its camel corps into meat for military and naval supplies. On the 11th it withdrew the detachment from Brava, sailed for Berbera, and thence with McKillop to Suez, arriving in Cairo on the 6th of February, 1876.

Ten years have passed away since Ismaïl Pasha sent for me at the Palace at Abdiu to express to me his congratulations on the results obtained in the expedition to the Indian Ocean.

Since then Ismaïl Khedive is in exile, and resides in a little house in the Rue des Mathurins, Paris, to which Daudet has given a name in his "Les Rois en Exil."

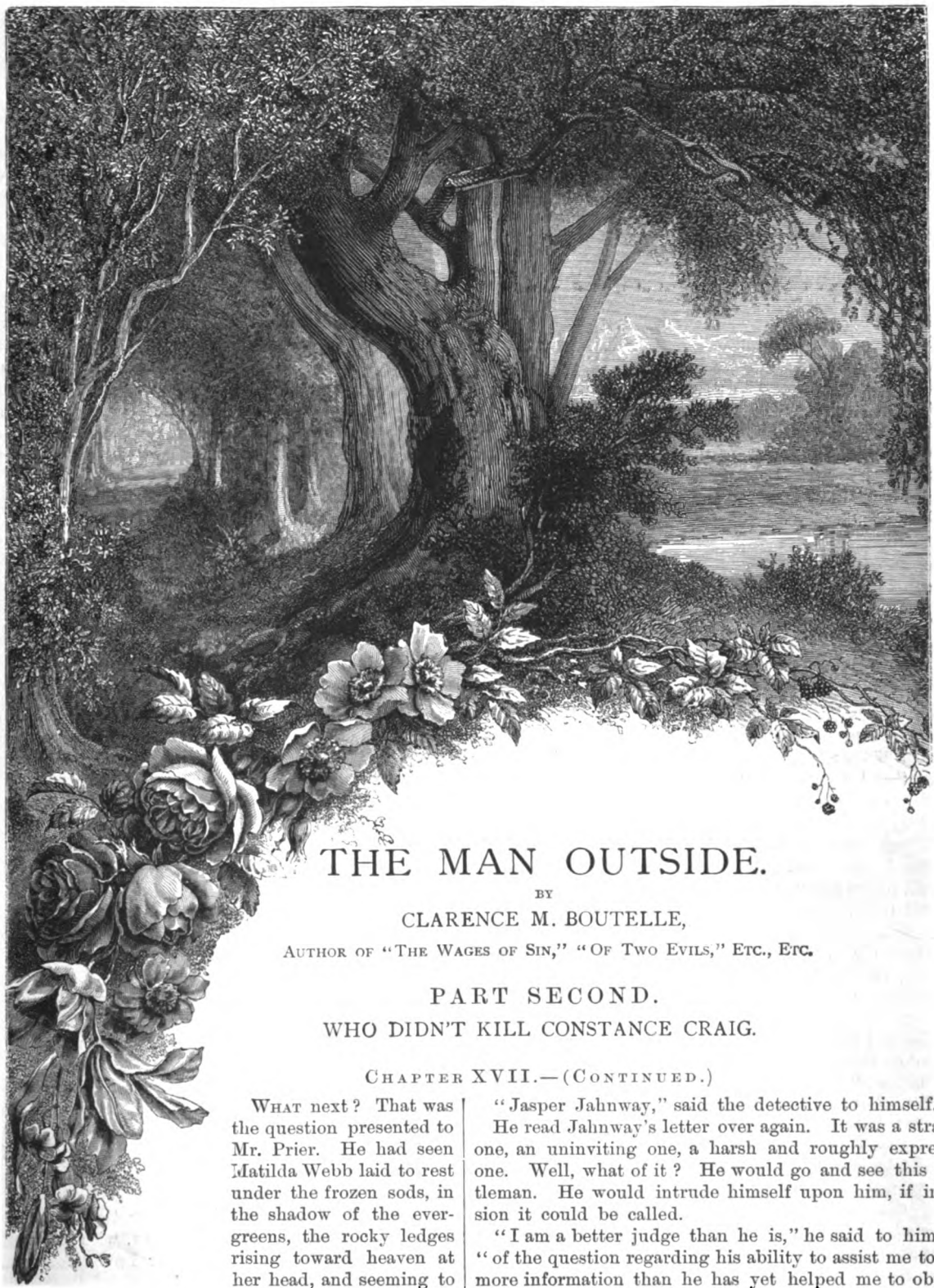
The shadows of Arabi and the Mahdi are still upon the land. Alexandria is in ruins, Khartoum abandoned, and the English occupy Egypt.

A base submission to Lord Derby's demands destroyed the fruits of the East African Expedition, and led to dethronement and the long train of disasters which have followed.

This was the culmination of Great Britain's policy, which was initiated when, in 1874, she sent Colonel Gordon to the Soudan.

In Canton there are large artificial incubating establishments where chickens are hatched for the Hong Kong market, which is reached in a few hours by the regular line of daily steamers. At Canton an export duty is demanded by the Chinese Customs on chickens, though there is none on eggs. The Chinese dealers in Canton know the exact time of the appearance of the chicks, and put hundreds of boxes of eggs on board the steamer at the last moment before sailing, from which, an hour or so after the boat has cast off, the chicks emerge, and are taken care of by watchers until delivered in Hong Kong, which is a free port.

THE SULTAN BURGASH-BIN-SAÏD.



THE MAN OUTSIDE.

BY

CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE,

AUTHOR OF "THE WAGES OF SIN," "OF TWO EVILS," ETC., ETC.

PART SECOND.

WHO DIDN'T KILL CONSTANCE CRAIG.

CHAPTER XVII.—(CONTINUED.)

WHAT next? That was the question presented to Mr. Prier. He had seen Matilda Webb laid to rest under the frozen sods, in the shadow of the evergreens, the rocky ledges rising toward heaven at her head, and seeming to keep guard over one so brave as she had proved herself to be. The frost-locked brook murmured drowsily through the wintry silence not far away, a protest against the season which symbolizes death—a promise of the springtime which promises the resurrection. He had turned away regretfully. He had gone away slowly.

And then. The question came home to him with great force. What next?

"Jasper Jahnway," said the detective to himself.

He read Jahnway's letter over again. It was a strange one, an uninviting one, a harsh and roughly expressed one. Well, what of it? He would go and see this gentleman. He would intrude himself upon him, if intrusion it could be called.

"I am a better judge than he is," he said to himself, "of the question regarding his ability to assist me to any more information than he has yet helped me to obtain. I will go to Jasper Jahnway."

He went.

The train took him to a station a couple of miles from Jahnway Park. It was dusk when he left the train, and snow was slowly falling—a promise of a severe storm.

The sound of the sea was in his ears. Its salty flavor was in the breeze.

What if the sky was gray with storm? What if the night was falling fast? There was hope in his heart.

Jasper Jahnway had helped him so much. Was it not likely he could help him still more?

He found no carriages at Jahnway Station. The train stopped for only a half-minute. The children from the half-dozen houses clustered about the railroad depot looked at Mr. Prier wonderingly. Even the older members of the community seemed filled with surprise. Perhaps it was a very unusual thing for passengers to get off at Jahnway Station.

He inquired the way to Jahnway Park. The directions were given him—given with that usual over-use of words which so effectually conceals ideas and clouds the understanding.

"Be you a-goin' there to-night?" asked the man who had told him the way.

"I am."

The man shook his head with an air which he evidently meant should be impressive.

"I wouldn't if I was in your place," he said.

"No? Why not?"

"Well, none of us folks like Mr. Jahnway; he's different from what the other Jahnways used to be."

"In what way?"

"In many ways. He doesn't spend money as they used to; he's gloomy and sullen; he's sour and cross and crabbed."

Mr. Prier looked at the critic of Mr. Jahnway—looked at him from head to foot. If such a man as the critic found it necessary to say what he had said, it was not likely that Mr. Jahnway would prove to be a pleasant acquaintance.

"Well, what else?" asked Mr. Prier.

"What else?" growled the man. "I should think that was enough. But tastes differ. If you don't think so, I'll tell you something else."

"You evidently want to tell it," said Mr. Prier, with a smile, "and I am willing to listen."

"Keep civil, old fellow," said the man, surlily, "or you may get into trouble."

"I beg your pardon; I mean no offense."

"No, I s'pose not. But I'm as good as anybody, and I don't allow any insinuations where I am."

"All right. Go on with your story."

"I will, when I get ready."

"Good-night," said Prier, quietly, turning away and walking rapidly in the direction the man had indicated.

He had not gone a dozen steps before the man laid his hand on his arm.

"Look here," said the fellow, roughly; "are you a-goin' to listen to what I have to tell, or shall I make you listen?"

"I guess you won't have to make me listen," responded Prier, stopping at once and appearing to be very patient.

The man laughed.

"You're not so big a fool as you look," he said, pleasantly—pleasantly for him.

"I hope not."

The man laughed again.

"No. And you're not so bad a fellow after all, I do believe. I haven't frightened you much, have I?"

"Not very much," said Prier.

"Because, when a man hasn't got any fight at all in him, I hate to frighten him. You're not much of a fighter, are you?"

"I don't enjoy getting hurt," admitted Prier.

"All right; I won't hurt you, and I won't let any one else hurt you, and when Patsy Gullens gives his word, Patsy Gullens keeps it."

"So this is Mr. Gullens, is it?" asked Prier.

The fellow extended his hand. He gave Prier's a hearty shake.

"You've heard of me, have you?" he asked, with an accent of pride. "Well, I don't much wonder. I guess you'll learn that I am the boss of the boys around Jahnway Station."

"I presume so. And now, I came up here on purpose to learn something about Jasper Jahnway. Will you please be so kind, Mr. Gullens, as to tell me all you can about him?"

"Well, rich as he is, he'd rather bunk on the floor than sleep in a bed. Does it ever so many nights, so the servants up to the park say."

"Indeed?"

"And then he's such an aristocratic and exclusive sort of fellow. He hires his servants from elsewhere, as though the men and women of Jahnway Station ain't good enough for him. Only the other day he hired a man—a private secretary I think they say he calls him, though what he wants of a private secretary I'm sure I don't know—and no one here ever saw or heard of the new man."

"Mr. Jahnway seems to be an independent sort of man?"

"I should say so. Most everybody around here dislikes him, though they're generally a little bit afraid of him. To tell the truth," lowering his voice to a whisper, and coming nearer to Prier, "I am a little afraid of him myself."

"Is it possible?" asked Prier.

"Yes. I don't wonder you are astonished. But we've found out that he followed the sea for a good many years, and we've got a sort of notion that he used to be a pirate. And it wouldn't do to get a pirate down on you, you know, for there's no telling what he might take it into his head to do. Do you see?"

"I see. Well, what else can you tell me about Mr. Jahnway?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? I thank you for your information. And now I must be going."

"Going? You ain't going out to Jahnway Park?"

"Certainly."

"But I told you not to go."

"That makes no difference to me."

"Have you forgotten that I am Patsy Gullens?"

"I recognize the fact that you are Mr. Gullens."

"And I've told you the sort of fellow Jasper Jahnway is."

"Yes, and for that I thank you. I came up here to see Mr. Jahnway, and I am going to see him. I am glad to get any information regarding him, no matter how unlikely its accuracy or questionable its source. If it had not been for that, do you suppose I would have wasted my time here with you?"

"Wasted your time, is it? Your time must be very valuable, mustn't it?" said the man, with a threatening sneer; "what business has your honor followed that takes so much of your time?"

"Well," said Prier, quietly, "I've studied several different kinds of——"

"Studied, have you? I never studied anything in *my* life, I can tell you."

"I don't doubt it," said Prier.

"You'd better not doubt it, nor anything else I say. Will you tell me the names of some of the things you've studied?"

"Willingly. I gave some attention to marksmanship

once ; had an idea of getting my living by giving exhibitions of my skill ; was really a pretty fair shot once ; am now a little rusty, as they say, I suppose. Do you see that leaf yonder ?"

He pointed to a single leaf, clinging to the extremity of a high branch, on a tree some thirty yards away.

Gullens bowed.

Prier drew his hand out of the pocket into which it had been carelessly thrust for a few minutes. It had a revolver in it. He deliberately raised it. There was a sharp report. And the leaf slowly floated down through the gathering darkness, among the snowflakes which fell in ever-increasing numbers as the night drew on.

"Wh—what else ?" gasped Gullens.

"Well, I studied boxing. Got quite expert, too. Might have been a prize-fighter, I suppose, only I wasn't willing to be. Shall I show——"

But Gullens had briskly moved aside.

"Just at present I am a detective, and——"

"And you're going up to Jahnway Park ?"

"I am going up to Jahnway Park. Good-night, Mr. Gullens."

Prier walked rapidly away.

"I—I say, friend," shouted Gullens after him, "it ain't possible Jahnway is really a pirate, is it ?"

Prier made no answer. A smile flashed over his face, and drifted away, leaving it more sorry and careworn than it had been before.

"A farce for an interlude," he said, bitterly; "an act of comedy in the drama of life. And now—now to face the mystery, and take my part in the tragedy again."

It was late when Prier reached Jahnway Park. The snow was falling very fast. The wind was rising. The grand old trees in the park were shaking and twisting in the hands of the viewless forces of the night and the storm.

The walk leading up to the front door was full of snow, the neglected accumulations of several severe storms. The old mansion did not show a light at a single window. Its whole aspect was inhospitable and forbidding. It seemed empty and deserted.

Prier thought for a moment of the interview he had had with Patsy Gullens. He felt in his pocket to be sure his pistol was convenient and ready in case anything should happen to make its use a necessity. He had no idea that Jahnway was a pirate, or ever had been ; he knew that the age was not one taking kindly to pirates, and that they did not flourish on American soil. And yet—he had not been a detective for all the best years of his life without finding much danger ; he had learned the lesson that teaches the importance of being always ready—ready for danger—surprise—anything.

He went up to the front door. He rang the bell.

No answer.

He rang the bell again, longer and more vigorously than before.

No answer.

He rang a third time—rang with a sturdy persistence which he fancied would impress even the frankly impertinent gentleman who had warned him not to come—rang with an impatience in every motion his hand gave to the jangling bell.

And suddenly, much as though some one had been waiting behind the door all the time—for he had heard nothing of the approach of any one—the door was opened an inch or two, and some one inside asked, roughly:

"Who are you ?"

"A gentleman to see Mr. Jahnway," replied Mr. Prier.

"What's your name ?"

"J. B. Prier."

At that the door was swung wide open, and the man who had asked the questions stepped back into the hall to allow Mr. Prier to enter.

"Come in," he said, in a voice which was evidently intended to be pleasant, and which would, perhaps, have been cordial had not a long lifetime of sullen brusqueness made a sudden assumption of genuine cordiality—or even a fair counterfeit of it—impossible ; "come in. You are welcome. Mr. Jahnway said you would be sure to come."

Mr. Prier entered the hall. The aged servant closed the outer door against the night and storm. He put the heavy bolt into its place with a quick energy that was startling, even to a man with as good nerves as those possessed by Mr. Prier. Instinctively he compared this servitor at Jahnway Park with the bully at Jahnway Station ; one had been a man of many words, of empty boasting—the other, well, he had seen little of the other, but he recognized him as a man who would obey orders from one who employed him, no matter what those orders might be—and Mr. Prier, brave and self-sufficient as he usually was, shivered a little ; he was almost sorry he had come.

The servant turned and faced him in the hall, holding the tallow candle he carried in such a way as to light the space where Prier stood, and to keep his own face in shadow.

"I've lived at Jahnway Park a great many years," he said, with an impressive deliberateness, "and I never questioned a Jahnway's order, or disobeyed it—and I never shall. I said you were welcome here ; so you are ; you are welcome, because Jasper Jahnway said you would be ; you are welcome to just what he said you were to have."

The servant paused. Mr. Prier spoke :

"I wish to see Mr. Jahnway," he said.

"Mr. Jahnway is not at home," said the servant.

"Where has he gone ?"

"I don't know."

"When will he return ?"

"I don't know."

"When did he go ?"

"I was directed not to say when, and I never disobey orders—when they are given me by a Jahnway."

"You said I was welcome ?"

"Yes."

"Which means that I was expected, I suppose ?"

"Yes."

"And did Mr. Jahnway leave no message for me ?"

"Oh, yes ; he left a message."

"Tell me what it is."

"I cannot. It is a written message, and I never pry into any one's affairs—least of all into a Jahnway's."

"Give me Mr. Jahnway's letter."

"Not yet. 'Let Mr. Prier eat first,' was Mr. Jahnway's command ; 'see that the meal is excellent ; see that he eats heartily; and then—show him to his room and give him the letter.' Those are the orders, sir, and supper is ready."

"And so am I," said Prier.

The servant opened one of the many doors opening out of the hall.

"Follow me," he said.

The supper was excellent. The servant, who stood during the meal, and seemed to anticipate Prier's every want, pressed this and that dish upon the detective's attention with a pointed persistency which showed how literal was his interpretation of Mr. Jahnway's order that his guest

should eat heartily. Prier was hungry; his disappointment at not seeing Mr. Jahnway was great, to be sure, but the fact that Jahnway was away removed the need for hurry from his immediate future actions. He was beginning to enjoy the adventure upon which he was engaged; he took pleasure in watching and studying the quaint servant who had been trained to do the bidding of the Jahnways, and wondered whether his strange personality was a reflection of Mr. Jasper Jahnway—or of some Jahnway of an older generation. Jahnway being gone, he was in no very great hurry to read the message which had been left for him. So that, all things considered, he did ample justice to the meal. Even the exact and literally obedient servant could not have been less than satisfied when he arose from the table. The servant showed Mr. Prier to his room. It was well lighted. It was large and comfortable-looking. It was heated by a roaring fire in a huge fireplace on one side. The bed had been opened and thoroughly warmed while the detective had been at supper. There was a bowl of hot punch and a box of cigars on one table, and pens, ink, paper, and the latest newspapers available at Jahnway's Station, on another.

"Good-night and pleasant dreams, sir," said the servant; "we breakfast at five o'clock—never a minute earlier or later—the sleigh will be at the door at just six, to take you to the station. I shall go with you, and see you safely on the train for Boomville. These were Mr. Jahnway's orders, sir. Good-night."

"But—the message?" said Mr. Prier.

The servant turned back for a moment at the door.

"The message is on the table," he said, and shut the door.

Mr. Prier was alone—the guest of the man who had given him the confession of the one who had slain his sister.

He found the message, a thin letter directed to "Mr. J. B. Prier," but without any other word upon the envelope to indicate how it was to be conveyed to the one for whom it was intended.

"No doubt Mr. Jahnway understands his servants," said Mr. Prier, reflectively, "and knows that oral orders are sufficient."

He opened and read the letter:

"My Dear Prier: I have no doubt you are as angry as a man can be. I hope you are not addicted to profanity; I assure you the habit is a bad one. I have laughed many times, between the writing of this and the time of your reading it, as I picture in my mind's eye the airs which my stately Philip has put on for your benefit. He carries obedience to a ridiculous extreme, doesn't he? If I were to tell him to cut your throat, at twelve o'clock at night, I feel certain that he would attend to that matter, with a business-like attention and imperturbable gravity, just as the clocks rang out the hour of midnight. I don't know how you'd escape him; in fact, I have a strong conviction that you wouldn't escape him at all. So I hasten to reassure you by informing you that I've not dedicated you to anything worse than a series of the stately services he knows so well how to render. I am undoubtedly laughing at you as you read this.

"Really, Mr. Prier, you had no right to come; I told you not to come; I told you that I hadn't anything more to tell you. You ought to have taken my word for it; and you should have respected my wishes. And yet, I am a good-enough judge of human nature to feel sure that you will come—sure that this letter is not written in vain. Am I not shrewd for so young a man as I am? For I am young. I beg you'll not do me the injustice of supposing I had the training of Philip. He is the product of the intellectual ability of a very different sort of Jahnway from what I am.

"I am going away. I shall be on the ocean when you read this. Since I inherited the great Jahnway estate I am so fortunate as to own a yacht. So I can go on the sea for pleasure—where I once went for business. And—I am going.

"Perhaps you'll think me a strange fellow, going yachting in late February or early March. All right; I don't know that I much care what you think. I've got a snug, warm cabin, well supplied with the creature comforts of this life; I've got a trusty crew; I have a newly employed young man, a sort of companion, I suppose you'd call him—I denominate him my private secretary, because the name sounds well—who came to me under rather strange conditions, and with a peculiar sort of recommendation; I have a natural desire to test the stuff the young fellow is made of, and to do it where he cannot be tampered with nor tempted. I don't know a better place for such a purpose than on a seaworthy yacht in mid-Atlantic. Do you?

"And my sea voyage will keep you from coming to bore me—and prevent your dragging me into your affairs. It will cool my blood—which is a little inclined, both as a result of inheritance and from experience and habit, to be hot.

"And, if anything happens—I've suffered from cold and hunger before, and can do so again. I am willing to be '*the man outside*,' for a time.

"And last of all, Mr. J. B. Prier, if you've any questions to ask, hunt me up, on the stormy Atlantic, and I'll do my best to answer them. It wouldn't convince me that you really desired information, to have you come to Jahnway Park after it. If you really hunger and thirst after knowledge, come out and get it. I think I have found just a single little item, since I wrote to you before, which you might like to have. Jasper Jahnway."

"P. S.—I must not forget to inform you that I hired my private secretary on your recommendation, and that his name is—*Gilbert Senn*. J. J."

CHAPTER XVIII.

PRIER'S CONCLUSIONS.

Prier read Mr. Jahnway's letter a second time, a third time and a fourth.

He laid it down at last.

"I don't understand it at all," he said, sadly; "I don't understand it at all. The letter is cool, flippant, insulting. And yet—there is a vein of earnestness running through it all. And he has befriended Senn. He has taken him away from his gloomy thoughts, and away from the chances of insults and slights. I wonder if he is really light-hearted, or whether all that is an assumed gayety? I wonder if he really knows anything which might be of service to me, or whether that hint is as careless and baseless, as much he has written seems to be? I wonder whether his invitation to me to come and hunt him up is a mockery of my efforts or a challenge to my earnestness? I wonder—I wonder *everything*, almost; and I know—*almost nothing!* If I could only look into Jasper Jahnway's face for a half-dozen minutes; if I could only exchange a dozen words with him, I should not be so utterly in the dark as I now am. And why may I not? It wouldn't take a day to find a fishing-vessel, somewhere along the coast here, that would be safe for an ocean voyage, and that could be hired for a reasonable sum, captain, crew and all. It might not be very comfortable; but I am ready to sacrifice comfort in this matter. I don't know the name of Jahnway's vessel, but I think I can find out without great difficulty. I don't know where he will go, but after all he has written about the cold and the season I doubt his going far south; and if he has been a sailor, as he hints and Patsy Gullens says, I don't think he'll get very far off shore. If I hunt for him from Newfoundland to New York, and in a strip of water reaching two hundred miles off shore, I shall be astonished if I don't find him.

"Danger—hardship—expense—uncertainty—I realize all that. But I'll be blamed if I don't hang somebody. I'll be blamed if I don't go out after Jasper Jahnway within forty-eight hours."

Mr. J. B. Prier had one enviable characteristic appertaining to his Will. You know he often let impulse sway

"THE TURKISH SLAVE," BY JOHN COSTA, IN THE PISANI GALLERY.

him; you know he often listened to the dictates of his keen analytical powers of reason; in these respects he was like most men. Nor was he a very remarkable man as regarded his power of will—his fixity of purpose. But he had the power, when he had once made up his mind to do a thing, of putting it aside until the proper time came. It was a power we might any of us covet.

He had decided to hire a large and well-constructed fishing-vessel as soon as he could find a suitable one. He had decided to hunt thoroughly the space he had decided it would be likely Jahnway would cruise in. This was a great undertaking. It was a strange thing to do. It seemed quixotic. It was entirely unprecedented in Prier's experience. He was going outside of anything he had ever known. He had never heard of a detective doing as he was about to do.

No matter, though all that were true.

He had decided to go. He was going. Let his plans stand in general, without further thought; let them wait for the arrangement of details until a more convenient season. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof," he quoted, gravely, as he put thought of the coming dangers and difficulties of the ocean voyage resolutely from him and took out the little book in which he had put the analysis of the anonymous letter.

"What shall I write? Shall it be: 'Who killed Constance Craig?' Alas, no; there is no use in writing that. Shall—it—not—rather—be——"

And he mused silently for some minutes.

"Yes," he said, aloud, suddenly and with emphasis. "Yes, I will write that. It will busy my mind for a little time. But I will not write such a statement of negations in my book; I will write it elsewhere."

He closed his book. He put it in his pocket. He drew a loose sheet of paper toward him. He wrote on the first line, in large letters:

"WHO DID NOT KILL CONSTANCE CRAIG."

He went on with his work, as follows:

"Gilbert Senn did not kill Constance Craig. In spite of circumstantial evidence, in all its strength—in spite of the new link in the chain which was placed in my hand by Matilda Webb when she was dying, Gilbert Senn is innocent. He carries truth and honesty in his face; I would stake my soul on his honor: it does not need the agreement of the anonymous letter with the confession Jahnway sent me, nor the fact that neither is like the writing of this ill-used man, to prove that Gilbert Senn is guiltless."

The detective was growing tired. He suppressed a yawn; and then he yawned, a half-minute later, without trying to suppress it; he looked at the inviting bed; he listened, from his comfortable place before the fire, to the wild night outside; his pen moved less freely; he wrote much less—said much less aloud—and one could but have believed, could one have looked upon him, that he thought much less.

"Walter Aldrich did not kill Constance Craig."

He wrote that. He said nothing. His face darkened. Undoubtedly he believed Aldrich a liar. But he exonerated him from all responsibility regarding the greater crime—the crime of murder.

"Elsie Senn is innocent."

It took no time for thought to enable him to write that.

"John Kane is guiltless."

He muttered a half-apology to himself for having used the clergyman's name at all. And then, as he pushed the ink from him, and sat lazily, a moment or two, before rising, he thought of the face he had seen in Kane's album.

And he wrote, half unconsciously, the name of one who had gone away from his sight and knowledge long years before:

"Lurline Bannottie."

He wrote that. He wrote no more. He rose. He undressed. In five minutes he had let the sound of the storm soothe him to sleep. He slept as calmly as though there were no mystery in the world—as calmly as though murder were unheard of in all God's universe—as sweetly as he ever slept in the far-vanished years, a helpless infant on his mother's knee.

Prier awoke in the early morning. The night lingered yet, especially in so dark a place as was Jahnway Park, with its many and thick-spreading trees. But the storm was done, and the snow lay everywhere in fantastic drifts of virgin whiteness, type of a better world and a better, better future, sometime, somewhere.

The detective rose at once. He descended to the dining-room. Philip was evidently pleased at his punctuality; he was just a minute early. The meal was as good as the one of the evening before. Mr. Prier did as ample justice to it as he had to the supper—perhaps because the thought of his coming sea voyage made him hungry already. At six o'clock the sleigh, large and comfortable, full of robes and blankets, came to the door. Mr. Prier took his seat in it. Philip took a seat beside him. The driver spoke to the horses. Away they went, through the keen air of the bright morning, to the station. Philip, or Philip's master, had arranged the time for the successive events in Prier's visit with great care and thoughtfulness—the train was already in sight when they arrived at Jahnway Station, after an almost silent and decidedly unsocial drive. The train rolled up to the station. Prier turned and shook hands with Philip. Philip bowed gravely to the detective, and said a few words of stately farewell to him as he stepped from the sleigh. Then, as Prier got aboard, he drove back toward Jahnway Park, neither he nor the driver looking behind to see what might or might not happen. They had obeyed Jasper Jahnway's orders; they had been giving unthinking and unquestioned literal obedience for so many years that curiosity had been crucified within them. Why should they look back? But Prier, looking after the hurrying sleigh with a return of that grim smile we have seen on his face so many times, stepped off the train as it rolled away, and entered the waiting-room of the little station.

The first man he saw was Patsy Gullens. Patsy Gullens was not a worker; he was usually at leisure; and he found his pleasure in being where the greatest excitement which came toward his narrow and humdrum life could be found. He rarely missed seeing any train which passed Jahnway Station—be the time day or night, Summer or Winter—and be the weather hot or cold, wet or dry. Perhaps, had Patsy Gullens's lot been cast under other influences, and amid other scenes, he might have been a different man. It is hard, for a man whose nerves must be irritated with excitement in order that he may live, to be shut away from the world and its pleasures as was Patsy Gullens. A call for him to go away, whatever the place—the reason—the work—would be a temptation he would find it hard to refuse.

"Good-morning, Mr. Gullens," said Prier.

"Good-morning."

"I'd like to ask you a few questions this morning."

"All right. About Jasper Jahnway?"

"Yes. I didn't find Mr. Jahnway at home."

"I knew you wouldn't."

"You knew he was away?"

"Yes."

"Why didn't you tell me, then?"

"You didn't ask me, and besides, after I found out what sort of a man you were — found out you really amounted to something — you did not give me any chance."

Prier laughed.

"I guess there is something in that. But, if you know that he is away, perhaps you know where he has gone—where I can find him. Do you?"

"No, I don't. And I don't think any one does. He went away in his yacht, some few days ago—I don't know just how many—and no one knows why he went, where he went, or how long he will remain away—at least no one knows that I've had any chance to talk with about it."

"Do you know the name of his yacht?"

"Certainly—the *Homeward Bound*."

"A good vessel?"

"I think so, I——"

"You've seen her, of course?"

"Yes."

"Ever been aboard?"

"No."

"Would you think, from what you know of her, that she'd do to cross the ocean in?"

Patsy Gullens looked away toward the sea, the long billows of which, huge and sullen still by reason of the buffeting of last night's storm, could be seen in the distance, sweeping in toward shore, while the thunder of their eternal tramp on the beach came harsh and strong upon the breeze of morning. His eyes glittered. His cheeks flushed. His form straightened. For a little time he was not the slouching braggart and cowardly wretch he had been for years; for a half-minute he seemed a man—in a good, almost in the best, sense of the word—a man.

Then the passion died out of his face. The flush faded from his check, leaving only the red which was the seal and signet of the dominion of alcohol. His shoulders bent again. He turned to Prier.

"I've lived here all my life," he said, sullenly, "here at Jahnway Station; I've never been twenty miles from where we are standing in all the years I have lived. I've seen the sea every day; I've listened to it every night; and I've never been out far enough to be out of sight of land. Fishing alongshore — when I had to; fighting; drinking; lounging around this station to see the trains pass, carrying with them some hint of the world outside; this has been my life. I cannot read. I cannot write. I have been a lazy fellow always. But—I can't help loving the ocean; and so, when you ask me whether I think the *Homeward Bound* would do to cross the ocean in, I say *I'd cross the ocean in her—if I had the chance.*"

Prier smiled. He had seen this sort of man before. Men, passion-wrecked because of the quiet barrenness of their lives, men mad for something they had never known and could not imagine, were not new to him.

"You'd like to go to sea, would you?" he asked.

"Like it? Indeed I would. But there's the wife and children. I—I couldn't leave them to starve, you know."

"To starve?" Then changing his voice so that a strain of sternness sounded in it, while he looked closely and critically at the man before him, Prier asked: "How much better than that has it been for them, I'd like to know?"

Gullens scowled.

"I don't know as it is for you to ask?" he replied, gruffly.

"But I do ask."

"I wouldn't let any of the boys here at Jahnway Station ask such a question. They wouldn't dare."

"Perhaps not. I presume not. But I dare. I ask it?"

There was a pause. Gullens looked down. He worked the snow back and forth, nervously and tremblingly, with the toe of his boot.

Then, suddenly, the detective's voice rang out, clear as a bell, sharp and incisive as a knife:

"And I am in the habit of having my questions answered when I ask them. How much better than starvation has the condition of your family been for years?"

Gullens did not look up. He only worked the snow to and fro more rapidly.

"How often have they suffered for bread that you might have liquor?"

Gullens's hands clasped and unclasped themselves. He was in torture—on the rack; not so much because of the picture the detective's words brought home to him, with its long tale of privation for his family and disgrace to himself, but because he had met a man whose appeal he did not dare to meet with the argument of brute force—a man he did not dare to threaten.

He clinched his hands; the words of the detective seemed burning in his brain. He unclinched them again; he was thinking of the story Prier had told him twelve hours before of his skill as a boxer. He felt in his pocket for his knife, a wicked weapon, and a dangerous thing in the hands of a desperate man; he was pondering on the scorn Prier had put into the questions he had asked. He let the knife drop from his hand, back into his pocket again, and drew his hand out empty; he was thinking of the falling of the dead leaf through the snowy air last night, and wondering why Prier's hand was resting carelessly in the pocket of his coat as he waited for his answer.

"Come, Gullens," said Prier, sternly, "I've waited long enough. Give me my answer. How much better than starvation?"

Gullens glanced up. For one second he faced Prier's eyes. Then his glance fell.

"Not much, I suppose," he said.

Prier had conquered.

"Very well; now let us get back to the questions again. Do you think any one would try to cross the ocean in the *Homeward Bound?*"

"No; not unless he was a fool, or——"

"Well, or whom?"

"Or Jasper Jahnway. There's no guessing what he would or wouldn't do."

"You don't like Jasper Jahnway?"

"No, sir; I don't."

"You are afraid of him?"

"Yes," sullenly; "I told you last night that I am afraid of him—the only man I ever met——"

"The only one?" said Prier, quietly; "the only man you ever met of whom you are afraid? Are you sure of that?"

"Well, the only one except you."

"Ah? You *are* afraid of me, then, are you?"

"Yes, I am."

"And perhaps you dislike me, too?"

"I don't know yet. I'll tell you when I do."

"Will you? Thank you. Now do you know where I can hire a good-sized, thoroughly seaworthy fishing-vessel, crew and all. I want a good, comfortable cabin for myself, comfortable quarters for the crew, and I want a captain and men who can be depended upon in every respect. The vessel must be a swift sailer, and——"

"How swift?" queried Gullens.

"Swift enough to outsail the *Homeward Bound*, if possible? Do you think you can tell me where I can find such a vessel?"

"I think so. Are you going out to sea to try and find Mr. Jahnway?"

"I am. Will you go with me? The wages will be good, and——"

"Will I go with you?" cried Gullens, springing forward and grasping Prier's hand; "will I go with you? Indeed I will. And you asked me whether I disliked you or not! I'll tell you now. I like you—I like you. I'll not only go to sea with you, but I—I—I'll go through—through—perhaps you'd rather not hear the word, but through a warmer place than there is in Maine such a morning as this, for you."

"All right," said Prier, smiling at the fellow's enthusiastic extravagance of language, and pleased at the new manhood which seemed rising within him; "all right. Now, when and how can you find out about the vessel?"

"Here, at Jahnway's Station. And now. I won't be gone an hour."

And he hurried away.

Prier stood on the platform, looking away over the snowy fields, white and pure and glistening. He looked up the road to where the rails seemed to meet in the distance and disappear—as memories meet and fade in the past; down the road to the converging of the rails—as hope finds a point beyond which the limitations of the human soul will not permit it to be seen.

He was musing now, much as he had mused last night when he wrote that which occupied his last waking thoughts. Carelessly and thoughtlessly he took it from his pocket; heedlessly he read it; absentmindedly he tore it into tiny fragments, tossed them from him, and the wintry winds scattered them beyond any hope of their ever being brought together again:

"Gilbert Senn did not kill Constance Craig. In spite of circumstantial evidence, in all its strength—in spite of the new link in the chain which was placed in my hand by Matilda Webb when she was dying, Gilbert Senn is innocent. He carries truth and honesty in his face; I would stake my soul on his honor; it does not need the agreement of the anonymous letter with the confession Jahnway sent me, nor the fact that neither is like the writing of this ill-used man, to prove that Gilbert Senn is guiltless.

"Walter Aldrich did not kill Constance Craig.

"Elsie Senn is innocent.

"John Kane is guiltless.

"Lurline Bannottie."

PART THIRD.

IN THE TRACK OF A WOMAN'S DESIRE.

CHAPTER XIX.

A CALL OBEYED.

Mrs. Elsie Barron-Senn, in company with her companion, went abroad soon after the financial affairs of the former lady were partly settled. You may remember the announcement of that fact which Mr. Prier, usually wide-awake and alert, allowed himself to go to sleep over. Mr. Lyman, the man who replaced Mr. Senn in the actual management of Barron's Boomville Bank, was left in full control of all Mrs. Senn's affairs, and was directed to report regularly. And then—Mrs. Senn needed a change of scene; it was not strange that she wished to be as far from her husband as convenient; it was not remarkable that she decided upon a quiet trip through, or residence in, Europe.

Although—to tell the truth—I fancy that Mrs. Senn's companion had much more to do with this trip than had Mrs. Senn herself. Elsie had grown into the habit of doing as her lady friend desired; she had done so for years; she had been out-argued, overruled, outgeneraled, coaxed, or coerced, and, in some way, conquered, whenever she had put her will up against that of the woman who had been hired, years ago, by Mr. Barron, to take charge of the education of his daughter, and who had ended by becoming one of the family—to all intents and purposes—and not an unimportant one.

Naples had been selected as the residence of these two ladies. They lived a very quiet and retired sort of life; they did not go into society, more than to call upon a very few friends, in an informal sort of way, and receive informal calls from them in return; they did not go to the theatre or opera; they might, for all the gayety or dissipation in which they indulged, have been residents of a nunnery instead of dwelling in Naples. It was fitting that one so recently bereaved of her father should abstain from gayety; Elsie Barron's marriage to Mr. Senn was still another reason to keep her from social life. As she used the fact of the character of their employments and amusements as an excuse for their journey and the selecting of Naples as a residence, I suppose Mrs. Senn believed the selection to be her own. I think, however, that in this, as in most things, the other woman had had her way.

Do not misunderstand me. Mrs. Senn was not a weak woman, nor a dependent one. We have seen her do that which no one not of vigorous will and inflexible determination could possibly have done. But, to the strongest, loves comes with an argument which is unanswerable; and Elsie Senn had loved the beautiful companion of her earliest years—the woman who had taught her the beginnings of all knowledge—the one who had advised her more, comforted her more and encouraged her more than any other ever had—the one whose voice had never fallen upon her ears with any other than tones of sweetness and tenderness—the being on whose face she had never found any other look than the most winning of smiles—had loved her with an unfaltering and unchanging love. She loved strongly—passionately. In just that way had she loved Aldrich. Fate had builded a barrier between her and him which love could not pass. And so, she had turned to her friend and companion with a stronger and deeper feeling than had been in her heart for her before. She loved Lurline Bannottie with all her heart and soul and strength.

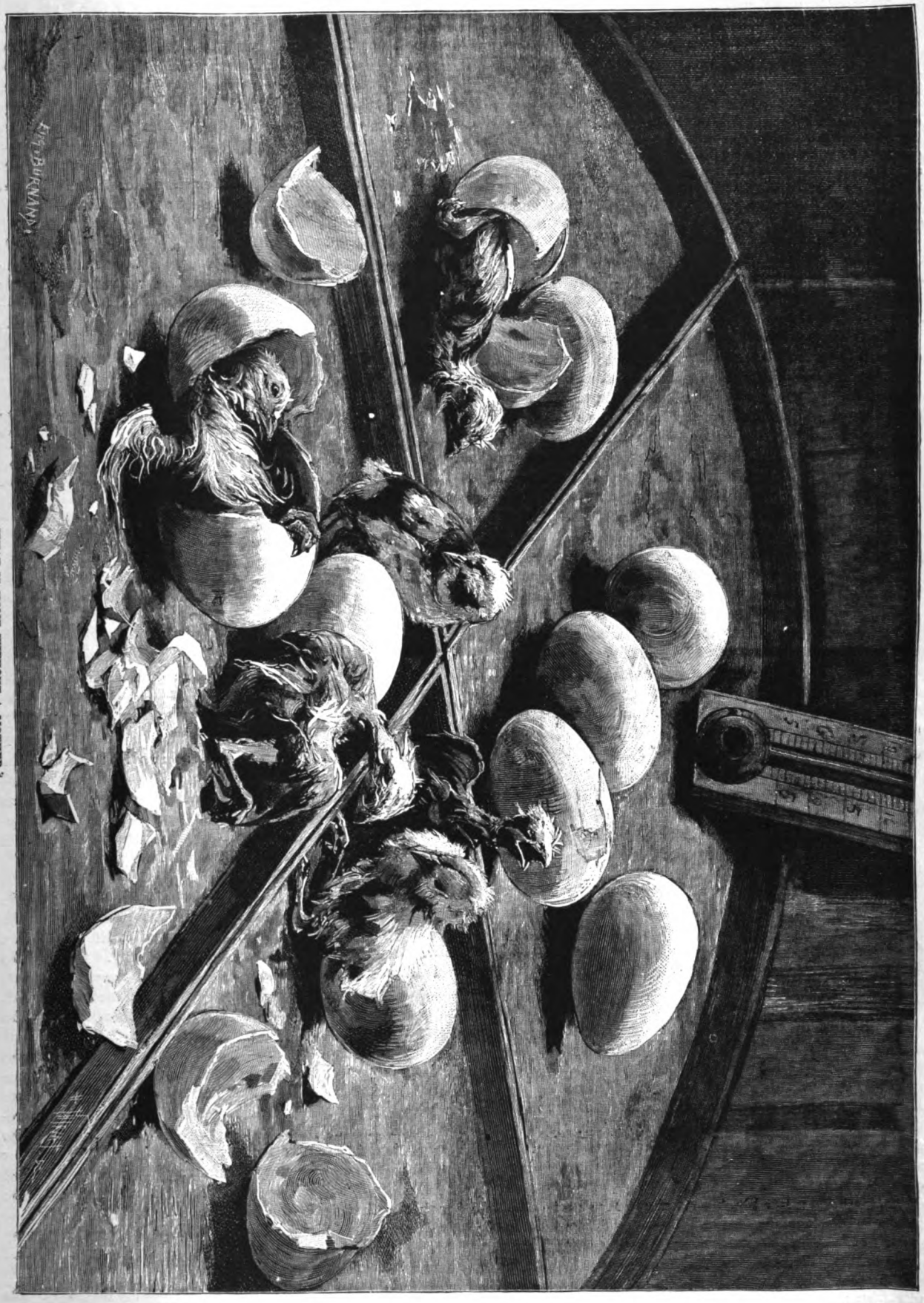
They were sitting alone in their private parlor. They had not been living in Naples so very long, for it was only February now—well along in February—and yet their rooms seemed like home.

"I could be happy here for ever," said Mrs. Senn; "I sometimes hope I shall never have to cross the sea again."

At these words, Lurline turned toward the younger lady with a smile.

"I don't know," she said, slowly; "I don't know. I sometimes think I should like to see Boomville again, though I scarcely think I ever shall."

Indeed! Man proposes. And God—have you ever let



WHAT IS HOME WITHOUT A MOTHER?

that smile slip from your lips long enough, Miss Lurline Bannottie, to think slowly and seriously of Him ?

A servant tapped at the door, and came in with the lights and with the mail which had just arrived.

"A letter for me," said Mrs. Senn, "from Mr. Lyman. Listen to what he says :

"'Business is good. All the investments are turning out well; even the doubtful ones leave us nothing to regret. Confidence is fully restored. The deposits are larger than ever before, and the opportunities for safely using the large sums intrusted to us, and at rates which insure a fine margin of profit, were never better. I think there are no details which I need trouble you about. Any commands which you may give will be attended to without delay, and any questions you may ask will be answered immediately.'

Isn't that a nice letter, Lurline, and isn't it fortunate we have so excellent a manager as Mr. Lyman is, and—what is the matter, Lurline ? Who is your letter from ? Have you bad news ?"

Miss Bannottie had uttered no cry. There was no pallor in her beautiful face. Her hand did not tremble. There were no tears in her eyes. But she was crumpling the envelope, the one which had contained her letter, into a shapeless wad in her hand. She was staring at the letter she had received—as one might imagine she might have stared if she had seen a ghost, that is, if such pretty women as she are ever haunted. And her smile, without which Elsie had never before seen her face—her smile was gone now—undoubtedly gone—utterly blotted out or swallowed up or swept away. It was little wonder that Mrs. Senn cried out as she did.

"N—no, not very bad news. I—I must go away for a little time—a few weeks, perhaps, to—to—to London."

"To London ? Why—what——"

"Business, my dear," said Miss Bannottie, her smile back again, as she rose and kissed Elsie ; "only a little business, which you would neither understand nor be interested in. My only sorrow in the matter is in having to be away from you. But it will not be for long—not for long——"

"But why may I not go, too ?"

Miss Bannottie shook her head.

"That is impossible. I must go at once, and——"

"At once ? How soon ?"

"As soon as I can get away. Send out to see how soon that will be. I must go up and pack a few things for my journey."

"But may I not go up and help you ?"

"No—no. You attend to sending some one for the information I mentioned. I must go this very night if possible. I think my letter has been delayed, and that I am late already."

"And you will return——?"

"In a few weeks, dear."

"And you will write ?"

"Whenever business permits, if it does at all."

And then, while Mrs. Senn remained to give the necessary directions to the servant, Miss Bannottie hurried from the room, and——

And almost fainted just outside the door. She leaned against the wall for support ; her hands trembled so that she could scarcely hold the letter she had received ; her cheeks grew pale, as pale as they will be when she is dead, perhaps ; her black eyes shone like hellish fires in the semi-darkness ; as for her smile, if you had never seen her until then you would have doubted if she had ever smiled, or ever would.

"Pshaw !" she cried, shutting her white teeth over her lip until it bled ; "is this really you, Lurline Bannottie ? Are you really frightened because that scoundrel has threatened you ? Have you never met other difficulties, that you should tremble and grow faint at this ? Threatens, does he ? Threatens, this man who owes everything he is and has—his life, even—to you ? Do you fear him ? Let him fear, rather. As for you, go to him—go as he demands. And then—watch your opportunity—take every advantage in your own hands—play out the drama in your own way—and in it be as merciless as he is."

She paused. She drew her hand wearily over her face. And then, as though it had been another who had been speaking before, she gave herself an answer.

"I will do it," she said.

And then she stood up, straight and firm. The smile came back, as the tide comes up the beach after earthquake shock has driven it away. Her hands no longer trembled. Her steps no longer faltered. She walked—shall I not rather say she gracefully floated—up the stairs.

She burned the envelope.

Then she read the letter again :

"Miss Lurline Bannottie: Everything has gone wrong. The worst has come—unless it is more fitting to keep that superlative for use in recording and celebrating your expected arrival.

"I must see you, and at once, for I am going away for ever. And, as I cannot go to you, you must come to me. And you must come at once.

"I can imagine your pausing there to say you cannot come. But I know better. There was never a thing mentioned yet that you couldn't do—if you would.

"Perhaps you'd like to say you will not come; don't you do it; don't you dare do it! You must come! If I know anything you would wish me not to tell—anything you'd like a chance to hire me not to tell, *come!*

"Be at the bridge, a half-mile south of town, at midnight, on Saturday, March 4th. I will meet you there. Fail me, and take the consequences.

"I shall not sign my name; I think any one should be careful how he uses his name; but let me tell you it will be the worse for you if you dare to pretend, even to yourself, that you don't know who I am and what I mean."

She burned the letter then, as she had burned the envelope.

"Oh, you wretch, you scoundrel," she whispered, as she watched the bits of paper blaze—blacken—disappear; "how I hate you—hate you—hate you. How I wish you were as easily disposed of as your threats."

* * * * * *

Miss Lurline Bannottie made her journey to London in the very shortest time in which it was possible to make it, and yet she had been in a fever of excitement—in a chronic hurry, so to speak—all the way. Surely the business on which she came must be very important. She had said she hated the writer of the letter whose call she had obeyed so immediately. Was it not likely she feared him as well ?

She came to London. But her journey was not yet done. She remained only long enough to see a member of a certain firm of bankers. From him she drew some money—a very large sum indeed if she expected to remain in London, and consequently where it would be convenient to see him frequently—but a small sum if her plans were such as they might be ; of him she inquired for letters, but there were none for her. And then she took the first train for Liverpool.

Nor was Liverpool the end of her journey, any more than London had been. Her first question on her arrival testified to that fact.

"What steamer sails first for any American port ?" she asked ; "and how soon ? and for what place ?"

She was informed that a steamer sailed for New York

almost immediately. She secured passage and went on board almost at once.

For reasons which will be obvious a little later, if they are not already, I shall conceal the name of the steamer and of the captain under fictitious designations. I desire to assure the reader, however, that the *Pond Lily* was one of the most comfortable and swiftest of the many fine steamships then plying between Europe and America, and that *Captain Dennis* was one of the most able and popular of officers. These facts would be indorsed by thousands of travelers if I were to give the real names.

Miss Bannottie would, perhaps, have found time for rest after the arduous beginning of her journey, had not the elements seemed to be in league against her. With fair weather and a prosperous trip she would have found it possible, I presume, to have slept at night in her stateroom, and to have read, with some degree of pleasure, on deck, in the daytime.

But there were head winds against them almost from the very first; the nights were filled with darkness so dense that nothing could be seen at the distance of the length of the vessel; and when they were once fairly out on the ocean the weather was such that it was decidedly imprudent and unsafe for passengers to attempt to spend much time on deck.

So Miss Bannottie remained below most of the time, chafing at the delay, bothering even so amiable a gentleman as Captain Dennis with her oft-repeated questions as to how far they had come, and how many days more would be necessary to reach New York. She could not read; she could not work; she could not sleep; she could not remain quiet in one place for long at a time. She walked nervously up and down for hours at a time, giving some of her own nervousness to others of the passengers who watched her. She would sit down for a few minutes, from time to time, and calculate over and over and over again just what time she must reach New York, just what time she must leave New York, just when she must do this, just when that, or—fail to reach the rendezvous appointed at the time mentioned, midnight on Saturday, March 4th, 1871.

"If I don't," she would mutter desperately to herself, and sometimes despairingly, "what will he do? Will he dare—dare—— Oh, God, yes; he is a coward, a craven, but in my absence he will dare do anything—anything against my happiness, my peace, my safety."

Sometimes she crept up, for a little time, to the slippery and storm-swept deck, and looked away over the waste of wrathful waters through which they were fighting their way. Sometimes the clouds parted for a time, a short time, and the lights from beyond them shone down through ragged rifts upon the vessel, upon the sea, and upon her. Were it morning, she never turned to look behind her at the sun as he sprang from his watery couch and rose slowly into the flying clouds and tossing mists so near the horizon's edge. In the evening she watched the sun—sometimes—as he slowly withdrew from the world—her world—as hope seemed withdrawing from her; how far away he seemed—how distant the bounds of the sea—how menacing the clouds which folded about him as he dipped below the tossing waters in the west; must she go on thus for all eternity, regret behind, fear before, and a feeling in the present which she had neither the power nor the will to analyze? This was the fantastic question she found shaping itself in her brain, time after time, as the days went by. There was regret behind her; the regret one feels whose plans have somehow gone astray—whose purposes have failed—who finds God's providence too strong and too good for their desires. Fears for the future, she had them; the fears which recognize the fact that the human will is finite, no matter how wickedly one may scheme and plan; such fears as arise in the mind of one who suddenly discovers that treachery may be false to its friends—that it may betray fellow-treachery, for safety or for revenge. In the present—don't ask me. Lurline Bannottie did not ask herself what name would describe the emotion in her soul; but, I can assure you, it was not remorse—*it was not remorse!*

Usually she was alone on deck, alone except for those whose duties took them there. Many were sick in their rooms; many were full of fears of the dangers on the deck—dangers to health from cold and dampness—dangers to life—even, from washing waves, rushing winds, and the reeling vessel; many who were not fearful were prudent—so she usually had the solitude of the sea to herself when she went above.

And yet—there were two or three men who always followed her with their glances wherever she went, and who found courage to go on deck, sometimes, because she did. These men did not know Lurline Bannottie; they had never spoken to her; and even the unconventionality of an ocean voyage—and a stormy one at that—did not seem to promise them an acquaintance with this self-absorbed young woman who had most likely not noticed them at all. They saw her pale cheeks; they saw her nervous thoughtfulness; and they said to themselves that she was in trouble and that they were ready, if they only might, to spend time and money in her behalf; they were ready to fight for her; ready to do anything honorable which she should desire done, and for which she would give a pleasant word in return, and I am not sure but that one or more of them would have left "honorable" out of the question altogether, had she asked it. They saw her smile, the everlasting smile which neither worry nor danger nor regret nor fear—no, nor the emotion I have not explained, and which she did not explain to herself—ever stripped from her cheeks and lips or brushed from her eyes—so far as these men knew. They saw her smile, and they were ready to fight—to fight any one—to fight each other—to kill and maim and cripple—if by so doing they could see that smile shine for them.

Rich, talented, successful, happy; this was the history of some of these men. And more than one of them was planning how he might make her acquaintance, how he might improve all the opportunities an acquaintance would offer, how he might win her love. More than one was saying to himself that with her his life would be heaven—without her, an utter failure. These men were in love with Lurline Bannottie, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say that they were in love with an ideal Lurline Bannottie who had never existed—a woman whose soul would have been correctly indexed by Lurline Bannottie's face. They saw the smile her face wore; they looked upon the curve of cheeks and chin and lips; they caught, sometimes, the warm glances from her deep, dark eyes; they saw her high, broad forehead; they noticed her elastic step; they admired her long, strong fingers, with their tapering whiteness; they——

But why multiply words?

Lurline Bannottie had been drawing men after her in that way all her life. She had been admired, loved, raved over, fought for. She had gone her way, unscrupulously and carelessly, deliberately seeking the admiration which was no more than a passing pleasure to her and the love which she cared only to scorn and

mock at. Most men had loved her, when she willed it. Many had worshiped her, when she had only permitted and tolerated it. Her regrets—her fears, and whatever other feeling dominated her—surely these must have been keen and strong to make it possible that she had awakened such passion as had sprung to warm life in the hearts of some of her fellow-passengers — while she neither knew nor guessed it.

They had done no more than many men had done before them. They had watched and admired, as I have said. They had summed it all up in one word of reverential awe and unswerving loyalty: "Angel," they had called Lurline Bannottie, each to himself, each unknowing that another had breathed the word in confidential privacy to his own heart, each unknowing that "angel" ceased to be an original designation for this woman with the sweet face and the strange name, long, long ago.

And they worshiped—a face—a form—an animal; they loved the woman who should have lived in such a body. They forgot the omnipotence of God; they did not remember that He can make a face on which a smile shall be a mask; they forgot that the curves of muscles may mean cruel strength instead of tenderness; they failed to recollect that the fire in an eye was not necessarily kindled in heaven; they overlooked the fact that the giant intellect stirring behind the broad, high brow may be the evil genius of all on whom it exercises its strength; they did not stop to think that a strong, light footfall may mean treachery; they did not go from their admiration of a woman's dainty hands to the question, "What have they done?" they forgot that God may give the body of an angel to a devil.

And so—they loved her.

And so—she did not guess it.

Although—it had been the way with men as long as she cared to remember, and perhaps longer.

They loved her, and they did not stop to think of asking her from whence she came—where she was going—nor whose call she was obeying—*nor why!*

CHAPTER XX.

A TRAITOR'S FATE.

It was night. It was, if possible, darker than any previous night during the trip had been. The captain, as soon as evening came, took his place on deck. All felt that it was a time of danger, although the storm was not as severe as it had been.

"If we run into anything, either solid or afloat," had said some one, "it is likely to be the end of us, isn't it, Captain Dennis?"

And the captain had gravely nodded his head in the affirmative.

One of the men who had allowed himself to become infatuated with Miss Bannottie had come nearer to her as the darkness increased outside, and the evening deepened into night. Perhaps he feared some terrible catastrophe, and hoped to be near her to help her when the crisis came. She had never spoken to him—had scarcely even noticed him; but he was building castles for his future—in his busy brain—letting hope whisper lies to his soul—with only the sides of this frail vessel between him and eternity—with such a woman near him as was Lurline Bannottie.

She had never spoken to him; he had scarcely heard her voice; and yet, suddenly—

She turned toward him, and beckoned him to come nearer her. Need I say he came?

"Will you find out how long it will take us to reach New York?" she asked. "Will you go up and ask the captain?"

He knew the sort of night he would find above; he knew the dangers he must face; he knew the risks he should run; he knew that he might give his life for her, in what he was about to undertake, but he did not hesitate. He went.

I hope Lurline Bannottie did not know how great the danger, and how fearful the risk of the errand on which she sent this young man. I do not know whether she did or not; I have a very definite and decided opinion, of course, but I am not sure. But I am sure of one thing—I am sure she didn't care.

The young man went. He was gone a long time. He was as wet, when he returned, as though he had been dipped in the sea. He had had one or two narrow escapes during his absence—one of them resulting in his remaining aboard, instead of being blown into the ocean, by the merest chance. But he said nothing to Miss Bannottie of all this; he was too proud to seem to boast in the first hour of this new acquaintance—this probable friendship—this possibly more than acquaintance and friendship ever was or will be.

"You saw the captain?" she asked.

"I did."

"Well, what did he say?"

"He said he is not *sure* of where we are now. Basing his opinion on the position of the vessel when an observation was last possible, and on the distance we have probably come since, he thinks we shall arrive at New York early day after to-morrow morning. Of course he is not sure."

"Day after to-morrow morning!" moaned Miss Bannottie. "Too late! too late!"

"To late? Too late for what?" queried the young man.

"*For everything!*" she replied.

"But suppose——" he began.

"Suppose nothing," she interrupted; "I cannot and I will not bear this cruel disappointment. Go and ask the captain to give us a greater speed."

"But—Miss—Miss Bannottie is your name, is it not?"

"Yes."

"Miss Bannottie, it cannot be done. A greater speed would be unsafe. I cannot ask it?"

"Do you mean that you are afraid?"

"I? No. But the captain would never grant such a request."

"You will not ask him?"

"God knows I would do anything for you, Miss Bannottie, but——"

"But I may ask some other man to do this for me? Is that it?"

The man stood up then, pale and calm.

"No, a thousand times No. I will ask the captain this question for you."

He came a step nearer to her. His eyes flashed. There was that in his face, his step, his whole bearing, which spoke eloquently of the passion which filled and dominated him.

"Miss Bannottie," he began, "I—I——"

She raised her hand, warningly.

"Hush," she said; "remember there are others here to listen; say nothing."

And he held his peace. He went his way.

No matter how many times he saw her during that voyage—he has never seen her since, and he never will—no matter how womanly she seemed to him—she gave

him an address a thousand miles from where she had ever been or ever will go. If she had been honest with him—she would not have been Lurline Bannottie.

She gave him a glance, as he left her to go to the captain on that desperate errand, which will keep him single all his life; a look which will come to him again, in imagination, when he shall lie on his dying bed, and thrill his nerves again with the fierce pleasure and hope it gave him; a look to make him a wanderer always; a look to make him a searcher for what he will never find; a look to embitter his life in this world, and to endanger that in the world which is to come. It would be strange to think that such a glance ever fell from the eyes of a woman across the path of a mere stranger—were the woman any other than Lurline Bannottie.

The man was gone longer this time. The wind was wilder. The sea seemed more and more angry with the vessel it tossed upon its surface.

He returned, after a very, very long time. He walked up to her, trying hard to preserve his calmness, though his face was like marble and his limbs trembled beneath his weight.

"I have failed, Miss Bannottie," he said; "now you may ask some of the others to try the same errand—if you wish."

Again she flashed that wonderful glance upon him—that fascinating look which told the lie of friendship and trust and dependent faith—the look which was an invitation and a challenge.

"No," she said, quietly, "I shall send no one but you. Will you ask the captain to grant me an interview?"

The man went on this errand for her. In a few minutes he returned with the captain. Miss Bannottie thanked the gentleman for his kindness, and if there was something of coolness in her manner now, I fancy he was

FAIR SUABIA.

fool enough to regard it as a rebuke for failure—as though woman has not been setting men at the tasks of impossibility ever since the world was.

Miss Bannottie drew Captain Dennis to one side.

"I sent a gentleman to you with a message a few minutes ago," she said, "and he returns to me and reports his errand a failure."

"Certainly. I regret——"

"Don't, please," she said, making a contemptuous little gesture with one of her shapely hands; "don't. I don't want politeness, and consideration which goes no further than words. I am in trouble, and——"

She paused and smiled up at him. He smiled down at her. I am afraid he forgot his pretty wife in their quiet English home, for just a minute, and that his heart beat just a little faster than it ought as he stood looking down into the eyes of Lurline Bannottie.

"I am very sorry," he said; "will you explain your trouble to me?"

"I cannot, fully. But I will say this: I must be in New York city by noon to-morrow."

The captain smiled in spite of himself.

"Must is a very hard word. You cannot be."

"If I am not, I don't care if we never get there. I had rather go to the bottom of the Atlantic than be late."

"Very likely, but I cannot run this steamer for you alone. Think of the lives intrusted to my care. Think of the awful fate we should find if we were to run on to some unsuspected ledge. Think of the danger to both vessels of a collision between this steamer and another if we were going at full speed; think of what would result to the smaller craft if we were to run into some fishing-vessel; think——"

"Don't, Captain Dennis. Don't ask me to think of anything but my own needs. Don't ask me to think of anything but the fact that I must be in New York at noon to-morrow."

"How important is it that you should be there?" asked the captain.

"As important as anything can be in this world."

"And yet you cannot explain it to me?"

"And yet I will not," she replied, and there was an emphasis on the important word of the sentence which could scarcely escape his attention.

"A matter of money?"

"Money? Bah! What is money? Do you men all measure the good and evil in this world by dollars and cents? Money? I've ten thousand dollars here, Captain Dennis, ten thousand dollars in Bank of England notes, and it's more than half of all I own. And yet it's yours—yours to the last penny—if you'll land me in New York by noon to-morrow."

"It does look serious. A love affair, I suppose?"

"I have no lover, Captain Dennis."

"Some family matter?"

"I have no relatives in the world, so far as I know."

"You are devoted to your friends, Miss Bannottie, if you can afford to spend money in their service as you have just offered to do."

"I have no friends in America, sir; I have no friends nearer than Italy."

"And yet this is a serious matter? I suppose," and his words were spoken lightly, "that it is a matter of life and death."

"Yes, Captain Dennis," she said, solemnly, "it *is* a matter of life and death."

A curious change flashed over his face. Before, she had smiled up at him and he had smiled back at her. Now, he smiled down at her, and she—she was looking over him and beyond him—looking at the success of her plans, perhaps. I hate to have to write it, but it is my duty to tell the truth; I am sure that the sweet-faced wife of Captain Dennis was utterly forgotten at that moment.

"You're going beyond New York, I presume?"

The woman looked the man in the face. She understood him.

"Certainly. I am going home. I shall be glad to have you call in person, after my troubles are all over, to let me thank you. My home is in Denver; a note addressed to me there at any time will reach me."

"I've never been West. I've always thought I should enjoy a trip there. I will write and announce my coming if I should ever find it convenient to call."

"I shall be glad."

"Miss Bannottie, I——"

She stopped him imperatively.

"You must waste no more time here," she said, decidedly; "are you going to try to help me?"

"I—I will get you to New York to-morrow noon," he said, huskily.

"Thank you," said she.

"Or we'll all go to the bottom together to-night," he added to himself.

He turned away to go on deck again.

"And the money?" she said, inquiringly, as she reached a huge roll which she had taken from her pocket toward him.

"I don't want your money, girl," he cried, gruffly; "I want——"

"You want to do me a favor? You know it will injure no one else. I thank you. Good-night. I rely upon your promise."

"I want her—I want her," said the captain, as he went away from her and to his post of duty, and gave the necessary and astonishing orders for an increase of speed.

It was a strange thing for a man to say to himself, with danger so near and death so possible in so short a time. Though I suppose death is as possible and danger as real, many times, when all is peace and calm and sunshine; and I do not doubt that men have been as blindly weak and wicked, many a time and oft, as was Captain Dennis.

"She shall never know that I was not a single man when I met her," he said, under his breath; "as a single man I will woo her; as a single man I will win her. I will marry her somewhere in the West, where I am unknown, and no one shall ever know that I sin when I do it."

No, Captain Dennis, you will not do as you plan. It is easy to say; it is hard to do. You are weak and wicked. Miss Bannottie is wicked, but she is not by any means weak. She understands you, fully and entirely. But you neither know nor understand her. Perhaps she is proud in the knowledge that you love her—or think you do. Possibly she regards your determination—you may not know that you showed it in your face, Captain Dennis, but you did—to deceive her by a pretense of honorable marriage, as a delicate compliment to her; though the slight it puts upon her powers of observation and good common sense may more than balance her appreciation of the compliment to her character. You will not marry her; you will not ask her hand in marriage. You will set her upon the wharf at New York at the time you promised, and you will never see her again. You will have been a tool in her hands, and she will cast you aside because she is done with you. Your letters to

Denver will meet with no answers, though they may make interesting reading in the Dead-letter Office at Washington. Your search will be unavailing. Hurry now; make to-morrow noon the end of your chapter, and you need never cross these pages again. Pray for pardon for the sin you contemplated, but will never find an opportunity to commit; in time you may deserve it; in time you may receive it. But the silence with which you intended to cover and conceal your sin could have been no greater than the silence which shall fall for ever between Lurline Bannottie and yourself. A traitor's fate, Captain Dennis, a traitor's fate; and we know Lurline Bannottie well enough to say that her silence is better than you deserve.

* * * * * *

The captain remained on deck. Miss Bannottie remained below for some hours. The man who had gone on the errands for her said nothing to her. He did not even come near her. Perhaps he had nothing to say. None of the others presumed to intrude upon her evidently desired silence. But all recognized, by the changed motion of the vessel, and by the new noises among the machinery, that the speed had been greatly increased. To some, this was a source of terror; some doubtless, were gratified; the man who had failed when sent to the captain was in the depths of despair and sorrow—for he did not know how the result had been brought about; and Lurline Bannottie herself, she was quietly serene and triumphant—for she did not care how any result was brought about, so that she only had her way.

After some time she went to her stateroom and clothed herself in her thickest and warmest garments. She put on her waterproof cloak over them all. She went up on deck. The night was still pitchy black, but the storm had somewhat abated. The circles of light cast by the various lights about the vessel were very narrow indeed, and seemed to leave the darkness outside them blacker and deeper yet.

She found a place where she felt secure; a dark place where she could sit, unseen by any of those whose places were upon deck, and strain her eyes in a vain attempt to pierce the wild night through which they were so madly plunging.

It was a pleasure to her to think that all this was for her. For her, the firemen were piling more coal upon the fires; for her, the engineers were coaxing greater and greater power from the ponderous machines which responded almost humanly to their wishes; for her, the outlook was watching with redoubled attention and zeal; for her—she was musing now—almost dreaming—almost asleep after all the strain which had been put upon her mind—almost absent from the real—almost walking through the shadowland of sleep, in spite of storm and danger—for her, Captain Dennis, had, had—what had he done?—she didn't know—she couldn't remember—she didn't care. What was Captain Dennis to her, or she to him? Only let her sleep, and——

She awoke again. She knew it was unsafe to remain where she was and sleep. She knew she might be missing in the morning if she dared risk it. But the half-relinquished powers of slumber still held some power over her; she could not rise; she could not speak; she could not think clearly.

"It—it makes little difference, perhaps," she muttered, as the lids closed slowly—slowly—slowly—with leaden weight, over her tired eyes; "little difference. If I am not in new York by to-morrow noon I might as well be in—in——"

She didn't finish the sentence. I don't *know* how she would have finished. But, having the opinion I have, I venture the assertion that she had been traveling in that direction longer than she had toward New York.

Lurline Bannottie slept. She dreamed. She was a little girl again, saying her prayers at her mother's knee, with all the world and the future before her, with innocence for her possession and hope for her future: "And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from——"

She awoke with a loud cry. Dream which could never fall her way in waking hours again, the mother she had disappointed and whose life she had shortened, the prayer she neither clung to nor lived by—all were gone.

She was conscious of having experienced a terrible shock. The vessel was groaning and creaking in every joint. The crash of shivering timbers and splintering planks was still sounding in her ears.

Her first thought was of shipwreck, and of the near presence of death in an awful form.

And then, there arose such a shrill cry of despair and horror and anguish from the blackness outside the vessel—the night's domain of sea and storm—as she had never supposed the human voice to be capable of.

And in an instant she knew it all—knew it before the pitiful cry for help had died into the silence which seemed so utter and awful in spite of the roar of the winds and waters and the hoarse commands on the *Pond Lily*; she knew it all—they had only run over a small vessel, only run over it and cut it in two; the *Pond Lily* was uninjured, she had only sent the smaller craft to the bottom!

Only!

What an awful word! What a thoughtless and heartless word to use at such a time and under such circumstances!

But Lurline Bannottie used it! I beg the reader to remember that the word was not mine.

Lurline Bannottie had had a bad dream—bad for her. She had had a strange awakening—even for her. But she was not slow of intellect; and I think we may safely say she was quite herself again.

She met the captain just at the head of the stairs, under the light of the lamp there, she coming from one direction and he from another. She had never seen him so pale before; perhaps he was of a slower nature than she, and took longer to recover from a shock. She had her color in her face now, and the smile on cheeks and lips and in her wonderful eyes. Perhaps she had not lost them at all, not even in the moment of awakening.

"My God, Miss Bannottie!" cried the captain; "you here? Did you see? Did you hear?"

"I heard. I saw nothing. Was there anything to see?"

She had laid her hand upon his arm as she spoke.

"For just a moment, yes. The vessel was evidently cut squarely in two. There is no help for the poor fellows unless we can pick them up."

"But our engines have not stopped yet."

"No; and there's something wrong about giving orders from above. I must go below and have the vessel stopped, and," shaking her light hand from his arm, "you must not hinder me."

She laid her hand upon his arm again. Her hand was a little heavier, her clasp a little tighter. She looked him squarely in the eyes.

Her lips, slightly parted, showed the strong, even, white teeth beneath. The captain drew a long, gasping breath; drenched though she was, with her hair tangled and

disheveled, she was still by far the most beautiful creature he had ever seen.

He tried to shake off her hand again. She clasped him more tightly still. She laid her other hand beside the first one.

"Do you not know, Captain Dennis," she said, and her voice was so low that he had to bend his head to catch her words; "that it is utterly useless to get out the boats now?"

He looked down into her face. A passionate sigh shook him. For a moment he hesitated. Then he turned back from the stairs.

"I—I believe it is," he said.

Perhaps it was useless. I hope that he thought so. I know she didn't.

It was not quite twelve, the next day, when Captain Dennis walked down from his vessel with Miss Bannottie, and found her a carriage.

She gave her order to the driver. He took her hand for a moment. He lifted his cap.

"Farewell, Miss Bannottie," he said; "farewell until we shall meet again."

And which meant, Captain Dennis, so far as this life is concerned, "Farewell for ever."

THE WOODLANDS.

"Call on me in Denver, captain," she said, gayly; "I shall always be glad to see you."

And so they parted. And so she had her own way, as she rarely failed to have it, and, as usual, at great cost to some one else and little to herself.

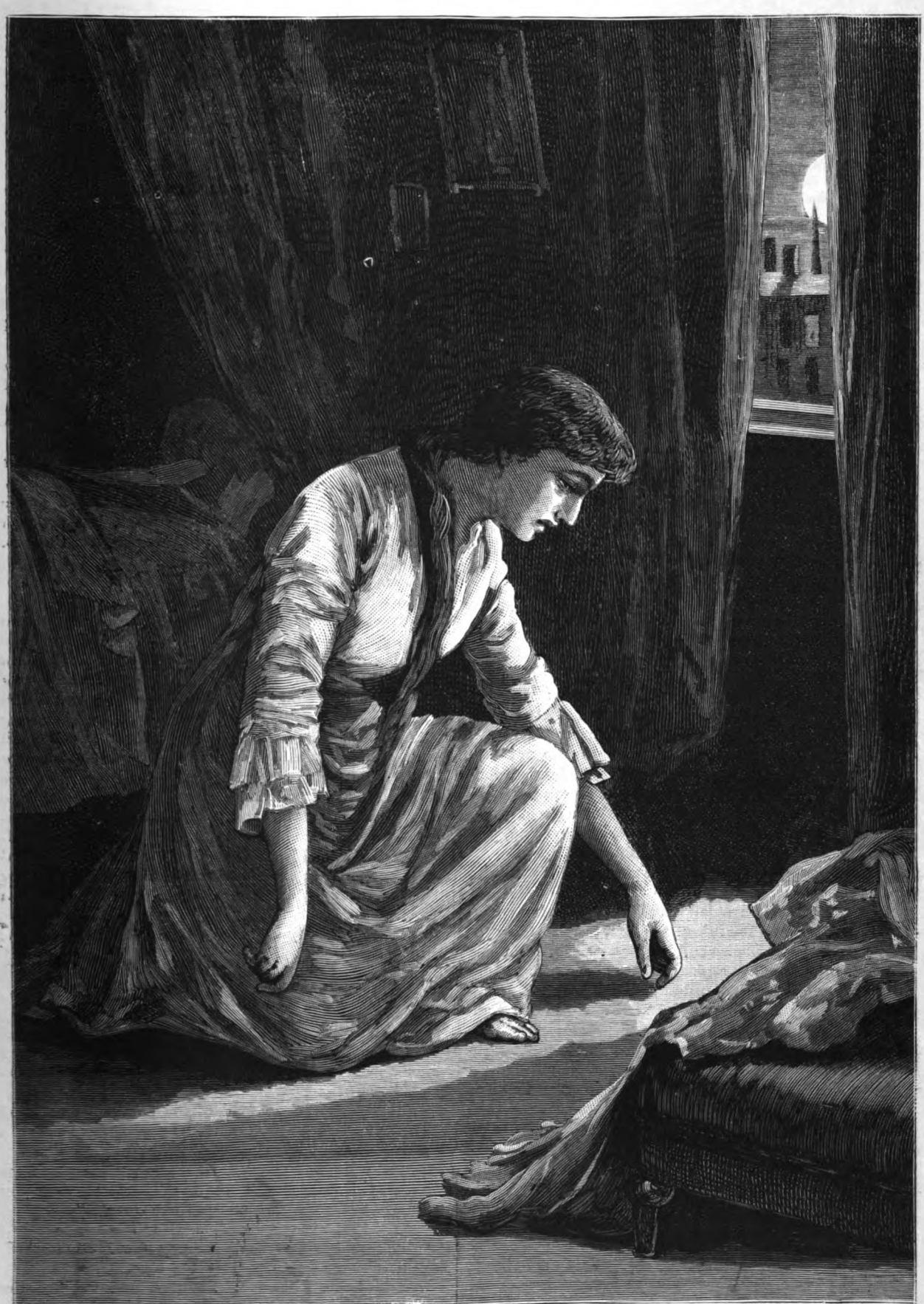
She rode to the place she had mentioned to the driver. She paid and dismissed him. She walked just one block. She waited just long enough to be sure that neither Captain Dennis nor any of her companions of the voyage had followed her—though why she should imagine that these loyal and trusting fellows, so far as she was concerned, should do so, I cannot tell. Then she found herself another carriage, with another driver, crossed at the proper ferry, drove far enough from New York city to baffle any questions or investigations which might be made in or near that city, and took the necessary train for the point she had in view, paying her fare from a "thousand-mile ticket," instead of buying a ticket for the trip.

Farewell, young man, nameless to me, who art doomed to the miseries of memory and the horrors of hope for Lurline Bannottie's sake. I wish you well. I pity you. Farewell.

And you too, Captain Dennis, good-by. You go out of my story with my wishes that you may do better, think better, be better. You have my pity. Go. You have not played a part to be proud of. You should find shame and sorrow in your soul for what you have done. Search for Lurline Bannottie, you will not find her. Pray, but of what avail are the proud prayers of the wicked. You will never see Lurline Bannottie again, until you stand together before the Judge of all in the Last Day. And, Captain Dennis, though you may not guess it, though your weak humanity may protest against it, if there is one thing, more than another, for which you should thank God every morning and evening, it is that Lurline Bannottie never crossed your path in life but once.

(To be continued.)

CALAMITY is man's true touchstone.



WILL SHE ALWAYS REGRET IT?—"SHE TOOK THE RING OFF HER FINGER AND FLUNG IT OUT UPON THE FLOOR; BUT HER MOOD CHANGED, AND SHE GOT UP, AND GROPED ABOUT IN THE MOONLIGHT TO FIND IT."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

IN THE MOONLIGHT.

By C. Kitchin.

Gray through the lattice creeps the light;
Fretted the quilt beside the bed;
The Moon is out upon the night,
And all the city overspread.

There riverward the mists arise
Pale from the water; shadows close
The line of roofs; now ceased the cries
That newly from the pavement rose.

Thou bringest weary heads their sight
Too soon; too soon to wisdom borne,
Our sense is flashed by visions bright,
And hurried trembling to the dawn.

Let dull-eared Lethe still the woes
Of empty souls whence thought has fled;
A world quite hushed: and all it knows
A single silence as the dead.

O solemn disk of hoary skies!
Mingle half pity with the scorn;
Not only fix those earnest eyes
Which mirror to the greater Morn.

WILL SHE ALWAYS REGRET IT?

By E. S. Crannell.

Louise Archer looked up with a roguish glance at two gentlemen passing, as she said to her cousin, Kate Clifford:

"I am going to Sinsebaugh's for a dish of cream. Will you come?"

One of the gentlemen looked at her with a smile, and gave a little affirmative nod of the head; while Kate answered, without any suspicion of this byplay:

"I do not care for cream to-day, Louise. Let us walk home slowly. It is nearly time for dinner."

"I shall have a dish, anyway, and if you do not care to come in, you may go home alone," said Louise, defiantly; then, changing her tone, she took Kate's hands in hers and said, in a coaxing manner: "Do be good, Katie, and come in with me. You need not eat anything, you know, but I am dying for a dish of cream."

And Kate, who was good-nature personified, let Louise persuade her, and walked in the door.

The gentlemen had stood outside at one of the windows, apparently examining the huge mountains of candies, etc., until Louise and Kate passed in, when one of them, in response to a glance that Louise cast at him as she passed through the door, started forward.

"What are you going to do, Earl?" asked his companion.

"To get a dish of cream. Come in, Ross," laughingly.

"You don't mean to eat a dish of ice-cream at this hour simply to get a closer view of that girl!" exclaimed Ross Dunham.

"Yes, I do," answered the other.

"But consider, Earl; what would your wife say?"

"Fortunately, she will not know it."

"I don't think I will go in and countenance it," said Dunham.

Earl Lyndham started a little.

"Just as you please," he said, coldly. "I am going to eat a dish of ice-cream," and he passed through the door.

Ross Dunham hesitated a while, and then followed him.

"It makes no difference whether I go in or stay out," he soliloquized. "If I go away, Earl will be mad, and carry things with a higher hand than ever. I guess I will go in and act as a dampener to the gushing young miss."

Earl was seated near the young girls when his friend entered, and was acknowledging the merry glances of the pretty blonde with bold looks of admiration; but when Ross entered he turned to him, and apparently soon forgot his abstraction.

Louise smiled, talked loudly, and at last, when she could not attract his attention again, she rose slowly and allowed Kate to precede her. As she approached the table where Ross and Earl were sitting, she dropped a rose upon the floor.

At the desk, after paying her bill, she said, with a little start:

"I believe I have left my gloves at the table. Will you get them, Sam?"—to the waiter.

As Sam started to get them, she turned to follow him with her glance, and saw that Earl had the rose she had dropped; and, as she looked, he pressed it to his lips, and gave her a glance that caused the blood to suffuse her face in a torrent.

Louise Archer was not a bold, loud girl, as one would be apt to infer from the above. She was only a very pretty blonde, who had been spoiled by admiration in her native city. A good, true girl at heart, but through vanity and want of anything else to employ her time, an idle flirt.

All was fish that came to her net, and men were made only to admire her.

She was visiting her cousin Kate, and she was, to use her own words, "dying for a flirtation."

Earl Lyndham was also a stranger in Ilium. He was staying for a few days with his old-time friend, Ross Dunham. His wife was at Saratoga, and he was on his way to join her, but he did not like Saratoga for a long visit, and he thought he would remain with Ross until the races began; and if he found a pretty girl who threw herself at him, why, he proposed to enjoy himself; he hadn't a doubt but that his wife was having a good time at Saratoga; he didn't doubt, as he told Ross that evening, as they were smoking a cigar, sitting upon the balcony of the house, but that if he should go up to Saratoga unexpectedly he would find some spoony fellow sitting at his wife's feet, or following her about like a lackey.

"You don't really mean it!" cried horror-struck Ross Dunham.

Earl laughed a little.

"I'd be willing to stake a small fortune on it," he answered.

"Doesn't she love you?" asked honest Ross Dunham.

"Oh, yes," answered Earl, "after a fashion—in fact, I guess about as much as most women love their husbands."

"But she seemed so fond of you at first!" ejaculated Ross.

"Yes," answered Earl, laconically.

"And you—why, Earl, I remember, when you were engaged, you were almost frantic if she didn't write you every day while we were out at Lake George."

"Yes," Earl answered again, in the same tone.

"And you love her the same way now?" Ross asked, with a tremor of sympathy in his tone.

Earl took his cigar from his lips, and watched the smoke ascend in a volume, and then said, as he lazily hit off the ashes from the end of his cigar:

"Well, no; not quite the same, old boy, for here I

have been three days and have not heard from her, and I haven't acted as if I cared much, have I ?"

Ross looked astounded.

"But you do care," he said, vehemently; "that is why you look so serious when I am not talking to you ; I knew you had something on your mind. Confide in me, Earl ; it will relieve you, and you will feel better afterward."

"On the principle that 'open confession is good for the soul,' eh ? Well, Ross," continued Earl, as he laid his hand upon that of his friend, "I haven't anything to confess, save that we were too spoony at first to have it last. We haven't quarreled, or anything of that kind, you know; but we have grown a little tired of each other when we have been too long together, and we have concluded not to ask too much of each other, but to try and be happy in any honorable way that we can."

"But I do not think it honorable for you to flirt with young girls, or your wife to receive particular attention from gentlemen when you are absent," Ross said, with emphasis.

"Don't you ?" said Earl, lazily. "Don't fret over it, Ross. You'll come to the same opinion some day when the *mater* dies and you are forced to marry; only I hope you'll be as fortunate as I am, and get a wife who doesn't trouble you or trouble herself about you."

The conversation of the young ladies turned on the same topic.

"Oh, Kate !" said Louise, kissing her, "you are a goose ! You will see what I can do."

"What do you mean ?" Kate asked, in consternation.

Louise was braiding her hair, and she said :

"Kate, tie these strands for me. Thanks. What do I mean to do ? I mean to make Ross Dunham's friend ask me to marry him,"

Kate dropped the brush.

"Louise !" she exclaimed.

"Well," said Louise, "what if I do ?"

"Jack Horner !" again exclaimed Kate.

"Can sit in the corner, as his namesake did, and if he can't put in his thumb, and pull out a plum, it will be because he was not a good boy."

Kate began to cry.

"Don't be a simpleton, Kate," said Louise. "I did not say I should marry the man, if he did ask me."

Kate wiped her eyes.

"Poor Jack !" she said.

Louise smiled.

"If I should change my mind about marrying," she said, "why, I'll give Jack to you. How will that do ?"

But Kate was busy uncovering the bed, and Louise could not hear her answer, or, what she regretted more, see her face.

This was Wednesday ; on Friday there was to be an excursion down the river to an island—a Sabbath-school excursion—and as Mr. Clifford was superintendent of the school, Kate and Louise were going.

"If I could only get him to go !" said Louise to herself, softly, as she went to bed, and in the morning her first thought was, "If I could only get him to go !"

At last she took the paper and marked the advertisement of the excursion, and then addressed it in a feigned hand, "Mr. Ross Dunham."

As Dunham looked over the paper in the afternoon, he remarked :

"Who could send me this paper ? Why, it is the daily that I take myself ! Here is an advertisement marked. An excursion ! A Sabbath-school excursion at that ! I can't imagine who sent it."

"What Sabbath-school ?" asked Earl, as he looked up from his paper."

"The Grace—Methodists."

That afternoon they passed Louise and Kate on the sidewalk, and Earl smiled as he passed.

"What did you say that girl's name is ?" asked Earl, of Ross.

"Clifford, she doesn't handsome much, but they say she has a fine voice. She sings in the church, I believe."

"What church ?" asked Earl.

"The Grace. They are Methodists."

"Yes," lazily.

And then Earl began talking of something else, and Ross soon forgot to wonder about Earl's interest in the young girls.

That evening Earl surprised Ross by exclaiming :

"I should like to go on that advertised excursion !" and, in answer to Ross's surprised look, continued : "I have never been on a trip of the kind, and I think I'd rather enjoy it."

"You would find it fearfully dull."

"No worse than Ilium. Without any disparagement to your hospitality, Ross, I assure you I'm getting a little bit bored ; and if I do not get something to rouse me, why, I guess I'll have to go to Saratoga sooner than my lady wishes me. Listen, Ross ; this is what she writes me, and then say if you will not go with me to-morrow :

"'DEAR HUSBAND: Am glad that you are so pleasantly situated,' etc., etc., etc. 'Greys are here.' No, that isn't it. Oh, here it is ! 'Do not hurry yourself. You will find it stupid here, and if you are enjoying yourself where you are, I advise you to stay. By the-way, can't you run down to New York before you come here, and see Markham about a young man who is clerk here in the hotel ? I have promised to get him something better in New York. He has never been in a hotel before, and he is too much of a gentleman for the position. Don't think of writing to Markham, as he wouldn't pay any attention to it, and my word is given to get Mr. Horner—Jack Horner; isn't it a funny name ?—a situation this Fall,' etc., etc.

Now what do you think of that ?"

"Why, that Mrs. Lyndham is very kind to interest herself for a poor clerk."

"And would you advise me to run down to New York to second her effort ?"

"Well, it would be rather hot work, but her word is given, you know, and she seems to have set her heart on it."

"Heart !" contemptuously exclaimed Earl. "My dear Ross, women—married women, particularly—have no hearts. There is a thing that they call by that name that beats placidly beneath their silks and satins, and which is a very convenient thing to have, as it is always diseased, and anything that annoys them causes it to palpitate, and places them in danger of sudden death. 'Oh, you cruel man, to treat me so ! And you know I have heart-disease, and I can't bear anything !' And then you get out of the way, for you have nothing to answer when every word but aggravates the disease."

"Oh, Earl," said Ross, "I don't like your sarcasm ! I do not think it becoming or advisable."

"No ? Then I will be quiet ; only promise to go on the excursion to-morrow, and I will go to New York in a day or two and get my wife's last *protégé* a situation."

"I will not promise ; but I'll go to the boat with you to-morrow, and then, when you see the crowd, you will not ask me to go."

"All right. And, if I do ask you, will you go ?"

"Yes ; but you will not ask."

And then they smoked on in silence.

Next morning Louise and Kate stood on the bow of the steamer, watching the people come on board of the boat.

As Earl and Ross drew near, Louise waved her handkerchief slightly.

As that was the continuous adieu to the friends who were not going with them, Kate did not notice it.

Earl did, and he took off his hat and smiled his recognition.

"Do you still want to go?" asked Ross, as they approached the boat.

"Certainly. Listen to the band. Can you resist 'My Grandfather's Clock'?"

"I think you will repent of this. You have no idea how tired you will be of it."

"'Sufficient unto the hour is the evil thereof.' Just now I am anticipating a pleasant time. Don't throw cold water on me; let me dream a while longer."

Once on board of the boat, Louise suggested to her Uncle Clifford that they were strangers, and he ought to see that they were introduced.

Jack Clifford looked up from his notebook.

"Why, that is young Dunham. "Yes, I'll see that they enjoy themselves. I'll introduce him to Elder Hopkins."

And he started off briskly.

"It would be very much more to the purpose if he introduced him to you, Kate," said Louise, poutingly; and then she watched him as he approached the gentlemen, and evidently offered to introduce them to the elder.

As they graciously accepted, Earl threw a roguish, backward glance to Louise, and then started on.

After talking to the elder for a short time, Earl asked Mr. Clifford something regarding Louise or Kate, for the old gentleman put on his spectacles and looked over at them, and then, with an affirmative nod, started in their direction, followed leisurely by Ross and Earl.

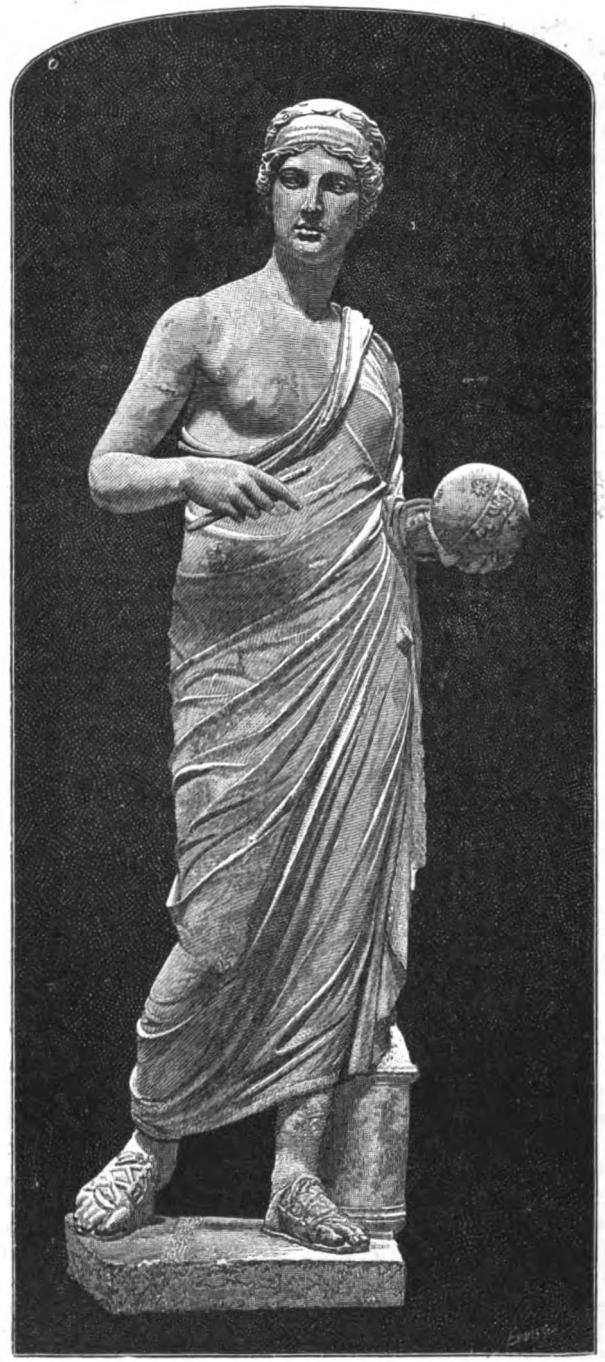
When the introductions were over, Mr. Clifford said: "There is Deacon Skinner; I'll take the liberty to introduce you to him."

"No, thank you," said Earl. "We will do nicely, now; if you will let your daughter and niece entertain us."

Joel Clifford's expression seemed to imply that tastes differed materially, but he said:

"Well, any way you like, but I must go and see the deacon."

"Do not let us detain you, said Earl;" and the good man walked away.



URANIA.

Kate Clifford was not pretty, but she was sensible and intelligent, and she had a low, sweet voice.

When they were out on the river, some one asked her to sing, and, at her father's request, she sang the sweet hymn commencing, "I will sing you a song of a beautiful land."

Ross Dunham confessed—while he listened to her, and after they landed and walked about with her, talking in the easy, confidential way that one falls into on a picnic — that there were more unpleasant things one might do than go on an excursion.

Earl and Louise wandered through the grove, lunched together and gathered ferns, chatting like old friends.

Louise was witty and vivacious, and Earl found he must needs be on his mettle to parry her sayings and repartee.

What did they say? Even Louise could not have told you as she lay that night looking out at the moon.

The moonlight played upon her hand, and brought out the glow of a sapphire — a ring that had been very precious to Louise; but to-day, when she had pinned a fern-leaf in Lyndham's coat, she pricked her finger, and he had clasped her hand in his, and before she could expostulate, had kissed it.

The ring slightly grazed his lips.

"A sapphire," he said—"only a little sapphire for this lovely hand, that should be decked with diamonds!"

Now, as the light played about the ring, she took it off her finger impetuously, and flung it out upon the floor; but as she heard it fall, her mood changed, and she got up out of the bed, and groped about in the moonlight to find it.

At last one of her bare feet rested upon it. She gave a little cry of pain, then took the ring and patted it, as one would a child, and said, in a whisper :

"You would hurt me, too, you naughty ring !"

But she did not place it upon her finger, and, as she laid it in its box, she said, half pitifully:

"Poor Jack !"

And Jack, sitting on the piazza of the hotel, is looking up into a pretty, brown-eyed face, and says, in answer to what the red lips say to him :

"And you thought you loved her ?"

"Yes : poor Louise !"

They do not speak again for some time ; the lady's white hand rests idly upon the arm of the chair, and her diamonds sparkle in the moonlight ; Jack thinks of a little sapphire ring that he gave Louise a few months ago ; he thought it elegant then ; but he had not been at Saratoga ; he had not seen this hand that rested so near him. He looked up into her face ; she was looking at him sadly, longingly ; he bent and pressed his hot lips upon her hand ; then she arose and gathered her shawl about her.

"It grows chilly," she said, with a little shiver ; "I must go in."

"You are not mad !" he said, as she turned to go.

She looked around with a smile.

"Oh, no," she said, "for I think you will never offend again."

"I cannot promise," he said. "Do not tempt me. I am human."

She smiled softly, but gave him her hand.

"Good-night, Mr. Horner," she said, and he answered :

"Good-night, Mrs. Lyndham."

Louise had promised to take a ride with Earl the next day ; and Ross, upon hearing it, sent a little note to Kate, asking her to go with him. Kate had no reason for refusing, and she did not.

The ride was delightful and rather uneventful ; if we can call any moment of our lives uneventful.

Every day, for a week after that, Louise and Earl were together and Jack's letter lay unanswered in the drawer.

At last a letter came to Earl from his wife.

"Confound it !" he exclaimed.

"What is it now ?" inquired Ross, looking up from his breakfast.

"I had forgotten all about that Horner, or whatever his name is, that Mrs. Lyndham is interested in ; and now she wants me to go to New York at once to see old Markham, as she has heard of a vacancy."

"Well, what will you do ?"

"I suppose I will have to go."

"I may go with you. I have some business to transact in New York that requires my supervision. Mr. Clifford is interested in it, and he wants me to go, and if he will not, why, I will have to."

Earl sat a moment in silence.

"By Jove !" he exclaimed ; "I have it."

"What ?" asked Ross.

"Get old Clifford to go and take the girls. You go, too, of course."

Ross shook his head doubtfully.

"I don't know as it would be just the correct thing."

"Oh, don't be a goose, Ross ! What harm can there be in it, if old Clifford goes along ?" said Earl.

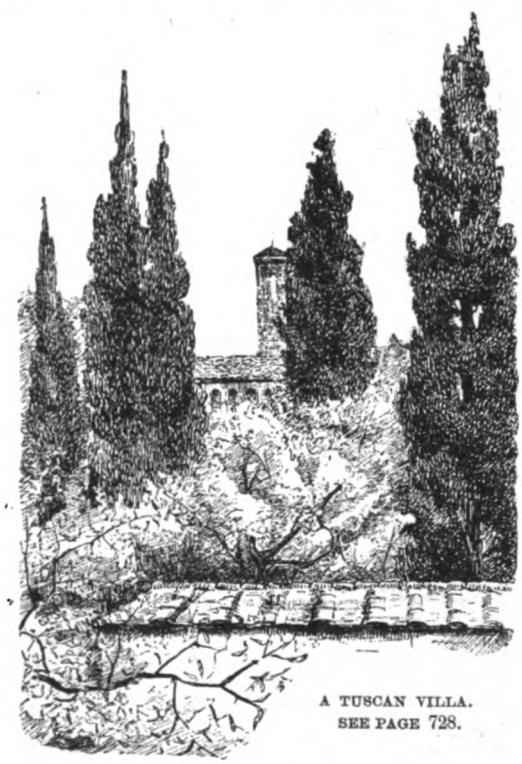
"Why, I should hate to ask him to take the girls."

"You wouldn't ask him. I would suggest it to Louise, and that would be sufficient."

"Well," said Ross, "I will tell Clifford he must go, and that I will go with him. I will leave the rest to Fate."

"All right," said Earl, throwing his wife's letter up in the air and catching it as it came down, like a schoolboy. "Fate will reward you."

It happened as Earl had prophesied, and they soon found themselves in New York.



A TUSCAN VILLA.
SEE PAGE 728.

Earl, as an old resident, did the honors, and at last stopped at Tiffany's.

"I want to make you a present," he said, "to keep in your memory these happy days."

"Oh, I could not accept one !" she said, hastily, yet a little sorrowfully.

"You have a ring," he said, "that I have long desired to own. Let me buy it of you."

And he pointed to the sapphire.

She shook her head.

"Louise," he said, taking her hands firmly in his, "look up at me and say, 'I do not love you, Earl.'"

Her face grew crimson, and she did not reply.

"You can't !" he exclaimed. "And now will you not exchange rings ?"

"I dare not !" she said.

"And I love you so very much." She looked up at him shyly. "You will let me have it ?" he said.

He held her hand in one of his, and with the other he drew the sapphire from her finger and placed it in his pocket.

When they dined she kept her hand out of view as much as possible ; and what was her surprise, as she looked at Kate, to find that she was trying to do the same thing !

As Louise looked she saw the flash of a diamond, and knew that Kate also wore one.

After dinner she said :

"Confess, Kate. Let me see your ring."

"Oh, how did you know ?" cried Kate, blushing.

"I saw it. Now, tell me all about it."

"Not now—not till to-night. Oh, do be quiet ! There they come !"

That night Kate told Louise that Ross had asked her to marry him.

"He is going to ask papa when we get home. He wanted to ask him now, but I would not consent."

"Then you will take back all you said about men in his position marrying socially beneath themselves?"

"Oh, Louise, I will take back everything! I do not know or care about anything, save that he loves me and that I am so happy."

"And I, too, am happy," said Louise.

"Oh, yes! I had nearly forgotten your engagement to Jack."

"Forget it entirely, then; for that is not what makes me happy."

"No?" said Kate, inquiringly.

Louise held up her hand.

"You have a diamond, too! Oh, Louise, does Earl love you?"

"Yes."

"And you love him?"

"Love!" said Louise, passionately. "I adore him."

And then she buried her face in her hands and began to cry.

Kate looked at her in amazement.

"Why do you cry?" she asked.

"I do not know," answered Louise. I am so happy, but it will not last—it cannot last! If it did, Kate, I could not die."

The next day they returned to Ilium, when Kate and Ross were formally engaged.

They were to be married in the Fall and go to Europe.

"It will be so pleasant!" said Kate to Louise. "Oh, I do hope that you and Earl will be married about the same time and go with us!"

Louise said nothing.

She did not doubt Earl, but he had never spoken of marriage to her; she thought that she would try him that evening.

"Do you know," she said, toying with the ring he gave her, "that the ring you have of mine was given me by a man who loved me devotedly?"

"I supposed so," he said, with a smile; "and that is the reason that I wanted it."

"But you don't know all," she replied, petulantly.

"Well, you may tell me all, my darling," he said.

"He wanted me to marry him."

"I do not blame him."

"I told him I would."

"The deuce you did!"

"Yes, the deuce I did," she said.

"And when were you to be married?" he asked, after a moment's reflection.

"This Fall," said Louise.

"Will you marry him?" he asked, looking at her with a smile.

"I do not know why I should not," she answered, defiantly.

"But I do," he said.

"Why?" she asked, tossing her head proudly.

"Because you do not love him."

"Do not be too sure."

"But I am sure," he said. "You cannot love two men."

"That does not apply to him."

"Yes, it does. You love me, and I am one man, and this fellow is another."

"But Jack isn't a fellow," ignoring his first remark.

"He has a nice name"—ironically.

"His name is John," said Louise, proudly; "Mr. John Horner: and he is a gentleman."

He gave a whistle.

"The deuce!" he said.

"That is the second time that you have made that very lucid exclamation," said Louise; "and I must confess that I do not consider it very gentlemanly."

"Oh, beg your pardon, Louise," he said. "So you were engaged to this Horner?"

"To John Horner."

"And you were to be married this Fall?"

"If he got a situation. He is a clerk in a hotel at Saratoga now, and he thought perhaps he could obtain some one's influence to get him a situation in New York this Winter."

"Do you know what I went to New York for last week?"

"No, of course I don't."

"Well, I'll tell you. I went to get a situation for a Mr. Horner."

"What, Jack? My Jack Horner?"

"For Mr. Jack Horner. My—a friend wrote me from Saratoga, and asked me to do it; so I went down."

"And you obtained it?"

"Yes."

After a while Earl spoke again.

"I suppose he will want you to marry him now?"

Louise looked at him, and then answered, bitterly:

"Perhaps."

"Why, perhaps?" asked Earl.

She rose up passionately, and said:

"Would you advise me to marry him?"

"If you loved him," answered Earl.

"Oh," she said, wringing her hands, "you are as cruel as all men are."

He smiled.

"Will you marry him?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, proudly; "yes, if he asks me. Give me back my ring, Mr. Lyndham."

"Not yet, Louise—not just yet; let me keep it till you are married."

"Not one hour longer!" said Louise, passionately.

He took her hands in his—the hands that were trembling and cold—and said:

"Can you give me up for him?"

She looked at him doubtfully.

"Why," he said, "I thought you wanted to go to Europe. Horner can't take you; but I can."

"Oh," she said, joyously, "you are in earnest; you will?"

"Yes," he said, "if you will go with me."

"And we will be married when Kate is, and go with them?"

"No," he said; "we will go alone."

"I should like to go with them," she said. "But just as you will! Oh, Earl, I was nearly wild when I thought that you did not love me!—that you would never marry me!"

"Do not ever doubt my love," he said. "I swear I love you better than woman ever was loved before."

That night Louise told Kate that she, too, was going to Europe, and Kate said she would urge Ross to persuade Earl to go with them.

The next morning Louise found a letter on her plate. She opened it carelessly, and was about throwing it down, when her eye caught a name, and she read:

"I have the situation, thanks to one of the best of women, a Mrs. Earl Lyndham, whose husband is now in Ilium, and who obtained it for me."

That was all she read. The room suddenly became dark, and she rose up unsteadily.

"I am unwell," she said; "will you excuse me, Kate. I must go to my room."

"Let me go with you!" cried Kate, jumping up. "You are faint."

"No," said Louise, waving her back, and laughing bitterly, "I am not faint. I shall be better soon. Let me go!" she cried; "only let me go!"

When she entered her room she walked over to the mirror and looked at herself.

"Oh, how wise you thought yourself!" she said to the face that looked out at her. "How you have laughed at Kate's simplicity! You were so sure of yourself, you did not doubt, you did not question; and you let yourself love a man you did not know! Oh, foolish, foolish girl. How he has laughed at you! Did he promise to marry you? We will go to Europe, he said; we will! Oh, base, miserable coward! I hate him! I hate him!"

Then she turned and sat down upon a chair and laid her head upon a table.

"If I could only cry!" she said.

Just then some one rapped on the door.

"Come in," she said, raising her head.

Kate entered the room.

"Are you ill, Louise?" she said. "I am so sorry! Earl is here in the parlor; he wants to see you, and I told him you were not well; but he wished me to ask you to come down for one moment."

"I will go," she said, getting up.

"But your hair is disarranged."

"Never mind." Then as Kate tried to pin the collar, "Leave me alone! do, Kate," and she walked out of the room.

Earl heard her enter the door, and hastened to meet her.

"They told me you were ill," he said, "and I would not believe it, my darling; I have come with news—good news; we are going away at once, you and I; to-night, if you are well enough. There is a steamer that starts to-morrow, and we will take it."

"Why this haste?" asked Louise, coldly.

"Because I love you, my darling," kissing her hands. "I want to take you away from every one who has any claim to your affection; so that you will be all mine own, and love me alone. I am jealous of every one, even Kate."

"And when will we be married?" asked Louise.

"As soon as we arrive in New York."

"I prefer being married here."

"Well, anywhere, so long as you go with me."

"But, Earl," she asked, eagerly, wishing to prove her question false, and almost believing he would, "what will your wife say?"

He started back, and leaned against the piano. At last he said:

"What do you mean?"

Her tone had grown cold again.

"Just what I said. If you marry me, what will Mrs. Earl Lyndham, who is now at Saratoga, say?"

He took a step forward.

"How long have you known of this?" he asked.

"A half-hour," she answered.

"Oh, Louise," he cried, taking her hands, "do not forsake me! I love you, Louise. I will leave anything—everything for you. I will marry you, Louise."

"How can you?"

"I will obtain a divorce. We will start for Europe to-morrow, and I will apply for a divorce and marry you."

"No," she answered, coldly.

"Then I will get a divorce first; only do not be untrue to yourself, Louise. Promise to be my wife, and I will find means to make you so."

Louise looked at him for a little while in silence.

"I thought," she said, musingly—"I thought you were so noble."

He winced a little.

"And yet," she continued, "you would have deceived me. Go! I have nothing to say to you. I have too much to blame myself for."

"Louise!" he cried.

She sat down upon a chair and pointed to the door.

"Go!" she said.

He knelt at her feet.

"Darling," he said, "consider what you are doing, and how you love me."

She drew her hand away from him.

"I hate you," she said, bitterly. "Go, before I tell you what I think of you—coward!"

He rose to his feet.

"Very well," he said, angrily, "I can bear it, if you can."

She did not look at him. At the door he turned.

"Louise!" he said.

She did not answer.

"One thing—remember that I loved you, and shall always love you better than any woman in the world. Will you not kiss me good-by?"

She did not look at him, but pointed to the door.

He turned and walked out.

When she heard his step outside, she threw herself upon the floor and reached out her arms toward the door.

"If I only had dared," she said—"if I only had dared to let him kiss me!"

When Kate came up to her room, she said to her:

"Will you go with me to Saratoga? I want to see Jack."

"Why, where is Earl?"

"Do not speak of him to me. He is married."

Kate was dumb from astonishment, and Louise said:

"Kate, dear Kate, will you go with me to Saratoga, to-morrow?"

"Not to-morrow, but next day I will; Ross wished me to go. He is going, and I think mamma will accompany us."

"Very well," answered Louise.

And so, two days afterward, Jack Horner was surprised to see Louise walk into the office.

"Louise!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, Jack," she said, "I want you so badly!"

He came round to her.

"What is it?" he asked.

"When can we be married?"

"Next week, I hope. I had a new situation offered me to-day, if I will go abroad. But I must go next week, and I was afraid you would not like it."

"The sooner the better," she said. Then, seeing his look of astonishment: "Oh, Jack," she cried, "you came near losing me! I thought seriously of marrying another man, only he was married, you know," she said, with a little laugh that was half a cry.

Jack thought of the past few weeks, and resolved to be magnanimous and forgive her.

"Here is Mrs. Lyndham," he said, as a lady approached. "You must thank her for whatever happiness has befallen you through me, as she obtained this place for me." Then, as she drew near, "Mrs. Lyndham, let me introduce to you the lady I have spoken to you of—Miss Archer."

Mrs. Lyndham bowed graciously.

But Louise could only give her a cool nod in return.

"So this elegant woman is his wife ?" she kept saying to herself.

"I came to see if Mr. Lyndham is here," said Mrs. Lyndham to Jack. "Oh, there he is now ! I want to introduce you. Earl, come here, please. This is Mr. Horner, that I wrote you about, and for whom you obtained the situation at Markham's ; but something better offered this morning. Vandermillion is going to send him abroad."

"Yes !" said Earl. "I am pleased to meet you, Mr. Horner."

"And I to thank you for your kindness to a stranger," said Jack.

"Oh, that is nothing. Mrs. Lyndham, who is a sort of Lady Bountiful, always has some one on her hands to be taken care of, and I like to assist her when I can do so without greatly incommoding myself ; and I assure you, Mr. Horner, my trip to New York on your business was one of the most enjoyable in my life."

And then he turned and saw Louise, her great eyes looking sadly at him.

He drew back with a start.

"Miss Archer," said Jack, simply.

"The young lady who is to go with Mr. Horner abroad —in fact, I may say the future Mrs. Horner," laughed Mrs. Lyndham.

Earl bowed and walked away, with his wife on his arm, and Louise looked after him till he was lost to sight.

"What a cold, disagreeable girl he is going to marry !" said Mrs. Lyndham.

But her husband did not answer.

The next week Louise married Jack Horner, and they started for Europe, where they will remain several years.

Long enough, Louise hopes, to cure her of her mad passion—long enough to punish her for her reckless flirting.

"If I had only had a mother !" she said, as she sobbed herself to sleep.

When Mrs. Ross Dunham went abroad, she met Louise, and exclaimed :

"How you have changed, Louise ! Are you ill ?"

"No," she answered ; "and you, Kate, you are happy ?"

"Oh, yes, so happy ! After all, Louise, your foolish habit of flirting brought no bad results, but a great deal of happiness."

"Yes," answered Louise, sadly, "a great deal of happiness."

"By-the-way, have you seen Mr. and Mrs. Lyndham ? They came over soon after you left."

Jack looked up from his books.

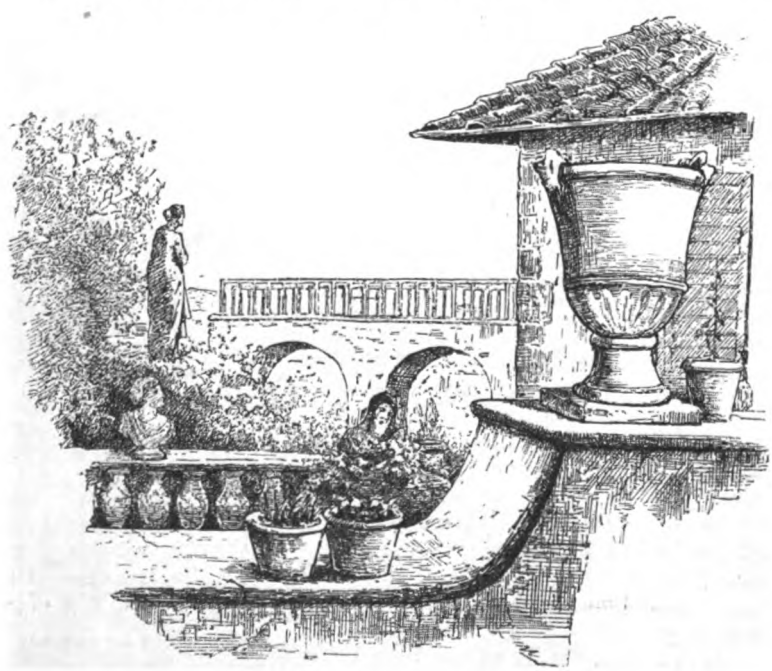
"Do you know, Kate," he said, "I was almost in love with Mrs. Lyndham once, and I believe Louise is jealous of her still ; for she will not let me mention her name, and when we came near meeting them, a few days ago, she made me cross the street to avoid them."

Louise looked at Kate with a smile about her lips, but her eyes full of pain ; and Kate said afterward to herself :

"Poor Louise ! I am afraid she will always regret it."

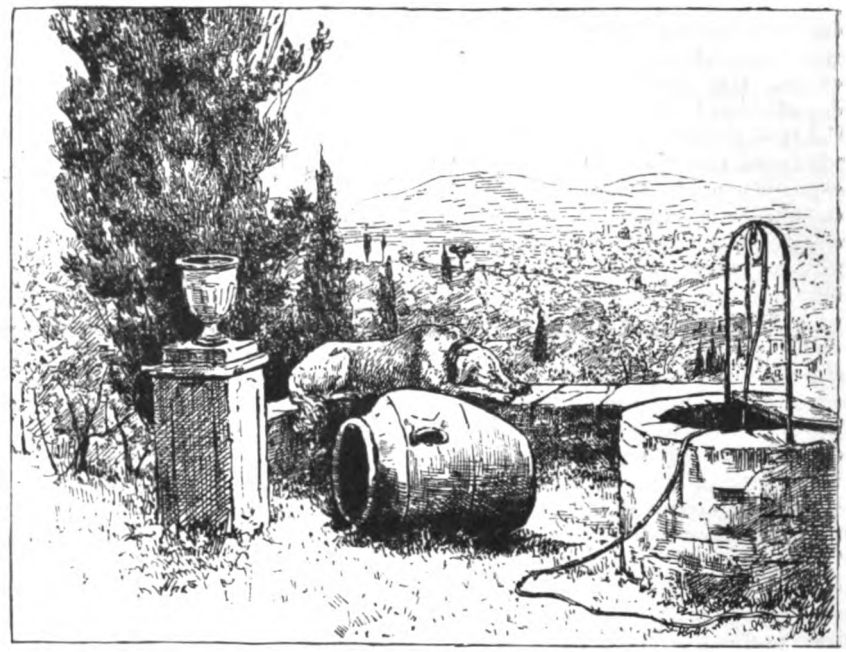
A TUSCAN VILLA.

On a spur of the steep hillside beyond Settignano, four miles to the northeast of Florence, stands the Villa Gamberaia. It is a sturdy, oblong mansion, facing the western sun. It is two-storied, brown-roofed, and its lower windows are sternly barred. From either end of its eastern front balconied arches stretch out like arms, and lead by hidden stairways to the chapel at the corner of the avenue, and the garden on the southern side. And though these arches are plainly an after-thought, and out of harmony with the grand severity of the main building, they are not unpleasant to the eye, and add to the quaint charm of this rural palace. The Gamberaia is a typical villa of the late Renaissance period, and its founder, Messer Zenobio Lapi, whose grim portrait decorates the saloon, must have been a man of lordly tastes as well as substance. No position could have been better chosen, no outlay spared in planning its groves and gardens. It clings midway on the olive-clad slopes rising from the basin of the Arno to the pine-fringed ridge that sweeps round from Monte Ceceri to Compiobbi ; and its ilex woods and cypresses interrupt the soft monotony of the gray-green foliage above and below its terraced walls. It is approached by a precipitous lane from Settignano ; a range of giant cypresses guards its gates, and it has an avenue of the same trees clipped to a broad, flat surface, about ten feet from the ground. There is a great grass terrace before the western front, bordered by a low wall set with stone dogs and lions, and commanding a glorious prospect. You look down on the City of Flowers across a sea of greenery—olives and vines and gardens and cornfields ; you see all its gracious coronal of tower-capped hills, its branching valleys to the south, a stretch of plain dotted with towns and villages innumerable, a gleam of the river here and there, and curve beyond curve of mountain lines, crowned by the translucent Carrara peaks, and the advanced guard of the Central Apennines still whitened by lingering snows. In the foreground to the right, across an interval of olives and corn, a white-



A TUSCAN VILLA.—THE TERRACE.

belfried church crowns the hill of Settignano; while the pine-clad ridge beyond, and the amphitheatre of Maiano, with the massive tower of Mr. Leader's villa below Vincigliata, are delightful details of the middle distance. And this view, beautiful as it is in mere outline, wears a different charm at every hour of the day. In early morning Florence is a faintly tinted bass-relief against a background of vaporous hills; toward evening its domes and cupolas are as dusky jewels set in a verdant cup; at sunset it is flooded with golden light, while the sky to the south and east is luminous sea-green or delicate blue, besprinkled with carmine cloudlets fading to ashes-of-roses. Or perhaps storm banners are abroad, and the lurid orange light to the west is barred with black and gray.



THE VAL D'ARNO, FROM THE TERRACE.

Our sky scenery is ever new, just as the fleeting cloud-shadows for ever change the face of our hills. Dearest of all moments, perhaps, is when the afterglow has burnt out and the value of every mountain-line is clearly defined, and pine and cypress are intensely black against the sky. For then the great dome of Santa Maria del Fiore assumes a gloomy grandeur. Florence is a city of mystery, and you scarcely rejoice when gleaming chains of yellow light again transform it into a smiling abode of men. Neither from Bellosguardo nor Fiesole nor other well-known posts of vantage does Florence wear so pictorial an aspect. No meanness of modern stucco, no cross lines of chessboard streets, are visible from this Settignano hillside. Beyond olives and vineyards, you see the city clasping the river, worthily crowned by Brunelleschi's dome and Arnolfo's tower, and with all lesser spires and belfries grouped in graceful order.

But this grand outlook is not the only charm of our Gamberaia. The house itself is an ideal Summer abode, with great vaulted rooms round a cloistered court, whence a doorless stairway on either side gives straight, steep access to the upper floor. The lofty entrance-hall looks to the west, and measures about eighty feet by thirty. This also opens on the courtyard in a straight line with the eastern gateway, so that a fine current of air is always to be had. Its scanty furniture is in keeping with the architecture — straight-backed chairs and huge tables of mediæval build, and great battle-pieces and portraits by old, if deservedly unknown, artists. Sundry mysterious recesses and secret stairs in the walls are suggestive of past romance, and from one of the enormous cellars stretching under and around the house runs a subterranean passage communicating with the upper garden. This, however, has been long locked up.

Several of the doors are surmounted by Latin inscriptions, setting forth how the mansion was built in the year of our Lord MDCX. by Ser Zenobio Lapi, and how it was enlarged and completed by his descendants some fifteen years later. After changing hands several times, it became a possession of the Gondi, then passed to the Counts Capponi, who sold it to a French gentleman, to whose family it still belongs. It is said to have been a Medici villa, but the well-known balls are absent from the various escutcheons on the walls, and there is no historic record of their ownership. It is true that a Gamberaia was numbered among their estates, but there are three other villas of that name in the neighborhood of Florence. Even the derivation of the word is uncertain. Some say that the ground was once held by the Gamberelli family; others, that a little lake formerly existent in the valley below and well stocked with *gambere* (crayfish) was the origin of the title. The only historic personage who has any discoverable connection with the Gamberaia is one of our own times. Napoleon III. inhabited it for some months when he was Prince Louis Napoleon. His father lay ill in Florence, and for political reasons he was not allowed to reside in the city. He must have known sounder slumber in the quiet yellow chamber to the south than he ever slept afterward amid the imperial splendor of the Tuileries.

Whether the Medici had a hand in them or not, certainly the grounds of the Gamberaia were planned on a princely scale, and with various dividing walls and stout iron gates that, together with the secret passage, show a princely regard for personal safety.

The eastern front looks on a narrow lawn nearly four hundred yards in length. At one end, behind neglected rose beds, broken fountain and rock work, rises a screen of mighty cypresses a hundred feet in height. At the other is a statue-decked balustrade overlooking a billowy sea of olives, a reach of the Arno, and a delicate interchange of hill and valley. This long stretch of lawn is one of the prides of the Gamberaia. No other villa far or near can boast so great an extent of level space, and beyond the vase-crowned wall of the upper garden it is bordered by a close box hedge, on which three persons might easily lie abreast.

"God Almightie first planted a Garden. And indeed it is the Purest of Human Pleasures. It is the greatest Refreshment to the Spirits of Man." Thus Lord Bacon, and there was much at the Gamberaia to remind us of the statesman's ideal pleasaunce. For it is duly divided into three parts, and has a "greene" at the entrance, but of far smaller extent than the four acres prescribed

by our author. Likewise it has two fair alleys of grass hedged with clipped box and cypress that give out their fragrance to the sun; and, instead of covert alleys, has groves of ancient ilex trees with gnarled and twisted trunks. One of these lies open to the east and "looks abroad into the fields," and over rolling olive slopes to the turn of the hills by Compiobbi. It has evergreens "rounded like Welts," though these have expanded in course of years into monstrous globes of foliage. And in the middle of the main garden, where vines and vegetables, fruit trees and Egyptian wheat are bordered with pink and red roses, there is a fountain where Cupid on a dolphin "sprinkleth water" on the goldfish below, and can on occasion shoot jets of spray almost as high as the eaves of the house. Across the grass, and directly opposite the eastern door, is a narrow inclosure of the true rococo style. It has miniature flower-beds and paths; a fine oval fountain of granite, with graceful handles, set in a circular carved basin, decorates the alcove at its end. Stone deities and troubadours are set in niches round its walls and draped with climbing weeds, while two dainty flights of steps on either side communicate with the ilex wood and the upper garden. Great bushes of lavender guard these steps with their fragrant spikes, and roses lead down from the trellised arbors that are fit entries to the treasury of flowers above. For there lilies and carnations, heliotropes and geraniums, are ranged in tempting order, and, with hundreds of lemon-trees in huge earthen vases, crowd the air with a symphony of scent. Pomegranates are putting forth their buds of flame, and the rose-oleanders coming into bloom by the wall that is crowned with tall white lilies. Here, too, is a large fountain with a "fair receipt of water," peopled with goldfish and overgrown with water-lilies. And when the sun beats too fiercely on these flowery terraces, a gate by the empty orangery leads to the second ilex wood, where the light plays pretty tricks among the glossy leaves, and you look down a vista of twisted trunks to an open space, framed in dark greenery, that might well serve as the set scene of some classic idyl. And by this cool descent you will find your way, through another gate, back to the long lawn by the rose-festooned cypress-trees.

This Summer paradise, musical with bird voices and the hum of bees, is as secluded from the world as if forty miles, instead of four, divided it from Florence. Only one small villa lies beyond it; then nothing but olives and corn, and one or two scattered cottages, right up to the crest of the hill above Compiobbi. There, by a ruined chapel of the Holy Cross, where a few cypresses point to heaven, you overlook another reach of the Arno, a cluster of picturesque villas, crowding summits, and the dark woods of sweet Valombrosa nestling in the folds of the hills below the sun-baked curves of the Consuma Pass.

In searching for local romance we learnt that the archway spanning the little lane at our gates was supposed to be haunted by a spinning ghost, and that the country folk did not willingly pass through it after dark. It was disappointing to be also told that the legend originated in a trick played by a boy years ago, and recently confessed by him to the owners of the Gamberaia. But superstition is hard to kill, and the Settignano peasantry cling to many primitive beliefs. They place rosemary in their windows to keep away evil spirits; they prefer the charms and nostrums of a wise woman down in the valley to the scientific treatment of the local doctor; and they ascribe cholera and all epidemics to the effect of poisons willfully scattered by Government agents.

Settignano itself is a delightfully pretty and well-to-do village, or rather—I beg its pardon—fraction of the township of Fiesole. The road to it from Florence has no suburban ugliness. It winds through fields and vineyards, and climbs the ascent among the olives with no walls to impede the spreading view over hill and valley. Runlets of clear water trickle down beside low hedges of sweetbrier; poppies and gladiolus and love-in-the-mist are ready to your hand among the corn, and brown-roofed farms emerge from a sea of greenery. The carriage-road proper ends on the triangular piazza, where a realistic statue of Tommaseo suggests sympathy with modern thought, and a much-mutilated monument to Septimus Severus records the mediæval belief that that Emperor was the founder of Settignano. As a matter of fact, it can boast a far older origin, on the testimony of ancient inscriptions that have been dug up close by. One rough, paved track leads through the village to an outlying mountain hamlet, another dips down to the Gamberaia.

The people of Settignano are thriving and energetic. They have a little open-air theatre where performances are often given, and they are slowly erecting another on a more ambitious scale. They still preserve traditions of art; and if no great sculptors are born among them as in the days of Desiderio da Settignano, or their foster-child, Michael Angelo Buonarotti, they have an inherited faculty for working in stone and marble. They are also very skillful in Florentine mosaic, and nearly every house has its wheel and bench for the cutting of gems. The big mosaic manufactory near the Villa Michael Angelo has given much development to this delicate industry.

The church is not interesting. It has a curious old pulpit of gray granite, but its many pictures are below mediocrity. But the neighboring chapel of the Misericordia contains one of Desiderio's best works, a bass-relief of the Madonna and Child executed in his daintiest style.

But the artists of Settignano must not make me forget the musicians of the Gamberaia. Spring was late, and the nightingales were still in full song toward the end of May. They dwelt in the ilex groves, and

> —"never elsewhere in one place,
> I knew so many nightingales."

Their jocund voices gladdened our days and nights. We seldom saw "their bright, bright eyes," but even in the stillest hours of hot Summer noons there was always a pleasant domestic stir among the nests overhead in the thick, green foliage. And about an hour before midnight their evening concerts would begin:

> "With skirmish and capricious passagings,
> And murmurs musical and swift jug, jug,
> And one low piping song, more sweet than all,
> Stirring the air with such a harmony
> That, should you close your eyes, you might almost
> Forget it was not day."

But as time went on their tuneful voices were less often heard. Even nightingales are oppressed by family cares, and, like young ladies, apt to give up their music after they are married. The blackbirds, however, were untiring singers, and continued to greet us with their sweet if flippant, love duet. One sings, "*Ben mio ti vedo;*" the other replies, "*Se tu mi vedi, vieni a me*"—"I see thee, my sweet." "If thou seest me, come to me." But in English the words scarcely fit the pretty strain.

The passage from Spring to Summer was a leisurely pageant this year. When first we came to our Tuscan villa the fields were fringed with the azure flames of the scented iris; we saw the corn plots change from blue to

yellow-green, and then to tawny gold; we saw haymakers tossing the fragrant grass that was all ablaze with poppy and gladiolus; and we saw the long swathes of bearded wheat fall before the reaper's sickle. The clamorous *cicale* sawed all day, as though grinding the heat; crickets chirped all night; hot mists rose from the plain; Summer lightning flashed from the skies; and the last fireflies—they go with the corn—wove their gleaming devices in the air. The starlit terrace became our evening saloon, and the songs of the young girl with the guitar, leaning against the stone lion on the wall, were often interrupted by the cry of the screech-owl or the softer note of the dark bird that flew so heavily down from the roof to the olives below. But all things must have an end, and just as the young swallows were learning to fly, we looked our last on the glittering, bright city and dusky hills; and then in a haze of early morning drove down our cypress avenue, bound for wind-swept heights long miles away from Villa Gamberaia.

THE WEST INDIAN SEAL.

It will probably interest zoological readers to learn of the re-discovery—or the full discovery—of the West Indian Seal (*Monachus tropicalis*). The history of this pinniped is in brief as follows:

It was first noticed by Columbus in his account of his second voyage (1494) as having been found in some numbers on the rocky isle of Alta Vela, off the southern shore of Hispaniola, where his sailors killed eight of them for food. Later—in 1675—Dampier found this seal in abundance on the Alacran reefs, about eighty miles north of Yucatan. At that time it was killed there in great numbers for its oil.

The seal then remained unnoticed for over a century and a half, having no place whatever in the writings of zoologists until 1843. Then Mr. Richard Hill published an account of it in the "Jamaica Almanac," calling it the Pedro seal, from the Pedro Keys, some sixty miles south of Kingston, Jamaica, where he had found it. A few years later Mr. P. H. Gosse obtained an imperfect skin (without skull) which he sent to the British Museum, where it was described by Dr. Gray in the "Proceedings of the Zoological Society of London," 1849. Dr. Gray gave it then no name, probably by reason of its imperfect characters. Later—in 1850—("Catalogue of Mammals in the British Museum") he described the same specimen as *Phoca tropicalis*, and afterward ("Catalogue of Seals and Whales, 1866") as *Monachus tropicalis*. But so imperfect was the specimen on which the description was founded, and the animal itself was so little known, that even its generic relations were in doubt, and its reference to the genus Monachus was considered provisional. From thence on to the present, rumors of the existence of this seal have been not unfrequent, but nothing seemed trustworthy and positive, and no specimens were obtained, if we except a young skin, without bones or skull, which came from Cuba to the National Museum at Washington, in 1884, without any indication as to locality.

It has long seemed to the writer—as, doubtless, to many others—that the certain presence in our waters of so important a mammal lying *perdu* in regions which our naturalist collectors are yearly visiting, was the opprobrium of American zoologists. We made inquiries, and collected notes from many sources, which showed clearly that this seal existed at isolated points—on small islands and keys—not only in the Caribbean and among the Bahamas, but also in the Gulf of Mexico. Last Summer, while on a visit to the western shore of the Gulf of Mexico, we were so fortunate as to *locate* this seal with much certainty. This was upon the Triangles (Los Triangulos), three little keys, scarcely above the water-level at high tide, and lying some 100 miles northwest of the Campeachy coast, in latitude N. 20° 50′, and longitude W. 92° 10′. Following this clew, my son, Mr. Henry L. Ward, last December visited the Triangles in company and partnership with Señor F. Ferrari Perez, naturalist of the Mexican Geographical and Exploring Expedition. His hunt was highly successful, and he has lately returned with nearly twenty specimens—skeletons and skins of all ages, from a suckling to the fully adult male, seven feet in length. This ample material has just been carefully studied by Professor J. A. Allen, the well-known zoologist, and author of the "Monograph of North American Pinnipeds." Professor Allen has given a preliminary notice of the specimens in *Science*, January 14th, 1887, and promises an elaborate account, with plates, in an early issue of the *Bulletin of the American Museum of Natural History*, New York.

It is a fact of rather peculiar interest that this, the first large mammal ever discovered in America, should, by the strange mishaps of natural history collecting, be the very last one to become known satisfactorily to science.

HENRY A. WARD.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

THE Sea of Galilee is beautiful in Summer. Wherever its shores are cultivated they are one mass of waving grain. The chief beauty, however, lies in the oleander-bushes that fringe the lake all round. They grow in clumps about ten feet high, and the flowers are so plentiful that each clump has the aspect of a large bouquet, arranged with a naturalness that defies competition. The plain of Gennesareth is partly cultivated, but it still retains its desolate appearance. Huge weeds make impassable barriers along its many marshy brooks. This plain, from El Mejdel—ancient Magdala—to Khan Meiryeh, is one of the most highly favored spots in the world from the agricultural standpoint. Well might Josephus, in his description, speak of it as "the ambition of nature." There never was more fertile soil, and copious springs send perennial streams meandering in every direction. This spot will be a mine of gold to some wise capitalist as soon as a good government will guarantee perfect security. The thorn-trees which we met at Jericho seem to thrive along the whole course of the Jordan, and are everywhere the home of numerous pigeons. Those are plentiful on the plain of Gennesareth, and are very tame.

PHOTOGRAPHY AND DISEASE.—A well-known photographer relates that he once made a picture of a child who was apparently in good health and had a clear skin. The negative showed the face to be thickly covered with an eruption. Three days afterward the child was covered with spots due to prickly heat. The camera had seen and photographed the eruption three days before it was visible to the naked eye. It is said that another case of a similar kind is recorded, where a child showed spots on his portrait which were invisible on his face a fortnight previous to an attack of smallpox, much to the surprise of parents and friends.

THE ARCHDUCHESS FERDINAND OF AUSTRIA.

By Madaline Durant.

Five centuries have come and gone since the birth f a little German girl in Augsburg, Germany, named Philippina Welser. Victor Hugo declares, "Nothing is so imminent as the impossible," "And what we must always foresee is the unforeseen." The parents of Philippina could scarcely have foreseen the high destiny awaiting their infant daughter, and would have exclaimed against the impossibility of her ever marrying the son of an emperor.

Our fairy godmother, who stands at the cradle of every infant born into this world, waiting to bestow her gifts, endowed this little German fräulein with marvelous beauty of face and form, a noble and generous disposition, and a heart full of tenderness and bravery. That nothing might be wanting, this same old godmother, who is often niggardly in her bestowments, added gifts of intellect with charms and graces of manner. Philip Welser, the father of Philippina, was a merchant of some repute in Augsburg; her mother, the daughter of a poor weaver, who spun for his living. At the time of their daughter's birth they lived in a tall stone house, which is still standing in one of the principal streets in Augsburg. Every traveler who visits this German city makes a pilgrimage to the old mansion, for although it is five hundred years since little Philippina was born, the inhabitants point out the dwelling, and say with pride: "Our schön Princess Philippina was born here."

PHILIPPINA WELSER.

The picture of Philippina is to be found in every print shop in the town, depicted in her peculiar costume, with a high ruff, jeweled cap and necklace of pounded silver. Centuries ago little girls had few opportunities of education. But Fräulein Welser developed an eager taste for all the meagre accomplishments of that age. F r nineteen happy years she lived in her father's tall st ne house like any other simple German maiden, until one bright June morning her whole life and destiny became changed in the most romantic way. In old times, as now, every German housekeeper took great pride in her ample linen-closet, which was always plentifully sprinkled with sweet-smelling lavender and fragrant herbs. On this eventful Summer day, five centuries ago, Frau Welser desired her daughter to go to the neighboring forest to gather stalks and blossoms to perfume the chests and drawers in which the household linen was stored. Weary with seeking the leaves and herbs, Philippina threw herself down at the foot of an oak-tree in the wood and soon fell asleep.

Quite like a story out of a fairy volume, or like what takes place on the stage of a theatre, a hero comes riding through the forest path and reins up his horse to gaze upon the sleeping maiden, looking as fresh and fair as an enchanted princess in a wood.

The sound of hoofs from approaching horses awakened the slumbering girl, who, confused and blushing, rose to her feet, to encounter the dark, admiring eyes of the Archduke Ferdinand of Austria, who, together with his suite, were out for a hunt through the forest. In a moment she perceived, from the uncovered heads of those around, that she was in the presence of a person of high rank. So, gracefully courtesying, she prepared to pass on her way, but the prince, who had fallen desperately in love with the beautiful girl, gallantly doffed his cap, and begged leave to escort her through the forest. Nothing would induce him to leave her side until he had accompanied Philippina to the very threshold of her city home. For many succeeding days he lingered in the neighborhood of Augsburg, ever seeking to catch another glimpse of her fair face. History tells us many an evening he paced the pavements under her window, and no doubt occasionally Philippina opened her casement and cast down a timid glance on the tall form of her princely lover. Very shortly after their first meeting, Ferdinand, having been presented to her father by one of the dignitaries of the city, asked the hand of his daughter from him in marriage. Herr Welser was overwhelmed with joy and surprise at such an unexpected honor conferred upon his beautiful daughter. The consent of the bride was never asked in those remote times, but the heart of the maiden was already won by the open admiration of the prince.

The Archduke dared not inform his august father of his approaching nuptials; the marriage was, therefore, kept a profound secret for a time from the whole Austrian court. The wedding was arranged to take place without

any pomp or parade in the middle of July, in one of the little Catholic churches outside the city. The dawn of the eventful midsummer day was heavy with thick, black clouds, torrents of rain descended on the parched earth—Nature appeared penitent. "An archduke was about to be married without the consent of his father. Weeping skies foreboded unhappiness to bride and bridegroom." Although the Emperor knew nothing of his son's approaching nuptials, the parents and relatives of the bride had all been informed of the betrothal.

Never had the "Schön Philippina" looked more radiantly beautiful than when she appeared slowly advancing up the aisle of the church at the celebration of her marriage, followed by a page bearing her train. A white satin robe, studded with silver stars, fitting closely her graceful form, was looped up with a cordon of pearls. From her shapely head a costly vail of Flemish lace fell in graceful folds to her feet. When she knelt with the bridegroom at the foot of the altar, the sun suddenly shone from behind the dark clouds, casting a stream of light through the stained-glass windows, and encircled her face like a benediction. Murmurs of admiration burst from every lip at the sight of her marvelous beauty.

"And well my heart might deem her one
Of life's most precious flowers,
For half her thoughts were of its sun,
And half were of its showers."

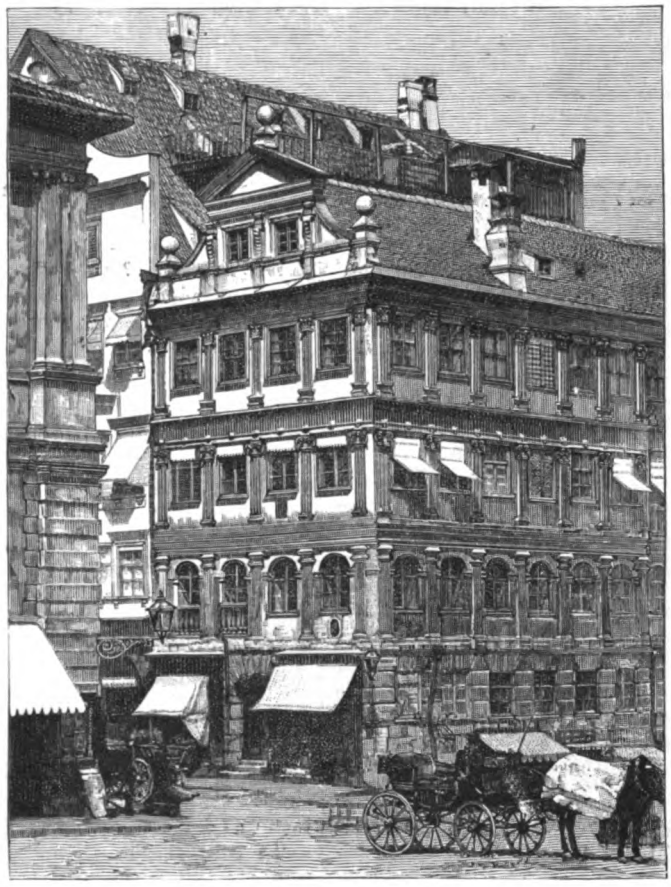
The marriage of Prince Ferdinand could not long be concealed from his father, the Emperor of Austria, who, when informed of "the lowborn alliance" of his son, was terribly incensed, and refused to admit his new daughter-in-law into his presence. Philippina, with all a woman's adroitness, contrived to meet him, as if by accident, and, throwing herself at his feet, pleaded love and forgiveness for both. The Emperor was so struck with her marvelous beauty that his anger melted into pity and admiration.

"She is like an angel!" he exclaimed. "I forgive my son."

He then bestowed upon both his royal blessing. The prince and princess lived many years in great happiness at Innsbruck; their memory is much cherished by the inhabitants of that charming little city.

The Archduchess passed most of her time doing good to others. Tender and true, her heart and her purse were always ready to befriend the sorrowful and suffering. Every morning she gave an audience to the poor, listening with pity to the recital of their troubles. Every evening she attended vespers in the Hofkirche (Court Chapel), which is one of the most attractive churches to visit in Innsbruck. On both sides of the aisle stand twenty-eight colossal bronze statues of Austrian emperors. This Court Chapel is called the Pantheon of the Tyrol. A flight of steep stone steps leads on one side to a small chapel containing the tomb of Philippina. A full-length recumbent figure, chiseled in stone, represents her with clasped hands, as if in prayer. This little chapel is called the Blue-and-silver Chapel, from its many adornments in blue and silver. Near the tomb of his wife hangs an immense suit of armor, worn by the Archduke. His ashes repose in a niche in the left wall.

Five hundred years ago these historical personages lived and died. The custodian still relates the kind deeds and noble charities of the "Schön Princess" as if she lived but yesterday, and no time had elapsed since her body was carried to its last resting-place in the little Blue-and-silver Chapel of the Hofkirche at Innsbruck, in the Tyrol.



THE HOUSE WHERE PHILIPPINA WELSER WAS BORN.

MEN'S DEEDS.—Few persons recognize how largely happiness is dependent upon generous emotions and sympathetic affections. Probably nothing else is so fruitful of real and permanent enjoyment as this. No one can cast a mental glance over his circle of acquaintances without perceiving that the happiest among them are not those most favored by external circumstances, but those who possess loving, kindly dispositions and generous impulses; those who are interested in the welfare of their fellow-men and active in promoting it; those, in a word, who are seeking to do good rather than to get good. While it is undoubtedly true that injustice and selfishness react upon those who practice them, to their injury and their distress, it is no less true that equity and benevolence react upon those who practice them, to their happiness and best welfare. Though the route may be circuitous, though the time may be deferred, we may rest assured that our deeds, good and evil, will return to bless or to curse us; and whatsoever we sow, that also shall we reap.

THERE are three kinds of praise: that which we yield, that which we lend, and that which we pay. We yield it to the powerful from fear; we lend it to the weak from interest; and we pay it to the deserving from gratitude.

SONG.

By Philip Thyne.

Oh, three little birds on a bramble spray!
Each flew to find him a nest:
There was one went rarely over the sea,
And one flew straight for the North Countrie;
But the third
Little bird,
He winged his way to the watery West,
Where one that I love sits sighing.

Oh, for the withering bramble spray,
And the bird that sleeps in his nest!
There is one in a castle over the sea,
And one in a pine in the North Countrie;
But the third
Little bird,
He sings at a lattice far in the West,
Where one that I love lies dying.

Ah me, for the thorny bramble spray
And the weary bird in his nest!
There is one that dreams of the silver sea,
And one looks over the North Countrie;
But the third
Little bird,
He sings o'er a grave in the silent West,
Where one that I love is lying.

MISS FRENCH.

By Philip Bourke Marston.

The Frenches were not rich—indeed, to make the proverbial ends meet, they had to resort to the mediation of a boarder—a single gentleman preferred, as giving less trouble. They occupied a house in the neighborhood of Notting Hill—a new house in a not yet completed road—guarded at its corner by a spruce public-house, bearing the arms of a distinguished nobleman.

It was a depressing road to live in, for as yet there was no carriage-way through it, and you heard all day long the carts as they lumbered over the uneven surface to discharge great loads of bricks for the building of other houses, and yells of the carters as they backed or urged on their heavily tasked horses, the noise of the bricks being turned out, a sound of sawing timber to set one's teeth on edge, and the light, persistent treble tapping of the bricklayers' trowels.

There was nothing to see out of the window but rubbish-heaps and half-built houses. Of course, the street would get finished some time, but until that time it was not unnatural that the inmates of No. 10 Bloomfield Road should suffer from much melancholy, especially as it was the time of the fall of the leaves, and the first fogs had descended upon them early in the season.

Mrs. French had been many years a widow. The family consisted of herself, her two daughters, Agnes and Jane, and Tom French, the only son, a warm-hearted young fellow, who drudged all the days of his life in the city, and who was the little family's chief support.

The duties of housekeeping—what with superintending the work of the one servant and making pilgrimages to distant co-operative stores—seemed to occupy Mrs. French's time fully.

Jane French, who had great natural business capacities, was an excellent aide-de-camp. But Agnes French, the elder by about two years, was of less assistance. She was regarded as not at all a practical person, and the years had gone by for her very slowly and heavily.

She had more imagination than her sister, being fond of music and reading. She had a nature large and loving. Her youth had passed in dreams, and at the age of thirty life looked very cold and cheerless to those warm brown eyes.

Why no man had asked her to be his wife I cannot say, for she was very nice to look at—neatly made, with pretty, soft hair and plenty of it, a face which at one time had worn a singularly bright expression, but which of late years had acquired a somewhat worn and weary look

There was a melancholy retrospect of boarders to look back upon. Mr. Taylor, now remote in the past, who played the flute and liked his breakfast eggs hard; Mr. Smith, from New York, who touched her heart a little. From him she contracted the sensible habit of saying "Come," instead of our "Come in," and other little Americanisms. But the business on which he had come was at last transacted, and one day he wished them all an affectionate good-by and sailed away to his own far country. Then there was Mr. Jones, who had to be dismissed because of his irregular habits; then followed a procession of mild, featureless youths, who talked about the weather at dinner and took a hand at cards after tea.

She led a solitary life, did poor Agnes. Her one pleasure lay in her books; but that is a pleasure which, to be fully appreciated, must be shared.

Is it not almost as much pleasure to talk about a book as it is to read it? What should we do if there were no ears into which we who read books could thunder our censure or chant our pæans of praise?

The thought is so awful that one almost trembles. Should we not die of suppressed expression?

Agnes French tenanted a world of her own, and she had it all to herself; therefore it is that I am sorry for her.

It was late in October when another "new boarder" was to take up his residence with the Frenches.

"I do wish he might be nice!" sighed Miss Jane French.

She looked good-tempered, but was decidedly plain. The two sisters were sitting in the drawing-room in the fire-brightened twilight.

"Interesting," suggested Agnes, "as they say in novels."

Disregarding this remark, Jane resumed:

"I should like him to be very tall. Brown *was* such a little man, *wasn't* he? Tall and very broad in the shoulders, and fair, with just such a long, tawny mustache as Dick in 'Cometh Up as a Flower' had."

"I confess, for my part," replied Agnes, "I should like something just a little more intellectual in appearance. I should like a man who could talk about something besides the weather."

"Yes, I might like that, too," answered Jane, in a tone of concession; "but I have a sad presentiment that he will be as insipid as all the others were." Then in a tone of startled revelation: "I don't believe there ever was such a thing as an interesting boarder."

Just then Mrs. French came in, and the lamp was lit, revealing the room which had been dusted that day by Mrs. French's own hands, and with even more than her usual zeal, which was at all times very considerable.

She looked round with an air of satisfaction on the somewhat faded but carefully swept Brussels carpet, and spoke of it gratefully and affectionately as the best-wearing carpet she had ever known.

She surveyed with complacency the chairs, with their green-covered seats, their gracefully curved limbs and twisted backs, the round rosewood table with its photographic album and its volume of poetical selections. She

gazed contentedly at the marble clock on the mantelpiece that had such a decorous tick with it, such a ladylike, unassuming way of striking; and at the vases filled with artificial flowers, which graced each side of it.

Above the clock was an oil-painting of the late Mr. French, which she would often apostrophize.

Yes, the room could not be neater than it was! The fire-irons stood grouped together ready for action, their much-polished heads shining; the sofa and each easy-chair wore its spotless antimacassar.

Mrs. French ran her hand over the keys of her piano, which only that morning had been tuned—the tuner had done his work in a way eminently satisfactory.

There are people who seem absurdly grateful for small mercies, and also people who seem surprisingly ungrateful for large ones.

Mrs. French belonged to the former class. She thought her house, in its unpretending way, just the nicest that could be; as she believed herself to have been guided to the choice of her butcher and baker by a direct interposition of Providence. Her own things always tasted better to her than those of her neighbors.

She remarked that everything certainly looked very comfortable, adding the agreeable intelligence that the saddle of mutton before the fire was a beauty.

"That's right!" ejaculated Jane. "I'm hungry already, though we haven't had tea yet. By-the-way, isn't it time for tea?"

But Mrs. French thought they had better wait for Mr. Payne, the coming boarder, who had written that he expected to reach Bloomfield Road that evening at five o'clock, of which hour it now only wanted a quarter.

"There he is!" Miss Jane cried, delightedly, as a quarter of an hour afterward the garden-gate was heard to squeak open, which sound was followed by that of a foot ascending the six chubby little steps leading up to the house; there came next a brisk application of the knocker, and in another minute "Mr. Payne" was announced.

It was with a feeling of great relief that the two sisters saw that here was no mild, insipid, featureless youth. He was slight in figure, but yet strong-looking; his handsome face was deeply seamed; something imaginative in it seemed combated by genuine British bulldog pugnacity; the eyes were clearly gray, mouth sensitive, with an occasional expression about the lips which suggested a nature not devoid of cruelty. His voice in conversation was slightly harsh, but in reading—and he read well, as they found out afterward—it could soften into a kind of tense sweetness. His manner at once set the family at their ease.

Glancing at the books on the table, his attention was attracted by an American edition of Tennyson; it had been a parting gift from Mr. Smith to Miss French.

"I think Tennyson wears better than any of the other moderns," he said, taking up the volume. "He may be tame sometimes, but, on the other hand, he is never extravagant. A poet should be able to control his poetry, just as a man should be able to control his temper. There's manly poetry and unmanly poetry, and I confess I like the manly style."

"Oh, won't you and Agnes get on well!" exclaimed Jane; "for she absolutely *adores* poetry!"

"That is good news indeed," Mr. Payne replied, with a quick smile, "for very few people do."

"Well," asked Jane, when the new boarder had gone to his room, "is he interesting, or not?"

"I think," replied Agnes, "that he *is*."

"Foolish girls that you are!" said kind Mrs. French with a laugh, as she bustled from the room to see that the dinner-table was properly laid.

"I'm afraid *I* shall get no fun out of him," mused Jane, "for I know nothing at all about poetry."

Mr. Payne appeared at the dinner-hour in faultlessly fitting evening clothes; no previous boarder had treated the meal with so much ceremony, and Mrs. French thought, with a thrill of satisfaction, that so much homage was not disproportionate to the claims of her saddle of mutton, which would be preceded by some soup, concocted by Mrs. French's own hands; not a bad soup when it did not turn out too salt, which it had rather a way of doing—and succeeded by an apple-tart, the success of which was not always an assured fact.

However, to-day the soup was not too salt, and the pie-crust not too heavy, and Jane was relieved to perceive that Mr. Payne had no idea of restricting himself to poetry, but had a large store of anecdotes, which he gave with admirable effect.

A good anecdote, in the hands of an incapable teller, is like a first-class rapier in the hands of an unskilled fencer—you may see the steel to be of fine temper, but it does no execution.

After dinner, though, Agnes had her own especially good time, for while Jane and Mrs. French busied themselves over the tea-table, and Tom went out for a stroll, Mr. Payne talked to her of the things in which she was most interested, and promised to make her acquainted with books which could not fail, he thought, to delight her.

Then Jane, who could really play well, performed; and, on the whole, the first evening of the new boarder was decidedly a success.

From that day the course of Agnes's life seemed changed. She had found a friend, not an acquaintance. When her eyes opened, they opened on a new world—a world which held, even for her, spiritual and intellectual sympathy; and she had thirsted for both so long!

Mr. Payne generally spent much of the day abroad; but his did not seem to be any regular and abiding occupation, for he would come and go at all hours. He more frequently than not passed his evenings with the Frenches, but when he did not, be sure those were desolate evenings for poor Agnes.

Was it only friendship she experienced from him?—friendship which concentrated all her thoughts on him as she would watch out those dreary evenings when he did not stay at home, sitting in the little prim drawing-room, hearing the cook exchanging pleasantries up the steps with the fishmonger's boy, perchance, or the postman's knock down the whole road.

For Bloomfield Road is a quiet road, in which you find out a good deal about your neighbors, the walls which divide house from house being of very slight thickness, so that, should your next-door neighbor become afflicted with a violent influenza, you will be made painfully aware of the fact.

Was it only friendship which seemed to touch her life as with a transfiguring light? Was it only friendship which stormed her pulses were his name mentioned unexpectedly? Was it friendship which made her glad to lie awake in the darkness, seeing again his eyes, hearing the tones of his voice, remembering his words, feeling the touch of his hand on hers?

Nay, this was not friendship, but Love! Love come late—come in the Autumn, but come, all the same. She was glad over her sweet secret, as is the wife when first she knows she is to become a mother. Whether her love

should be returned or not, to have loved was in itself a good! Neither the house nor the road seemed dreary to her any longer.

"How could she have endured her life before?" she would often ask herself, as she looked back on her long uncompanioned years.

Often—for though the month was November, the season was very mild—she would walk round the little strip of garden which made quite a display of modest Autumn flowers, and sometimes from the window of the back drawing-room, which he used as a study, Payne would lean out and talk to her—or sometimes, now that he knew she rather liked the smell of a cigar than otherwise, he would join her and smoke in the garden.

One particular day in November, for a wonder as mild as May, Agnes was tending her flowers. Mr. Payne had left the house about a quarter of an hour before, so that she started in very earnest when she heard his voice from the window of the back drawing-room.

"Miss French, what is that flower in the left-hand bed, just there in the corner?"

"I am sorry I cannot tell you. I am not at all learned in the names of flowers. They *are*, and that is quite enough for me."

"I see you don't care to interview them, to find out all about their personalities—where they originally came from, where they do most abound, and in what way one class differs from another class. Well, I am much of your opinion. I am often thankful that we know so little about Shakespeare."

"I thought you were going to be out for the whole of the day," remarked Agnes.

"So I meant to be; but don't be cross at my return. I will promise to get in no one's way. Should I be in your way if I were to come down and smoke a cigar?"

"You would be very welcome," she said, her face brightening with pleasure.

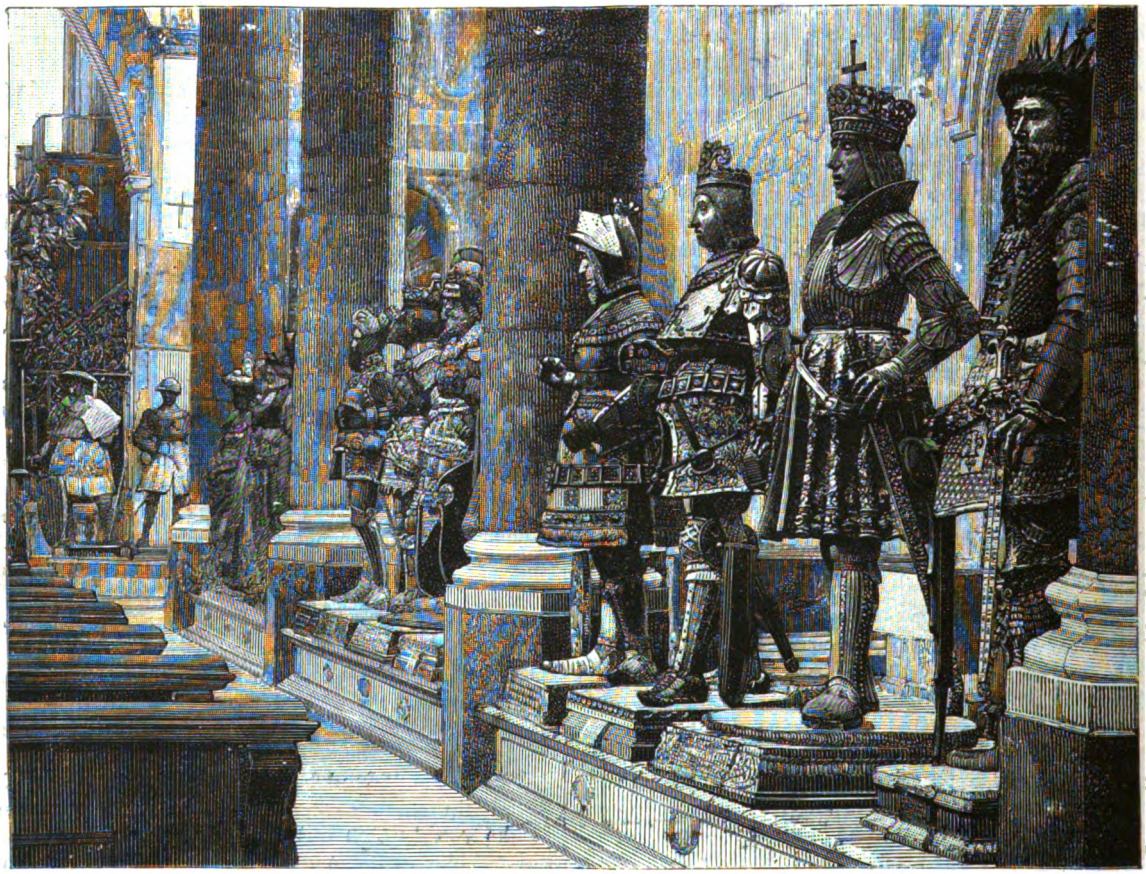
"Thank you. Then I will most certainly come."

In another minute he was beside her. She was looking unusually pretty to-day, a warm light glowing in her eyes, a delicate rose-color in her cheeks.

"It's such a lazy day," he began. "Do you know what it was that brought me back?"

"I have not the faintest idea. How should I have?"

"Well, then, I will tell you. It was the picture of you in this garden. When I had got a short way from it, it seemed to me like an enchanted land, and I concluded to throw myself under its spell, and so returned."



THE ARCHDUCHESS FERDINAND OF AUSTRIA.—INTERIOR OF THE COURT CHURCH.—SEE PAGE 732.

"I am afraid," she answered, "you will find no spell here. The days of spells are over, are they not?"

He paused, looked at her with a long, fixed look, and, by way of answer, said, simply, "No." Then he led her on to talk about herself, which he only had the power to beguile her into doing.

"How lonely you *must* have been!" he said, very tenderly. "I am so proud that you will let me be your friend. We *should* be friends, for till I came here it seemed to me I was the loneliest man on God's earth. I want you to understand that I am your real friend, bound to execute unquestioningly any service which you may choose to impose. Tell me, tell me," he pleaded, "that you feel this!"

"I do," she said, in a low voice; and they ratified the bond with a long, a very long, hand-clasp, after which they were silent, as people mostly are when they have taken the first step over the confines of friendship.

MISS FRENCH.—"'YOU HAVE MADE ME VERY HAPPY. OH, AGNES! CAN YOU CARE FOR ME IN THE WAY I WANT YOU TO CARE? WILL YOU SAVE ME?' HE HAD TAKEN HER HAND AND KNELT DOWN BESIDE HER."—SEE PAGE 734.

In an adjoining garden children were romping, and from an overlooking window were being admonished by nurse or mother to take care not to spoil their clothes. From the other side came the sound of carpets being chastised in a most capable way.

At length Frederick Payne broke the silence with:

"What a splendid day it is! Does it not seem to have in it the brightness and serenity of a glorious old age—an old age which need not blush for its youth? How many of us, I wonder," he added, "will be able to feel that when the time comes?"

"Some of us—many of us, I hope," she answered, gently.

"*You* are safe," he rejoined, with something like despair in tone and look. "*You* will never do anything of which you need repent!"

"Indeed you know me very little. I have already done many things for which I am sorry, and shall, I dare say, do many more."

At this juncture Jane came to inform them that the luncheon was on the table.

After this interview, a change came over Mr. Payne. He became restless, at times moody, and would frequently absent himself from the family circle.

"What had she done," thought poor Agnes, "so to change him?"

One day, about the middle of December, he announced his intention of passing a week with some friends in Yorkshire.

It was with a sore heart and a boding of ill that Agnes watched his hansom depart.

His face, she noticed, had a strangely careworn look.

It was a cold, raw day; she went to her fireless bedroom, and there, under rugs and shawls, cowered against the wall and wept bitterest tears for the friend who had just left her, to return within a week—the friend who seemed to her so changed.

How would the dreary week pass without him?

But it did pass, and wore round to the blissful day of his return.

Yes, there was to be no disappointment!

At a little before seven o'clock his well-known knock was heard at the street-door, and he came in, bringing in also a little of the fog from out-of-doors.

The careworn look with which he had departed was replaced by one of animation. He seemed pleased to get back, and said it was like coming home.

During dinner he talked little, but looked at rest.

In the evening Agnes was sitting by herself in the drawing-room in a low chair in front of the fire, her fair small hands clasped upon her lap, when the door opened and closed, and Mr. Payne was by her side.

"Thinking?" he asked, standing close to her chair and bending over her.

"Yes," in a tone scarcely above a whisper.

"Thinking of what?"

"Must I really tell you?"

"Yes, I think you must."

"Well, then, I was thinking—how very, very glad I was that you had come back."

She blushed as she said it.

"Thank you for telling me," he said, in a tone of reverence. "You have made me very happy! Agnes, could you make me happier still? Oh, Agnes! can you care for me in the way I want you to care? Will you save me? Will you be my own?"

He had taken her hand and knelt down beside her.

"Do you think I should really make you happy?" she asked, and her voice thrilled with strong emotion.

"Happy!" he echoed. "Supremely happy!—happy as no other woman ever could have done!"

"Then I am yours," she said, with hushed awe in her voice—"yours for all your life."

And very willingly did she suffer herself to be drawn within the shelter of his arms.

She was resting with her head leant upon his shoulder when he said:

"Agnes—Agnes, would it grieve you to leave England—Europe—and make with me my home in the New World, with which I have not the sad associations, the bitter memories, that haunt me here?"

"No, dear, that would not grieve me. I would go anywhere with you, being happiest where you were happiest."

"Bless you, my sweetheart!" he answered, kissing her lips, which quivered under his with an exquisite delight. "Do you know," he said, "that you have taken me wholly on trust?"

"I never thought of doing anything else," was the low reply.

Just then, hearing Jane's voice approaching the door, they separated; and so terminated Miss French's first experience of a genuine love scene.

Mrs. French was very glad to have her daughter engaged to a man whom they all respected and liked as well as they did Mr. Payne.

The marriage was arranged to take place when the new year should be a couple of months old.

Love came late, yet came at last with full hands! What a wonderful land of romance has life now become for Agnes!

If just to love was so sweet, to yield homage as naturally as flowers yield their scent, what was it to the sweetness of loving and being beloved?

Strive to hide it as you may, if you have anything on your mind, you cannot conceal it from those who know you at all intimately; and it is clear to his sisters and mother that, on a particular evening in early February, there is something troubling Tom French's mind.

He smiles not. He forgets to make even an occasional attempt to do so.

His future brother-in-law tells his best stories, but Tom appreciates them not. Like a true Englishman, he eats and drinks stolidly. Only when the ladies are retiring, he asks his mother to see him alone for a few minutes.

When they are closeted together, he begins rather awkwardly, having taken up his position on the hearth-rug:

"On my way home this evening I called in at the James's. I gave them the news of Aggie's engagement, and described Payne and what he had told us of himself and his people. When I got up to go, James detained me and took me into his study. He wished to speak about Payne, whom he seemed able to identify. His words were, that we ought to be warned against him; that he was a dissolute gambler and adventurer; that some friends of theirs with whom he had got himself acquainted actually met him at Brighton, accompanied by a woman whom he introduced as his wife."

At this, Mrs. French, who was of all women the most conventional, could not repress a little scream.

"Now," resumed her son, "what are we to do?"

"It must be sifted," replied Mrs. French. "Before doing anything, Agnes must be told. She is the right person to speak to him. Heaven grant that there is some mistake!" she added.

The two lovers were sitting alone, absorbed in each other, and perfectly ignorant of the bolt about to be

launched at them, when the servant appeared to say that Mrs. French desired that Miss French would come to her at once.

Agnes hoped her mother was not ill, and the servant thought she was not.

Agnes rose reluctantly and left her lover, smiling at his entreaties that she would not be absent long.

In less than a quarter of an hour she returned, but how changed from the Agnes who had left him!

Her cheeks were flushed with indignation, her eyes ablaze, her lips trembling so that she could scarcely stand. He sprang up, exclaiming:

"Agnes, my darling, what has happened? Speak to me!"

Then she cried: "Some wicked people have been slandering you, saying the basest things about you; and to their shame—to their black, bitter shame—my mother and brother would have you refute the charges. I will never forgive them for it—never!"

She would have thrown herself into his arms, but he restrained her.

"Let me hear what the charges are," he said, quietly.

"You shall, then," she said, with proud defiance. "That you were an adventurer, a gambler, a ruiner of women—even that you were married. Do you think it will be worth your while to refute them? Why don't you laugh?" she asked.

But, indeed, his face wore a grave, not to say melancholy, expression.

He made her sit down, and then spoke, standing before her:

"Agnes, I cannot laugh these accusations to scorn, because they are, in some measure, true."

He paused. She turned deadly pale, and he continued:

"I am not a 'ruiner of women,' but there is a class of women—of which you happily know not—of whom I once saw too much. In your presence I hate to mention such things, but once, when I was at Brighton, when in company with a woman of this class, meeting some chance acquaintance, I gave her for the moment my name, to avoid anything more awkward, and thought no more of the affair from that day to this. For the rest, life was rather flat, and I gambled, sometimes for the sake of excitement, and lost quite as often as I won. I squandered, in fact, a considerable fortune. A year ago I came into the possession of a much smaller one—still one on which I could adequately maintain a wife. I determined to change my life, quit my old haunts—yes, the very neighborhood of them—and to make my home with some quiet family. As if by fate, it came to pass that my steps were directed to this house, where I met the love which, could I have kept it, would have saved me."

Here she interrupted him, crying, passionately:

"But, my darling! my darling! you *have* kept it, and it *shall* save you! I am yours, my very dearest, my very own, my all! and nothing, *nothing* shall ever part us!"

And with a laugh, which defied fate itself, she flung herself upon his heart, clasping her firm arms about his neck.

He strained her to him, calling her his noble, loyal, unshakable love!

Then mother and brother and Jane were sent for and proudly confronted.

Mrs. French preached a little sermon, to which Miss Jane added a few remarks, and then the affair seemed at an end.

But the grave look of preoccupation did not pass from the features of Tom French, and the next day he again repaired to the house of Mr. James, who, by-the-way, was a talented lawyer.

Doctors' Commons was sought through, but, of course, with no result one way or another.

Then various acquaintances of Mr. James were consulted; at last it was clear that the person who knew most of Mr. Payne was a certain Mr. Briggs.

He had known him while staying in Paris; was of the opinion that Payne led a dissipated life; knew he was very intimate with a very respectable girl of rather common family, by whose rare beauty he seemed to be greatly taken; had heard him say that the girl, in spite of her people, would be worth marrying.

"Did Mr. Briggs know the girl's name?"

"Oh, yes; the girl's name was Claudine Vernay. Did not know whether Payne had married her or not, as he left him behind in Paris, but there was certainly a talk of his marrying her. Should say that Payne was not a man to be over troubled by conscientious scruples of any kind—rather a man who, if he wanted a thing, would get it, by fair means or foul."

In consequence of this information, Mr. French thought it well to pay a hasty visit to Paris.

Meanwhile, the wedding preparations went on cheerfully, although Agnes could not help a strange feeling, at times, as if some unseen power were fighting against her.

But the swift days wore by, until it came to be the eve of the wedding.

"Tom will be back to-night, surely," Agnes said, as she sat by her lover's side, enfolded by his arm.

"It is time, then," he rejoined, "that he was here now. He comes, I suppose, by the Dover mail service?"

"Yes, I believe so. Do you like to think that to-morrow I shall be your wife?"

"What do you think?" Mr. Payne asked, with great tenderness.

"Well, upon the whole, I think you are not sorry!" she answered, archly, and blushing a little. "Hark!"—as they hear a hansom draw up at the gate—"that must be Tom."

In a minute or two Mr. Tom French walks in. But has this most respectable young man been drinking, that his face has such a white, strange look, and that his gait seems so unsteady?

Perchance the wind was strong in crossing the Channel, and he may have been tempted into too many applications to his pocket-flask.

So full is he of something which he has to say that he forgets even to remove his hat.

A man who has scoured Paris as he has done for the last three days, who has slept little, and wellnigh forgotten to eat, may well look ill.

"I have returned from Paris in time," he begins, his voice trembling with combined weakness and excitement. "I went there on a quest, and," he goes on, with something like triumph, "I have found the thing I went to seek, and which proves you to be——"

"A scoundrel," put in Mr. Payne, before the other could articulate the words.

"Yes, most emphatically a scoundrel!" echoed Tom.

"What is this?" cried Agnes, a dazed look in her eyes, her face blanched as by death.

"I will tell you," said Payne, restraining the other man's speech by his own. "Your brother has brought back from Paris a copy of the certificate of my marriage with Claudine Vernay. He has also discovered that she is not dead."

A moan of almost unendurable anguish broke from the poor woman's white lips.

"Hear me," he said, and went on: "I do not attempt to defend my conduct. I married this girl of low origin when I was quite a young man, having been bewitched by her beauty. I soon afterward discovered that she was liable to long fits of insanity. My life was made a burden to me, and worse than wasted, because of this. It was then that I turned, as I never really had done before, to evil courses, in the hope of obtaining by their means excitement and distraction. But when I saw you, Agnes, it seemed to me that you might save my soul. Yes, that so-called Yorkshire visit was made to Paris, where I arranged to pay her people a yearly allowance on condition of their not allowing the marriage to be published. In America, I knew we should be safe. I did wrong, but, God help me! I thought your happiness was at stake as well as mine, and I should have been the only wrongdoer."

She strove to speak, but could not; and Tom cried:

"Now for my terms. Unless you swear to leave this country, to put the Atlantic between us at once, this story shall hunt you out of all decent society."

Payne drew himself up, and looked very contemptuously on the man before him.

"No threats of yours," answered Payne, quietly, "would drive me from this country were I minded to stay here; but I am *not* so minded. Good-by, Agnes. If ever the time comes that you *can*, forgive me."

He left the room, and in a brief space more the house-door closed behind him and his possessions.

And Agnes, what did she do? What could she do but go swiftly to her room and let the horrible truth come burning in through her numbed senses that the dream of her life was in ruins?

Ah, yes, let the tears have way—tears like the very heart's blood! Bury the white face in the white pillow; clinch nails in hands! Bite the pillow, that the sobs of despair may not be heard, poor heart which is breaking for love!

Down-stairs, Mrs. French and Jane are offering up devout thanks for the way in which their Agnes has been saved from the lifelong agony which so unblessed a union would have caused—thanks that though her suffering may seem unendurable now, time will heal the wound.

But it was not madness which came to Agnes from that night's vigil—not madness, but a desperate resolution. In the night-watches she argued the case out with herself.

THE EARLY SUMMER DAYS.

What justice, she demanded, was there in the law which bound this man to an insane wife whom he had ignorantly married, and whom he would never see again. Why should his life be wrecked—*his* life, which she alone could save from destruction?

Why must *she*, loving for the first time with all her soul, mind and strength, bear this intolerable blow?

Must she? *Would* she? "No!" she cried, with a sudden resolution. What was all the world to her compared with him? If she must lose her soul, it was her own to lose.

But, no! she would save it—save herself and him! Was it madness or was it blasphemy when she knelt and prayed for help? She called it self-devotion.

In the morning she answered the postman's knock. She received the letter of which she had made sure—a letter from the Euston Hotel—in which her lover wrote her that he—alone—should sail on the next day's steamer; that he should leave for Liverpool on the morning train, and be on his way, indeed, when his letter reached her.

That afternoon he should be sailing away from her, but never away from the memory of her. He cared nothing now for himself—was utterly indifferent as to what became of him; but he prayed her, if there was anything left for him in her heart but hatred, to write him a single line, to meet the steamer at Queenstown, and say that she forgave him.

THE VIEUX PORT AND FORT ST. JEAN, MARSEILLES.

"No, I will write you no line, my darling," she said, proudly, to herself.

That day the household were surprised at her composure, of which they were very proud. Mrs. French and Jane quite gloried in her strength when she said she was going into town to pass the day and the night with her cousin.

Tom had left for his business before she made this plan known, or perhaps his quicker intuitions might have divined her purpose.

As it was, she met with no questioning when she came down-stairs with her dressing-case and her night-clothes in the hand-bag which was her customary companion on such occasions, and left on the lips of her mother and sister the kisses which were to be her last for ever.

Next day the *Bothnia* lay at anchor in Queenstown Harbor, and Frederick Payne was listlessly watching the tender which was bringing the mail from the shore. Would her letter be there? He scarcely dared to hope so.

At last the boat came to a stop, and a few passengers began to come on board. Among them——

Payne turned away with something that was like a curse on his lips. Was he, then, to be haunted—to see that one woman's shape in every group of women while he lived?

He turned his back, and then, in a moment more, a hand came round his arm.

"I am here," a low, resolute voice said. "And now I have only you for as long as we both shall live."

And Payne cried, in a burst of joy, "Saved, indeed! God be thanked!"

How dared he call on God? I answer not. Did they sail on toward Heaven or Hell? Who shall say? I dare to think that if self-sacrifice for love's sake counts for anything, there have been virtues of less noble root than Agnes French's crime.

MARSEILLES.

By L. E. C.

As the legend runs, Marseilles, then called Marssalia, sprang, two thousand five hundred years ago, from the union of the Gaulish maiden, daughter of Nann, chief of the Segobriges, with the Phocian Euseun. But many give its foundation to the Phœnicians, dating it as far back as 900 B.C., more than three hundred years before the Phocian invasion.

In 1845, when digging the foundations of the new Cathedral, which touches the remains of the Major, an old Roman temple, was found a stone with a Phœnician inscription in the style of the first ages of lapidary writing. It was a summary of the laws of the vestry of the temple erected in honor of Baal. This inscription is considered sufficient testimony of the sojourn of the Phœnicians on the spot which to-day is covered by Marseilles. Again, in 1863, when cutting the Rue de la République, were discovered figures of gods which, it is said, the Phœnicians of Carthage abandoned when fleeing before the conquering Phocians. Those are precious archæological documents, for they prove that Marseilles

LE PRADO, MARSEILLES.

existed long before the earliest record of the arrival of the Phocians.

But to go back to the first authentic history of Marseilles. After having constituted a republic, creating a marine, and forming an alliance with the Romans, Marssalia came several times to arms with the neighboring people. Strongly fortified, the town extended her commerce, built several colonies — Nice, Antibes, Hyères, Agde, etc.—but in the war between Cæsar and Pompey she declared her neutrality, thereby drawing on herself the vengeance of Cæsar, who besieged, and finally, notwithstanding its heroic defense, took the town, and confiscated her colonies and a great part of the territories.

Then there grew up two towns, the Roman one on the heights, another at the water's edge. The latter was the Greek town, which remained free, retaining its old institutions, while letters, arts and science continued to flourish.

In the fifth century Marseilles fell into the hands of the Goths, who delivered her in turn to the Franks. Later, she was ravaged by the Saracens, and finally by pirates, who ruined the town, and led into captivity the greater number of the inhabitants.

Marseilles remained nearly desolate until the close of the tenth century, when, under the Vicomtes, she began to gather a busy population within her ancient walls, and to regain some degree of her former opulence. In 1112 the Marseillais repurchased their rights, and again constituted a republic, so that in the Middle Ages the city on the Mediterranean became as free, as independent and as flourishing as before the Roman conquest, her wealth recalling the days when she succeeded Tyre and Carthage as the great commercial centre of the inland waters.

For the Marseillais the reign of peace was short. Again she fell, this time by the sword of Charles of Anjou, who appointed a magistrate to govern in his name. For two centuries Marseilles continued to rise and fall, to struggle for independence. In 1524 the Constable de Bourbon, with a formidable army, besieged the town, but found it stubbornly defended. Twice the cannon of the besiegers effected a breach; twice they were repulsed. To make a trench the Marseillais tore down the Church of St. Cannat, while the siege-guns from without demolished the belfry of the Major and the tower of St. Paul. At last, exhausted by forty days and nights of resistance, the besieged were on the point of laying down their arms, when the women aroused again the courage of the men. Working as no men had done, they in three days dug a countermine and saved the town. It is in memory of this brave devotion that the name of the "Boulevard des Dames" has been given to the street extending from the Quai du Lazaret to the Porte d'Aix. But this victory did not bring a long repose. War followed war, for Marseilles, ever regretful of her ancient rights and freedom, sought to regain them by revolt. Finally, when the Fronde succeeded the civil and religious wars, new disturbances arose within her walls, to quell which Louis XIV. entered the town and united it for ever to France.

Marseilles quickly forgot her troubles and humiliations, for her people turned all their energies to vast commercial enterprises; relieved by gay entertainments in honor of kings and princes, made to draw visitors and spread the fame of her markets.

After May 31st, 1793, Marseilles, like all the southern cities, rose up against the Convention. She was quickly subdued. On Robespierre's fall, she took part in the reaction, and in 1814 saluted the return of the Bourbons. Marseilles was always hostile to Napoleon, whom she accused of ruining her commerce and entailing sufferings on the working population. The news of the disaster of Waterloo was received with joy, and, after trampling the tricolor and nailing in its place the white, the people tried to disarm the garrison; but to the cries of "*Vive le roi!*" the soldiers replied by the *Marseillaise*. The general in command finally retired to Toulon, leaving the town to the Royalists.

Although the reign of Louis Philippe—or, as he liked best to be called, Napoleon of Peace—was an era of prosperity for Marseilles, the Revolution of 1848 met with no serious opposition in the town; the Republic was even accepted with enthusiasm.

But, perhaps, the most marvelous period in the history of Marseilles is that from 1850 to 1870. No city in France, nor even in Europe, has made equal progress in so short a time. Not only has the city been enlarged and embellished, but her commerce extended.

The days of 1870—71 again brought trouble to Marseilles; the fall of the Empire was hailed with acclaim, but before long two parties were formed, which met in open conflict with serious results, ending by the bombardment of the Prefecture by the Fort of Notre-Dame-de-la-Garde, the condemnation of the leaders of the insurrection, and imprisonment in the Château d'If.

To-day the sun sets over a city where the only strife is in the commercial world: a strife which has made Marseilles one of the most important cities of Europe, the first commercial port of France, and of the Mediterranean.

Very little remains of the old Greek, or Phœnician, village—Marseilles's first foundation—much of it having given place to the improvements of the basins and quays. There are no traces of the picturesque to be found; only narrow, dirty, and, one might add, unventilated, streets and alleys, filled with sickening odors, where the pavements are never dry, for the high and gloomy houses, begrimed with smoke, exclude every ray of sunshine; spots where one can well imagine grim death for ever hovering. But a few minutes will take us out on the terrace of the Major (the new Cathedral) amongst fresh breezes and in sight of animated scenes; for this esplanade overlooks the port with its numerous basins, docks and quays, filled with steamers, tugs and tenders; coming and going, loading and unloading, with all the accompanying movement and bustle, and voices that vociferate in every living language. The port covers a surface of 112 *hectares*, with a measurement of quays which amount to about 9,000 *mètres*. Works to improve and enlarge the port are constantly going on, for it now proves too small for the enormous maritime movement. The Phocians of to-day, like their ancestors, are striving hard to elevate the fortunes of Marseilles. The Vieux Port, which commences at Fort St. Jean, runs into the town a distance of nearly a kilometer; and, excepting the steam-tenders and frigates, this basin is exclusively filled with sailing-vessels, gay with bright colors and manned by sailors of every variety of costume. Products from all parts of the world, piled on the piers and docks, make it the most picturesque part of Marseilles. Leaving the forest of masts and rigging at the Vieux Port, we enter the new town. And what a different picture it presents, with its fine streets! Stores are brilliant with the latest novelties from Paris; broad *boulevards*, with rows of handsome houses, and well-shaded *allées*, are gay with flowers, music and sunshine, and the countless stream of people that pass and repass; but above all is the Cannebière, the street of which the Marseillais are so justly proud.

Here are situated the principal *cafés;* richly and tastefully decorated, they contribute not a little to the gay aspect of this part of the city; on the sidewalks, which are extremely wide, are placed chairs and tables. Here, protected by an awning, one can sit, Winter or Summer, sipping coffee or *liqueur*, reading the latest telegrams from Paris or New York; or in watching the cosmopolitan throng, whose dresses represent every province of France, of Italy and Spain, as well as the burnoosed Arab of Africa, and the fezed Greek of Asia.

The guide-book says Marseilles can be visited in two days. Two days might be sufficient to hurry through the streets, to traverse the *boulevards*, to follow the great arteries that divide the city, and visit the numerous public buildings and magnificent churches that recall every saint's and holy sinner's name; but two days of sightseeing and fatigue will scarcely leave a memory of the *dolce far niente* of southern life, the seductive open-air existence of Marseilles, whose streets are never empty; for at night the city lights replace the day, while the promenaders seem never to weary. It is the witching hour for the working class, particularly of the pretty *ouvrières*, those little working butterflies who have been shut up all day in some factory or workshop. They now seem to revel in the brightness of the night, the crowd and the endless movement. And later, when the night is far advanced and the streets are deserted, a burst of song in deep, rich tones will vibrate through the air, generally an operatic selection. It is but a band of young Marseillais of the working class returning home, who probably have had no musical education, yet sing with an innate knowledge of harmony. This great gift of song is the dower of the southern people. It will come forth uncalled; they cannot suppress it—it is stronger than they.

In all ages the glories of the south have been sung, this land filled with sunny perfumes, orange-trees and groves of pine; but who has ever depicted it when the *mistral*, that northwest wind, coming across the hills, brings the cold from the snow-capped peaks of Switzerland, chilling one to the very bone, and sometimes coming with such force as to sweep clear the streets of those "on pleasure bent"? But, like the old proverb, "it is an ill wind that blows nobody good," the *mistral*, which enjoys such a terrible renown, makes ample amends for its rough behavior, for it is the great sanitary friend of Marseilles, drying the muddy streets and clearing the overcharged atmosphere.

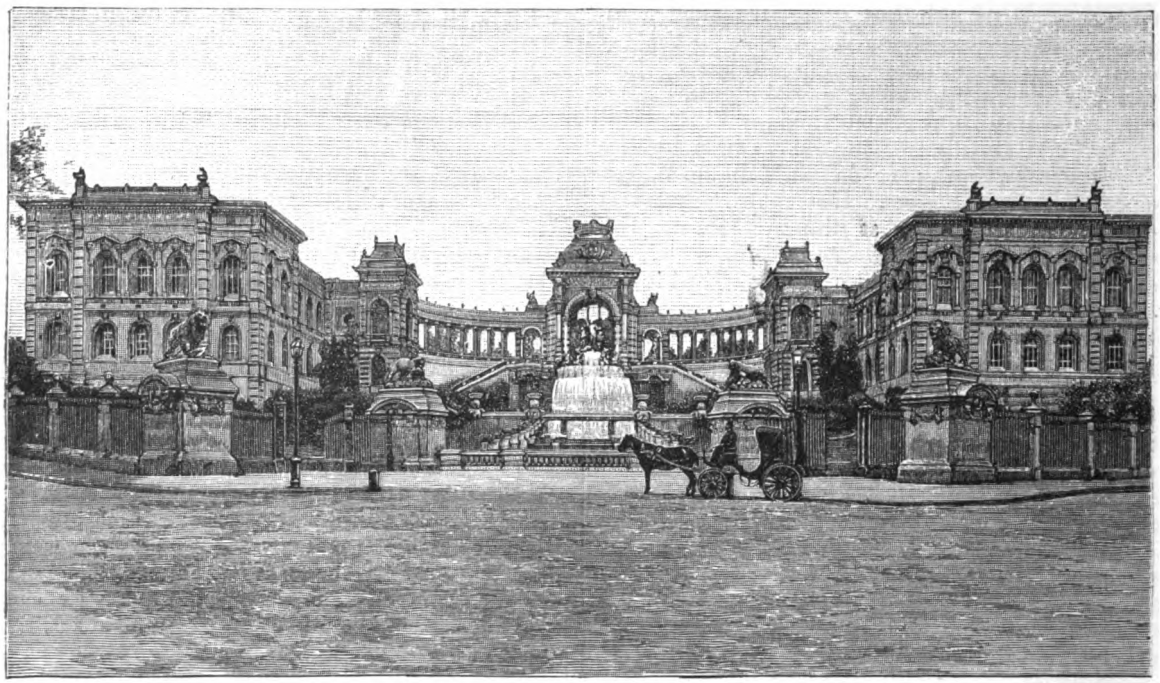
The great avenues which divide the city into four parts are composed of streets, *allées* and *boulevards;* the one from east to west, commences with the Cannebière at the Vieux Port and runs through the Allée de Meilhan, the most charming promenade in the city, where, every morning, the flower market is held amid the triple rows of trees. One's choice can range from the palm or date tree of the Jardin d'Essai, Algiers, to the modest but more beautiful bouquets of field flowers. This market knows no "dull season"; Winter and Summer it is thronged. A military band plays here Sunday afternoons, and sometimes during the week. One morning, while sitting here, I witnessed a scene which contrasted strangely with its bright surroundings. It was the funeral *cortége* of a member of the Order of White Penitents. It came slowly up the Allée des Capucines, which forms a triangle with the Allée Meilhan. Following the hearse came a host of friends and relatives. In front were the members of the fraternity. They wore their dress of sackcloth; but, while thus giving themselves as sinners to the world, concealed their identity behind their masks. There was something weird in the appearance of those stalwart men disguised in penitential garb, who are mourning away their lives for past follies or pleasures, until earth shall be laid away with earth, and the spirit be at rest. But the procession passed, and with it the momentary hush that it imposed. To follow *toujours droit* is the Boulevard de la Madeleine, which terminates at the Jardin Zoölogique.

We have now traversed the great artery that divides Marseilles into two equal parts. The Jardin is small, but the zoölogical collection is curious. It is composed principally of birds and amphibious animals. A very high flight of steps leads to another garden, or, rather, a beautiful *parterre*, which belongs to the Palais de Longchamp. This museum, designed by Bartholdi, is considered one of the most graceful specimens of modern architecture. One side of the building is devoted to painting and statuary. It contains some fine old pictures of the French, Italian, Spanish and Flemish schools. The other side is a museum of natural history. These galleries seem to be as much appreciated by the Marseillais as by strangers. In the centre, and joined to the other buildings by the colonnade, is the Château d'Eau, through which flow the waters of the Durance. These waters, which Marseilles needed and waited for so many years, cost the city 60,000,000 francs to introduce.

The other artery, that crosses the city from north to south, commences in the marine quarter of the town, the Faubourg d'Arene, passes under the Arc de Triomphe, descends the narrow Rue d'Aix to the Cours Belzunce, named after the bishop who, during the terrible epidemic of 1720, so nobly devoted himself to the sufferers. It is a fine, well-planted promenade, but as it is near the old town, it is frequented principally by the lower class, and by street venders of every description. Here you can buy almost everything.

We are now at the Prado, a magnificent drive, skirted by pretty villas and gardens, and well-shaded walks extending to the sea, where it meets the Corniche. Paris might well envy Marseilles the Prado, and especially the Corniche—this sinuous route along the tideless sea, a route that mounts and winds along the mountains, following every curve without ever losing sight of the water. Here, in Summer, come fresh breezes; in Winter, the sun's warmest caresses; and how beautiful is this little bay or cove of Endoume, closed on one side by the Isles of Pomègue and Ratoneau, and sheltered on the other by the last spurs of the Alps, which are then lost in the Mediterranean.

Returning to the city, the Corniche terminates at the Creek of the Catalans. This was formerly a little port almost exclusively frequented by a colony of Spanish fishermen, who lived in the old, abandoned hospital buildings. To-day all that has disappeared, and in its place are the baths, a large hotel, and a casino. But the lovers of Alexandre Dumas will always people this spot with his creation of "Monte Cristo." From the Catalans it is a pleasant sail to the old fort and prison on the Isle of If, in whose dungeons Dumas makes *Edmond Dantes* and the *Abbé Faria* suffer for years all the tortures of a cruel captivity. To our old boatman, as to a great many other Marseillais, these prisoners of fiction were more vivid realities than Mirabeau, Desmasures, and other famous men who were really imprisoned in this fortress. We descended to the dungeons; there were no prisoners, and the four bare walls of the dark cells could tell no history of the past. Since the war of 1871 it has not been used as a prison, and at that time, after the capture of the Prefecture by the Fort of Notre-Dame-de-la-Garde,

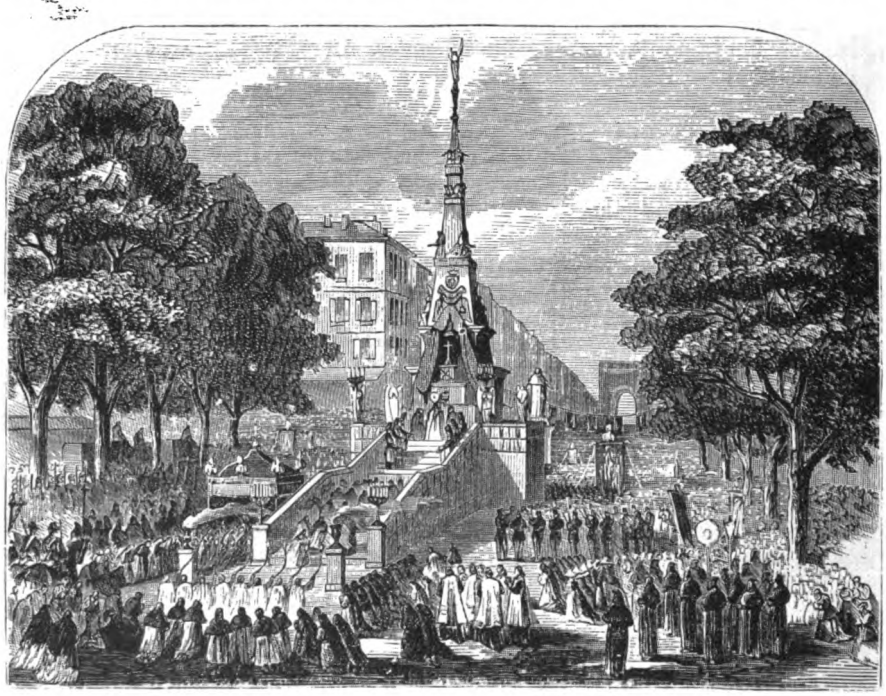


THE PALACE OF LONGCHAMP.

some of the insurrectionists were placed here under guard of a frigate.

There is very little to interest you when you reach the island; the Château is much more picturesque at a distance. One of the six lighthouses of the Bay of Marseilles looms up at the eastern end of the island, and the barracks cluster under the fort. But from the ramparts the view is very beautiful. You can see Marseilles rising in terraces from the sea against a background of vivid green. The hillsides cluster with charming villas; clumps of the dark Italian pine shade the summits; lower down are the pale-olive and the gray tints of the wild thyme and sage. The boatman warned us to cut our visit short, unless we wished to spend the night on the island, for a squall was coming up and we had a good bit of water to cross. Having no desire to make the acquaintance of any ghostly visitants that may haunt the Château d'If, we hastily followed the boatman's advice. From a blue, placid surface, the water had become gray and choppy, and our little skiff danced merrily (some thought too much so) on its way to the landing at the end of the Vieux Port. It was one of those storms that come up so suddenly in the Mediterranean. It passed as quickly as it had come, and the next morning the sea was as blue and calm as though it had never learned to ruffle its surface.

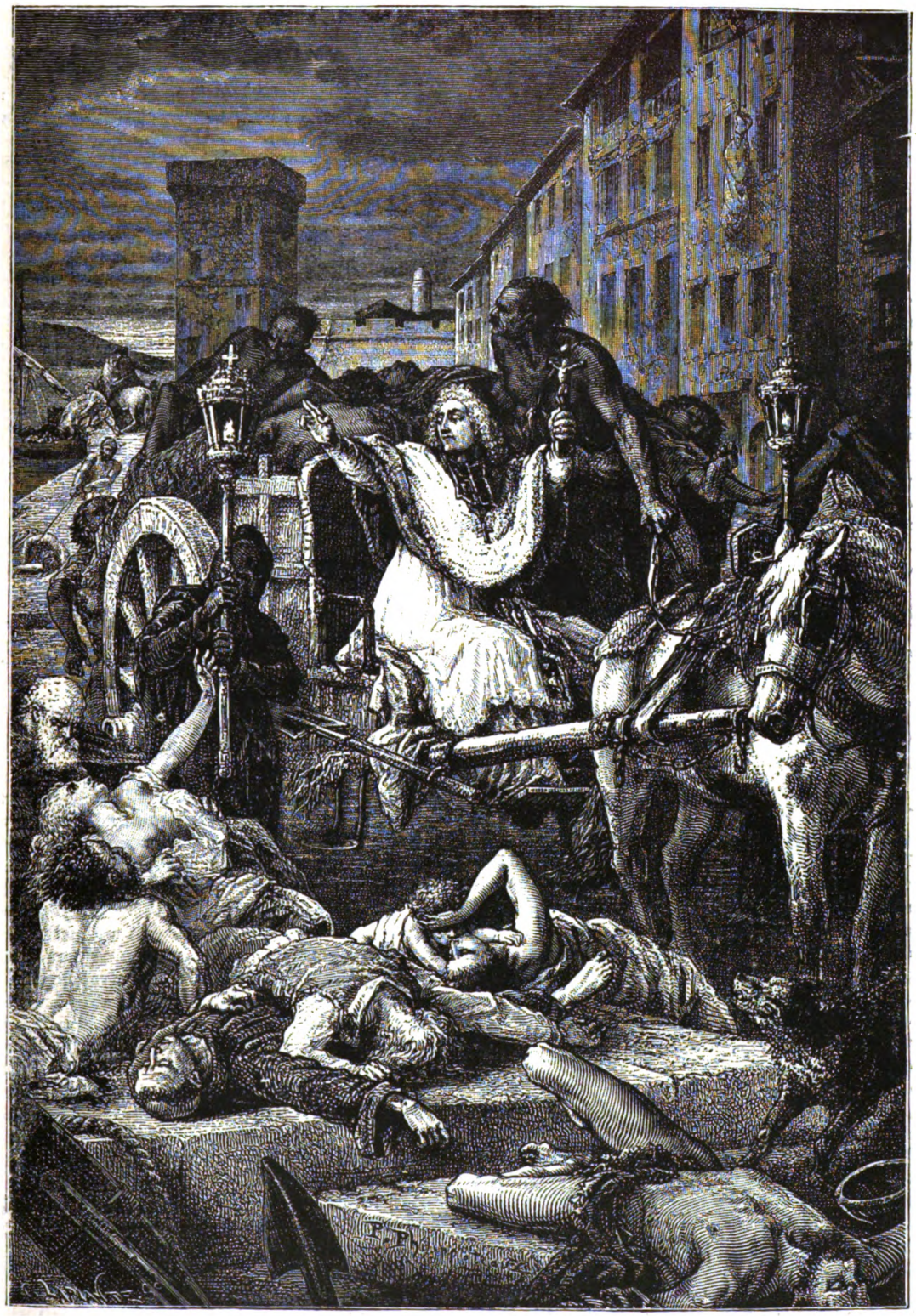
On the north side, the city rises gradually until it meets the Colline, which is crowned by the Basilica of Notre-Dame-de-la-Garde. For good pedestrians, the climb is easy from the Allée de Pierre Puget, and preferable to the carriage road. Along the steps leading to the summit are always a number of beggars, blind or maimed, who, in the name of Notre-Dame, appeal to your charity, and—be it said, by-the-way—they seem to gain quite a comfortable living from the charitable world who come to visit the shrine. Even bright-eyed, fair-haired children run to you.



MONUMENT TO COMMEMORATE THE PLAGUE AT MARSEILLES.

Notwithstanding the complete transformation from a little chapel to a magnificent Byzantine-Roman edifice, the church still savors of the Middle Ages, rising as it does from

the centre of the fort. To enter, you must cross the drawbridge, where a double flight of steps is flanked by towers. The interior is of white, red and green marbles, and is considered as one of the most beautiful



BELZUNCE, "MARSEILLES'S GOOD BISHOP," VISITING THE PLAGUE-STRICKEN.

shrines in France. For two centuries Notre-Dame-de-la-Garde has enjoyed a high reputation. The walls are covered with *ex votos* of all kinds, which, if not works of high art, touch one more deeply by their representation of simple hearts and earnest faith. Visitors come at all hours, and not a priest passes through Marseilles without coming to celebrate Mass. Beneath the chapel is the marble crypt, where you grope your way, guided by the dim, religious light of a few tapers burning at the altar, offerings of the devotees to Notre-Dame. The scene is weird, and one cannot help feeling how strange is this place, where peace and war go hand-in-hand: where

forgiveness was preached while prisoners languished in the fortress without, or "Peace on earth, good-will to men" was sung while the cannons thundered over the city.

From the Terrace of Notre-Dame you look down on Marseilles from a height of 480 feet; and what a magnificent panorama is unfolded! Not a curve of the bay, not a movement of a boat, not an outline of the mountains, can be hidden from view; and the great city is growing and spreading and creeping up the wall of hills that inclose it, while at its feet the shining waters of the bay stretch away till blue meets blue. To-day a hundred white-winged boats lie becalmed, but we are so high above the level of everyday life that we do not catch the boatsman's song nor hear the hum of the busy streets. In the distance are the Islands of Pomègue and Ratoneau, which, connected by a pier, form the port of Frioul, the lazaretto of Marseilles. Scarcely a Summer passes that the incoming or outgoing vessels are not quarantined. The sounds of a steam-whistle from the Basin de la Joliette announce that a steamer is going out. It is the *Rapide*, which in twenty-eight hours will anchor in the Bay of Algiers. Steamer follows steamer. From our heights we wish them *bon voyage*, but we do not remain to watch them far out on their journey, for the sun is already sinking behind the hills of the Aygalades, touching the peaks of Marsillaveïre and La Cardiole with a tender light, while the first shadows of evening are creeping across the city, and we wish to hold the last memory of Marseilles shrouded in a golden light, for to-morrow we would have to say:

"Adio, adio,
Dolce memorie d'un tempo felice."

It is with such peaceful scenes as I have described that this century is setting. The next will rise, probably, to see Marseilles the greatest commercial port of the world, for it is London only does she regard as her superior.

A HERO OF HUMBLE LIFE.

A TOUCHING story comes from Essex, in England. A poor girl who died in the Brompton Hospital for Consumption expressed a wish to be buried at Little Horkesley, some fifty miles from London. Her mother and stepfather were poor, and could not afford to carry out her wish in the ordinary way. So the man, though he happened to be ill and weak at the time, first made the coffin, and then wheeled the body down to its destination on a hand-cart. It took him three days to reach the Essex village. On the fourth day he saw the girl buried, and her new-made grave decked with "flowers from the kitchen-garden and the meadow," and then his task was done. The local paper got wind of it, and so the tale of quiet heroism came out. Then, of course, Joseph Ball had to be interviewed, and to help to make something for the papers out of a deed which, beyond doubt, in the doing of it, he thought the most simple and natural thing in the world. He took his little boy of ten with him, to give a lift at the hills. On the level road the boy had his lift in the hand-cart, with the corpse. At one of the places where they stopped some village Bumble wanted to interfere, on the plea that he was a detective. The passage in which this incident is related would not have been unworthy of Bunyan. "We had a bother, and he would have forced open the coffin; but my Master is always stronger than the Devil, and he gave me strength to struggle with the man, and put him out of the house." The inspector of police, who afterward appeared on the scene, showed more common sense, and, after taking the amateur undertaker's name and address, let him go on his way. The story is a perfect bit of quiet beauty as it stands, and we dread to mar it with a superfluous word. If a great genius took it in hand, he might make it imperishable. The poor have a way of doing these things for one another without knowing that anything remarkable has been done. The last thing the poor cabinetmaker thought of, we may be sure, was that his walking funeral of fifty miles would get into print.

A BUNCH OF JESSAMINE.

By Ivy.

A MAIDEN fair and sweet I saw;
She stood beside a cottage-door;
And in her simple dress she wore
A bunch of jessamine.

Love at first sight my bosom stirred;
I whispered many a tender word;
And from her breast to mine transferred
The bunch of jessamine.

We quarreled, and away I went
To foreign lands—long years I spent;
Love conquered—to my love I sent
A bunch of jessamine.

Then I returned to her once more;
Her wedding-dress my darling wore:
And for her bridal bouquet bore
A bunch of jessamine.

MY TERRIBLE WEDDING-DAY.

AT the house of my dear old friend and patron, Dr. Grey, I first met Edgar Harrington.

We fell in love with each other at first sight.

About two months before my tale commences, Mr. Harrington had come from the south of England to Leascar as assistant-engineer to the new line of railway in process of construction along the coast, a rival line to that which already connected our small seaside village with the large commercial City of N——.

I, Léonie Sylvestre, was at this time nineteen. My mother—an Englishwoman—died at my birth. My father—a French professor of music, many years resident in Leascar—had been dead about twelve months, and I, having a good voice and considerable knowledge of music, maintained myself by giving lessons to the principal inhabitants of this small northeast coast watering-place.

I hated teaching, however, and lacked patience for the drudgery entailed; therefore, when Mr. Harrington asked me to become his wife, even had I loved him less, I believe I could have married him.

"Miss Sylvestre—Léonie, I must walk home with you to-night," Mr. Harrington whispered, as he turned a page of my music on one memorable evening at a whist and musical party given by Dr. Grey.

His tones and looks caused my heart to beat loud with hope, for they told me more plainly than his words had ever done that he loved me.

Making, therefore, some excuse to my usual escort from these weekly gatherings, I dismissed her, Edgar and I walking alone together for almost the first time in our lives.

"Léonie, do you love me? Do you love me well

enough to follow me to the world's end?" he asked, in an agitated voice, the moment we were outside of Dr. Grey's gate.

"Must I follow you?"

A wave of gladness seemed to sweep over me as I raised my eyes to his in the November moonlight.

"No, my darling," was his answer. "Go with me, I should have said. And you will—I read it in your face. God bless you for that! Yesterday I dared not have asked you such a question, for I was a poor man then; to-day my prospects have brightened. I received a letter this morning offering me an appointment in India which will make a rich man of me. But, if I accept the post, I am bound in honor to leave England on Wednesday next. Will you—can you trust your life's happiness to my keeping?"

I answered at my heart's dictation, "Yes."

Then Edgar gave me to understand that he had no relations in the world, and we rejoiced mutually that we were thus completely arbiters of our own fate. No one had a right to mar our plans.

"A clever, rising young fellow in his profession, doubtless," said Dr. Grey to me, when he had heartily congratulated me on my engagement, "and a gentleman all over. But he has no head for whist."

Whist being the doctor's favorite recreation, he was accustomed to make it rather a test point of a man's ability. My answer was inevitable.

"I do not care for whist, doctor."

"And you do care for Edgar Harrington? Then marry him and be happy. I make only one proviso, and that is—I must myself give the bride away."

Little enough time was there for preparations, but Edgar undertook to make all necessary arrangements, even to the ordering of my India outfit, which was to be ready on our arrival in London.

On Saturday I said my last Good-by to my lover—so soon to be my husband—when he told me it would be impossible to see me again until we met in church on Monday morning. But the certainty that on Monday we two were to be made one for ever caused me to think lightly of the few hours' separation.

Lightly! Ah, how little did I dream of the terrible catastrophe destined to happen in that interim!

As it will be necessary, later in my story, for you to have some idea of Edgar's personal appearance, I will endeavor to describe him here.

In figure slight and agile, he was rather under than above the medium height; his complexion a clear olive, with eyes that were deep-set, dark, expressive, and a nose in outline almost Grecian; a heavy, drooping, dark mustache entirely concealed his mouth.

His manner, naturally retiring, in company almost approached shyness; but at all times he had a quiet way of deferring to the opinions or prejudices of those with whom he talked, which showed itself in strong contrast to the rough, more rugged manners of the north-country men.

* * * * * *

I rose early on Monday morning—long before daylight—and was ready in my traveling-dress when Dr. Grey called for me in his carriage.

I remember leaning on his arm as I walked up the aisle of the little country church. I remember seeing, as in a dream, in the early and still misty morning light, a solitary figure standing just outside the altar-rails, next whom I took my place. The service at once commenced, and proceeded to the close.

Will any married woman who has read thus far try and remember if, during the ceremony, she looked at the face of the man to whom she was being united? I believe most women would tell me they never raised their eyes.

Anyhow, this was my case. The ring was on my finger, the blessing given. I was led to the vestry on the bridegroom's arm.

A timepiece chiming as we entered gave warning that it was later than we expected. Dr. Grey jocularly hurried us forward to sign our names.

Edgar wrote his, and placed the pen between my fingers.

After writing my old signature for the last time, I looked up at my husband, then stared bewildered, startled at the change I saw in him.

At the first glance I scarcely recognized him, the lower part of his face being completely altered. His dark mustache—the admiration of all the girls in Leascar—had disappeared.

A deep flush spread itself over his countenance as his eyes met mine. He bit his under lip and looked away.

When the last farewells to the few kind friends who saw us off at Leascar Station had been spoken, and the train had started for N——, an uncomfortable feeling of embarrassment crept over me on finding myself alone with Edgar.

He would have taken my hand, but involuntarily I drew back; then, seeing his look of chagrined surprise, I suffered him to kiss me, but could not repress a slight shiver as he did so.

"Why do you shrink from me, Léonie?" he asked, reproachfully.

"For the silliest reason in the world, when put into words," I answered, quite happy and laughing now, with a sudden, strange revulsion. "Only because the man I promised to marry had a mustache, and you have none. What unreasoning, foolish creatures we are! But it changes your face so completely that I scarcely knew you."

"You are quite sure you have no other reason?" he inquired, with more earnestness, apparently, than the question needed.

"Quite sure. What other reason could I have? But you had no right to make such a change in your appearance without my leave, Edgar—the very day of our marriage! Why did you do it?" I asked, playfully, all the time looking at him intently, and trying to learn his face over again, and, as it were, get used to it.

"I will tell my darling all about it some day—when we are far away upon the sea. Would we were there now!" he added, fervently. And I noticed that his lips trembled nervously after he had spoken.

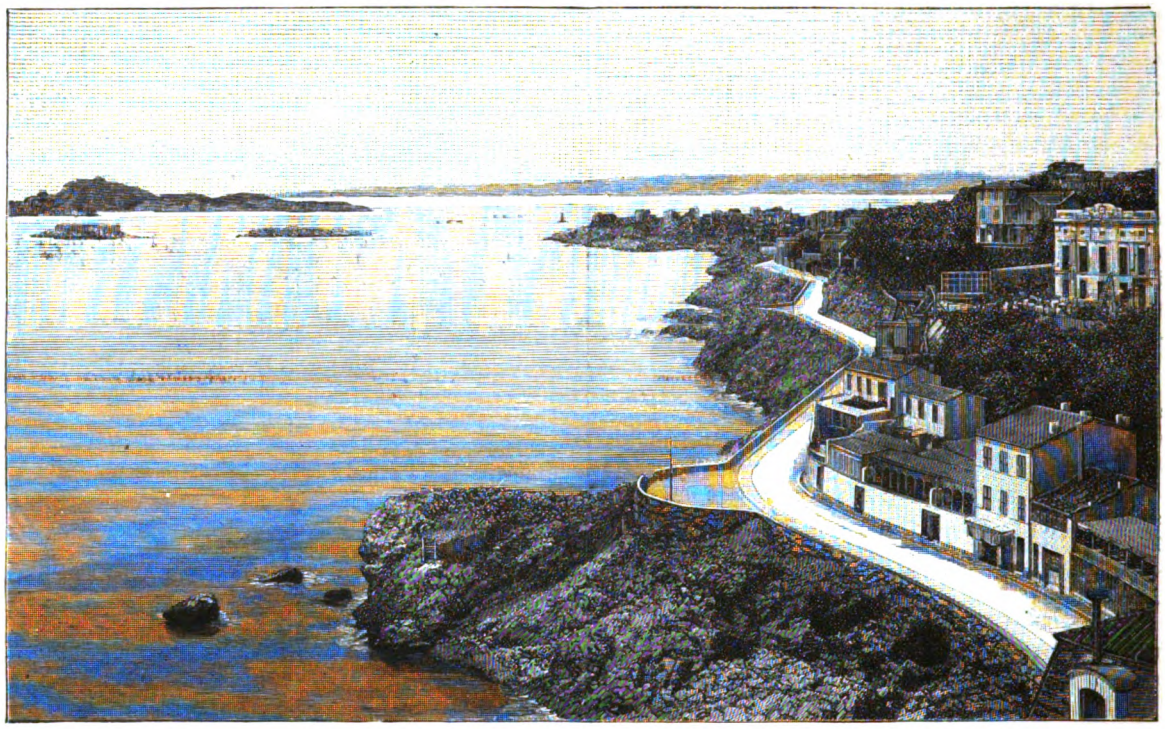
In less than half an hour we reached N——. There we had barely time to take our seats in the ten o'clock express for London. It was not possible to have a compartment to ourselves.

An old gentleman, white-headed, spectacled, with the best-tempered looking face I almost ever saw, occupied that which we entered.

He was enveloped in rugs, and studying his newspaper with the deepest attention. Except by a swift, expressive glance from a pair of deep-set, small black eyes, he did not appear to notice our intrusion.

Stocks and shares, parliamentary debates, or what?—for it was not a comic paper he was reading—I wondered vaguely, as I watched the ruddy, jovial face.

Edgar spoke to me in whispers from time to time, but the consciousness of being a bride and the fear of being recognized as one by our fellow-traveler made me reluctant to respond.



MARSEILLES.— LA CORNICHE.— SEE PAGE 741.

Shortly before arriving at York the old gentleman coughed, took off his spectacles, and, leaning forward, with a pleasant smile, offered me his newspaper.

I was about to take it when Edgar interposed by reaching out his hand. The old man looked surprised.

"Ha! I believe I have another."

And, with a twinkle in his eyes, opening his bag, he took one out and held it toward me.

It was impossible to resist a mischievous glance at Edgar, as, settling myself in my corner, I turned over the large sheet preparatory to reading it.

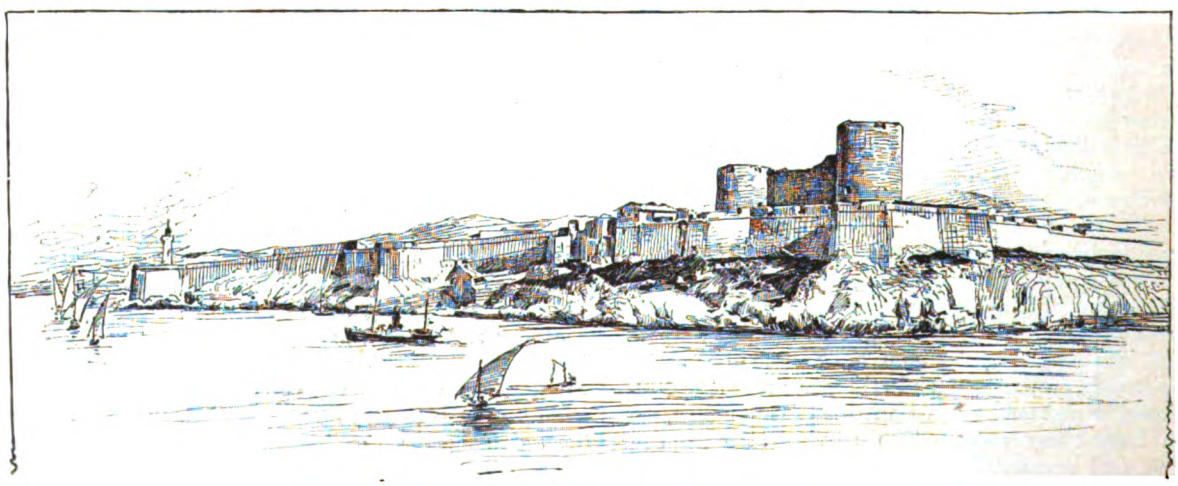
But again my newly made husband interposed. Again he took the paper from me.

"Léonie," he said, authoritatively, "don't read in the train, please. I ask you not."

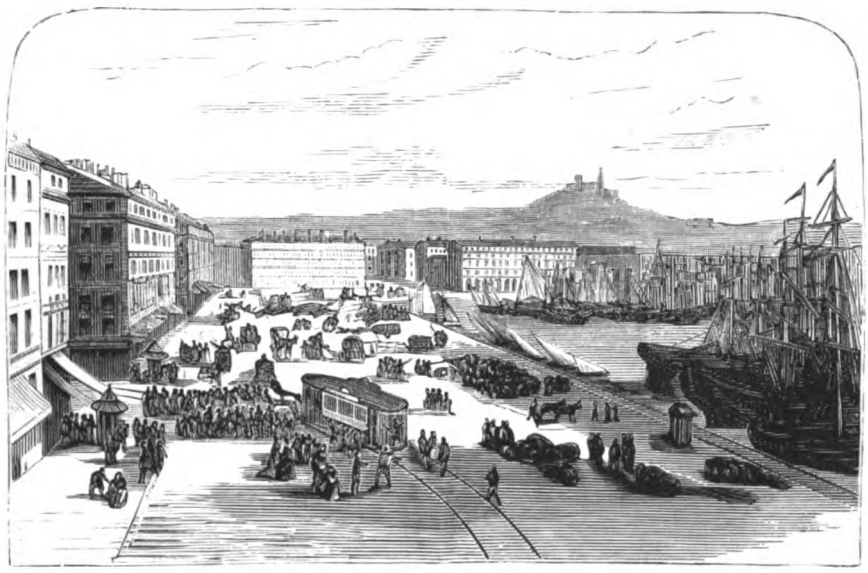
Too bad of Edgar! Was it because I could not talk with him in whispers that he sought to punish me? But the words so lately spoken, "Love, honor and obey," came to my mind, and I quietly yielded.

We lunched at York. Afterward, as I stood alone by the book-stall, our fellow-traveler came up to me.

"Choosing a novel, my dear?" he asked, in the fatherly way that old men sometimes adopt even to a stranger, and which, somehow, one rather likes to hear. "Take my advice—*don't*. Look here," he added, pointing with his walking-stick to a conspicuous white placard, whereon large black letters announced the latest news; "save the money you were about to spend on a novel, and buy a penny paper instead. Can any novel hold out such promises as those? Why, that alone," he went on—arresting his stick at the words, "HORRIBLE DISCOVERY! *A lady supposed to have been murdered in a railway-carriage! The murderer at large!*"—"that alone is sufficient sensation for a whole journey. A three-volume romance lies hidden under those few words. But the truth will out. Sooner or later the British public will know all about it. Did you ever read 'Murder Considered as One of the Fine Arts'?"



MARSEILLES.— LE CHATEAU D'IF.



STREET RAILWAY AND QUAYS OF MARSEILLES.—SEE PAGE 741.

"No!" I answered, looking at him in wonder, and feeling half amused, half surprised at being so addressed by a a stranger.

"I was quite a young fellow, quite, when I first read it," he went on, "but it made such an impression on me that I took to studying murder from that day. Don't be alarmed. I only took to *studying* it, I tell you; and when I want a little relaxation for my mind I study it now. There's nothing better calculated to take one out of oneself than to enter heart and soul into a downright, regular, atrocious murder case. Bless you, there's not one taken place these fifty years that I haven't followed with absorbing interest, and I know more about them than judge and jury and all the rest of them put together —not omitting the murderer himself, mayhap. Ha!" he exclaimed, "the London papers! Now, then, for 'further particulars.'"

And he turned to select some newly placed upon the stall.

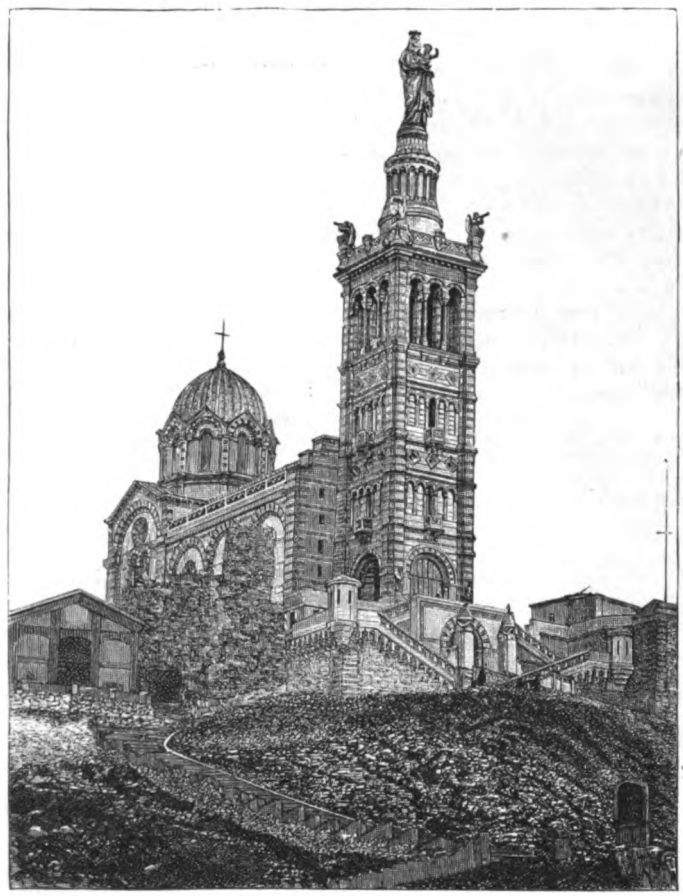
"Léonie! What are you doing there? I thought I had lost you. Come!" cried Edgar, more impatiently than I had ever heard him speak, as he dragged me toward the carriage. What could have come over him?

I had abundant food for thought for some time after this. The subject of it—Edgar. It was not his appearance only that was changed. It was himself. He was irritable. He looked harassed, worried, ill. The important post he had accepted no doubt brought anxieties, and held responsibilities which weighed on him, and as yet he had had no chance to explain the nature of them to me. But, in the meanwhile, could he not put them from him for a little space? Was it not rather hard on me that he should be so taken up with them to-day—our wedding-day?

"Bless me! bless me!" ejaculated our fellow-traveler, presently, laying down his paper, and then turning his beaming countenance full upon me.

"I hope you have found the supposed murder case a real one, and as thrilling as you expected, sir?" I asked, with interest.

"I anticipate it will prove the best mental distraction I have had for years," he answered, emphatically. "As your husband objects to your reading in the train, young lady, I will tell you the facts as far as they have come to light. On Saturday, when the late train from the north arrived in London, a lady was found in a first-class carriage, dead, under more than suspicious circumstances. The murderer——"



NOTRE-DAME-DE-LA-GARDE, MARSEILLES.

"Murderer? How do you know she was murdered?" interrupted Edgar, excitedly.

"I do not know it. As yet no one knows it. I am only telling what the newspapers say. But I'll take care I know a good deal more before I am many hours older. In the meanwhile, with your leave, I will relate——"

"But you have not my leave. On the contrary, I request you will not mention such — an unpleasant subject before — my wife."

How unlike all I had ever seen or heard of Edgar!

"Dear me! I'm exceedingly sorry, I'm sure. You don't like murders?"

"Certainly not. I hate them."

Whereon the old man settled himself into his corner to sleep, a placid smile upon his good-natured face, and when I was sure of being unobserved I crept closer to Edgar, and slipped my hand in his.

"I wish we were at our journey's end. I wish we were far, far upon the sea!" I whispered, hoping thus to soothe him.

"How fervently I wish it, Heaven only knows," he answered, in the same low tones, drawing me to him; and I trembled as I looked up into his anxious face.

Suddenly a terrible, scarcely defined fear assailed me.

"Edgar," I whispered, "you are surely not afraid that anything will—will—part us now?"

"Would you allow anything to part us, Léonie?" he inquired, sadly.

"No power on earth!" I answered. And though he did not speak, I knew that he believed me.

At about a quarter to five o'clock the train thundered into the railway station at King's Cross.

The afternoon had been unusually dark and gloomy. A dense fog was setting in. The lamps were lighted,

Our fellow-traveler, rousing from his long slumber, collected his papers and placed them in his traveling-bag. As he closed the lid, he took hold of a label attached and turned it over, thus exposing the address. Without the least desire to do so, I could not help seeing what was written. It was this: "Septimus Gooderingham, Charing Cross Hotel."

The hotel we were going to ourselves. He threw his rug over his arm, took up his bag, then looking round at us, raised his hat and smiled. The next moment he was lost in the crowd.

"Any luggage, sir?" asked a porter, as Edgar helped me out of the carriage.

"Yes. Darling, stay here a moment while I go and see to it."

So saying, my husband went off with the porter toward the luggage-van, and I was left standing under the full glare of a gaslamp, alone.

The moments lengthened into minutes, and with every minute the crowd grew less. Close by where I stood, cab after cab, laden with boxes, drove off in turn.

After what appeared an age, at length I saw three persons coming quickly toward me. The middle one was Edgar. Plainly enough I could see three faces in the gaslight. My husband's was pale and drawn, and as he came quite near I noticed a nervous twitching of the lips; though, in spite of it, he tried to smile.

"Darling," he said, with an unsteady voice, but quite loud enough to reach his companion—"darling, I cannot go with you. This—this—person"—indicating one of the men—"will accompany you to the Charing Cross Hotel, where I telegraphed for rooms this morning. In an hour or two I hope to join you. You may be sure the business must be imperative that takes me from you."

"Oh, Edgar! Business—now?"

"Don't make it harder for me, Léonie!"

And, the sorrowful, pleading tone awed me instantly into quiet acquiescence.

The two men must have heard each word, but both kept their eyes averted, and the peculiar stolidity on the countenance of the one seemed to reflect itself on that of the other.

With a silent hand-clasp, Edgar and I parted, and I was driven off in a cab as fast as the crowded state of the London streets permitted.

On reaching Charing Cross Hotel, the man whom Edgar had sent with me on the box only waited to see the luggage in and to know the number of the apartments allotted to us—I saw him enter it in his pocket-book—and then, without a word to me, he departed.

I was shown into a handsome suite of rooms on the first floor. Numerous candles lighted up the pretty sitting-room, a bright fire burned in the grate, near which was a small round dining-table, laden with fruit and flowers, and covers laid for two. The quantity of lovely flowers made the air heavy with perfume.

Restless and feverish, I alternately paced the rooms or stood listening for the slightest sound that might herald my husband's coming. All at once my glance fell on a heap of newspapers lying on a side-table, and the sight of them recalled an incident of our journey.

I would follow our fellow-traveler's advice, and seek distraction for my mind in reading of the murder which had so engrossed him. What I wanted was easy enough to find! It occupied a conspicuous place in the first paper I took up. The heading was in large type, as though it were the most important topic of the day.

It is needless, and would be tedious, to give here the whole of the newspaper account. It will be sufficient for my purpose if I retain the style of the original, condensing it as much as possible, as follows:

"When the last train from the north reached London on Saturday night, a lady was discovered in a first-class carriage, dead. On examining the compartment there seemed abundant evidence of a struggle having taken place. A doctor—a surgeon from one of the London hospitals, whose name, for certain reasons, I withhold—gave it as his opinion that death had been caused by strangulation. That robbery had been the incentive to the terrible crime seemed only too apparent from the fact that some sovereigns and silver were scattered on the floor, also that a broken watch-chain hung from the lady's pocket, whence the watch appeared to have been violently wrenched. There was no clew to the unfortunate lady's identity. Her appearance and dress were both minutely described. The latest accounts stated that the police believed themselves on the track of the dastardly perpetrator of the crime."

How was it that, although I read this so attentively, and can even now recall every word, it yet failed at the time to produce the effect I coveted? It was powerless to make me forget, even for a moment, my own forlorn position—a deserted bride.

When I had finished reading I looked at the timepiece. It was nearly ten o'clock.

At this moment a man was ushered in by the waiter. I recognized him at once as the same who had come on the cab from the station.

The newspaper was still lying spread out before me on the table. Resting my hands upon it, I looked at the intruder.

"Do you come from Mr. Harrington?" I asked.

"I do, ma'am."

"You have brought me a message?"

"A note."

So saying he strode forward and laid a folded slip of paper before me. A small key fell from it as I opened it. These words were scrawled in pencil:

"DEAREST: Inclosed is the key of my portmanteau. The bearer has my instructions. E. H."

"I'm here to open the gentleman's portmanteau, ma'am; and the sooner you show it me the quicker things will get done."

"But we have not been out of England," I began, some vague old memories of Custom House duties flitting through my mind. "The portmanteau is in there,"

I added; for, after all, had I not proof this man was sent by Edgar?

Scarcely had I spoken when he dragged the portmanteau in from the adjoining bedroom, and commenced a most careful examination of the contents.

How it chafed me to see those coarse, rough hands turning over my husband's things—things which to me, his wife, would have been sacred!

Was Edgar compelled by the business which had called him away to stay all night? This interpretation of the affair occurred to me at seeing two or three articles of dress—after undergoing a strangely close scrutiny—placed on one side.

Something fell from the waistcoat-pocket as the man was folding it. He picked it up, looked at it eagerly, and there burst from him a sudden, uncontrollable cry of surprise.

"What is that?"

"Nothing," he answered, awkwardly, and thrust it into his own pocket.

"I insist on you showing me what you have got there. It belongs to my husband and not to you, I conclude. Show it instantly," I said, for I felt certain, now, this man was insolently exceeding his prerogative.

"If you insist, of course I will. But, my dear lady, I'll take upon me to say your husband would rather I did not."

"I order you."

Somewhat reluctantly, it seemed, he drew out his hand, opened it, and showed a watch—a small gold watch. On the back was a monogram in brilliants. To the swivel hung about an inch of slender broken chain. Only a watch—an inch of broken chain.

I saw it as it lay there in his open palm. I close my eyes and see it now, and feel again the cruel pang that shot through my heart as the story of the murder I had just read suddenly stood out before me like a living picture painted in flames of fire.

From the pretty jeweled toy I looked into the face of the man. My eyes were opened then, and I knew him to be a policeman.

For the moment I was myself a murderess in thought, wishing I could kill him where he stood.

'And he—Mr. Harrington—my husband—is accused of——"

I paused.

"Of murder. It's an ugly word, but you would have it, ma'am. The gentleman said as how you knew nothing, and need not know till morning."

"But he is innocent!" I cried, in agony. "He could not do this thing—never—never!"

"Oh, if you can prove an *alibi*, he's safe enough," returned the man, in tones that expressed more than doubt.

Alas! I had not seen Edgar from parting with him on Saturday afternoon until that—Monday—morning.

What was there I could do or say to help him?

"But where is he? Surely they will accept bail?"

"Bail! Evidence against him far too strong for that," he answered, looking with exultant satisfaction at the bundle of clothes he held in his arms. "Accused's at the ——— Police-station, where he'll stay right enough till morning. Can't waste no more time here. Good-night, ma'am."

And, carrying with him the "evidence," he left me alone in my misery.

I sank upon the floor, overwhelmed for a moment by the horror of it. The next I sprang to my feet, seized with a sudden subtle inspiration.

Summoning the waiter, I said to him, as collectedly as I could:

"There is an old gentleman here called Gooderingham—Mr. Septimus Gooderingham. I wish to see him immediately."

He assured me that among so many people no attention was paid to names of casual comers. If I knew the gentleman's number; he——

"Find me his number, and this is yours."

So saying, I laid a golden bribe upon the table. The waiter was not long in earning his reward.

The gentleman's number was 470, but he was out.

How should I know when he returned? Could I trust to any one in this huge hotel to tell me? No; I would go to his room myself and wait. There was little difficulty in carrying out my project.

Wrapping myself in my large, warm traveling-cloak, and putting on my bonnet, I went up the staircase to No. 470. The key was in the door.

Not the slightest idea have I how long I sat there in the cold and darkness; but at last I heard the handle turn and Mr. Gooderingham came in.

Never shall I forget the look of unutterable dismay that overspread his cheery face as, raising the candle he carried in his hand, he allowed the light to fall upon me. Before he could speak I grasped him by the arm, and, looking at him steadily, said, in so calm a voice it seemed to me as though another, not I, were speaking:

"My husband has been arrested—charged with that dreadful crime you were reading of. He is innocent—I know that he is innocent. We were only married this morning. Mr. Gooderingham, something tells me that you can save him."

Some strange instinct—most surely it was not reason—caused me to believe this man could save Edgar.

So firm was the belief that it gave me a fictitious strength, and when I had related every detail that was known to me, I asked:

"Now that you know all, what will you do?"

"But I don't know all," returned Mr. Gooderingham. "I only know one side yet, and that very imperfectly; and I say that, as far as circumstantial evidence goes, it is enough to hang your husband, or any other man. But now I will work up the other side, of course."

"To prove my husband's innocence?"

"No, young lady; to prove the truth."

Was I disappointed with this answer? No. My faith in Edgar's innocence was complete. To know the truth would prove it.

Mr. Gooderingham sat for some moments silent, lost in thought. Presently he asked:

"By-the-by, you said there was a diamond monogram upon the watch?"

"Yes."

Again for a few seconds he looked thoughtful, as though his mind were occupied by other matters than the case in point. There was a pained, far-away look in his eyes.

"I suppose these fancy watches are pretty common now," he continued, more as though speaking his thoughts aloud than addressing himself to me. "I didn't think so once, and imagined I had chosen a present quite unique when I presented one such as you describe to a lady. Poor thing, she was very proud of it then! Dear me! dear me! it is only like the other day that she—— Were you able to make out the letters, or was it one of those undecipherable monograms that may stand for anything?" he asked, as though a new channel for thought were opened out.

"The letters were quite plain. They were "M. G.'"

If I had suddenly accused him of the murder, he could scarcely have started more visibly.

"What!" he cried, bending forward and grasping spasmodically both arms of the chair. "Not 'M. G.' in Roman letters, on a dark-blue ground? Don't tell me that! Don't—don't!"

"But it is the truth, Mr. Gooderingham. You have described the watch exactly. Those two letters stood out clearly on a ground of dark-blue enamel. But you have discovered a clew. Tell me—for pity's sake, tell me——" He jumped up, seized his hat, and was rushing from the room. Vainly I sought to bar his passage.

"Useless to detain me. I can't explain. In the morning I will tell you all I know. It may be all a mistake, but—dear! dear! it's coming perilously near home."

With these enigmatical words, he left me and hurried down the stairs. Then slowly and sadly I sought my room, where, sitting down beside the window, I kept my lonely vigil. When midnight struck, I knew my wedding-day was ended.

As the gray dawn brightened, the fog and smoke to some extent dispersed, and the November sun, like a great red ball of fire, rose higher and higher in the heavens. Was it an augury that my darkest hour was past?

Some time after noon, a messenger brought me a tiny, twisted note. It contained these words, written in pencil, hurriedly, in Edgar's hand:

"All is well. In an hour, or less, I shall be with you."

But the reaction was too much. I flung myself upon the bed and sobbed aloud.

A short half-hour more, and I was in Edgar's arms, laughing and crying alternately at the strange joy of it, and in my newly found happiness forgetting to inquire, and scarce caring to know, how it had come about. But after a little time I knew, and, as briefly as possible, I will relate it:

When Edgar reached N——, after parting with me on Saturday afternoon, he found a telegram awaiting him from the firm of engineers who had given him the Indian appointment. It stated that the head of the firm was obliged, unexpectedly, to start to Paris next day, and desired Edgar, if possible, to meet him in London first, to receive his final instructions. There was just time to save the four o'clock express to town, and Edgar left by it, judging it best not to inform me of his sudden and unexpected departure. He traveled alone from York to Peterborough.

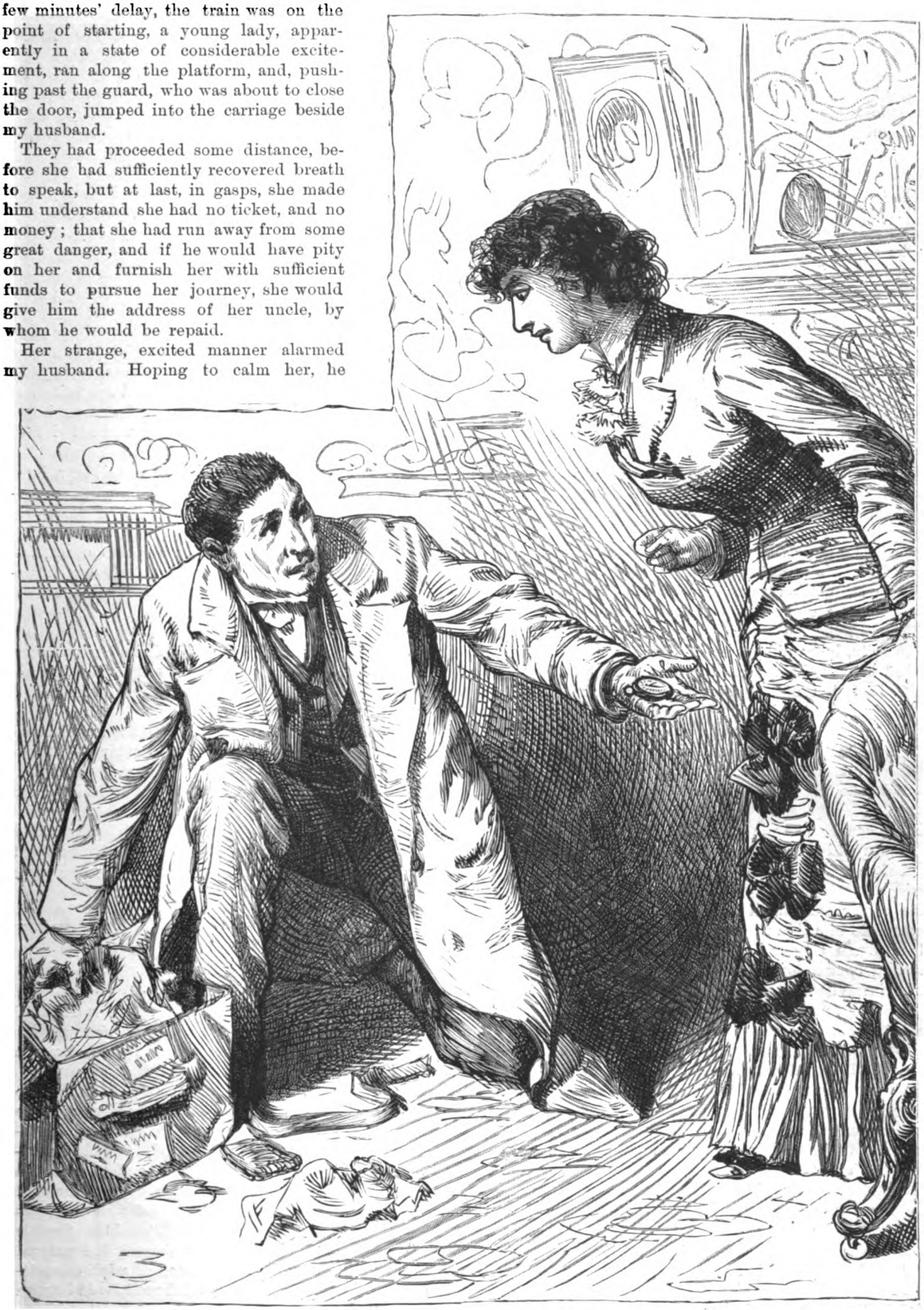
THOSE AWFUL GLOVES.

Professor Greisbach—"So you declines to tanze mid me, Mees Mildred. Ach! I guess ze reasons vy. Himmel! I know I should make apologize. I am vun very great zmoker, and you loafe not ze aroma of tabac."
Miss Mildred—"On the contrary, Professor, I like the smell of smoke. 'Only manly scent,' and all that sort of thing. Do a cigarette myself often."
Professor G.—"Then vy you not tanze mid me, Mees Mildred?"
Miss M. (with a sweet, sad glance at the professor's cleaned gloves)—"Well—pardon me, Professor; but I cannot submit to being benzined for the rest of the evening."

At the last-named station, when, after a few minutes' delay, the train was on the point of starting, a young lady, apparently in a state of considerable excitement, ran along the platform, and, pushing past the guard, who was about to close the door, jumped into the carriage beside my husband.

They had proceeded some distance, before she had sufficiently recovered breath to speak, but at last, in gasps, she made him understand she had no ticket, and no money; that she had run away from some great danger, and if he would have pity on her and furnish her with sufficient funds to pursue her journey, she would give him the address of her uncle, by whom he would be repaid.

Her strange, excited manner alarmed my husband. Hoping to calm her, he



MY TERRIBLE WEDDING-DAY.—"HE DREW OUT HIS HAND, OPENED IT, AND SHOWED A WATCH—A SMALL, GOLD WATCH. ON THE BACK WAS A MONOGRAM IN BRILLIANTS."—SEE PAGE 746.

handed her his purse, requesting her to take what money she required. He saw her help herself to gold and silver. Then, with the money and purse still in her hand, she took out her watch and tried apparently to detach it from her chain.

Too impatient to effect this properly, she tore it off by sheer force, breaking at the same time the slender, plain chain of Indian gold to which it was fastened. Then, placing the watch, together with the purse, in Edgar's hand, she said :

"Take that to Uncle Septimus; he will recognize it, and repay you. I particularly want him to have the watch. His address——"

She never spoke again, but, with a stifled cry, fell forward on the floor of the carriage, struggling and writhing in mortal agony. Edgar, guessing this to be either some paroxysm of madness or some sort of fit, grappled with her with all his might, but his utmost natural strength was slight compared with that of frenzy. How long the dreadful struggle lasted he could not guess. At last she lay quite still, but when thus enabled to relax his hold life had fled. He raised her, placed her on the seat, and then the awkwardness of his own position occurred to him for the first time.

The fact of a lady being found dead in the train would necessitate an inquiry, and he, Edgar, as the only person cognizant of the circumstances of her death, would be required to attend such inquiry. This would inevitably cause delay, and delay to Edgar at this particular juncture of his life meant certain ruin to all his prospects ; the one stipulation regarding his Indian appointment being that he must start on Wednesday without fail.

This last thought decided him. He determined that, voluntarily, he would say nothing of the terrible tragedy he had witnessed. He entirely forgot the watch which, in his haste to render assistance to the poor girl, he had hurriedly put into his pocket. He forgot the money that had fallen to the ground when she was first seized ; but with a sad feeling at his heart, and a conscience that all the time upbraided him sorely, he removed, as far as he was able, the traces of the encounter from his clothes and person.

The instant the train reached King's Cross, at 10: 40, he gave up his ticket, and was out of the station probably before many of the passengers had even left their carriages.

He next went into a restaurant, and there the idea occurred to him that the removal of his mustache might aid in frustrating any attempt to identify him as the traveling companion of the unfortunate girl.

The interview with his employer was accomplished satisfactorily, and he left London again for the north by the 1:42 train on Sunday morning.

Having made the return journey without recognition, he hoped all would now be well. It was not until he saw the newspaper account of the affair, on his way to Leascar, on Monday morning, that he realized the horror of the situation, and then, when too late, deeply regretted the part he had taken. There appeared nothing for it now but to let events take their natural course. There was still the chance he might be able to leave England without discovery. He would risk that chance ; and, if fate favored him, he would write a detailed account of the whole sad story and send it to the newspapers.

Fate did not favor him. He was seen and recognized at Peterborough, and a telegram to Scotland Yard caused two detectives in plain clothes to be in waiting at King's Cross.

When told of the charge laid against him, poor Edgar contented himself with simply asserting his innocence, and professed his entire readiness to go to ——— Police Station and explain everything before the proper authorities.

Now for the part Mr. Gooderingham played in the affair. Late as it was when he left me, he managed to gain access to the room where the body of the poor girl lay, and at once identified it as that of his niece and only living relation.

She had been subject to epileptic fits since childhood, and, owing to their increased severity, had been placed by her uncle, within the last few months, under the care of a doctor in Huntingdonshire, who gave particular attention to such cases.

During his temporary absence, and by means which need not be detailed here, she managed to escape from the custody of those who had charge of her.

"And now," said Edgar, when he had told me this, "thanks solely, I believe, to the wonderful chance that threw Mr. Septimus Gooderingham across our path, my character is not only completely cleared from the horrible charge, but, what I had scarcely dared to hope, we can sail for India on Wednesday without let or hindrance."

"But does Mr. Gooderingham blame you, Edgar, for—for——?" I inquired, anxiously, though I could not conclude the sentence.

"He seemed fully to understand my reasons for acting as I did," answered my husband, "and was even kind enough to say he thought that, under such very exceptional circumstances, many a man would have done the same. It was an error in judgment."

* * * * * *

Shortly after our arrival in India I received a letter from my old friend Dr. Grey. Commenting on Edgar's very narrow escape of being tried for murder, he added this most characteristic remark :

"It is my firm conviction—and I have not studied humanity more than half a century for nothing—that no man would have placed himself by his own act in such a predicament as Harrington did, if he had had a head for *whist*."

Ah, well, we are very happy now ! But I may safely say that never throughout all our lives to come shall we commemorate with anything approaching rejoicing the anniversary of our terrible wedding-day.

HUNGER.

By Robert Wilson.

The recent examples of men like Dr. Tanner, Merlatti and others, who have subsisted for a long period without food, resisting the sensation of hunger, makes it worth while to examine what hunger is, and what causes it.

Is it not Mr. Carlyle who somewhere says that the two great moving powers of society are Hunger and the Policeman ? Hunger impels people to eat. The Policeman forces them to work for their food, instead of stealing it. Thus, if we probe all human endeavor to the bottom, we shall find lying there an empty stomach. Although no small amount of very pretty writing has been expended on the "dignity of toil," and the "noble desire to be up and doing" that animates the natural man, it may fairly enough be doubted if such coruscations of rhetoric are based on any solid realities in human nature. Man does not toil because he thinks it noble to do so. The truth is, rather, that he looks on labor as a sort of curse, which must be patiently borne, because it

is one of the essential conditions of bare existence. Even so hard a worker as the late Mr. Thackeray declared that the worst defect he was born with was a strong disposition to easy-going indolence. The gentle "Elia," too, though a most industrious toiler, in some of his quaintest verses has put on record his natural hatred of work; indeed, he goes so far as to suggest it must have been one of the social nuisances invented by the devil. If all men were equally honest, we might find it generally accepted as an ultimate fact that man is naturally a lazy animal, averse to toil in every shape or form, loving, above most things, indolence as a delightful mode of human enjoyment. And what adds strength to this opinion is the curious fact, pointedly elucidated by the late Mr. Thomas Henry Buckle, that civilization, the directest product of toil, usually appears soonest in regions where man has either to endure hunger or work in order to procure food. In the exuberant bounty of Nature may be found one of the primary causes of hopeless barbarism; simply because man is naturally lazy and uninventive when not spurred up by the sharp sting of famine. lace him in an environment where abundance of food comes to him without exertion, where a genial climate renders toiling with ax and spade unnecessary, and then, so far from working, he will be found sitting contentedly under the nearest tree, idly dreaming his life away in the sunshine. But he cannot do this in regions where subsistence has to be procured at the cost of labor; that is to say, in places which we are wont to call centres of civilization. There most men—we might say all men—work, some honestly and some dishonestly. If it be asked, What is it that engenders such an unnatural but beneficial practice?—what is it, in other words, that is the cause of that whereof civilization is the most direct and conspicuous product?—the answer is, **Hunger.** Now, we will ask the reader, what is hunger, and what are its causes?

Everybody knows by personal experience what the preliminary manifestations of hunger are like. On the other hand, very few people capable of giving accurate and graphic literary expression to their sensations have any empirical knowledge of the sterner realities of hunger, when it develops into fierce starvation. The sensation experienced in the region of the stomach when one gets hungry is sharp, keen, but at the same time far from painful or unpleasant. It suggests not so much that one wants food, as that it would be enjoyed vastly if it could be got. Assuming that food is withheld, then we may say this sensation disappears in a varying time, and it gives place to a very different one. The feeling of keen appetite is replaced by a strange sense of stomachic vacuity, emptiness or "sinking," to use popular terms, and this again gradually grows into absolute and clearly defined pain. The inner surface of the healthy hungry stomach is of a paler tint than that which distinguishes the organ after the introduction of food, or whilst digestion is going on. Then the minute blood-vessels of the organ become injected with blood, and the tint of the surface changes from a light pink to a deep, bright red. It is not easy to describe in words the sort of pain that hunger causes at this stage of abstinence from food, because it is scarcely possible to describe adequately in words any of the sensations connected with the "vegetative life" of man, or any of those set up by the working of the mechanism of nutrition. But, perhaps, the best way to realize the feeling of pain produced by prolonged hunger is to keep in view the fact that a sharp blow on the stomach will at any time cause the most acute agony, and to try and think what that suffering would be if, instead of having one's stomach struck, one had it clutched by two great red-hot iron hands, which kept on, hour after hour, tearing it into shreds and tatters. When this condition is reached, the human body may be fitly likened to the pelican in the ancient legend, that tore away its own vitals to feed its offspring. The frame of a man in an advanced stage of hunger preys upon its tissues in order to keep its organs in life. It is in the position of the struggling trader who "makes the two ends meet" by feeding his business not on profits, but on that to which it owes its very being—his capital and stock-in-trade. There are no very well-marked physical appearances characteristic of this stage of hunger, for noticeable emaciation has not yet set in. A vulpine gleam there may be in the feverish eye, but beyond that, and the generally dejected and morose expression of the features, there is scarcely anything very peculiar in the visage of the starving man.

On the march, however, one can almost always tell when this stage of hunger has appeared, by the sudden collapse of animal spirits to which the most good-natured of those suffering are subject, and by the sombre cloud of dull, desperate sulkiness that is flung like a pall over each man's heart, in virtue whereof attached comrades begin to eye each other savagely, as if they were deadly enemies. Then it comes to pass, when the moment of keenest agony is reached, that the starving man begins to eye his companion with the wolf-glare of a beast of prey. His pangs become paroxysmal. During their greatest intensity there springs up within him a fierce impulse to slay his neighbor, that he may feed on his flesh and slake his thirst with his blood. This terrible prompting to cannibalism, it may be noted, is, however, rare, save in cases of famine from shipwreck.

Although it is customary to regard it as a common feature of starvation, and to make thrilling statements of the frequency with which even mothers will, under the goad of hunger, kill and eat their children, and though startling assertions to this effect have been made by historians of great sieges, yet it ought to be said that as a general rule well-authenticated cases of cannibalism amongst civilized people will be found to occur only at sea. They are very rarely found on land. And what is more curious still, whenever famished shipwrecked men set foot on shore, no matter how desolate and barren may be their rock of refuge, they seem as if by magic at once to banish from their minds the very idea of anthropophagy or man-eating, and that, too, though they might have been resignedly contemplating it as an imperative necessity a few hours before.

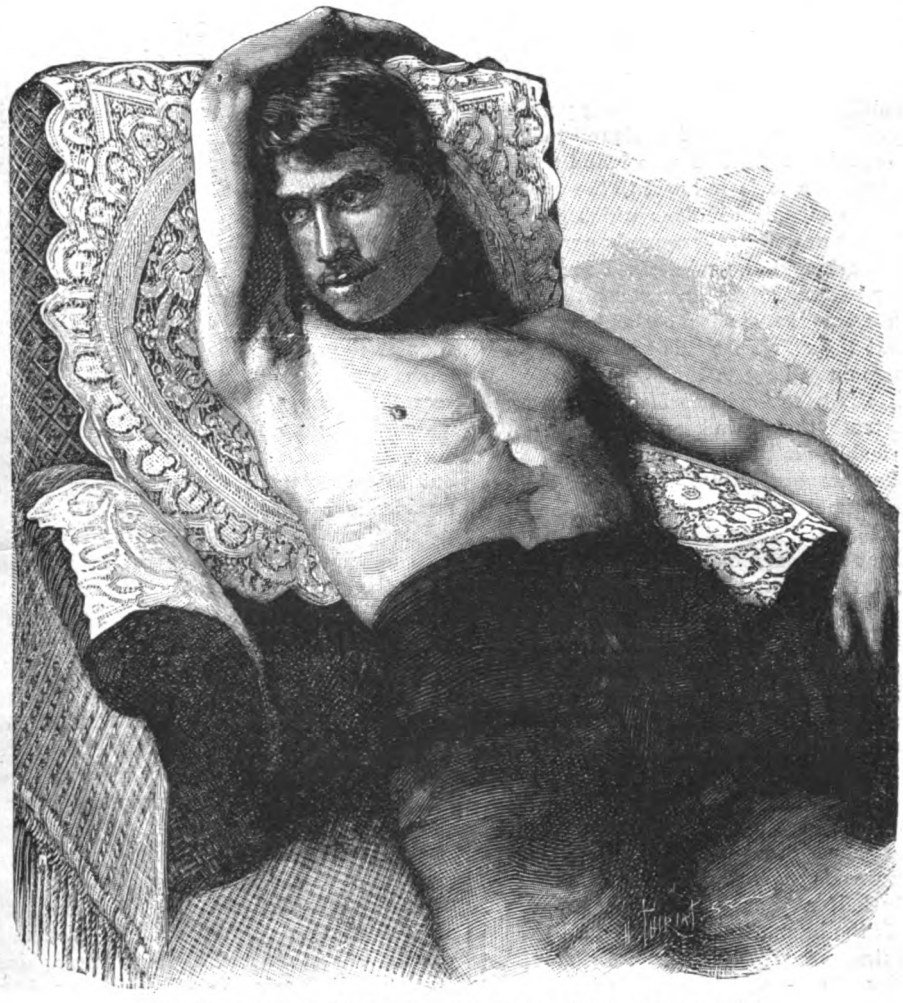
In the case of Ensign Prenties, of the Eighty-fourth Regiment, and his companions, who were wrecked on the barren island of Cape Breton in 1780, the difference between famine on shore and on sea is curiously exemplified. Prenties records that they were able to endure the most fearful pangs of hunger without ever so much as a thought of resorting to cannibalism for relief, so long, however, and only so long, as they kept on land. But when they took to their boats—and it was not once merely that they experienced this—in order to escape from their rock-bound prison, though they were not a whit worse off for food than they were on land, yet the moment they put out to sea, with one accord they began to think of killing and eating one of their number. On the other hand, when they found their attempt to escape futile, and put back to shore, whenever they landed, the horrid idea of cannibalism seemed to vanish. The old Hellenic myth tells us that Antæus, fighting with Hercules, as often as he was beaten to the ground was filled

with new strength through contact with his mother Earth.

To the fanciful it might seem as if contact with *terra firma* had a not very dissimilar moral influence on the famishing mariner, filling him with fresh vigor of will to resist unnatural appetites bred of hunger-pangs. But perhaps the more rational explanation may be found in the hypothesis that whilst starving men are voyaging about in an open boat, exposure to the keen sea air probably sharpens their appetite for food, and so materially increases the agony of starvation that their natural loathing for human flesh is overcome.

TEMPTING MORSELS.

After this period in the progress of starvation is passed, even competent medical writers used to assure us, the mind of the victim gave way under the torture of bodily sensation and the anguish of frenzied thoughts. A careful study of cases of starvation in which faithful record of the sensations experienced has been kept leads us to very different conclusions. There is no "anguish" felt in the ultimate stages of starvation. After or about the fifth or sixth day, the pain of hunger gradually ceases to be felt, and the sharp edge of craving becomes dulled. Emaciation sets in, the eyes sink in the sockets, their pupils are dilated, and a ghastly glare is emitted from between their unclosed and motionless lids. The skin is wrinkled, and of a dirty yellowish hue — indicating failure of the circulation of the blood in the capillaries, or minute, hairlike blood-vessels of the skin. The cheeks fall close to the jaws, the lips lie thin and tremulous over bloodless gums, and the quaking limbs are scarcely capable of voluntary motion. After this, feeling becomes partially benumbed, the senses as messengers of intelligence play the victim false. There is no pain, and the mind lapses into a state of incoherence and sleepless delirium. Such are the more salient phenomena of starvation ere it culminates in the last torpor of death.



MERLATTI, ON THE FORTY-FIFTH DAY OF HIS FAST.— SEE PAGE 754.

Now, if this description be carefully scanned, two facts must stand forth as very noteworthy. The starving man, it will be observed, begins to lose flesh before he loses brain-power. In spite of the enfeebling action of inanition, he is tortured by sleeplessness; indeed, so far from his brain becoming torpid, it develops an abnormal amount of activity and excitability, as evidenced by delirious raving. In short, ere the painless stage of hunger is reached, bodily emaciation has preceded derangement of the nervous system, and the brain, so far from ceasing to work, is in a state of abnormally exalted activity. Now, this is somewhat singular. We should expect that, as the nervous system is the most delicate and complex, in point of minute structure, in the body, it would suffer first from emaciation, or the suspension of nutrition—that it would show signs of wasting before the rest of the frame began to waste. Yet, that the contrary is the case may be proved otherwise than by merely noting that emaciation precedes nervous derangement in the starving man.

If, for example, any animal be starved to death—and the cruel experiment has been made more than once—it will be found that whilst it has lost only two per cent. of the nerve and brain tissue, more than forty times as much of its fat, and more than twenty times as much of its muscle or flesh, have gone. Indeed, though the fat is the tissue that breaks up soonest, that portion of it in the brain-substance is scarcely affected by starvation. We may thus arrive at a very simple explanation of what is otherwise strange— the curious sleeplessness and abnormal mental activity produced by excessive hunger. They are due to the comparative immunity from waste which the brain and nerve-tissue enjoy during starvation. This structure has no longer to supply nervous energy for carrying on nutritive functions, which are suspended by inanition. Relieved from this task, its liberated power expends itself—partially, at least—in the unnatural exaltation of the nerve-centres, in other words, of brain-action, which results in sleepless delirium. Moreover, the very relief from the duty of supplying nerve-force to the organs of nutrition slackens the speed, if it does not altogether stop it, at which the nerve-tissues would otherwise, in the ordinary course, wear and waste.

One of the most remarkable effects of hunger is that which it has on the blood. In the blood-liquor there are floating large numbers of minute disks, colored and colorless, which act as carriers of nutrition to the tissues. There are also held in solution and suspension certain

substances, the products of disintegrated structures, which are always being removed. Now, hunger diminishes the quantity of blood-disk, but increases the quantity of waste products in the blood. Clearly, this double action, diminishing the nutritive element of the blood, and increasing the products of disintegration in it, cannot go on for ever. It must have a limit. This leads us to ask, When does starvation pass the boundary-line of life? The point at which starvation becomes fatal is a shifting one. Much depends on the rate at which the tissues of the body break down. That rate, again, must vary in proportion with the stillness or activity of the starved body. Every movement must be made at the cost of a certain amount of destruction of substence; and if the body could be kept absolutely still, abstinence from food might be prolonged for an enormous length of time. The miraculous power of fasting ascribed to hysterical devotees is thus explicable. Where these people are not sheer impostors, it is usually found that the fasting person is bedridden—is kept lying in a state of profound rest, not even being able to speak. It will be also found that the waste of tissue in such a case is reduced to the quantity broken down in those chemical actions which generate animal heat, and to that wasted by the scarcely perceptible pulsations of the heart, and the minimized respiration whereby, no matter to how slight an extent, the blood exchanges oxygen from the air for carbonic acid, the product of worn-out tissue. That this minimized waste goes on and must go on as long as the fasting person retains a spark of life is a self-evident fact, just as much as it is an obvious truth that if we keep a machine going—no matter how feebly—it must in some degree wear away, no matter how imperceptibly. We can therefore infer that the infinitesimal waste of tissue in a "fasting" *religieuse* is replaced by an infinitesimal amount of nutriment administered at intervals, either openly or surreptitiously, or that, if this source of supply be carefully cut off, as was done in the case of the famous Welsh fasting girl, death results whenever the cumulative amount of the waste reaches a certain point. Now, how far can the body waste away without dying? Whenever the body of a starving man or animal loses two-fifths of its substance, it loses life also. No amount of incantation or modern miracle-mongering will enable the fasting devotee to live after he loses forty per cent. of his weight. Of course the semblance of a miracle may be manifested by prolonging the time during which this waste is endured. Though a week's starvation will kill a man, yet it will take nearly half a year (161 days) to starve a reptile to death. If the human being be reduced to that state of absolute quiescence which most closely simulates the sluggish vitality of a frog, a miraculous amount of very respectable fasting may be spread over half a year. The administration of liquids—even of pure water—will more than double the length of a starving man's life. But it matters not whether the abstinence from food be complete, or partial, whether it be tempered with the administration of liquids or not, there is no escaping this inevitable doom—that whenever, be it sooner or later, hunger robs the living body of two-fifths of its substance, it robs it of life also.

Passing by many interesting points connected with abstinence from food—such, for instance, as hibernation—we hasten to say a word on what is rather an obscure question. What is the cause of the sensation of hunger? The popular instinct, of course, answers, Want of food; and no doubt that is the explanation that lies nearest the investigator. Food has been called the fuel of life—though it would be more correct to say that the fuel of life is that whereof food is the raw material—to wit, the tissues of the body themselves. But, without over-subtle refining, it is very apparent that if we withhold that which builds up its fuel, the fire of life will soon be quenched. Hunger is the first warning signal given to let us know that the body's store of fuel needs replenishing; and in this sense it may be said that the want of food causes the pain of hunger. But if want of food causes the hunger-pang, it is strange that the administration of substances that are not food will dispel it. For example, chewing or smoking tobacco, eating lumps of clay, as do some South American Indians and other tribes, will remove the painful sensation of hunger, quite as effectually—for the time, at least—as a hearty meal.

Probably this fact led observers to seek in the physical effects of mere emptiness of the stomach a satisfactory explanation of the pain of hunger. When there was no food in the stomach for the acrid gastric juice to act on, that secretion was, according to some, poured out on the coats of the organ itself, and by corroding them it was thought to produce the pain of hunger. The only difficulty about this simple theory was, that when the stomach has no food in it, the gastric juice, as a matter of fact, is not poured out at all. Food must be present, acting as a stimulus, ere the flow of the secretion be provoked. But it was said by other physiologists that though the gastric juice was not poured out when the stomach was empty, yet it was accumulated in the little secreting-pits or follicles that dot the walls of the cavity. There being no food to summon it forth, it kept on accumulating in these minute pits till it swelled them out to an extent that made them pinch the ultimate ramifications of the gastric nerves, thus causing acute pain. This theory would be very plausible if the gastric pits were covered with water-tight lids which were shut when the stomach was empty, but which flew open when it was filled with food; this, however, is not the case. The mouths of the gastric pits or follicles are perfectly open. Whenever gastric juice accumulates in them, there is nothing whatever to prevent it from running out. Like all fluids, it must move in the direction of the least resistance. It would naturally rather run out at the open orifices of the secreting-pits in which it was formed, than remain in to distend the walls of these pits in a futile attempt to escape at the wrong or closed end of them.

Perhaps the oddest belief about the cause of hunger-pangs is one which is to this day the most popular. According to this view, when the stomach is empty its walls fall together, and their surfaces, grinding over each other, produce extreme pain. A very simple experiment will suffice to dispose of this theory. If a starving man be taken, and liquid food, say milk, be injected into his veins, he ceases to feel the pain of hunger. Yet nothing has been put into his stomach. That cavity is as empty after the experiment as it was before it. Its surfaces must be "grinding over each other" as grimly as ever; yet the pain this process was supposed to cause has vanished.

No explanation yet examined is satisfactory, and the facts elicited are rather conflicting. Swallowing other things than food will dispel the pain of hunger. That pain may also be made to disappear without swallowing anything at all. The local application of certain substances to the stomach, and the introduction of fluid food into the veins or the general blood-circuit, have seemingly the same remedial effect. It will not do to fly to the common refuge of the perplexed biologist, and

say the mystery is due to some derangement of "the nervous system." Hunger, even when it develops into starvation, has, as we have seen, scarcely any marked effect on nerve-tissue. Besides, if the pneumogastric nerves which supply the stomach be cut—that is, if the nervous system of the stomach be practically eliminated from the field altogether, it is found that the sensation of hunger continues just as if nothing had happened. By a process of exhaustion we are driven to conclude that as the seat of hunger is undoubtedly the stomach, the cause of the hunger-pain must be sought for in some peculiar modification suffered by the tissue of the organ itself. We are also forced to conclude that this modification must be so peculiar that it can be corrected by direct local and indirect general applications—by a bolus of clay as well as by the injection of milk into the veins. Now, the only modification apparent in a hungry stomach which could by any chance satisfy these conditions is its extreme bloodlessness. Whatever hurries the circulation of blood in a fasting stomach, it is noticed, relieves the pain of hunger. The direct application of a bolus to the stomach, acting as a mechanical stimulant, may have this effect. On the other hand, the injection of fluid food into the veins may correct that general alteration which, as we have seen, fasting produces in the blood, and which, carrying a feeble and depreciated supply of nutrient fluid to the tissue of the stomach, produces in it that specific modification which manifests itself in the local sensations of hunger. The theory of hunger may be thus formulated. Fasting produces a general change in the organism as a whole. This again brings about a specific change in a particular part of the organism—the stomach—of which the pain of hunger is the local symptom. Direct applications, such as a bolus of food, or even of clay, temporarily relieve this local feeling of pain by neutralizing the specific local changes to which that feeling owes its origin. Indirect applications, again, such as the injection of milk into the blood, correct the general alteration of the system produced by want of food. By doing so, they correct those local gastric changes produced by the general effect of fasting in the system—changes which render the local manifestations of hunger possible.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

FLAMES THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY FEET HIGH.—Not long ago (telegraphs the St. Petersburg correspondent of the London *Times*), the town of Baku was threatened with partial destruction by the sudden outburst of a natural naphtha fountain, which swamped a number of buildings, and for some days was quite unmanageable. Now a volcano of earth and hot mud has broken out about ten miles from the town on the Lok Batan, close to the Ponta Railway Station, and on the night of January 15th the inhabitants of Baku were alarmed by a shock like that of an explosion, which made all their window-frames tremble violently, whilst toward the southwest the sky was illuminated by an intense light, as of some terrible conflagration. A similar phenomenon occurred on the following night. It was soon discovered that an eruption from Lok Batan had taken place, and the following information was furnished by the railway officials at Ponta Station. "Quite suddenly, at eleven o'clock at night, the noise of an explosion was heard, and the summit of Lok Batan shot up an enormous column of fire, some 350 feet high. The whole country was instantly lit up brighter than day, and the heat could be felt at nearly a mile from the crater. There was scarcely any wind, so that the column continued to ascend quite vertically, carrying with it, as could be seen, large dark substances, which appeared to fall again into the volcano. This lasted, with short intervals of subsidence, all through the night and the following twenty-four hours, but luckily the matters ejected did not reach the railway-station. The volume of muddy liquid thrown out is estimated at half a million cubic *sojenes*—the Russian *sojene* equaling seven feet—and has spread itself over more than a square mile to a depth of from seven feet to fourteen feet."

LIGHTNING.—Recent investigations in Germany show that the frequency of thunderstorms had no relation to the danger from lightning. The number of destructive lightnings depended in large part on the way in which the houses were roofed. The number was considerably greater in the case of soft than of hard roofs. In the case of churches the danger from lightning was thirty-nine times, in the case of windmills, fifty-two times, as great as in the case of houses having hard roofs. In regard to the cause of the different degrees of danger from lightning in the different districts, investigation indicated two points as determinative: first, the way in which the ground was built upon, and second, the geological nature of the ground. Whilst in the west, which was very liable to destructive strokes of lightning, the farmsteads were detached and scattered over the whole land, in the east and south they were grouped together into villages, and the danger from lightning was always considerably less for larger collections of houses than for scattered houses forming the only prominent objects throughout wide spaces. In point of fact, the danger from lightning was everywhere considerably less for towns than for rural districts. With reference to the geological bearings of the question, the danger from lightning was least for calcareous sand and greatest for clay.

THE DECLINE OF THE BIRTH-RATE IN FRANCE.—Between 1770 and 1780 there were 380 births for every 10,000 of the population, this number has gradually fallen to 235 for the present decade, and is thus lower than that of Switzerland, which had been assumed to have the lowest birth-rate in Europe, and less than half that of Russia. The population of France has reached a stationary point, its annual increase of 80,000 admitting of no comparison with the hundreds of thousands, and even millions, annually added to the populations of Germany, Russia, the United States, and the British Empire, while, moreover, this slight increase is solely to be referred to the constantly increased immigration into France of foreigners, who now constitute one million of the population, and who predominate so largely at some points as to have actually reduced the French language to a secondary place in such districts.

THE introduction of the electric light is not always, apparently, an unmixed benefit. Some time ago electric lights were placed in front of the Treasury and other public buildings in Washington, and a fine and striking effect is said to have been produced. Unfortunately, however, spiders discovered that game is plentiful in the vicinity of the new lights, and that they may there ply their craft successfully both day and night. In consequence, as Mr. G. Thompson writes to *Science*, their webs are so thick and numerous that portions of the architectural ornamentation are no longer visible, and when the webs are torn down by the wind, or fall from decay, the refuse gives a dingy and dirty appearance to everything it comes in contact with.

THE sugar consumed in the United States amounts to about one-fourth of all the sugar reported from the places of principal production, and it is said that within twenty-five years the country will require as much as the present supply of the cane-sugar of commerce, and nearly as much as the present production of beet-sugar.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

WHY is a novelist an unnatural phenomenon? Because his tale comes out of his head.

TELL not a man permanently sick that he will be a *picture* of health, when you see he hasn't the *frame* for it.

"THEY tell me you have had some money left you," said Brown. "Yes, replied Fogg, sadly, "it left me long ago."

"WILT have me, Sarah?" said a young man to a modest girl. "No, John," said the girl; "but you may have me if you will."

"TIME works wonders," said a young man of twenty-seven, when he returned home and found his elder sister only eighteen.

A SCIENTIST now declares that the tip of the nose is the home of the soul. It has certainly often shown where departed spirits have gone.

A SHREWD confectioner has taught his parrot to say "Pretty creature" to every lady who enters his shop, and his business is rapidly increasing.

WHAT is the difference between a honeycomb and a honeymoon? A honeycomb consists of a number of small "cells," and a honeymoon is one great "sell."

A GENTLEMAN the other day asked a friend who is noted for her ready wit, "What is the first aid to the injured?" Without hesitation she replied, "An apology, is it not?"

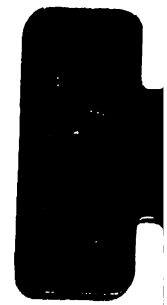
"HOW CAN I find out all about the young lady to whom I am engaged?" asked a prospective Benedict. "The simplest way would be to marry her," answered his friend.

PROFESSOR (to student, who appears in class with a black eye)—"Ha! Liquor?" *Student*—"No. Water." *Professor*—"Water?" *Student*—"Yes, frozen water. Slipped on the ice and fell."

CURRAN, one day, when the judge was shaking his head, said, addressing the jury: "Gentlemen, don't be convinced by the learned judge shaking his head, for there's nothing in it."

GERMAN COUNTESS—"Baron, will you give me a photograph of yourself?" *Baron*—"Certainly, madame; you flatter me by asking for it." *Countess* (after the baron's departure, to her waiting-maid)—"Here, Claire, put this picture in your album, where you can study the features closely. Whenever the original of it calls, tell him I am out."

PLAYFELLOWS.— FROM A PAINTING BY E. MUNIER.



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